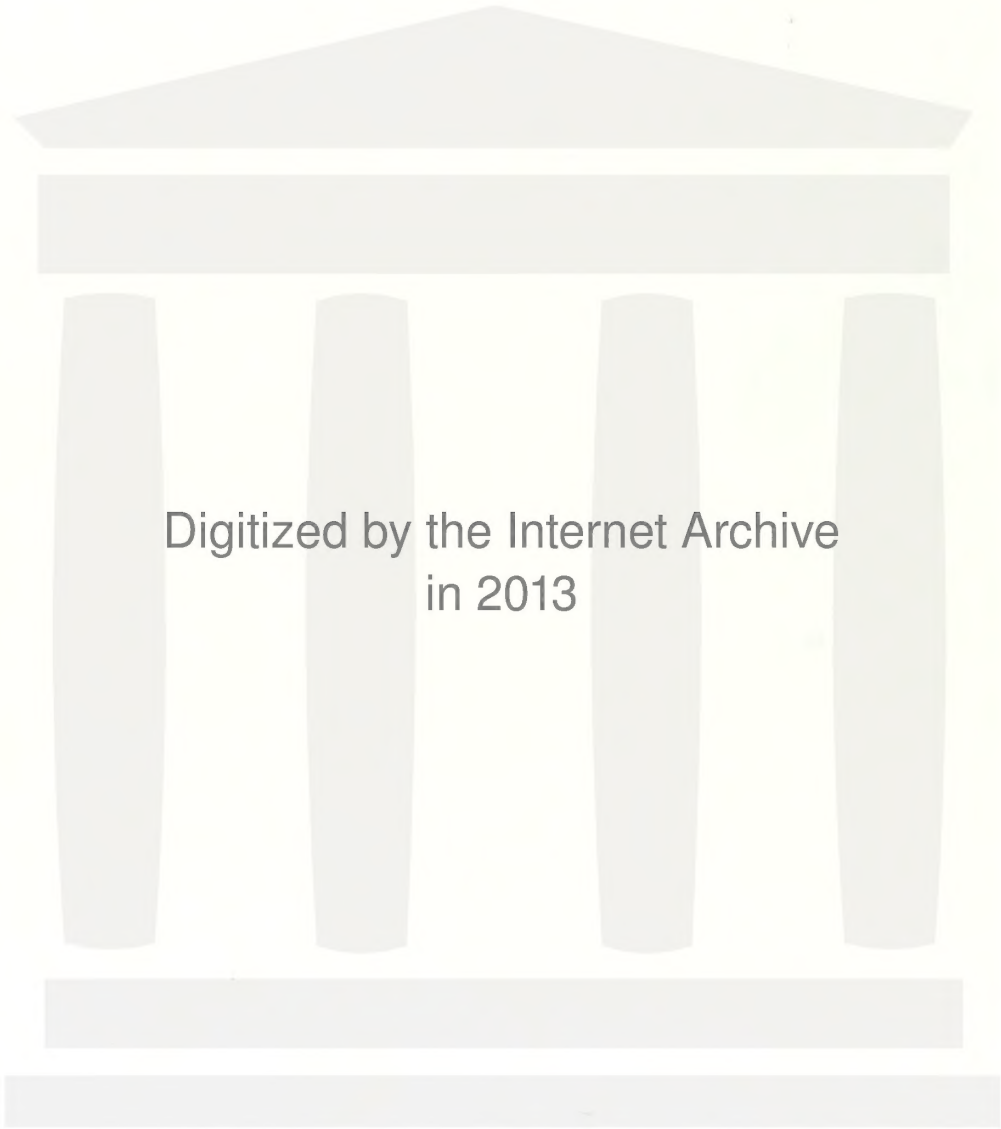

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine279julalde

For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623

3 9042 01803111 9

JULY 1989

HARPER'S



IN DEEPEST GRINGOLANDIA
Mexico: The Third World as Tourist Theme Park
By Bob Shacochis

ALL THE CONGRESSMEN'S MEN
How Capitol Hill Controls the Press
By Walter Karp

BURLINGAME
JUN 16 1989
LIBRARY

WEATHERING HEIGHTS
And You Thought America Was in Decline
By Ron Carlson

INSULATION
A story by Rick DeMarinis

hoshafat Harkabi,
erogenous South Africa



"My favorite GM car I worked on was the '54 Buick. Got one for myself and kept it all these years, even after I retired. Every time my son looks at it, he smiles. Very popular at the time, I tell him.

My boy's at GM now, building beauties like this '89 Olds. And though most things have changed, one thing hasn't—we still build 'em to last."

Fact: GM cars have held their resale value better than any other U.S. make based on average value of 3-to-5 year old cars over the past nine years.

1989 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme International Series
1954 Buick Skylark

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENC

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truc

Own a 1940 Hemingway at the 1940 price, $2.75



Call 1-800-345-8112 today. The original editions of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Steinbeck, available again, only from The First Edition Library

The original hardcover editions of For om the Bell Tolls — together with A Fare- l to Arms, The Great Gatsby, Tender is the ht, The Sun Also Rises, Cannery Row, On Road, The Fountainhead, Miss Lonely- rts, East of Eden — have long been out of culation, unavailable to all but the rare ok trade where their value has skyrocketed.

Announcing the first printing of the originals in a generation.

To make the rare editions of these and other American classics available once again, The First Edition Library has now obtained exclusive rights from the original publishers.

The striking design of each First Edition Library volume is unique to its own era: the dust jacket artwork, hardcover bindings, type faces, illustrations, dedications; even the minor errors which collectors look for to identify genuine first editions.

These books have been produced to today's highest physical standards — acid-free paper, full-cloth covers, durable sewn bindings with protective slipcases.

Examine your first volume for 10 days, free

You'll receive For Whom the Bell Tolls as your introduction to The First Edition Library.

Enjoy it at home for 10 days, free. You may return it within 10 days and be under no further obligation or add it to your library for only $2.75, the price at which it was originally published (plus postage and handling).

Then about every six weeks, you'll receive another classic volume on the same 10-day, free-examination basis, for the subscription price of $27.50 plus $2.45 postage, handling and applicable sales tax. There's never an obligation to buy and you may cancel any time.

Secure your copy of For Whom the Bell Tolls by mailing the coupon or calling today.



CALL TOLL FREE 1-800/345-8112

FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION ACCEPTANCE

☐ Yes, send For Whom The Bell Tolls for free 10-day examination and enter my subscription to The First Edition Library under the terms described in the ad.

I understand there's never an obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time.

Name (please print)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

THE FIRST EDITION LIBRARY, Box 654, Holmes, PA 19043 DP 27

RI 1989

Rural Electrification

A POWERFUL PRESCRIPTION

By Bob Bergland

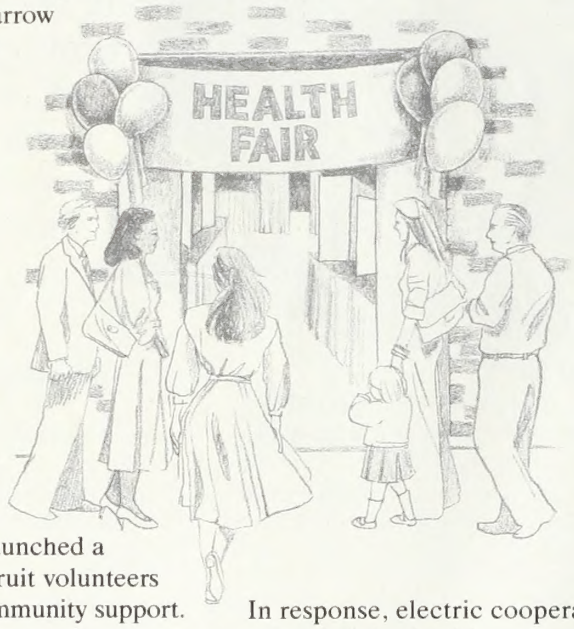
There's something special about living in America's wide open spaces. But when the nearest hospital is 45 miles away—like it is for people around Center, North Dakota—having an ambulance to narrow the distance can be a matter of life and death.

Last year, when that town nearly lost its ambulance service, the local electric cooperative did something about it.

Working with the local district health nurse, Oliver Mercer Electric Co-op quickly launched a campaign to recruit volunteers and mobilize community support. Today, people around Center have the comfort of knowing their ambulance service is ready to go in case of an emergency.

This kind of community action and leadership is what rural electrification is all about. Owned by the people they serve, the nation's 1,000 rural electric systems are "people" organizations, working with others to keep community foundations strong.

It's a given that adequate health care is a necessity, no matter the geographic location. But in many parts of rural America, health care systems are in critical need of attention. Rural hospitals are closing at alarming rates. Health care delivery services are severely strained.



In response, electric cooperatives are helping health care providers galvanize local resources to meet those problems head-on. That's why in Arkansas, Carroll Electric Co-op sponsors a "wellness" program that augments the local hospital's services. Health "fairs" conducted by Randolph Electric in North Carolina and Farmers Electric Co-op in New Mexico bring together health professionals and trained volunteers. They provide local residents with screening, referral and information services for health concerns like blood pressure, cholesterol, and cancer. And to help electric co-ops initiate and coordinate local activities, their national association now operates the National Rural Health Network.

Multiply these local efforts all around the country and you can see how electric co-ops are agents of progress . . . organizations whose helping hand and can-do spirit touch the lives of millions of Americans.

A commitment to sound health care delivery is just one item on our civic agenda . . . one more example of how rural electrics are generating more than electricity.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.

America's Consumer-Owned Rural Electric Systems
A Power In The Land.

For a free booklet,
Strengthening the Rural Economy: America's Rural Electric Systems At Work,
write: Public Relations/H, NRECA,
or call (202) 857-9539

NRECA 1800 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036 Telephone (202) 857-9500

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 279, NO. 1670
JULY 1989

Letters	6	*Edward Gral, Maurice Bruce Stewart*
Notebook	12	
Inspectors general		*Lewis H. Lapham*
Harper's Index	17	
Readings	18	
The Opening of American Minds		*Richard Rorty*
Captain Hazelwood: What Exxon Knew		*Bruce Amero*
Ode to Michael Milken		*R.W. Grant*
Israel's Fateful Hour		*Yehoshafat Harkabi*
Dream House		*Bernard Cooper*
"Subtotals"		*a story by Gregory Burnham*
Erogenous South Africa		*Breyten Breytenbach*
And...		*Linda Montano, Ogilvy & Mather, Museum of the Thousand and One Curiosities*
Annotation	40	
WEATHERING HEIGHTS		*Ron Carlson*
And you thought America was in decline		
Report	42	
IN DEEPEST GRINGOLANDIA		*Bob Shacochis*
Mexico: the Third World as tourist theme park		
Story	51	
INSULATION		*Rick DeMarinis*
Criticism	55	
ALL THE CONGRESSMEN'S MEN		*Walter Karp*
How Capitol Hill controls the press		
Miscellany	64	
WHAT SORT OF CAR-RT-SORT AM I?		*Erik Larson*
Junk mail and the search for self		
Yellowstone Letter	70	
HELLROARING		*Peter M. Leschak*
Fighting last summer's fires		
Revision	74	
ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE		*Sven Birkerts*
Kerouac, re-read and regretted		
Acrostic	77	*Thomas H. Middleton*
Puzzle	80	*E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Photograph by Dale E. Boyer / Photo Researchers, Inc.

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Leon Botstein, Chairman. Copyright ©1989 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Please send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (614) 383-3141, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Harper's Magazine* does not publish unsolicited poetry.



In a world of the flighty and fly by ni

It's our signature, of course. Our sign-off on a product. It is an invitation to your confidence, and if you like the product, it's an R.S.V.P. If for some reason, the product disappoints, you'll move us from your shopping list to your black list. We can't have that, so we see to it that our label promises more.

Take one of our buttondown shirts.

Inside the collar of any of our buttondowns, our label assures you a degree of value unparalleled in the market place. For several reasons.

First, because we're Direct Merchants, spared the mark-up middlemen make necessary. But also because we're not all things to all shirt wearers. We're buttondown people, because we're buttondown wearers. And we share with you what we insist on for ourselves: 100% cotton integrity, extra-long plackets, 7-button fronts, gauntlet buttons on the sleeves, a generous cut, and tails that go all the way to there, so they don't inch up.

Or, consider our label in a tie or a shoe.

Look at a Lands' End label in any of our ties and it says to you, instantly, "handsewn". We handle no other kind of tie Beyond that, we put the la to exceptional use as a "keeper" that does what a keeper should—keeps the lower half of the tie in plac instead of parting compan with the tie after the first hurried tying.

In a shoe, the Lands' E label tells you that if your fo feels comfortable in it, it w always feel comfortable in a Lands' End shoe of that ex size, whatever the style. Wh



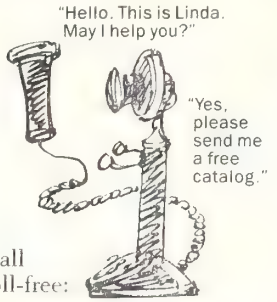
pel like this can be a wonderful thing.

use we size our shoes to a
non last. You can order
noes with confidence. (All
vithout enduring the shoe
man's hand-squeeze of
metatarsal arch, or the
ı of his thumb and
nger on your sensitive big

Not to forget our guarantee.

As vigilant as we are in guarding the integrity of our label, we are not perfect because our business is more art than science, and hence (thank goodness!) a people-intensive business. So behind our label stands our blunt guarantee: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® There is no conceivable condition under which we do not honor it.

So, give us a call at 1-800-356-4444, and start enjoying the Lands' End experience as millions of people like you (and us!) already do.



Call toll-free:

1-800-356-4444

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1989, Lands' End, Inc.

Or write:

Lands' End, Inc. Dept. XX-30
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

HARPER'S

Lewis H. Lapham, *Editor*

Executive Editor
Michael Pollan

Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt

Managing Editor
Tonice Sgrignoli

Art Director
Deborah Rust

Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison

Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Interns
Chuck Oldham, Rob Patronite,
Jayne Tyrrell

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Walter Karp, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,
Peter Marin, George Plimpton,
Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris,
Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman,
Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe

Washington Editors
Christopher Hitchens,
Fred Reed

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder

Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart

Jean Ferris, *Circulation Assistant*

Diane Kratt, *Assistant to the Publisher*

Staff
Joseph Malits, Noreen Assing,
Sean O'Connell, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Mary Anne Malley, *Detroit Manager*
Peter B. Harckham, Linda McNamara

Lisa Kay Greissinger, *Advertising Assistant*

LETTERS

Heavy Use

Gail Regier's memoir ["Users, Like Me," May] rejects stereotypes of drug users but does little to advance the image of a drug user's life-style—unless one finds romance in the neglect of one's wife and child, the pursuit of sex with fifteen-year-olds, and the observation of a baby putting glass in its mouth.

There are, in fact, real stories to be told about people leading productive and moral lives while using drugs (primarily marijuana). I could tell a few, yet I would never encourage someone to get involved with drugs. They're just not worth it: those in control of their usage of drugs must inevitably become bored; those controlled by drugs must inevitably be consumed.

Edward Gral
Wausau, Wis.

Regier's memoir gave me an idea for a magazine article. It's also a memoir, and it would describe a day in the life of a child molester. After giving us grisly details of an evening spent with the molester's cohorts (during which they talk about their activities), the article will end with a description of the molester's reformation—caused neither by his conscience troubling him nor by the threat of criminal prosecution but rather by his inability to get ahead in literary circles because his molesting activities take too much of his time.

Interested? I think not.

Dealing in drugs is a criminal activity. But publishing an article such as Regier's sends the wrong message: doing drugs is acceptable because one can still go on to be a professor and write articles for national magazines.

Elizabeth L. Sternberg
Baltimore

I want to tell you, man, that I really dug Regier's groovy story, but I see that it was a *memoir*. I get it—like a memoir isn't fiction. It was the first real true un-cliché-ridden rap piece I've read, man. You know, I really feel he was right-on with it. And like there were so many really far-out and important details and insights. I mean, he had a real live "manic-depressive writer" friend. And the phrase "fellowship in the Church of Drugs": there was so much religious symbolism there. And like, the statistical facts, man: "Restaurant people have a high rate of casual use."

Yeah, man.

But what I really dug was the gritty life stuff, man, like he knows what it is to be a working-class person, man, earning $200 a week in a Mexican café. I mean, I personally knew a lot of heavy users who came from the working class and ended up teaching in the English departments of prestigious universities.

Mark W. Miller
Summit, N.J.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

Exercise More with Less

MORE EFFECTIVE

duplicating the motion of cross country skiing, the rld's best exercise, NordicTrack provides the ideal obic workout. Your total body is exercised simul- eously.

MORE COMPLETE

like bikes and other sitdown exercisers, NordicTrack ercises major muscles in the buttocks and legs more uni- mly, as well as exercising the arms, shoulders, d back. You get a total body workout.

MORE CALORIES BURNED

tests at a major university, rdicTrack burned more calories d provided a greater aerobic rkout than an exercise bike d a rowing machine.*

MORE UNIFORM

ılike a rowing machine, u can independently just NordicTrack's istance for upper and wer body muscles for a ore thorough, balanced rkout. Major muscles e neither overstressed r underworked. Plus rdicTrack's patented vwheel system provides mooth, rhythmic motion at makes exercising more easant.

MORE CONVENIENT

ercise in the comfort of your me, any time of day, in any weather. u'll be more likely to exercise reg- arly and achieve your fitness goals. ordicTrack folds easily, requiring storage ace of only 17" x 23".

*cientific test results included in NordicTrack brochure.



LESS TIME

Because NordicTrack is so much more efficient than an exercise bike or rowing machine, you burn more calories and get a better aerobic workout in less time.

LESS EFFORT

In running and biking, the leg muscles do most of the work. With NordicTrack, the exercise workload is shared by the upper and lower body muscles, so exercise seems to require less effort and provides greater cardiovascular benefits.

NO DIETING

Recent studies show that aerobic exercise is much more effective for losing weight than dieting. And no other exercise machine burns more calories than Nordic Track...So you can lose weight faster without dieting.

NO IMPACT

Running and some aerobic workouts can cause painful and harmful jarring to the body, resulting in knee, shin, back and other injuries. NordicTrack gives you a vigorous aerobic workout that is completely jarless.

NO SKIING EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

NordicTrack is for everyone who wants the benefits of regular exercise. Even if you've never skied (and never plan to), in a few minutes you'll soon be "tracking." Great for all ages and weights.

NO RISK

NordicTrack's excellent quality and performance allows us to offer a no-risk, 30-day trial return privilege. In fact, customer referrals are our largest source of orders.

'Of all the indoor exercisers, nly NordicTrack provides he same superior benefits is cross country skiing."

Bill Koch
Olympic Silver Medalist

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO

Call Toll Free Or Write:

1-800-328-5888

In Minnesota 1-800-422-5145 In Canada 1-800-433-9582

NordicTrack

141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

☐ Please send free brochure
☐ Also free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone ( ) 200G9

1988 NordicTrack

A CML COMPANY

The Use of Color

After reading "When You're a Crip (or a Blood)" in the March issue and "The Lives of Teenage Mothers" in the April issue, I question your tiresome fascination with the negative aspects of minority life in this country. It is especially noteworthy that the latter piece—Elizabeth Marek's "report"—features only black and Hispanic single mothers despite the unavoidable fact that the majority of teen pregnancies occur among unwed white females.

I find it unfortunate that your magazine perceives a need to satisfy the prurient interests of some elements of your readership in the destroyed lives of the poor and uneducated in our cities. Articles such as these only perpetuate harmful stereotypes and jeopardize the efforts undertaken by blacks and other minorities to improve their situations.

A magazine that wishes to add occasional *color* to its pages might make better use of its space with interviews, commentaries, and short stories that reflect the situations of the majority of blacks who are *not* members of the now painfully well-documented underclass. Otherwise, your magazine will only contribute to the incomplete and distorted record about the experience of blacks in America.

Camille M. Caesar
New Haven

Out of Control

San Jose Police Chief Joseph D. McNamara is so intent on controlling firearms ["A Nation of Certified Killers," May] that he completely loses sight of the need to control *criminals*. McNamara quite reasonably laments that Patrick Purdy, who killed five children at an elementary school in Stockton, California, could legally buy a gun. But he ignores the real cause of Purdy's murderous rampage—the gentle way that Purdy was treated by the criminal justice system, which never managed to convict him of a felony. For all of his many arrests, Purdy was sentenced to a total of [illegible] eighty days in jail. Instead of blaming the schoolyard massacre on weak gun laws, we must instead blame the California justice system, which repeatedly released Purdy after only slaps on the wrist. Had Purdy been in prison, he wouldn't have been able to buy an AK-47 and shoot children in the Stockton schoolyard.

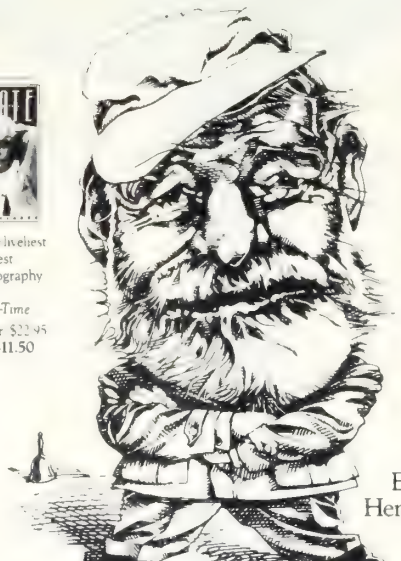
William S. Bailey Jr.
Houston

Those who want gun control should move to Soviet Georgia, where the authorities recently confiscated 66,000 hunting rifles when the people started to rise up. It was a simple matter, since all the guns in communist Russia are registered.

James K. Hambric
Yorba Linda, Calif.

As a woman who has been assaulted and raped, I now exercise my constitutional right to defend myself b

Tres Libros por Tres Dólares and a Farewell to Commitment. No Bull.



Ernest Hemingway



*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 4,200 memorable quotations
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95



*226. An array of annoyances by the most endearing curmudgeons
Hardcover: $15.95
QPB: $7.95



430. A novel about a travel writer and the woman who turns his world upside down
Hardcover: $16.95
QPB: $8.95



274. "The liveliest and rowdiest literary biography in recent memory"—*Time*
Hardcover: $22.95
QPB: $11.50



*793. A definitive one-volume collection including seven previously unpublished tales
Hardcover: $22.50
QPB: $10.95



347. Practical tips on how to renovate a house on a limited budget
Hardcover: $22.50
QPB: $14.50



423. A scholar tells how myths have shaped our lives. A PBS TV series
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95



*112. A f[illegible] account [illegible] markable depth of [illegible] achievem
Hardcov
QPB:



109. A special QPB trio: *The Elements of Style*, *The Elements of Grammar*, *The Elements of Editing*
3 volume set
QPB: $10.95



297. Soothing therapeutic techniques; 150 graphic photographs
QPB: $9.50



*554. A thriller about 4 Vietnam Vets in search of a murderer
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



472. A new [illegible] filled to bursting collection of over 500 hysterical "Far Side" cartoons
QPB: $8.95



267. Th[illegible] of civiliz[illegible] a unique format
Hardcov
QPB:

(Translation: 3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.)

rrying a state-of-the-art, auto-load-
g, semi-automatic, 9mm Smith &
'esson stainless-steel pistol.

l Wilson
leveland

'he Heart of Fiction

In the March issue, Ursula K. Le
uin ["Writing Without Conflict,"
eadings] disagrees with the notion
iat what happens in a story can be
efined as conflict. She refers to
is as the "gladiatorial view of fic-
on." Of course the art of fiction is
ot *simply* the creation of forces or
iaracters in conflict. But Le Guin's
nplication that conflict is not an es-
ntial element of fiction is wrong. In
efense of the writing manuals and
orkshops in which the use of conflict
explained and encouraged, I would
gue that conflict is the catalyst that
opels characters into events that
iange them.

Aristotle's notion of ethics ex-
esses this concept well: it is conflict,
e wrote, that forces the individual to compare his moral ideals with his actual deeds. Shortcomings in the latter reveal the need for moral growth. In a similar manner, conflict in fiction provides the test for character and moral depth.

Le Guin refers to E. M. Forster's famous example of a plot in *Aspects of the Novel:* "The King died and then the Queen died of grief." Le Guin asks, "Where is the 'conflict'? Who is pitted against what? Who wins?" The answer is that the queen has come up against the universal condition that all lovers face—the mortality of the beloved, which Yeats described as a "nest upon a narrow ledge/ Above a windy place." It is, of course, mortality that wins.

Conflict in fiction will not "run its course" as a trend, as Le Guin anticipates. No, conflict lies at the heart of fiction, and without it we are left with merely pleasant sketches and self-defeating "anti-fiction."

Douglas L. Childers
Richmond, Va.

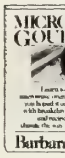
Early Tears

Lewis H. Lapham's "Vietnam Diary" [May], describing his sojourn in present-day Vietnam, prompts me to pass along a tale from the early days of America's involvement in Indochina.

My friend Ernie served as an enlisted man in China during World War II. After the war he was sent to either Kunming or Chungking, where he shared a billet with an American OSS master sergeant who was the highest-ranking liaison with the indigenous forces who had opposed the Japanese in Indochina. The sergeant had been in the field with the Indochinese guerrillas—some of whom would later join the North Vietnamese army. One day he saw the sergeant conversing in French with a "skinny little Chinese guy who chain-smoked Camels." At the time, Ernie was only nineteen and wanted nothing more than to get out of China, yet he was impressed by how distraught both men were. The sergeant was in tears.

After the "Chinese" man left, the

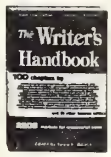
bel
st
the
)-year
ingle.
$18.95
.95



*330. More than 600 recipes from an award-winning food writer
Hardcover $19.95
QPB: $9.95



169. Fast-paced creepy fun from the author of the best-selling *Vampire Lestat*
QPB: $9.95



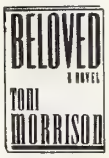
*498. 1989 edition. What to write, how to write it, where to sell it
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $13.50



360. Treat yourself to the antics of a six-year-old and his stuffed-tiger alter ego.
QPB: $10.95



147. European history from the woman's perspective.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $11.95



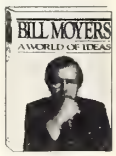
155. Toni Morrison's Pulitzer Prize-winner, "Extraordinary."—N.Y. Times.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $7.95



*716. From the pages of *Rolling Stone*, a documentary of the past 20 years. 200 photographs.
Hardcover $24.95
QPB: $12.95



*321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science with notable individuals.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $19.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection: You'll receive the QPB *Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the QPB *Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Bonus books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

OK. Send me my 3 books for 3 bucks. No commitment. No bull.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the QPB *Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

Indicate by number your 3 choices: 9-16

Quality Paperback Book Club

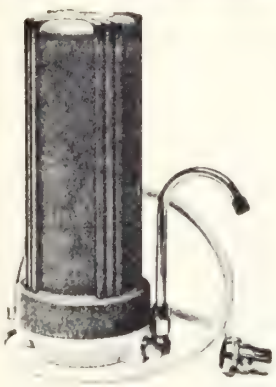
Name (Please print clearly) QB067-7-1

Address Apt

City State Zip

Prices are generally higher in Canada. © 1989 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

2¢ a gallon!



How much do you spend on bottled water... 60¢ a gallon... $1 a gallon? Using the ACR-130 filter will reduce your cost to under 2¢ a gallon.

The counter-top ACR-130's solid carbon and deionized resins filter cartidge removes unpleasent odors and tastes as well as dangerous pollutants. The result is healthier and better tasting water than that found in many bottled waters.

No tools are necessary for installation. The push-button diverter valve and hose attaches easily and gracefully to standard faucets.

The cost for the ACR-130 complete is $99. Available in lt. blue, beige, chocolate, black or white. A replacement filter costs $40, and lasts the average family of four one year. Shipping and handling $5.00 extra.

To order, call our toll-free number:

1-(800) 228-7631

Visa/Mastercard accepted

Send check or money order to:

acr WATER SERVICES

ACR Water Services
P.O. Box 5357
Lynnwood, Wa. 98046

Water Quality Association
Member
Certified independent laboratory results sent on request
Ask about our under the counter model

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

sergeant explained to Ernie that the man was a guerrilla leader who had just been informed that the United States had decided to back the French attempt to re-establish dominion over Indochina, which had been interrupted by the Japanese occupation during the war. The sergeant bitterly opposed the decision by the United States.

It was only later that Ernie realized that the "skinny little Chinese guy" was Ho Chi Minh.

Ed Hofmann
McCall, Idaho

Instead of traveling north after leaving Ho Chi Minh City, Lapham should have headed west and followed the trail of sun-bleached skulls strewn across what once was Cambodia. By taking *that* route, he might have been less convinced of Ho's "war of independence" and come to know the dynamics of enfiladed dominoes. Instead, whether to fortify his convictions or to pay homage, Lapham proceeds to Hanoi, there to stand before Ho's canonized shrine—a plain wooden table where "a few small men, poor and thinly clothed," sat and ran the war against the United States, "drawing their plans with the stubs of schoolroom pencils."

Ever the reporter tuned to the shrill high frequency of headlines, Lapham's sentimental journey takes him to sites of past horrors: where the girl was set aflame by napalm and ran naked toward the camera that captured the famous picture; where surreal fetuses (described by Lapham in heart-rending detail) deformed by Agent Orange are kept; where hands were raised in futile entreaty as the last American helicopters lifted off in 1975. These arresting symbols of war's aimless cruelty are enough for Lapham; he is thus relieved of looking west and accounting for the long-planned and well-aimed cruelty of Ho Chi Minh's peace.

The Vietnamese have seemingly assigned the "American war" to the past. But there are more than a few Americans—Lapham among them—who are eternally tormented by the need to relive that carnage; by the need to undergo a purging of conscience through a stop-action replay of their television memory of that war. While their memories vary, these harried souls always laud the same hero, flay the same villain, play the same music, and—singing with the choir—chant the same self-exculpatory lyrics.

J. Foch Ross
San Jose, Calif.

The Epistemology of BBQ

Frank Gannon's article about barbeque, "Mmm, Mmm, Simulacrum" [May], is generally correct. But when he asserts that "barbeque is not a thing to be dissected by philosophers," because it cannot be reduced a priori, that made my sauces boil. It's a bone I wish to pick with him.

The essence of barbeque is its sauce, which comes in three kinds: a marinating sauce, which tenderizes and always contains a source of acid such as wine, tomato, vinegar, or lemon; a basting sauce, which maintains moistness or juiciness during long cooking and always contains oil, grease, or fat; and, finally, a glazing sauce, which sticks to cooked meat and always contains sugar, honey, molasses, etc.

Gannon's barbeque is recondite and academic; mine is art that can be made to happen.

Don Miesen
San Francisco

Excavation Smarts

John Berger ["Muck and Its Entanglements," May] overlooks the most obvious way of cleaning out the outhouse that he, his family, and friends use. Instead of digging all of *it* out every year, he could simply dig a hole near the one with all the muck in it, throw the dirt from the new hole onto the muck, and next, using a horse or tractor, move the little outhouse over the new hole. And then wash up and go fishing.

Ella May Frazer
Deming, N.M.

Berger refers to Milan Kundera's observation that no God would design a life in which defecating was neces-

ry. What of growing old and dying? n't that the ultimate indignity?

non Halburian
guache, Colo.

he Grammatical Society

John Kenneth Galbraith's response Vice President Dan Quayle's invi- tion to join the Republican Senato- al Inner Circle [Readings, June] as informative. In commenting on uayle's hyper-modification in the rase "something truly unique to the ner Circle," Galbraith is quite right insist that "something is either ique or it is not." But the good pro- ssor takes a step over the edge when writes as explanation that "there is need for an enhancing adjective." ny good Strunk and White graduate nows that "truly" is an adverb, and at adverbs are the only proper modi- ers for adjectives.

Modifiers for Quayle may be a dif- rent story altogether.

y Grossman
niladelphia

tatistical Flood

As a professor of physics, I was de- ghted to read in the May Harper's dex that in order to re-create the lood, rain would have to fall at a rate fifteen feet per hour. But this esti- ate, which credits *Innumeracy: Mathematical Illiteracy and Its Conse- uences,* by John Allen Paulos, as its ource, is too low by a factor of two. In Genesis, the flood covers the earth— he highest point of which is Mt. verest (29,028 feet)—with "fifteen ubits" of water. Allowing 754 feet he theoretical height of all conti- ental mass if it were spread evenly ver the earth's surface, without fill- ng in the oceans) to take into ac- ount the volume of land above sea vel, and allowing 960 hours of me—forty days and forty nights— ain would need to fall at a rate of 29.5 et per hour.

Incidentally, the water required for his deluge is 3.2 times the total olume of water now in the earth's ceans. Since such a flood could not recede," I assume it must have evap- rated. The heat required to vaporize the flood, I reckon, would be as much as the sun supplies to the entire earth in 6,600 years.

Maurice Bruce Stewart
Salem, Oregon

John Allen Paulos replies:

The estimate in my book *Innumeracy* is half that of Stewart's because I based my calculations on the height of Mt. Ararat (16,946 feet) rather than the height of Mt. Everest. Located in eastern Turkey, Mt. Ararat is the traditionally accepted landing site for Noah's Ark and thus seemed the most appropriate standard on which to base my estimate. Both Stewart's figure and mine ignore the waters which were reported to have come from the earth's interior and which would have generated incalculable tidal waves and vortices. The torrential downpour and turbulence would have sunk the largest aircraft carrier, not to mention a wooden ark with thousands of animals on board.



NOTEBOOK

Inspectors general

By Lewis H. Lapham

Men are not sufficiently perfect to exercise justice in the name of virtue: the rule of life should be indulgence and kindness of heart.

—Anatole France

Our culture peculiarly honours the act of blaming, which it takes as the sign of virtue and intellect.

—Lionel Trilling

Were I to believe what I read in the newspapers, I would find it easy enough to imagine that the country has been seized by a convulsion of Puritan zeal. At least twice a week the papers bring word of a new committee established to impose a proper regimen of ethics on the moral sluggards who operate the nation's government and manage the nation's commerce. The bulletins often appear in conjunction with the news of a more stringent regulation governing the use of alcohol or tobacco, with the report of another television program forced off the air because of its sexual immodesty, with official statements and paid advertisements castigating junk bonds, the cocaine trade, and poor muscle tone.

The announcements almost always bear the stamps of sanctimony and intolerance. The latter-day Puritans make no secret of their wish to blame and to punish and to cast what they trust will be the first of many stones.

As best as I can remember it, the current excitement about cleansing the nation of its impurities took hold of the public imagination about two years ago, at about the time that former Senator Gary Hart blundered through a silk curtain into the sin of lust. The media found him guilty of adultery, and Hart, marked with the equivalent of an A in the center of his chest, vanished into the Colorado wilderness. Within a matter of months the television and newspaper moralists discovered themselves to be as adept as Jonathan Edwards in the art of inspecting souls. Before another year was out, Senator Joseph Biden confessed to the sin of plagiarism, Judge Douglas Ginsburg admitted to the smoking of a marijuana cigarette, and Jimmy the Greek apologized for making a tasteless comparison between the physical attributes of black and white athletes. All left by the nearest exit or the next train. The keepers of the national conscience seized their microphones and, like the man with the cane on the old vaudeville circuits, dragged them out of the light of respectable opinion.

Since then, of course, the compulsion to wash the sheets of the American conscience has become, if anything, more urgent. The stern and reproving winds of admonishment blow from all points of the moral compass. President George Bush apparently means to be judged and appreciated for his behavior, not his politics. During his first 100 days in office he has construed the duties of the president as a matter of winning prizes for conduct and deportment. It is as if he thinks that he need do nothing else except keep himself neat and tidy and clean, meet his schedule of appointments, play horseshoes, worry about the Russians and the environment, display sympathy for widows and orphans, show the media that he is a good and honest fellow, and generally present himself in a manner befitting the exemplary American.

Bush's interpretation of the presidency as a sacramental office corresponds to the ceaseless manufacture of committees on ethics; to the proliferation of rules about the testing of the nation's blood, urine, and speech; to the scourgings of former Senator John Tower and Representative Jim Wright. It was the scourging of Tower that first prompted me to wonder whether the excess of reforming zeal might not be better understood as rituals of purification, like the burning of sacrificial meats or the sprinkling of water and incense.

Surely Tower didn't deserve to be made to say his prayers on *This Week With David Brinkley* or to swear that he would never again drink distilled spirits if confirmed in his appointment as secretary of defense. Tower no doubt had committed his quota of indiscretions during his long and profitable service in government, and perhaps he had been a little eager or a trifle hasty in his acceptance of $750,000 in consulting fees from his friends in the defense industries, but then, as he observed on more than one occasion, he had done nothing inconsistent with the common practice of his peers. In reply to the charges of drinking too

uch and taking too much money
)m lobbyists, he said: "I accept that
ıe Secretary of Defense must adhere
a higher standard than members of
ıe United States Senate, but my
ıestion is how much lower an ac-
:ptable standard is there for mem-
ers of the Senate?"

The question was never answered. he media preferred to subject Tower an inquisition that wouldn't have een out of place in fifteenth-century pain or present-day Iran. Self-)pointed moralists as unlikely as enator Ted Kennedy dressed them-lves up in the rhetorical equivalent a bishop's miter and examined the rmer senator for what the Puritan ıagistrates in seventeenth-century lassachusetts would have defined as itchmarks. Under different circum-ances, and in a different time and lace, the spectacle might have been)plauded as farce. But not in Amer-a in the first 100 days of the Bush dministration, not in a country that)ends almost as much money on soap nd cosmetics as it spends on weap-ons, the object of both expenditures being the defense of the American body politic against the contamination of foreign substances.

Still, despite the auto-da-fé imposed on Tower, despite the presiding unctuousness of George Bush, I don't think that I could have anticipated the moral indignation of Donald Trump. Trump is not a man known for his religious assets, and although he likes to present himself as one of the richest and most blessed real estate developers ever to walk the face of an admiring earth, it is not yet certain that he has acquired waterfront property in Heaven. He boasts of his long and faithful service to Mammon and takes pride in the sharpness of his cunning and the sweetness of his gall. Much of his income he derives from gambling casinos in Atlantic City. And yet, on the morning of May 1, Trump bought space in the New York papers to ally himself with the voices of righteousness.

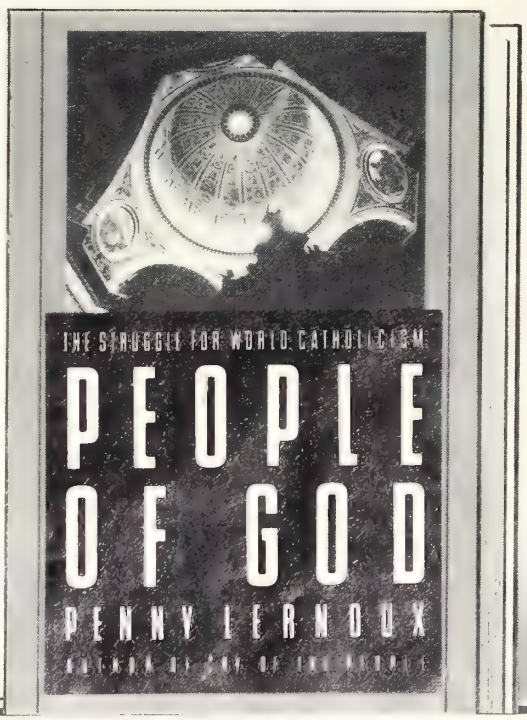
The full-page advertisement in the *New York Times* is worth quoting at some length in order to indicate the violence of Trump's Puritan rebuke. He takes as his text the rape and brutal beating of a young woman, white and well-to-do, who had been jogging across the transverse road at 102nd Street in Central Park when she was attacked by a band of black and Hispanic teenage boys. Trump's advertisement divides into two equal parts, the upper half of the page printed with nine words in 1½-inch capital letters—BRING BACK THE DEATH PENALTY. BRING BACK OUR POLICE!—and the lower half of the page crowded with a longish statement, in smaller type, signed by Trump and beginning as follows:

> What has happened to our City over the past ten years? What has happened to law and order, to the neighborhood cop we all trusted to safeguard our homes and families, the cop who had the power under the law to help us in times of danger, keep us safe from those who would prey on innocent lives to fulfill some distorted inner need. What has happened to the respect for author-

The struggle for the soul of the Catholic Church

The progressive reformers in the Third World and the United States and the hierarchical dogmatists of the Vatican are battling to control the Church today—and tomorrow. Now, Penny Lernoux, the acclaimed author of *Cry of the People*, provides "a detailed up-to-date chronicle of the struggle and a guide to the complex array of participants...Lucid and lively."
—Patrick Breslin, *Washington Post Book World*

"A fascinating book... a mine of information on the current worldwide struggle to redefine the term 'Catholic'."
—David Toolan, S.J., *Boston Globe*

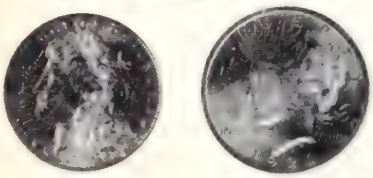


VIKING
Penguin USA

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER:

Only $39.95 For A Set Of TWO Historic U.S. Silver Dollars

Plus $4 Postage and Handling



Morgan Silver Dollar Over 100 Years Old

Peace Silver Dollar Over 60 Years Old

And Both U.S. Coins Are Guaranteed To Be In BRILLIANT UNCIRCULATED MS-60+ CONDITION

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
One Set Maximum Per Order

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-877-2632

Prices subject to change.

BLANCHARD

OFFER #U10



FREE
with every order:
A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO COIN INVESTMENT

To get a good idea of what a great idea we have in Image Watches paste your color logo here



OR EVEN BETTER

Send us your color logo

(Any size letterhead, photo, brochure, artwork)

along with $16.50 and we'll rush you a personalized working *quartz* watch sample as our convincer!

Your company logo in full color is the dial of a handsome wristwatch. Goldentone case, leather strap, battery powered quartz movement with 1 year limited warranty Men's and women's sizes. Remarkably inexpensive even in **small quantities.**

Limit: 2 samples per company @ $16.50 ea.

IMAGE™ WATCHES, INC.
(manufacturers/master watchmakers)
Celebrating Our 10th Anniversary
227 E. Pomona Blvd.
Monterey Park, CA 91754 • (213) 726-8050
9am-5pm Mon-Fri Pacific Coast Time
Attn: Mr. Scobey

© Image Watches, Inc. all rights Reserved
Money Back Guarantee

ity, the fear of retribution by the courts, society and the police for those who break the law, who wantonly trespass on the rights of others? What has happened is the complete breakdown of life as we knew it.

Decrying the "dangerously permissive atmosphere" that has corroded the moral architecture of the city, Trump goes on to say that the time for mercy and compassion has long passed. "I want to hate these murderers and I always will," he says. "Mayor Koch has stated that hate and rancor should be removed from our hearts. I do not think so."

Possibly because Trump's language is so violent, the statement begs a number of unpleasant questions. Is not the story of Trump's much-advertised success the story of "some distorted inner need"? Why do so many of Trump's works and deeds testify to the rage of an insatiable appetite—for power and wealth and his name printed on any public surface (buildings, newsprint, airplanes, billboards, television screens, etc.) that he can seize from lesser mortals? Is it not true that Trump has prospered precisely because of the circumstances—i.e., the lack of "respect for authority," the wanton trespassing "on the rights of others"—that during the last ten years in New York have encouraged not only the killings in the streets but also the killings in the real estate market? Is it not also fair to say that the "twisted hatred" that Trump discovers in the city's criminals bears an unhappy resemblance to the "hate and rancor" that he asks the city's peaceful citizens to welcome into their own hearts? Trump apparently has as little use for the rule of law as Oliver North or General Manuel Noriega. In the name of virtue and the interest of municipal security, he invites his fellow townspeople to reduce themselves to a howling mob.

The vengeful squalor of Trump's moral code, like the scourging of former Senator Tower and the piety of Bush's presidency, suggests that the militant hyperbole of our latter-day Puritanism is little more than a barbarous chant. It is a noise of cymbals and drums, an expression of savage alarm meant to preserve the illusions of innocence rather than to alter the mechanics of the status quo.

As a political candidate in 1988 President Bush promised to clean the waters of Boston Harbor and bestow on Washington the gift of honest government, but he based his campaign on the familiar tactics of smear and cheat and lie. Once arrived in Washington he continued to preach about conflicts of interest, but he neglected to press the point against those of his friends and companions (among them not only Tower but James Baker, the secretary of state; C. Boyden Gray, the White House counsel; and Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser) who were asked rude questions about their finances.

The rituals of purification have been characteristic of American society since the first Puritans arrived at Plymouth and thought they had regained the states of innocence lost to Satan by generations of corrupt and inattentive Europeans. During the first 300 years of the American settlement it was the sermon that served as the principal form of literary address among a people that enjoyed the favor of Providence. The times were always going from bad to worse, the congregation always in need of purifying words and hymns. Because most Americans (among them Trump and Bush) assume that they can do no wrong, they choose to believe that wickedness is a pollutant of one kind or another—something deadly or contagious that arrives, inexplicably, from the sea, the atmosphere, or the slums. Because the innocent republic (or the innocent real estate deal) invariably finds itself betrayed, it always can justify the use of criminal or uncivilized means to defend itself against the world's treachery.

The rhetorical devices of a democracy trade in two markets—the market in expectation and the market in blame. The collapse of prices in one market entails a rise of prices in the other. To the extent that people expect nothing in the way of courage or idealism from the Bush administration, the public debate degenerates into accusations and the calling of names. Money—and the rumor of money—is what's left to talk about when nobody can think of anything

se to say. To the extent that the ewspapers become increasingly owded with reports of theft and aud—in the Pentagon or Drexel urnham—so they also bring, often adjoining columns, increasingly rbarous cries for spiritual reform. he more overwhelming the evi- ence of moral failure, the more vehe- ent the denial that any such failure as occurred.

Given the prevailing mood of spir- ual inquisition, the media ought to e clever enough to arrange even ore frightful and instructive forms of enance. It's no good allowing the alefactors to drop unobtrusively om sight. Let them sit in Puritan ocks on national television. Let em be flogged during the halftime eremonies in the Rose Bowl or made wander disconsolately down Wall treet wearing a leper's bells. Let a orrespondent from each of the net- ork morning shows (somebody as af- ble as Willard Scott) make a daily our of prisoners in the stocks, raightening their ties and reading loud the list of their transgressions.

I expect that within another two or ree years a board of examiners (ap- ointed by CBS and Time Inc.) will equire applicants to the public de- ate to fill out the moral equivalent of financial disclosure statement. I can e a printed form, eight pages long nd as incoherent as the instructions f the Internal Revenue Service. Un- er headings that encompass the en- re repertoire of human behavior— exual conduct, criminal offenses, acial bias, xenophobia, personal ygiene, etc.—the applicant will be sked to answer 2,000 questions about he status of his or her soul. It goes ithout saying that the forms would eed to be filled out in triplicate, with opies submitted (together with urine nd blood tests) not only to the media ut to the relevant government au- horities, university libraries, and the ffices of the Vatican.

In the meantime, of course, Trump an be counted upon to pay as little ax as possible to the city he purports o cherish, the Pentagon can be ex- ected to pay overcharges of at least 2.1 billion a year, and President Bush will go on wearing funny hats nd serving afternoon tea. ■

THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART



Explore our new 132-page color catalogue with more than 500 suggestions for exclusive and unusual Christmas gifts, produced by the Metropolitan Museum from works of art in the Museum's collections. A wide range of presents including glass, silver, porcelain, jewelry, prints, books, Christmas cards, boxed note cards, and posters. Prices from less than $10 to more than $100.

To receive your copy, simply send this coupon with $1.00. You will also receive future Museum catalogues.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028

Name_____
Apt. #_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Request catalogue no. 1449

LOVE.
HATE.
SEX.
GREED.
POLITICS.
WAR
AND
PEACE.

Literature today is exploding with hot issues and controversial insights.

That's why each week BOOKMARK invites the author of a newly published work, along with a distinguished guest panel, to read between the lines of the text... and debate its meanings, impact and relevance to society.

Tune in to BOOKMARK. Sometimes you'll like what they have to say. Sometimes you won't. But you'll always leave with a fresh outlook. And that's what life is all about.

Funded by

Bell Atlantic

We're More Than Just Talk.℠

Hosted by Lewis Lapham.
On PBS. Check your local
listings for time and date in your area.

BOOKMARK

America's Book Club

A Production of Compass Films in association with WNET/New York

HARPER'S INDEX

Percentage of Muscovites who say that "average people don't have any say about what the government does" : 43
Percentage of New Yorkers who say this : 52
Ratio in 1988 of New York State residents who bought lottery tickets to those who voted : 3:2
Number of stories about George Bush that aired on the evening network news during his first 100 days in office : 336
Number of stories about Jimmy Carter that aired during his first 100 days in office : 906
Percentage change, since 1979, in the average number of hours of television devoted to public affairs : –51
Percentage of Americans who say that Soviet aggression is "a very serious threat" to national security : 50
Percentage who say that global environmental problems are "a very serious threat" to national security : 77
Acres of Alaska's temperate rain forest cut down each day : 90
Estimated change in the distance between the Hawaiian Islands and the Soviet Union each year, in inches : –4
Estimated change in the distance between the United States and Europe each year, in inches : +1
Chances that a West German conscript will refuse to serve in the military : 1 in 7
Rank of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Japan, among countries with the most industrial waste per square mile : 1,2,3
Combined long-term corporate debt of Toyota, Nissan, and Honda : $8,800,000
Combined long-term corporate debt of General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler : $9,000,000,000
Percentage of their income American CEOs derived from stock options and other long-term incentives in 1978 : 15
Percentage today : 42
Chances that a merger involving a U.S. company will be hostile : 1 in 4
Payment that five former employees demanded from Du Pont in 1988 for not disclosing the Lycra formula : $10,000,000
Estimated number of maternity uniforms the New York City Police Department has issued its officers since 1982 : 1,000
Percentage of women who say they control the TV remote control in their household : 34
Percentage of men who say they control the TV remote control : 56
Rank of July, among all months last year, in the amount of prime-time television watched by Americans : 12
Percentage of American commuters who eat breakfast in their car : 25
Number of FAA-certified pilots whose driver's licenses have been revoked or suspended due to drunk driving : 10,300
Portion of all oil produced worldwide that is used for transportation in the United States : 1/5
Portion of all illegal drugs produced worldwide that are consumed in the United States : 3/5
Percentage of Americans who say that mowing the lawn is "risky" : 54
Ratio of Americans killed by lightning each year to Americans killed by fireworks : 9:1
Number of the 698 people who have died in U.S. national parks since 1984 who were killed by animals : 2
Proposed maximum fine for participating in a dwarf toss in South Carolina : $200 (see page 25)
Number of coin-operated suntan-lotion spray dispensers in Ocean City, Maryland : 16
Number of butterfly parks in the United States : 3
Percentage of all animal species worldwide that are beetles : 40
Maximum number of aphids that FDA regulations permit in a pound of frozen broccoli : 269
Average number of times an American opens the refrigerator each day : 22
Average number of months in an American's lifetime that are spent opening junk mail : 8
Rolls of toilet paper Chicago's city government has produced this year from recycled City Hall wastepaper : 19,000
Length of the entry for the word "set" in the 1989 edition of the Oxford English Dictionary, in pages : 60
Rank of dog, cat, snake, and U.S. president, among World Book Encyclopedia entries consulted most often : 1,2,3,4

Figures cited are the latest available as of May 1989. Sources are listed on page 63.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

READINGS

[Essay]

THE OPENING OF AMERICAN MINDS

Adapted from a speech given by Richard Rorty to the American Association of Colleges in January. A version of the speech also appeared in the Spring issue of Dissent. *Rorty is a professor of humanities at the University of Virginia. His most recent book is* Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity, *published by Cambridge University Press.*

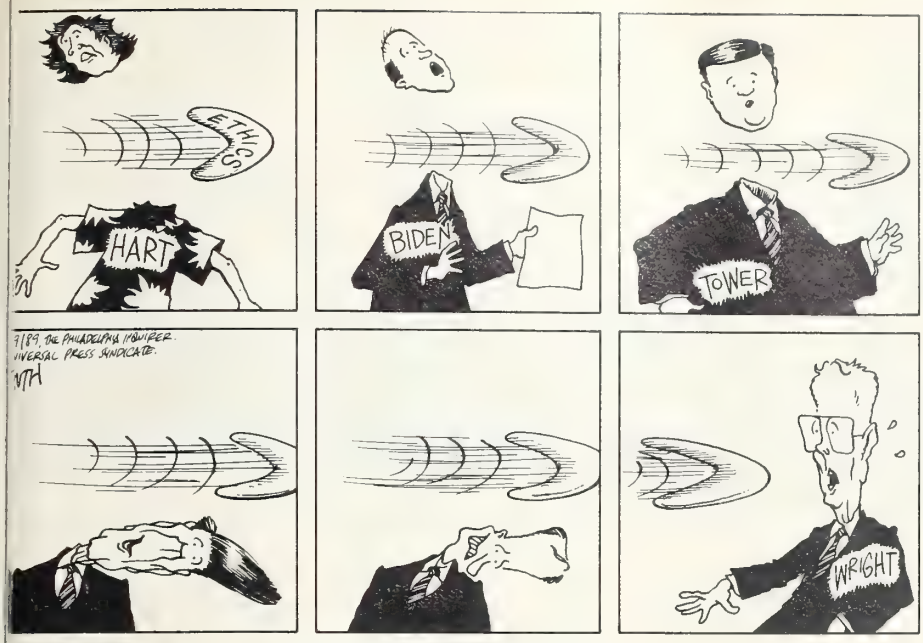
When people on the political right talk about education, they immediately start talking about truth. Typically, they enumerate what they take to be familiar and self-evident truths and regret that these are no longer being inculcated in the young. When people on the political left talk about education, they talk first about freedom. The left typically views the old familiar truths cherished by the right as a crust to be broken through, vestiges of old-fashioned modes of thought from which the new generation should be freed.

When this opposition between truth and freedom becomes explicit, both sides wax philosophical and produce theories about the nature of truth and freedom. The right usually offers a theory according to which if you have truth, freedom will follow automatically. Human beings, says this theory, have within them a truth-tracking faculty called "reason," an instrument capable of uncovering the intrinsic nature of things. Once such obstacles as sin or the passions are overcome, the natural light of reason will guide us to the truth. Deep within our souls there is a spark that the right sort of education can fan into flame. Once the soul is afire with love of truth, freedom will follow—for freedom consists of realizing one's *true* self, that is, in the actualization of one's capacity to be rational. So, the right concludes, only the truth can make us free.

This Platonic picture of education as the awakening of the true self can easily be adapted to the needs of the left. The left dismisses Platonic asceticism and exalts Socratic social criticism. It identifies the obstacles to freedom that education must overcome not with sin or the passions but with convention and prejudice. What the right calls "overcoming the passions," the left calls "stifling healthy animal instincts." What the right thinks of as the triumph of reason, the left describes as the triumph of acculturation—acculturation engineered by the powers that be. What the right describes as civilizing the young, the left describes as alienating them from their true selves. So, for the left, the proper function of education is to make the young realize that they should not consent to this alienating process of socialization. In the leftist's inverted version of Plato, if you take care of freedom—especially political and economic freedom—truth will take care of itself. For truth is what will be believed once the alienating and repressive forces of society are removed.

In both the original, rightist, and the inverted, leftist, accounts of the matter, there is a natural connection between truth and freedom. Both argue for this connection on the basis of a distinction between nature and convention. Both accept the identification of truth and freedom with the essentially human. The difference between them is simply over the question: Is the present socioeconomic setup in accordance, more or less, with nature? Is it, on the whole, a realization of human potentialities? Will acculturation to the norms of our society produce freedom or alienation?

On abstract philosophical topics, therefore, the right and the left are largely in agreement. The interesting differences between right and left about education are concretely political. Conservatives think that the present setup is, if not exactly good, at least better than any alternative suggested by the radical left. They think



From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

that at least some of the traditional slogans of our society, some pieces of its conventional wisdom, are the deliverances of "reason." That is why they think education should concentrate on resurrecting and re-establishing what they call "fundamental truths which are now neglected or despised." Radicals, in contrast, think that the society in which we live needs to be freed from the grip of those who now control it. So they consider the conservatives' "fundamental truths" to be what Michel Foucault called "the discourse of power." They think that continuing to inculcate the conventional wisdom amounts to betraying the students.

In the liberal democracies of recent times, the tension between these two attitudes has been resolved by a fairly simple, fairly satisfactory compromise. The right has pretty much kept control of primary and secondary education, and the left has gradually gotten control of nonvocational higher education. Thus, education up to the age of eighteen or nineteen is mostly a matter of socialization—of getting the students to take over the moral and political common sense of the society as it is. For any society has a right to expect that whatever else happens in the course of adolescence, the schools will inculcate most of what is generally believed.

Around the age of eighteen or nineteen, however, American students whose parents are affluent enough to send them to reasonably good colleges find themselves in the hands of teachers well to the left of the teachers they met in high school. These teachers do their best to nudge each successive college generation a little more to the left, to make them a little more conscious of the cruelty built into our institutions, of the need for reform, of the need to be skeptical about the current consensus.

This division means that most of the skirmishing about education between left and right occurs on the borders between secondary and higher education. Even ardent radicals, for all their talk of "education for freedom," secretly hope that elementary schools will teach the kids to wait their turn in line, to obey the cop on the corner, and to spell, punctuate, multiply, and divide. Conversely, only the most resentful and blinkered conservatives want to ensure that colleges hire only teachers who will endorse the status quo. Things get difficult only when one tries to figure out where socialization should stop and criticism begin.

The difficulty is aggravated by the fact that conservatives as well as radicals have trouble realizing that education is not a continuous process from age five to twenty-two. Both tend to ignore the fact that the word "education" covers two entirely distinct and equally necessary processes—socialization and individuation. Both conservatives and radicals fall into the trap of thinking that a single set of ideas will work for high school and college education. That is why both have had trouble noticing the differences

between Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* and E. D. Hirsch Jr.'s *Cultural Literacy*. The cultural left in America sees Bloom and Hirsch as examples of the same assault on freedom, twin symptoms of a fatuous Reaganite complacency. The conservatives overlook the difference between Bloom's Straussian doubts about democracy and Hirsch's Deweyan hopes for a better-educated democratic electorate: They think of both books as urging us to educate for truth and to worry less about freedom.

Let me now put some of my own cards on the table. I believe that Hirsch is largely right about the high schools and Bloom largely wrong about the colleges. I think that the conservatives are wrong in thinking that we have a truth-tracking faculty called "reason" or a true self that education brings to consciousness. I think that the radicals are right in saying that if you take care of political, economic, cultural, and academic freedom, then truth will take care of itself. But I think the radicals are wrong in believing that there is a true self that will emerge once the repressive influence of society is removed. There is no such thing as human nature, in the deep sense in which Plato and Leo Strauss use this term. Nor is there such a thing as alienation from one's essential humanity as a result of societal repression, in the deep sense of Rousseau and the Marxists. There is only the shaping of an animal into a human being by a process of socialization, followed (with luck) by the self-individualization and self-creation of that human being through his or her own later revolt against that very process.

The point of non-vocational higher education is to help students realize that they can reshape themselves—that they can rework the self-image foisted on them by their past, the self-image that makes them competent citizens, into a new self-image, one that they themselves have helped to create.

I take myself, in holding these opinions, to be a fairly faithful follower of John Dewey. Dewey put a new twist on the idea that if you take care of freedom, truth will take care of itself. For both the original Platonism of the right and the inverted Platonism of the left, that claim means that if you free the true self from various constraints it will automatically see truth.

Dewey showed us how to drop the notion of "the true self" and how to drop the distinction between nature and convention. He taught us to call "true" whatever belief results from a free and open encounter of opinions, without asking whether this result agrees with something beyond that encounter. For Dewey, the sort of freedom that guarantees truth is not freedom from sin or the passions. Nor is it freedom from tradition or from what Foucault called "power." It is simply sociopolitical freedom, the sort of freedom found in bourgeois democracies. Instead of justifying democratic freedoms by reference to an account of human nature and the nature of reason, Dewey takes the desire to preserve and expand such freedoms as a starting point—something we need not look behind.

Let me now turn to the topic of how a Deweyan conceives of the relation between pre-

[Glossary]

ACADEMIC SUBTITLES

From a memorandum circulated to members of a search committee at the University of Southern California. The committee was created to recommend a new dean of the College of Letters, Arts, and Sciences.

TO: Fellow Members, Dean's Search Committee
FROM: Ad Hoc Committee on Referee Rhetoric, Leo Braudy, Chair

Due to some confusion in interpreting the comments included in candidates' letters of reference, we have put together a glossary of terminological translation that we hope will help your deliberations.

bridge builder: likes to compromise
charismatic: no interest in any opinion but his own; gives frequent print and television interviews
committed to the university: appears at every cocktail party
consults with faculty: indecisive
doesn't suffer fools gladly: rude and abrasive
intensely interested in graduate education: hates teaching
intensely interested in undergraduate education: has ceased to do her own scholarly work
internationally known: likes to go to or run conferences
listens well: has no ideas of his own
mover and shaker: doesn't care what anybody else thinks; favors steamroller tactics
remarkably intelligent: listens without yawning when I describe my latest article
straightforward: blunt and insensitive
very solid in his field: no administrative experience
visionary: can't handle paperwork

The International Preview Society

3 COMPACT DISCS, RECORDS OR CASSETTES for just $1

plus shipping and handling with Club membership

With No Obligation To Buy Anything...*Ever!*

ldi, The Four Seasons The lish Concert/Pinnock. Archiv *ITAL* 115356

owitz In Moscow Scarlatti, art, Rachmaninov, Liszt, Chopin, abin, others. DG *DIGITAL* 125264

man: French Violin Show-es Havanaise, Carmen Fantasy, ane, more. DG *DIGITAL* 115457

aikovsky, 1812 Overture; neo & Juliet; Nutcracker e Chicago Symphony/Solti. don *DIGITAL* 125179

Request...The Best Of John iams & The Boston Pops mpic Fanfare, Star Wars, e. Philips *DIGITAL* 125360

hms, Cello Sonatas Yo-Yo Ma, o; Emanuel Ax, piano. Grammy rd Winner! RCA *DIGITAL* 154044

nes Galway—Greatest Hits el Of Music, Perhaps Love, mory, Danny Boy, The Pink ther, more. RCA 173233

gorian Chant Schola of burgkapelle, Vienna. Hauntingly ene. Philips *DIGITAL* 115434

tkin Conducts Russian owpieces Pictures At An hibition, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 154358

bussy, La Mer; Nocturnes ston Symphony Orchestra/Davis. lips *DIGITAL* 115068

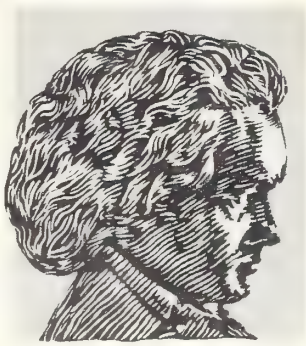
Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 4 & 5 Academy of Ancient Music/Hogwood. L'Oiseau-Lyre *DIGITAL* 115009

André Previn: Gershwin Rhapsody In Blue, Concerto, An American in Paris. Philips *DIGITAL* 115437

Mozart, The Piano Quartets Beaux Arts Trio; Bruno Giuranna, viola. "Absolutely indispensable."—Stereo Review Philips *DIGITAL* 115271

Teresa Stratas Sings Kurt Weill Surabaya-Johnny, Foolish Heart, 13 more. Nonesuch 124748

Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4 Chicago Symphony Orchestra/ Solti. London *DIGITAL* 125038



Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (New World) Chicago Symphony/Solti. London *DIGITAL* 115168

Beethoven, Symphony No. 7; 2 Overtures • Royal Philharmonic/ Previn. RCA *DIGITAL* 153621

Stravinsky, Petrouchka; more Montreal Symphony Orchestra/ Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 115331

Mozart, Requiem Leipzig Radio Choir; Dresden State Orchestra/ Schreier. Philips *DIGITAL* 115039

Pavarotti: Volare Title song, Serenata, 14 more. With Henry Mancini. London *DIGITAL* 125102

Handel, Water Music Eng. Concert/ Pinnock. Archiv *DIGITAL* 115306

Rossini, Overtures Barber Of Seville, Tancredi, 6 more. Orpheus Chamber Orch. DG *DIGITAL* 115527

Horowitz Plays Mozart Concerto No. 23 & Sonata No. 13. Giulini conducts. DG *DIGITAL* 115436

Eine kleine Nachtmusik Plus Pachelbel Canon, more. Marriner conducts. Philips *DIGITAL* 115530

The Canadian Brass—More Greatest Hits • Barber Adagio, 20 more. RCA *DIGITAL* 164348

Segovia Plays Bach • Guitar immortal plays the Chaconne and much more. MCA 163600

Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 3 • Vladimir Ashkenazy. London *DIGITAL* 125157

Holst, The Planets Montreal Sym./ Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 115448

Adams, The Chairman Dances; more • San Francisco Sym./DeWaart. Nonesuch *DIGITAL* 100491

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN
You'll receive bonus certificates for each album you order. Use them to get additional albums at half price!

This remarkable $1 offer is being made to introduce you to an outstanding classical music membership—with never any obligation to buy.

u'll find hundreds of outstanding albums in each issue of the Society's ıgazine, which will be sent to you approximately every 3 weeks. That es you 19 convenient, shop-at-home opportunities a year. But there is obligation to accept any offering at any time.

You choose only the music you want!
ou'd like to accept the Main Selection, you need not do a thing. It will sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection or none at just mail back the Notification Card by the specified date. You'll vays have at least 10 days to decide. But if you don't, you may return ur Main Selection at our expense for full credit. You may cancel your embership whenever you wish, simply by writing to us. Or, remain a ember and take advantage of future money-saving bargains.

Substantial savings with our half-price bonus plan.
r every regular purchase you do make, you'll receive bonus rtificates good for half-price discounts. (Shipping/handling added to ch shipment.)

3 Compact discs or records or cassettes for just $1!
gin your membership now by choosing any 3 albums shown here for t $1 plus shipping and handling. Send no money now. We want you to dge for yourself before you decide to buy. If not delighted, return your albums at the end of 10 days without obligation.

IPS/6550 E. 30th St./Indianapolis, IN 46219

IPS 527

The International Preview Society
P.O. Box 91406 • Indianapolis, IN 46291

☐ **YES!** Please accept my membership in The International Preview Society and send me, for 10 days' FREE examination, the 3 albums I have indicated below, under the terms of this offer. I may return them after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep them and pay only $1 (shipping and handling added to each shipment). I understand that I'm not obligated to buy anything...*ever!*

Please send all selections on ☐ **Compact Disc** ☐ **Cassette** ☐ **Record**

Write Selection Numbers Here:

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____ Apt ____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone ( ) _____
Area Code

NOTE: Members who select compact discs will be serviced by the Compact Disc Club. Full membership details will follow with the same 10-day, no-obligation, no-minimum purchase privilege

Limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only. Current CD Club members not eligible for this offer. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

YGPDW (BF) PDW (PJ)

college and college education, between the need for socialization and the need to remove the barriers that socialization inevitably imposes. Dewey hoped that the socialization of American children would consist of acquiring an image of themselves as heirs to a tradition of increasing liberty and rising hope. Updating Dewey a bit, we can think of him as wanting the children to come to think of themselves as proud and loyal citizens of a country that, slowly and painfully, threw off a foreign yoke, freed its slaves, enfranchised its women, restrained its robber barons and licensed its trade unions, liberalized its religious practices and broadened its religious and moral tolerance, and built colleges in which 50 percent of its population could enroll—a country that numbered Ralph Waldo Emerson, Eugene V. Debs, Susan B. Anthony, and James Baldwin among its citizens. Dewey wanted the inculcation of this narrative of freedom and hope to be the core of the socializing process.

As Hirsch quite rightly says, that narrative will not be intelligible unless a lot of information gets piled up in our children's heads. That is why I maintain Hirsch is right about the high schools. Now suppose that someday the high schools succeed not only in inculcating this narrative of national hope in most of our students but in setting it in the larger context of a narrative of world history and literature, all this against the background of the world picture offered by the natural sciences. What, in such a utopia, would be the educational function of American colleges? I would argue that it would be to offer provocations to self-creation.

Socially, the most important provocations will be offered by teachers who make vivid and concrete the failure of the country of which we remain loyal citizens to live up to its own ideals—the failure of America to be what it knows it ought to become. This is the traditional function of the reformist liberal left, as opposed to the revolutionary radical left. Carrying out this function, however, cannot be made a matter of explicit institutional policy. For if it is being done right, it is too complicated, controversial, and tendentious to be the subject of agreement in a faculty meeting. It is a matter that has to be left up to individual college teachers to do or not do as they think fit, as their sense of responsibility to their students and their society inspires them.

In short, if the high schools were doing the job that lots of money and determination might make them able to do, the colleges would not have to worry about Great Books or general education or overcoming fragmentation. The faculty could simply teach whatever seemed good to them to teach, and the administrators could get along nicely without much knowledge of what was being taught.

We Deweyans think that the social function of American colleges is to help the students see that the national narrative around which their socialization has centered is an open-ended one. It is to tempt the students to make themselves into people who can stand to their own pasts as Emerson and Anthony, Debs and Baldwin, stood to *their* pasts. This is done by helping the students realize that despite the progress that the present has made over the past, the good has once again become the enemy of the better. With a bit of help, the students will start noticing everything that is paltry and mean and unfree in their surroundings. With luck, the best of them will succeed in altering the conventional wisdom, so that the next generation is socialized in a somewhat different way than they themselves were socialized. To hope that this way will be only somewhat different is to hope that the society will remain reformist and democratic, rather than be convulsed by revolution. To hope that it will nevertheless be perceptibly different is to hope that our country never becomes satisfied with itself.

[Letter]

CAPTAIN HAZELWOOD: WHAT EXXON KNEW

From a letter written in 1985 by Bruce Amero, a former Exxon navigation officer, to Daniel Paul, then fleet services manager for Exxon. Amero served as second mate on two ships captained by Joseph J. Hazelwood in the early 1980s. Hazelwood was the captain of the Exxon Valdez *when it ran aground in Alaska in March; he has been charged with intoxication, reckless endangerment, and negligence in connection with the accident. This letter was produced during the discovery phase of a $2 million personal-injury suit that Amero brought against Exxon, claiming that working under Hazelwood had caused him to suffer post-traumatic stress disorder. Amero first notified Exxon of difficulties with Hazelwood in 1982. The suit, which was filed in 1986, is pending. The letter was released to* Harper's Magazine *by Tom Stickel, Amero's attorney.*

Dear Mr. Paul:

In July of 1980 I was assigned as second mate on the *Exxon Benicia*. The master was Joseph Hazelwood. During my tenure with Mr. Hazelwood his attitude toward me was one of aggressiveness and conflict.



m The Triumph of Dysfunction, *a triptych painted in oil, by Vincent Desiderio. From a show of his paint-s at Lang & O'Hara Gallery in New York City in May. The triptych measures ten by twenty-nine feet.*

Mr. Hazelwood's quarters were directly above mine on the *Benicia*. On weekend nights Mr. Hazelwood, and occasionally several crew members, would drink heavily. During one such incident a seaman on my watch got drunk with Mr. Hazelwood and reported for duty in a condition that was highly suspect. I questioned whether or not he was drunk. He admitted to drinking with the captain.

On weeknights Mr. Hazelwood would usually drink alone. Late one such evening Mr. Hazelwood was pounding on his deck—so as to make a noise in my quarters—and was screaming for me to come up and drink with him. I did not respond to this invitation.

In September 1980 I sought the counsel of Captain [name withheld] concerning Mr. Hazelwood's behavior. I related to the captain that Mr. Hazelwood may have flagrantly violated several regulations which ought to be followed in the interest of maintaining the seaworthy condition of both ship and crew. Specifically we discussed:

☐ Hazelwood's suspected abuse of alcohol.

☐ Falsification of the deck log by order of Hazelwood.

☐ Falsification of the Night Order Book—Mr. Hazelwood wrote several night orders on the morning after the dated night. Deck watch officers therefore navigated the vessel at night without specific orders.

☐ Mr. Hazelwood's termination of electronic navigation equipment and his directive to rely solely on celestial position fixing.

[After taking a leave] I was assigned to the *Exxon Baton Rouge* in June 1982. Hazelwood was master. During my tenure as the second mate on the *Exxon Baton Rouge*, it appeared that Mr. Hazelwood regularly abused alcohol. Typically he appeared intoxicated whenever he conned a vessel into or out of a port.

In one such incident the *Baton Rouge* was leaving Puerto Armuelles, and Mr. Hazelwood left the bridge and responsibility for conning the vessel to the third mate. In another incident the *Baton Rouge* was leaving Los Angeles harbor during the 0400/0800 watch. The visibility was questionable. After clearing the breakwater and dropping off the pilot, the fog signals commenced. Mr. Hazelwood was apparently intoxicated and was apparently not concentrating on navigation. He stepped out into the bridgeway and gazed off into the fog and missed a major course change. I performed the course change. Mr. Hazelwood ordered me to alter the deck log concerning weather entries. I did not alter the log.

In October 1982 I telephoned Mr. Robert

McCormick, who was then fleet personnel supervisor. I related the apparent alcohol abuse by Mr. Hazelwood. Mr. McCormick requested that I remain at home that day, and to expect a phone call from Mr. Dan Paul to discuss the situation further. No subsequent communication was made by any member of management.

Sincerely,
Bruce Amero

[Report]

CORPORATE COINTELPRO

From "Pro-active Neutralization: Nestlé Recommendations Regarding the Infant Formula Boycott," a confidential report recently prepared by Ogilvy & Mather Public Relations. Nestlé retained Ogilvy & Mather in February shortly after Action for Corporate Accountability announced it was calling for a renewal of the international boycott of Nestlé products, which it had suspended in 1984. Nestlé at that time had agreed to follow World Health Organization guidelines regarding the marketing of infant formula worldwide. However, last October Action said that Nestlé was once again encouraging mothers in Third World countries to forgo breast-feeding by distributing free formula to clinics and hospitals. After the Ogilvy & Mather report was leaked to the press, Nestlé stated that it would not implement its recommendations.

INTRODUCTION

The following program is built on the strategy of "pro-active neutralization." The recommendations are based on these premises:

☐ that the boycott at this stage lacks the venom and momentum of the earlier one;

☐ that the program and actions should be *scaled* commensurately now and in the future.

As such, the program is discreet, carefully focused, and targeted. It is built around the idea of neutralizing or defusing the issue by working quietly with key interest groups.

INTEREST GROUP ASSESSMENT AND MONITORING

Objectives

☐ Initiate an early-warning system through which Nestlé gains awareness of actions planned and is equipped to take appropriate pro-active or reactive steps.

☐ Identify opportunities for building relationships with individuals and groups that share Nestlé's interests, in order to cultivate institutional allies.

Grass Roots

Our grass-roots monitoring will focus on the areas of significant past activity. The details of our monitoring plan will be shaped by the unique characteristics of each area (such as the influence of the universities in Boston and Madison) and by our points of interest. In each community we will look for evidence that opposition is spreading to previously inactive areas. Possible evidence includes: non-local attendees at meetings; recruitment of volunteers from other communities; distribution of printed materials beyond the original area of circulation.

National Organizations

Among the key monitoring tactics is utilization of formal and informal networks that we routinely maintain with major national organizations—especially consumer and women's groups, organized labor, and health care organizations. Other tactics will include: monitoring publications—including magazines, newsletters, and published minutes of meetings; attending conferences; monitoring activities of key committees.

We will also be attentive to signs that national organizations are building opposition in particular communities.

MEDIA RELATIONS

As always, the media have the potential to exacerbate the issue, create much greater awareness than desired, and continuously find negatives in either neutral or positive news.

In light of this, Ogilvy & Mather recommends that as a general rule Nestlé should be *reactive* regarding boycott materials and *not* initiate media communications. If the media ask questions or want a story, Nestlé representatives should judge and respond accordingly—not initiate. This avoids *generating* more awareness of the issue.

CARNATION IMAGE CAMPAIGN

Objective

Mitigate any potential for negative perceptions that may exist regarding the boycott and help "inoculate" Carnation [the Nestlé subsidiary that markets infant formula in the United States] from the effects of the Nestlé boycott.

Strategy

Establish a positive "do good" public service campaign on behalf of Carnation that emphasizes private-sector responsibility in addressing an important social/public need. Among the programs considered:

☐ Carnation Literacy Library—crowded "do good" area due to Barbara Bush's involvement

☐ Carnation Combats Cocaine—too "negative"
☐ Carnation Racial Awareness Program—potential for media criticism regarding South African investments and boycott issue
☐ Carnation Care (foster-care fund for HIV-infected children and infants)—being recommended

Carnation Care Benefits

☐ Addresses "Public Enemy No. 1"
☐ Grass-roots operation that cannot be perceived as "buying the public's love or acceptance"
☐ Builds strong relations with local communities and organizations
☐ Totally "community help"–related, with *no* commercial support
☐ Unrelated to the formula issue

[Parable]

ODE TO MICHAEL MILKEN

From Tom Smith and His Incredible Bread Machine, *by R. W. Grant, published by Quandary House, in Manhattan Beach, California. A copy of this book was given to each guest at the 1989 "Predators' Ball," an annual conference on junk bonds sponsored by Drexel Burnham Lambert. Michael Milken, who directed the conference until this year, did not attend. He has been on leave since his indictment for securities fraud and insider trading.*

This is the legend of a man whose name
Was a household word: a man whose fame
Burst on the world like an atom bomb!
Smith was his last name; first name: Tom.

Now, Smith, an inventor, had specialized
In toys. So people were surprised
When they found that he, instead
Of making toys, was *baking bread.*
The way to make bread he'd conceived
Cost less than people could believe.
The price per loaf, one loaf or many:
The minuscule sum of under a penny!

Can you imagine what this meant?
Can you comprehend the consequent?
The first time yet the world well fed!
And all because of Tom Smith's bread!

The fickle years passed by;
Smith was a millionaire.
But Smith himself was now forgot
Though bread was everywhere.
However, Smith cared not a bit,
For millions ate his bread.

And "Everything is fine," thought he.
"I'm rich, and they are fed!"

Everything was fine, he thought.
He reckoned not with fate.
Note the sequence of events
Starting on the date
On which the business tax went up.
Then, to a slight extent,
The price on every loaf rose too:
Up to one full cent.

A sharp reaction quickly came—
"Exploitation of the Poor!"
Yet whom was there to blame?

And though the clamor ebbed and flowed,
All that Tom would say
Was that it was but foolish talk
That soon would die away.

To comprehend confusion,
We seek wisdom at its source.
To whom, then, did the people turn?
The *intellectuals,* of course.

[Legislation]

BANNING THOSE OTHER MIDGETMAN MISSILES

From H. 3603, a bill currently under consideration in the South Carolina state House of Representatives. The legislation was proposed in February, following the death, due to complications from alcoholism, of a man who had formerly hired himself out for dwarf-tossing events in Myrtle Beach.

Whereas, a degrading and cruel game has been introduced recently in some bars, saloons, and other public places, that consists of a contest to see how high or far a participant can throw or toss a person who by virtue of birth is a dwarf. Now, therefore,

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina:

It is unlawful to engage in or to sponsor the contest or game known as dwarf tossing, which consists of seeing how high or far a person can toss or throw another human being. A person violating the provisions of this section is guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction must be fined not more than $200 or imprisoned for not more than thirty days.

And what would be a better time
For them to take the lead
Than at their International Conference
On Inhumanity and Greed.

"The time has come," the chairman said,
"To speak of many things:
Of duty, bread, and selfishness,
And the evil that it brings.
Smith placed himself above the group
To profit from his brothers.
He failed to see the greater good
Is Service, friends, to Others."

Comments in the nation's press
Now scorned Smith and his plunder:
"What right had he to get so rich
On other people's hunger?"

Antitrust now took a hand.
Of course, it was appalled
At what it found was going on.
The "bread trust" it was called.

Now this was getting serious,
So Smith felt that he must
Have a friendly interview
With the men in Antitrust.

So Tom went to the conference room,
Up on the seventh floor.
But what he overheard within
Kept him outside the door.

"Public Interest, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Business, Business, Bah! Bah! Bah!
We don't produce or build a thing!
But before we're through,
We allow that now we'll show Smith how
We handle those who do!"

So that was the indictment.
Smith's trial soon began.
It was a cause célèbre
Which was followed 'cross the land.
Smith fought it hard all the way.
But it didn't help him win;
The jury took but half an hour
To bring this verdict in:

"Guilty! Guilty! We agree
He's guilty of this plunder.
He has no right to get so rich
On other people's hunger!"

"Five years in jail," the judge then said.
"You're lucky it's not worse!
Robber Barons must be taught
Society Comes First!"

And what about the Bread Machine,
Tom Smith's little friend?
Broken up and sold for scrap.
Some win. Some lose.

The End.

[Affidavits]

THE OTHER KINDER, GENTLER GEORGE

From affidavits submitted in 1986 on behalf of George M. Steinbrenner, the owner of the New York Yankees, as part of his application for a presidential pardon. Steinbrenner was convicted in 1974 of conspiring to make an illegal $100,000 contribution to the re-election campaign of President Richard Nixon and of attempting to "influence and intimidate" employees of his shipbuilding company to lie to a grand jury. President Ronald Reagan granted the pardon shortly before he left office. These documents were recently released in response to a Freedom of Information Act request.

Eddie G. Robinson, Grambling, Louisiana (athletic director and head football coach of Grambling State University):

Right from the start, I was impressed with the genuineness of George Steinbrenner. When we first met, I said, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Steinbrenner," to which he instantly replied, "My friends call me George."

I really do not know much about George's prior felony conviction, but I do know George. I have feasted with him, drunk with him, argued with him, and have had long soul-searching discussions with him. I know the man, and in my book, the man is the best there is. The man is a solid American. The man is an inspiration. The man loves people. The man is a fine man.

Tom McEwen, Tampa, Florida (sports editor of the Tampa Tribune*):*

George's blood is truly red, white, and blue. He is a total patriot. All anyone has to do to know George's convictions is to hear him speak. He dwells on America the beautiful and the land of opportunity, on the effects of drugs, on poverty and the way to help eliminate it. He dwells on achievement and Yankee pride. He recently spoke to the Notre Dame football squad. Although the day he spoke was the day after the coach was fired, he fired up the team with his speech.

I know of George's prior felony conviction and his suspension from baseball for two years as a result of the conviction. I also know that George took and still takes the conviction very hard. I can say with authority, from experience and from a deep personal friendship, that relief from the pain and suffering of the felony would mean more to him than anything.

Albert W. Bernstein, Cleveland, Ohio (owner of the Pewter Mug restaurant chain):

George is extremely generous and thoughtful.

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES
At a price you'd expect to pay for plastic



STACK-A-SHELF is the most versatile shelving system you'll even own. Choose from any of three styles—the ***Basic Bookshelf***, the specially designed **Record and Cassette Rack**, or, for the finishing touch, the **Corner Unit**—and start stacking!

Stack Them...They're Interlocking

Every unit is designed to stack and interlock securely with the others, so you can actually create your own wall unit. For example, stack the bookshelf on the record and cassette rack and you've got an entertainment center sturdy enough to hold your stereo, 400 records and 120 cassettes, yet attractive enough to rival shelving systems sold for twice the price. If you move, just fold them up and take them with you—they're free-standing and portable.

A Beautiful Complement to Any Decor

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hardwood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used in fine furniture.

STACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to organize unsightly clutter. And the STACK-A-SHELF system is perfect for showcasing your personal treasures. Everything from vases to pictures can be proudly displayed on these good-looking, versatile and above all, affordable units. You can even paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF system to match your own decorating needs.

3 STYLES TO CHOOSE— NEW LOW PRICE

The Basic Bookshelf

Ⓐ ONLY $ 39.95

LIST $59.95

Perfect for books, display or storage. Sturdy, stackable, sets up without tools and is completely portable. Each unit measures 27¼"w×37"h×11½"d.

The Record & Cassette Rack

Ⓑ ONLY $ 39.95

LIST $59.95

A practical and inexpensive solution to the problem of your ever-expanding collection. Holds up to 400 records and 120 cassettes. Each unit measures 27¼"w×37"h×11½"d.

The Corner Unit

Ⓒ ONLY $ 29.95

LIST $44.95

The finishing touch for your Stack-A-Shelf unit or decorative corner piece—ideal for that little corner in your home or apartment. Each unit measures 37½"h×11¼"d.

Sets Up In Seconds ...Without Tools!

No tools, screws or glue required. Just take the unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides out and the shelves practically fall into place. Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited time, Barnes & Noble is offering all our STACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of **33% off the retail price.** So don't pile—decorate in style. With affordable beechwood shelving from **Barnes & Noble.**


1. Comes in flat carton


2. Slides open on hinges


3. Shelves fall into place.

For Faster Service!

Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free



1-800-228-3535

In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606

24 Hours-7 Days a week

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail or you may return it to us for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. K266, NEW YORK, NY 10011

	Qty	Item #	Style	Our Price	Total
Ⓐ		#1066018	**Original Bookshelf**	**$39.95**	
Ⓑ		#1288893	**Record & Cassette Rack**	**$39.95**	
Ⓒ		#1110139	**Corner Unit**	**$29.95**	
			Merchandise Total		
			Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)		
			Please include $6.95 **per unit** to cover shipping and insurance		
			ORDER TOTAL		

NAME

ADDRESS APT.#

CITY/STATE/ZIP

SIGNATURE

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED

☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS EXP. DATE

☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA MO./YR.

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

I can cite an example that occurred just last night. When the Cleveland Indians were in their prime, from about 1948 to 1954, they had an outstanding, big, strong pitcher named Mike Garcia. Garcia was something. He weighed about 250 pounds, had arms like tree trunks, and could throw a fastball like no one else. After Garcia retired, he tried his luck with a dry-goods business and fell upon hard times. Garcia then became very ill and today he is, basically, on his last legs.

Last night, here in Cleveland, there was a big benefit affair to help Mike Garcia. Most of the big Cleveland businessmen were there. The majority of us gave around $100, but not George. George sent in a check for $8,000. It was incredible.

Phil Caruso, Sayville, New York (president of the New York City Patrolman's Benevolent Association):

I have been a cop for a long time. I have been trained to "size people up" and over the years have had to do so on a regular basis as part of my job. I think that I am a pretty good judge of character. After twenty-seven years, I know when someone is "full of it" and when someone is true. With George I have no doubts. I have a very high regard for George. George is a straight shooter. He is honest and candid. His integrity is unimpeachable.

Bishop Edwin B. Broderick, New York City:

I have a high opinion of George. George is a stand-up guy. He is frank and honest. I know his friends and like them also. I find George completely socially acceptable.

[Interview]

ISRAEL'S FATEFUL HOUR

Excerpted from an interview with Yehoshafat Harkabi, in the Spring issue of World Policy Journal. *Harkabi was head of military intelligence in Israel from 1955 to 1959 and was Prime Minister Menachem Begin's intelligence adviser in 1977. He teaches international relations at Hebrew University in Jerusalem. The interview was conducted by Robert I. Friedman, a journalist in New York City.*

FRIEDMAN: In your book *Arab Attitudes to Israel,* written in 1965, you described Arab hostility to the Jewish state as being so extreme that nothing short of Israel's destruction could satisfy it. In your latest book, *Israel's Fateful Hour,* you write that the Arab position—especially that of the Palestine Liberation Organization—has moved toward accepting Israel's existence within the framework of a two-state solution. And since the publication of your book, the PLO has explicitly recognized Israel and renounced terrorism. Do the PLO's moves represent a genuine change of position or are they merely efforts to achieve a tactical advantage?

HARKABI: I do believe that the PLO has begun to move. Whether and how its position is consolidated will depend very much on the reaction from Israel. An extremist Arab position stands on its own, independent of the Israeli position. But an Arab moderate position is not autonomous; it is affected by the Israeli response.

FRIEDMAN: Despite the evidence of changes in the Palestinian position, the official Israeli view, of course, is that the PLO is basically a terrorist organization and therefore unworthy of serving as a negotiating partner.

HARKABI: In my opinion, there is a lot of exaggeration surrounding the whole subject of terrorism, and I believe there is some dishonesty as well. Israeli leaders do not really reject the PLO because it is a terrorist organization; they reject the PLO because it aspires to be a national movement aiming to establish a state. But that is impolitic to admit, so instead Israel's leaders stress the issue of terrorism.

The truth is, we actually suffer relatively little terrorism. And the PLO is not now engaged in what it calls external terrorism—terrorism directed at targets outside of Israel. This does not necessarily mean that the PLO has forsworn all acts of violence. But I don't expect the PLO to stop struggling against Israel, because—let's be honest—if it were to stop struggling against us, who would care about the Palestinian plight? We have to admit that the Palestinians have succeeded in attracting attention through terrorism. Terrorism is ugly (I don't condone any terrorist acts, whatever their source), but put yourself in the shoes of the Palestinians and ask yourself what you would do—climb on the roof and shout, "We deserve a state of our own!"? Who would pay attention to that?

The issue of terrorism has been deliberately exaggerated by Israel's leaders. This has a useful political purpose: it serves to distort the Palestinians by presenting them as perpetrators of despicable acts who do not have a national movement with legitimate goals and grievances; their movement merely expresses a lust for murder. This "terrorization" of the Palestinians thus undermines any possibility of negotiations to resolve the conflict.

Yet it's clear that in the end Israel will have to negotiate with the PLO. I don't consider the



Randy Hayes, Executive Director, Rainforest Action Network

"If you don't like the way the world is, you change it..."

For people like Randy Hayes, changing the world is a lifetime commitment. That's why he founded an international action network to stop the destruction of tropical rainforests. Home to more than half our planet's plants and animals.

It's also why he carries the Working Assets VISA card, the world's first socially responsible credit card.

Join Randy as a cardholder, and we'll contribute $2 to time-tested groups working for peace, human rights and a cleaner environment.* Plus five cents more every time you use your card. All at no cost to you.

Which means that every day you and more than 100,000 other concerned cardholders will be helping people like Randy Hayes build a better world.

CALL 1-800-52-APPLY

WORKING ASSET VISA
Tools for Practical Idealists™



list of all the organizations, including Rainforest Action Network, supported by Working Assets cardmembers, write us at: 230 California St., San Francisco, CA 94111.



The Huntmaster, a photograph by Lauren Greenfield. From "Survivors of the French Revolution: A View of the Contemporary French Aristocracy," a show of Greenfield's photographs at New York University's Maison Française in May.

PLO the prince of my dreams. It's an ugly organization. (They, too, may consider us ugly; I can understand that.) But it's all we've got. There is no hope of a local Arab leadership distancing itself from the PLO. Any attempt to drive a wedge between the PLO and the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza is doomed to failure. Even the Islamic rioters who criticize the PLO for its moderation still declare that it represents them. By describing the PLO as basically a terrorist organization we therefore criminalize not only the PLO but the whole Palestinian community. Such a stance is wrong both politically and morally.

FRIEDMAN: Nevertheless, Israeli government leaders such as Yitzhak Shamir and Deputy Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu insist that Yasir Arafat only wants the West Bank so that he can use it as a base to continue his attacks against Israel. They claim that the PLO is committed to liquidating Israel and to that end has adopted a "strategy of stages," which could even include a peace settlement. They point to various PLO leaders, such as Abu Iyad, who, they allege, still talk about liberating Palestine a piece at a time until Haifa and Jaffa and Acre are all in PLO hands. What is to prevent the PLO from pursuing such a strategy of stages once it has wrested the West Bank from Israel through negotiations?

HARKABI: Israel is enmeshed in a big contradiction. Israel considers itself a big power in the Middle East, one that can defeat the Arab states. But when it comes to the Palestinians, who are weak—they do not have a state, a government, or an army—suddenly Israel declares itself helpless. One has to question the integrity of this claim. I'm not saying that Israel has no legitimate security concerns. But it is not security considerations that prevent Shamir and others from giving up the West Bank. What motivates them is a sense of historical rights—a sense of entitlement to the occupied lands, which they refer to by their biblical names, Judea and Samaria.

Israelis don't understand that the PLO's recent moves are of global, historical importance. It used to be that the Zionists were the conciliatory party—ready for partition, ready for a two-state solution. And that is why Zionism ultimately triumphed; our conciliatory position won worldwide support. If there is a Jewish state today, it is not just because of the efforts of the Jews but because of the world's support.

The Arab acceptance of a two-state position—while Israel now accepts only a one-state solution—will bring a radical change in the world's support for Israel, including that of the United States. The Americans have addressed their demands only to the Palestinians—de-

mands that amounted to acceptance of a two-state solution. Now that the Palestinians have satisfied the American demands, they will turn around and say to the Americans, "You asked us to agree to a two-state solution and we did. Why don't you now address the same demand to the Israelis?"

FRIEDMAN: It must have been very difficult for Arafat and others in the PLO to finally accept the principle of partition. If these PLO leaders can make the psychological leap and call for negotiations with Israel, why can't Israel come to terms with the PLO?

HARKABI: I believe that Israel can come to terms with the PLO and will be forced to negotiate with it. We see throughout history that people have held certain positions adamantly but that eventually they have given them up. Nixon established diplomatic relations with communist China; de Gaulle accepted Algerian independence. They didn't do it because they wanted to—each surely would have preferred another option—but they realized that there was no other option. Sometimes this realization comes of its own accord, sometimes because of outside pressure.

By the time that happens, however, Israel may have to pay a high price. What I'm most concerned about is ensuring that Israel gets the best deal possible, and I'm convinced that if Israel starts negotiations of its own accord it will get a better deal than if it comes to the negotiating table on all fours, goaded by the big powers or by circumstances. The sooner Israelis wake up to this fact, the better. My basic criticism of Israel's leaders is that they ignore this fact and, therefore, they are going to bring about a situation in which Israel will have to settle for the worst conditions.

FRIEDMAN: Shamir is expected to respond to the PLO's recent diplomatic offensive and to pressures from Washington by proposing that some form of limited autonomy—along the lines of Camp David—be granted to the Palestinians in the territories. But autonomy, Likud-style, means Palestinian participation in Jordanian political life and integration into Israeli economic life. Is this a realistic option? Is it something that the Palestinians would ever accede to? And can the Camp David accords be resurrected by Shamir?

HARKABI: First of all, what you are describing is not Camp David; it is a distorted version of Camp David. The Camp David accords described autonomy as a transitional phase leading to not less but more autonomy, probably culminating in full Palestinian independence. (It is not spelled out in the agreement.) What kind of world is it that Likud envisions—one in which the French will vote in the British parliament? It won't work; it cannot work. The Arabs won't accept that only the Jews deserve to have a state of their own, while the Palestinians are somehow inferior compared with the Jews and thus must resign themselves to autonomy under Israel's tutelage. My complaint against Israel's leaders is that this kind of thinking relegates them to historical irrelevancy. As a result, history will be made elsewhere, and the price will be paid by Israel and the Israelis.

Likud is living in an ideological cocoon. Its leaders assert that Israel must remain steadfast on the present borders. This idea of standing fast derives from Vladimir Jabotinsky's idea of an "iron wall." Jabotinsky, the Zionist Revisionist and ideological forebear of Menachem Begin—who catapulted Likud to power in 1977—argued that the Arabs must be countered inflexibly until they come to terms with the existence of the Jewish state. But what if the Arabs, too, erect an iron wall?

The Jabotinsky-Begin ethos is bankrupt, and that is very difficult for these people to accept. I can understand the appeal this ethos has—rooted, as it is, in the tragedies experienced by European Jewry. I can sympathize with their tragedy, but why should our grandchildren have to pay for those experiences? That is what haunts me most—that we might betray our children and grandchildren, because a settlement, which we now perhaps can reach, though with great difficulty, will be impossible once there is an Arab majority in Israel. Why should we expect the Arabs to be conciliatory when they are in the majority and when world opinion is arrayed against Israel?

FRIEDMAN: What do you think are the contours of a viable settlement, and how would Israel's security be guaranteed?

HARKABI: One thing is clear: you cannot persuade the Palestinians that Jaffa and Haifa are not Palestine, and you cannot persuade an Israeli or a Jew that Judea and Samaria are not Israel. That is, both sides will have to differentiate between homeland and state—*moledet* and *madina* in Hebrew; *watan* and *dawla* in Arabic. The solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict requires that both Israelis and Palestinians resign themselves to the arrangement that their respective states will occupy only part of their homeland. There will be two states, with each people exercising their political rights in their respective state, though each will have sentimental attachments to the territory of both.

I'm basically an optimist. I do not believe, as others do, that the situation is irreversible. There are no Gordian knots in history.

CLASSIC





Mahler: Symphony No 2 (Resurrection) G Kaplan, London Symph (MCA Classics) 376517-396515



Beethoven: Symphonies Nos 1 & 6 Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 373985



Luciano Pavarotti— Pavaroti In Concert (CBS Master) 373548



Portrait Of Wynton Marsalis (CBS Ma

TAKE ANY 8 COMPA



Placido Domingo—At The Philharmonic (CBS Master) 379289

Grieg: Peer Gynt (Excerpts). Esa-Pekka Salonen, Oslo Philharm. (CBS Master) 378687

John Williams—Spanish Guitar Favorites (CBS Master) 378646

Jessye Norman Sings Wagner—Triston Und Isolde; Tannhauser; etc (Angel) 378075

Borodin: Symphony No 2; Polovtsian Dances, others Batiz, Orch State Mexico (Musicmasters) 378034

Gershwin: 2nd Rhapsody, Music For Two Pianos Katia & Marielle Lebeque (Angel) 377473

Beethoven: Sonatas For Violin & Piano, Nos. 7, 10 Yehudi and Jeremy Menuhin (Angel) 377382

Orff—Carmina Burana Tilson Thomas, Cleveland Or (CBS Master) 376913

Elgar: Enigma Variations, Pomp & Circumstances Marches 1-5. A. Davis, cond (CBS Master) 376905

Prokofiev: Sonatas 7, 8 Yefim Bronfman, pianist (CBS Master) 376871

Johana Harris Plays Debussy (MCA Classics) 376855

Mozart: Piano Concertos Nos 9, 21 Murray Perahia (CBS Master) 376822

Strauss: Ein Heldenleben Tilson Thomas and the London Symphony (CBS Master) 376780

Ravel: Bolero, Rapsodie Espagnole, Ma Mere L'Oye M T Thomas, London Sym (CBS Master) 376772

Barber & Britten: Cello Concertos Yo-Yo-Ma, soloist (CBS Master) 376764

Beethoven: 4 Sonatas (Moonlight, Appassionata, Waldstein, Pathetique) Anthony Newman, fortepiano (Newport Classic) 376046

Beethoven: String Quartets (Rasumovsky No 3; Harp) Alban Berg Quartett (Angel) 372276

Lotte Lenya Sings Kurt Weill—3 Penny Opera, etc (CBS Master) 371112

Schubert—Quintet in C Major. Juilliard String Quartet; B Greenhouse (CBS Master) 371104



Rossini: Overtures Mariner, Acad. St Martins-In-The-Fields (Angel) 378695

John Adams—"Nixon In China" (Nonesuch) 375345

Vaughan Williams: Fantasia On A Theme By Tallis, etc Menuhin, Eng. Chamber (Arabesque) 375303

Viennese Waltzes—by the Strausses, Lanner, others Alexander Schneider Quintet (CBS Master) 374587

Prokofiev: Lt. Kije Suite, **Strauss:** Till Eulenspiegel, **Kodaly:** Hary Janos Mata and the Dallas Symphony (Pro Arte) 374579

Canadian Brass—The Mozart Album (CBS Master) 374561

Jascha Heifetz—The Decca Masters (Vol 1) Prokofiev, Shostakovich, etc (MCA Classics) 374009

Mieczyslaw Horszowski— Mozart, Chopin, Schumann (Nonesuch) 373902

Grieg: Peer Gynt Suite No 2; **Smetana:** Moldau etc. Ahronovitch, Vienna Sym. (Pro Arte) 373654

Sibelius: Finlandia, Valse Triste, Swan Of Tuonela, etc Berglund, Philharmonia Or (Angel) 373621

Mozart—Symphonie Concertante, Concerto For Flute & Harp Rampal, etc (CBS Master) 373530

Emanuel Ax—Chopin 4 Scherzos, Mazurkas (CBS Master) 372466

Jean-Pierre Rampal— Portrait Of Rampal (CBS Master) 372383

Bach—Brandenberg Concertos, etc Ransom Wilson, Gerald Schwartz, L A Chamber Orchestra (Angel) 372367-392365

Rimsky-Korsakov— Scheherazade. Russian Easter Over Mehta, Israel Phil. (CBS Master) 371021

Handel—Orchestral Suites Menuhin, Royal Philharmonic (MCA Classics/RPO) 371005

Dvorak—Piano Trios, Op 65, 90 (Dumky). Yo-Yo Ma, Emmanuel Ax, Young Uck Kim (CBS Master) 370189

Schumann—Symphonies Nos 1 (Spring) and 4 Comissiona, Houston Sym (Pro Arte) 369850

Schumann: Cello Concerto; Fantasiestucke; etc Yo-Yo Ma, Emanuel Ax; C. Davis (CBS Master) 369843

Bob James—The Scarlatti Dialogues (CBS Master) 369835



Tchaikovsky: Symphony No 4, Romeo & Juliet Abbado, Chicago Symphony (CBS Master) 378679

The Artistry of Andrew Davis—Toronto Symphony & Chamber Chorus (Fanfare/Pro Arte) 369801

John Williams—The Baroque Album (CBS Master) 369769

Gershwin—American In Paris, Cuban Overture, etc Slatkin, St Louis Sym (Angel) 371096

The Bernstein Songbook —Selections from West Side Story, On The Town, etc Bernstein Cond (CBS) 371088

Schubert: Symphonies 1, 4 & 6; Rosamunde (excerpts) Barenboim, Berlin Philhar. (CBS Master) 369165-399162

The Empire Brass— Fireworks (Angel) 369132

Handel—The Messiah Kathleen Battle, Andrew Davis, Toronto Symphony (Angel) 369116-399113

Mozart—Violin Concerti Nos 1 & 4, Rondo, K 269 Cho-Liang Lin, Leppard & English Chamber Orch (CBS Master) 368274

Sound Of The Academy —Neville Marriner Cond (Angel) 364885

Wynton Marsalis—Baroque Music For Trumpets (CBS Master) 364695

Placido Domingo—A Love Until the End of Time (CBS) 365262

Mendelssohn—Violin Concerto; more Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg (Angel) 366872

Beethoven: Sonatas (Moonlight, Appassionata) Andre Watts (Angel) 366815

Canadian Brass—Bach Art Of The Fugue (CBS Master) 366740

Mozart:—Symphonies Nos 31 & 36, Don Giovanni Overture. E Batiz, cond (Varese Sarabande) 366708

Andres Segovia, Guitar— My Favorite Works Vol 3 (MCA Classics) 366344

Respighi: Fountains & Pines Of Rome, Roman Festivals Muti, Phila Orch (Angel) 366310

Beethoven: Symphony No 9 (Choral) Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 365619



Portrait Of Vladimir Horowitz, Piano— Beethoven - Chopin etc (CBS Master) 378604

Verdi—Requiem. Muti, Pavarotti, Chorus & Orch of Teatro Alla Scala (Angel) 365247-395244

Brahms—Double Concerto Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma, Abbado, Chicago Sym. (CBS Master) 367250

The Academy Plays Opera—Neville Marriner, Acad St Martin-In-The-Fields (Angel) 365601

Beethoven: Symphony No 3 (Eroica); Contradances Tilson Thomas, St. Luke's Or (CBS Master) 367441

Vladimir Feltsman— American "Live" Debut (CBS Master) 365254-395251

Arthur Fiedler & The Boston Pops—Capriccio Italien-Capriccio Espagnol (Orinda) 364257

Brahms: Piano Concerto No 1. Peter Serkin; Robert Shaw, Atlanta Symphony (Pro Arte) 363127

Viennese Bonbons—The Willi Boskovsky Ensemble (Vanguard) 363028

Andres Segovia Collection, Vol. 1. Music by Bach (MCA Classics) 362293

World's Greatest Overtures—Beethoven, Strauss, Brahms, Suppe, more. (Pro Arte) 361279

Tchaikovsky—Symphony No 6 (Pathetique) Abbado, Chicago Symphony (CBS Master) 361022

Gilbert & Sullivan: Highlights from "The Mikado" English National Opera (MCA Classics) 359968

Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain. L. Slatkin, St Louis Sym. (Moss Music Group) 357806

Beethoven—Piano Conc No 5. Perahia, Haitink, Concertgebouw Orch (CBS Master) 357657

Brahms—Piano Pieces, Op 76 & 119; Fantasies Op 116 Richard Goode (Nonesuch) 357145

Bach—Preludes & Fugues For Organ, Vol. 1. Played by Anthony Newman (Newport Classic) 356741

Tchaikovsky—The Nutcracker Andre Previn, Royal Philharmonic Orch (Angel) 355941-395947



Richard Goode—The Five Late Beethoven Piano Sonatas (Nonesuch) 378596-398594

Kiri Te Kanawa—Sings Gershwin (Angel) 359745

Sibelius: Symphony No 5 Esa-Pekka Salonen and Philharmonia Orchestra (CBS Master) 358135

Tchaikovsky Waltzes— Comissiona, Houston Sym (Pro Arte) 357871

Holst—The Plan Davis, Toronto Sy

Mozart:—Requi Claude Malgorire (CBS Master)

Ravel: La Valse. Pavane; etc. Prev Phil (Angel)

Stravinsky: The Song Of The Nig Boulez, N Y Phil (CBS Master)

Vladimir Horow —Favorite Encor (CBS Master)

Andre Watts Pla Album 1—6 Gra After Paganini; li more (Angel)

Dvorak—Cello C Yo-Yo Ma, Maaze (CBS Master)

Dvorak—New W Symph Batiz, Lo (Varese Sarab.)

Branford Marsal Romances For S (CBS Master)

Beethoven: Ove C Davis, Bavaria (CBS Master)

Pachelbel Cano Digital Delights. Toronto Chamber (Fanfare)

Mahler—Symph Maazel, Vienna P (CBS Master)

Kathleen Battle Mozart. Previn, P (Angel)

Copland—Rode The Kid Slatkin, Sym. (Angel)

Vivaldi—The 4 S Maazel, Member French National (CBS Masters)

Bach:—Goldber Variations Glenn Piano (CBS Maste

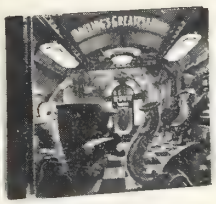


Andres Segovia Vol. 4. Baroque (MCA Classics)

S·ON·CD



nawa—Verdi & ...ias (CBS Master) 343269



Claude Bolling, Piano—Bolling's Greatest Hits (CBS) 369751



The Movies Go To The Opera—Various Artists (Angel Studio) 372342



Kronos Quartet—Winter Was Hard (Nonesuch) 373993



Canadian Brass—The Gabrieli Album (CBS Master) 379933

SCS FOR ONLY 1¢ plus shipping & handling with membership

...our Ballades; ...2. Andrei ...ngel) 343103

...n: Piano & Violin ...ol. 1. I. Stern, (CBS Master) 341982-391987

...Sym. No. 1; ...e Of 3 Oranges" ...Nat'l de France ...er.) 341297

...cello—Bach: ...accompanied ...Master.) 339713-399717

...eroines.—Kiri Te ...va Marton, etc. ...er.) 339242

...—Rhapsody In ...Filson Thomas, ...rmonic ...er.) 339226

...ymphonies Nos ...piter). Kubelik, ...Radio Symphony ...er.) 339044

...iatas For Flute ...hord (cpl.); more. ...innock, etc. (CBS 336578-396572

...sky—Violin ...etc. Zukerman; ...el Philharmonic ...er.) 336461

Debussy—La Mer; Three Nocturnes, Previn, London Sym. (Angel) 335679

Berlioz—Symphonie Fantastique. Daniel Barenboim, Berlin Phil. (CBS Master) 335547

Tchaikovsky—Suites from Sleeping Beauty & Swan Lake. Muti, Phila. Orch. (Angel) 334680

Handel: Great Choruses. Mormon Tabernacle Choir (CBS Master.) 333211

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Kathleen Battle, soprano; Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (CBS Master.) 332866

Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Tennstedt, London Philharm. (Angel) 332668

Bizet—Carmen and L'arlesienne Suites 1 & 2. Ozawa, Orch. National de France (Angel) 331595

Prokofiev: Peter & The Wolf; **Saint-Saens:** Carnival Of The Animals. I. Perlman; K&M Labeque; Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Angel) 331322

Katia And Marielle Labeque—Gershwin: An American In Paris; more (Angel) 331314

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; **Saint-Saens:** Piano Conc. No. 2. Cecile Licad, piano; Previn, London Phil. (CBS Master.) 330100

Handel—Water Music. Jean-Claude Malgorie conducts La Grande Ecurie (CBS Master.) 329615

Chopin—Polonaises, Mazurkas and Waltzes. Pianist is Ivan Moravec (Vox Cum Laude) 329144

Mozart—Piano Concerto 26; Rondos. Perahia, English Chamber Orch. (CBS Master.) 328740

Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes With Kiri Te Kanawa, Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto (CBS Master.) 326553

An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala—With Oistrakh, Perlman, Zukerman, others. (CBS Master.) 324525

Wagner—Orchestral Music. Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (CBS Master.) 323733

Beethoven—Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symphony No. 8 Maazel, Vienna Phil. (CBS Master.) 321570

Mozart: Overtures. Marriner, Acad. St. Martins-In-The-Fields (Angel) 321224

Stravinsky—Rite Of Spring. Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Master.) 281493

John Williams—The Great Guitar Concertos (CBS Master) 378638-398636

Love At The Movies—Various Artists (CBS Masterworks) 378612

Simon Rattle, Conductor—Stravinsky: Petrushka Symphony In 3 Moments (Angel) 378588

Mozarteum Quartet, Salzburg—Mozart: "Haydn" Quartets K.421, 428, 458 (Pro Arte) 372581



Franck/Brahms: Violin Sonatas. Nadja Salerno Sonnenberg, Cecile Licad (Angel) 376038

Tchaikovsky—Eugene Onegin. Seiji Ozawa, Berlin Phil. (Angel) 343244

Vladimir Horowitz—Favorite Beethoven Sonatas (CBS Master) 273409

Switched-On Bach—Wendy Carlos, Synthesizer (CBS Master) 171504



Andre Watts At Carnegie Hall (Angel) 376053

Leonard Bernstein, Cond.—Bernstein: The Encore Collection, Vol. I (CBS Master.) 371047

Joseph Silverstein—Dvorak: Concerto For Violin; Serenade For Strings; Utah Symphony (Pro Arte) 370106

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody On A Theme Of Paganini. Licad; Abbado, Chi.Sym. (CBS Master.) 334540



Schumann & Grieg—Piano Concertos. Perahia; Davis, Bavarian Radio Or. (CBS Master.) 377440

Bolling:—Suite For Flute & Jazz Piano Bolling, Piano; Rampal, Flute (CBS Master) 263293

Wagner: Overtures. Maazel, Philharmonia (CBS Master) 310086

Ravel—Bolero, Etc. Maazel, Orch. Nat'l De France (CBS Masters) 324822

Debussy: Images (cpl); Estampes; etc. played by virtuoso Ivan Moravec (Vox Cum Laude) 328005

Mahler: Symphony No. 2. E. Marton; J. Norman; Maazel, Vienna Philharmonic(CBS Masterworks) 329094-399097

...of CD sound is here—and the classical ...u love so much has never sounded more ...more lifelike, more exciting! Indeed, lis... CDs at home is almost like being in the ...all itself.

...ow, to help you quickly build your own ...Classical CDs, or to add to your present ..., the CBS Compact Disc Club invites you ...ny 8 of the selections offered here—all ...y 1¢, plus shipping and handling. And in ...e, you simply agree to buy 6 more CDs ...ar Club prices) in the next 3 years—and ... cancel your membership anytime after ...

...e Club works. About every four weeks ... a year) you'll receive your personal *Command Performance*, the Club's ...assical magazine. In it, you will find the ...of the Month, plus scores of alternates, ...from the Baroque to the Modern. In ... there's a selection of latest hits and old ... from other fields of music. And up to six ...ear, you may receive offers of Special ...s, usually at a discount off regular Club ...r a total of up to 19 buying opportunities. ...wish to receive the Selection of the ...ou need do nothing—it will be shipped ...cally. If you prefer an alternate selec... none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $12.98 to $15.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets may be somewhat higher.) After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time; if you decide to continue as a member, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at the regular Club price, or you may take a cassette or record free with your regular price selection.

10-Day Free Trial: We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation.

ADVANCE BONUS OFFER: As a special offer to new members, take one additional Compact Disc right now and pay only $6.95. It's a chance to get a ninth selection at a super low price!

Send No Money Now: just fill in and mail the application to get *your* Classical CDs!

...with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2 ... or ten with numbers ... © 1989 CBS Records Inc

CLASSICAL CLUB: Terre Haute, IN 47811

CBS CLASSICAL CLUB, 1400 North Fruitridge Ave. P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129 110/F89

Please accept my membership under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 CDs listed below and bill me only 1¢, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy six more selections, at regular Club prices, in the coming three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so

SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢		

Send my ☑ CLASSICAL CDs to the following address:

Mr
Mrs.
Miss (Print First Name, Initial, Last Name)

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ Yes ☐ No

Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No 2KN/F6 2KP/F7

ADVANCE BONUS OFFER: Also send me one more CD right now at the super low price of just $6.95, which will be billed to me ☐

(Note: we reserve the right to reject any application. Membership not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the District of Columbia. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales taxes will be added.)

[Memoir]

DREAM HOUSE

From "The House of the Future," by Bernard Cooper, in the Spring issue of Grand Street. *This piece is part of Cooper's collection of autobiographical essays,* Maps to Anywhere, *which will be published next year by the University of Georgia Press. Cooper lives in Los Angeles.*

My mother and father and brother were asleep. It was quiet except for the ticks and groans of our Spanish house contracting in the cold. Degree by degree the temperature had dropped; November deepened. Undertones of orange were gone from the sky, the threat of rain sustained for weeks. What was to come was held in suspension, waited to happen: the blast of pain in my brother's chest, sensation drained from his fingers and toes, the blood in his body freed from its boundaries, leaving his lips, the ambulance attendants surging through our door, strangers in white who flanked a gurney, my father begging them not to use the siren—whatever you do, don't use that siren—afraid the sound would frighten his son.

But none of this had happened yet. It was just after dawn. A pale light filled the hall. I stood in the doorway and stared at my parents sprawled in sleep. Their limbs were flung at improbable angles. Their mouths were slack. Beneath closed lids, eyes followed the course of dreams whose theme I tried to guess. But their faces—sunken in a stack of pillows, released from the tension of fear and hope—were emptied of all expression.

Nailed on the door to my brother's room was a road sign he'd stolen from Coldwater Canyon: NOT A THROUGH STREET. At the age of seventeen, Gary had been diagnosed by gray-haired Dr. Wertz. Since then his room had remained the same. A cork bulletin board was covered with snapshots of my brother posed at poolside with various stars, as tall as they, as tan. (In the months before illness struck, Gary had advertised in the *Bel Air News,* "Give a call to Gary Cooper, swimming instructor to the children of the stars.") On his end table were amber bottles, vials of pills, each imprinted with the time, method, and amount to take. For a night-light, my brother had recovered from a closet his childhood lamp in the shape of Saturn, its rings casting a mammoth shadow around the ceiling's perimeter. The blanket Gary lay beneath matched a padded headboard. The print contained a white house, a green tree, a red car. These were repeated over and over, the net effect a crowded town. It was odd to see my brother's head—sweat beading above his brow, scalp showing through sparse hair—set in such simple, redundant surroundings.

I wandered in, sat by his bed, and watched him sleep. He didn't stir. No evidence of dreaming on his gaunt, impassive features. Where, I wondered, did my brother's soul go when it wasn't alert in his eyes? I squeezed his hand till his eyelids lifted back. My brother slowly surfaced from sleep, tasting his mouth, testing his fingers, reclaiming his body, becoming himself. He started to speak . . . was gone again. All that remained was the heat of his fever vibrant in the air between us.

Next thing I knew I was in a pool. Waves around me were brimming and breaking. I was trying to part the weight of the water. I paddled into my brother's arms. But then he'd let go, move away, and I'd tread toward him again. Rivulets ran down the slope of his shoulders. His neck was corded with moving muscle. Wet hair clung to the nape of his neck. The scent of his skin was incentive to swim, sweeter, magnified, more distinct every time I struggled close. And then I awoke, still sitting in his chair. Gary, bewildered, was standing before me, floating in a blue bathrobe that hadn't fit him for months.

"Bernard," he asked, "what are you doing?"

All I could say was "Learning to swim."

Each morning my family converged in the kitchen, and though our dreams were over for the day, if any place could prolong the fantastic logic of dreams, our cluttered kitchen was it. The ceramic teapot was a Southern belle, her right arm the spout, her left the handle. The bottle opener was shaped like the state of Michigan, Coca-Cola tops wrenched off in the hollow spot of Lake Superior. The salt and pepper shakers were a pair of pleasure craft, the seasonings visible through tiny portholes. "Ahoy," my father would mumble, sprinkling salt on his poached egg.

Since the onset of Gary's illness, my mother purchased household objects that looked like something other than what they were. She searched the sundries section of the local Woolworth's or ordered things from one of the myriad ads in the back of *House & Garden* magazine. The offerings in those ads were often the topic of early morning talk. Crammed into the vinyl seat of the built-in breakfast nook, we listened while my mother, waving one hand for emphasis, read about some remarkable bargain—two oven mitts, say, printed respectively with the faces of John and Jackie Kennedy—passing the photograph under our noses in case we needed proof.

I'd search through the magazine for Before and After pictures, and point them out to my brother. Together we gawked at Mrs. Orin Potter: on the left she was wizened and dowdy and despondent, but thanks to a regimen of Sleep Tight Night Creme, on the right Mrs. Potter was a woman renewed, her wrinkles vanquished, eyes bright. Or Mike Bono, an undernourished weakling, his ribs distended, shoulders imploding, who became a bundle of brazen muscle. There were tonics that scared up harvests of hair, salves that caused the bosom to burgeon, anatomies strapped and wracked to perfection, by hook or by crook, by prosthesis or paint. I wanted those ads to convince my brother that people improved, that a sow's ear could become a silk purse, and light arise from beneath a bushel, and water turn to wine.

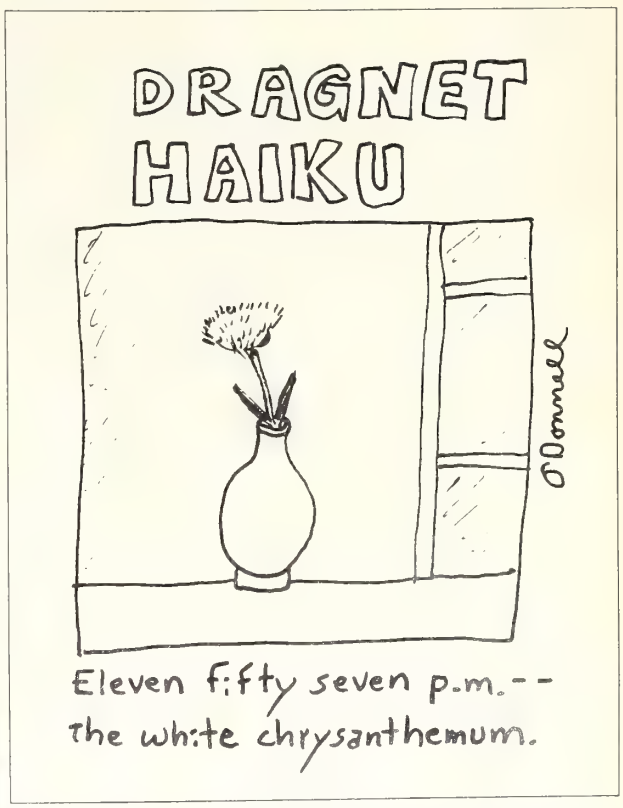
It was Gary who noticed the Dream House contest. Sponsored by *House & Garden* in conjunction with the architectural firm of Ellsworth & Watley, the ad contained an illustration of Tudor, ranch, and Colonial houses situated in a sleeper's head. The contest was open to amateur architects everywhere, one entry per family. Rules stated the medium (a pencil sketch on typewriter paper) as well as the dual criteria—originality and feasibility—used to judge the winners of a $500 cash prize. "The two-bedroom, two-bath house of your dreams must not exceed 1,000 square feet of floor space. All the rest is up to you! Your imagination is the only limit."

Gary read these rules aloud and our parents retreated into meditation before they began to execute their plan. Mother, I supposed, dreamed of a cavernous pantry. Father was no doubt concocting a garage, as vast and immaculate as any showroom, in which to park his Plymouth. For the second time that morning I stared at my parents, attempting to guess the nature of their dreams. But even the final draft of their dream house did little to clarify the life they desired; they haggled over round rooms, spiral stairs, double doors, and by the time the drawing was complete, it was so smeared with erasures and revisions, it appeared to be more of a natural phenomenon than a building, a gray monsoon or a cumulus cloud tossed about by wind and whim.

Posterity. I didn't know exactly what the word meant, but I sensed it had to do with events of the present viewed in the wiser light of the future, and I remember thinking I should keep that drawing, that its wavering walls and incoherent angles were as accurate a representation of my family's house as I'd ever see, and I knew, even then, that the force which was distorting my brother's body, death and its attendant pressure, was the same force which impelled my parents' hands and warped those lines, pulling at us in every room, ubiquitous as gravity, and nothing my parents could do would stop it, not Mother consulting her horoscope, keeping her yellowed fingers crossed, casting salt behind her back, not Father venturing into the yard, making thrive his patch of grass, training bougainvillea to a trellis, the odor of growth encircling our house.

I conceived of death as dreamless sleep, nothing more. Gary was easing his body into death as he'd eased himself into a pool of cold water, trembling against the shock of submersion, inch by inch until he was under.

There was little discernible difference to me in those days between dreaming and waking; both states shared the same skewed perspectives, the same oblique and leaden light. Irrational events were as likely to occur as ordinary ones. I'd find my mother ironing the same shirt over and over while she smoked and spoke in non sequiturs, veering from neighborhood gossip to the toll of chemotherapy. And sometimes from the window I heard my father talking to himself as he walked to the car, a mumble of comments and nonsense, and he'd have to pat his pockets for his key ring, and he'd have to



From Army Man, *a humor magazine published sporadically in Boulder, Colorado.*

choose which key he wanted, and he'd have to stop and recollect why. With increasing frequency, my parents became remote beyond retrieval; often they called me by Gary's name, and never once realized their error.

Was I stealing my brother's strength? Was I thick and heavy from Mother's meals, or were measures of my brother's health leaving him and melding to me, slapped and bonded like wads of clay on a sculptor's figurine? Gary was dying with a polite silence, an awful obedience, and the more frail my brother became, the more I was seized by restlessness; my bones ached, my hands were cramped, my eyes could not absorb enough. I was up half the night devouring books on architecture while the television and the radio blared. Like Mother's runaway monologues and Father's cryptic muttering, what fueled those architects' manifestos was a strain of combative anguish. "The past be damned," one began. "As if we—the accumulators and generators of movement, with the noise and speed and fervor of our lives—could live in buildings encrusted with a carnival of decoration. The city must be an ideal projection of modern life and spirit! We must construct our houses according to every scientific and technical resource! We must reject everything grotesque, cumbersome, and alien to our progress and vitality!" And, as I read on, only half understanding yet nodding my head, light from the television caused the room to flicker like matter in a frantic dream.

Le Corbusier wrote that all architecture was, first and foremost, a product of light and shadow, the articulation of mass and volume brought about by an interplay between them. On dark November nights, had a passerby glanced at our house, he would have beheld, through a break in the drapes, a living room shimmering cathode blue, an ember-red and smoke-filled kitchen, Saturn glowing in a corner bedroom—the casements, eaves, aging beams, and ripples of a tile roof defined by the light from those windows.

[Leaflet]

MONA LISA ON A LENTIL

From a flier for the Museum of the Thousand and One Curiosities, in Guadalest, Spain.

In this museum you will find a most surprising collection of miniature art outstanding in its artistic quality and achieved despite the difficulty of execution. Included in the collection are:

☐ the Statue of Liberty re-created in the eye of a needle

☐ Goya's famous painting *The Executions of the Third of May* painted on a grain of rice

☐ Picasso's *Guernica* painted on a bean

☐ Goya's *Maja* painted on a fly's wing

☐ reproductions of Michelangelo's best-known sculptures reduced a million times

☐ Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* painted on a lentil

☐ sculptures of Adam and Eve molded from the eyes of a dragonfly

☐ a rose painted on a hair one-twentieth of a millimeter wide

☐ a sculpture of an elephant molded from the eye of a mosquito

☐ a micro-zoo containing sculptures of thirty-seven species from the African jungle mounted on a leaf measuring one square centimeter

This incredible collection of work, overwhelming and surprising due to its diminutive and microscopic size, is unique in the world.

THE PERFORMANCE ARTIST'S TRAINING MANUAL

From The Artlife Institute Handbook, *by Linda Montano, published by the Women's Studio Workshop in Rosendale, New York. This collection of "performance ideas" was written to "help everyone." In a recent project, Montano spent a year tied to another person by an eight-foot rope. She is currently working on a seven-year performance project at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in New York City.*

SPIRITUAL ROOTS

Preparation: Examine your religious training and find a theme that has deeply affected you in the past—for example, confession, the Crucifixion, Stations of the Cross, singing in church.

Event: Directly experience your religious past: hear confessions privately, build a ninety-foot sand sculpture of the Crucifixion, live a three-year reenactment of the life of Theresa of Avila, etc.

Comments: _____

LIVING ART

Preparation: Think of someone you would like to know better. Talk to him or her about living together. Negotiate a suitable time and place —the desert, an island, on a houseboat. Determine that the time together will be considered art.

Event: Live with that person (handcuffed, tied, sonically sensored, psychically linked) for three days, three years, or whatever length of time you both desire. Document the event separately.

*Comments:*_____

YOUR ANIMAL TOTEM

Preparation: Think of yourself as an animal—one which reflects your moods, fears, gestures, internal feelings, and body.

Event: Do one or all of the following: photograph the animal in its natural habitat or at a zoo, make and distribute posters of the animal, draw yourself and the animal as one, put its sound on your telephone-answering machine, let the animal go in an unusual environment—chicken in a gallery, cow on a city street, bird in a church, snake in a bedroom, etc.

*Comments:*_____

STAYING AT HOME

Preparation: Tell friends that you will be at home without going out for a week, a month, eight years, etc. Buy appropriate food and other supplies.

Event: Stay at home. Simplify your daily routine. Record all dreams, phone calls, food intake, ideas. Photograph everyone who visits.

*Comments:*_____

ELIMINATING GUILT

Preparation: List the things you feel guilty about.

Event: Sing the guilts in a disguised way from the top of a tower for twelve hours. Do it alone or with friends. Use amplification.

*Comments:*_____

PRIVATE ART

Preparation: List things about yourself that you would like to change—for example, nail biting, greed.

Event: Perform private events until you feel subtle changes in your awareness—wear a hair shirt until you stop reacting possessively, stand on a chair for fifteen minutes a day until you can become responsible for your anger, set your alarm for 3 A.M. every day and sit quietly for an hour until you can listen to yourself, etc.

Do not tell anyone about these events.

*Comments:*_____

DOING A JOB YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO AND CALLING IT ART

Preparation: Think of a job you have always wanted to do. Become employed at this work temporarily.

Event: Become a bell ringer for the Salvation Army, a cook on a freighter to Africa, a geisha in Tokyo, a yoga therapist in a psychiatric ward, a translator for a Tibetan lama, etc. Photograph yourself on the job, and ask friends to visit you and observe your art.

*Comments:*_____

[Story]

SUBTOTALS

By Gregory Burnham. From the Winter 1988 issue of Turnstile, *a quarterly published in New York City. Burnham lives on Vashon Island in Washington.*

Number of refrigerators I've lived with: 18. Number of rotten eggs I've thrown: 1. Number of finger rings I've owned: 3. Number of broken bones: 0. Number of Purple Hearts: 0. Number of times unfaithful to wife: 2. Number of holes in one, big golf: 0; miniature golf: 3. Number of consecutive push-ups, maximum: 25. Number of waist size: 32. Number of gray hairs: 4. Number of children: 4. Number of suits, business: 2; swimming: 22. Number of cigarettes smoked: 83. Number of times I've kicked a dog: 6. Number of times caught in the act, any act: 64. Number of postcards sent: 831; received: 416. Number of spider plants that died while under my care: 34. Number of blind dates: 2. Number of jumping jacks: 982,316. Number of headaches: 184. Number of kisses, given: 21,602; received: 20,041. Number of belts: 21. Number of fuckups, bad: 6; not so bad: 1,500. Number of times swore under breath at parents: 838. Number of weeks at church camp: 1. Number of houses owned: 0. Number of houses rented: 12. Number of hunches played: 1,091. Number of compliments, given: 4,051; accepted, 2,249. Number of embarrassing moments: 2,258. Number of states visited: 38. Number of traffic tickets: 3. Number of girlfriends: 4. Number of times fallen off playground equipment, swings: 3; monkey bars: 2; teeter-totter: 1. Number of times flown in dreams: 28. Number of times fallen down stairs: 9. Number of dogs: 1. Number

of cats: 7. Number of miracles witnessed: 0. Number of insults, given: 10,038; received: 8,963. Number of wrong telephone numbers dialed: 73. Number of times speechless: 33. Number of times stuck key into electrical socket: 1. Number of birds killed with rocks: 1. Number of times had the wind knocked out of me: 12. Number of times patted on the back: 181. Number of times wished I was dead: 2. Number of times unsure of footing: 458. Number of times fallen asleep reading a book: 513. Number of times born again: 0. Number of times seen double: 28. Number of déjà vu experiences: 43. Number of emotional breakdowns: 1. Number of times choked on bones, chicken: 4; fish: 6; other: 3. Number of times didn't believe parents: 23,978. Number of lawn-mowing miles: 3,575. Number of light bulbs changed: 273. Number of childhood home telephone: 312-879-7442. Number of brothers: 3½. Number of passes at women: 5. Number of stairs walked, up: 745,821; down: 743,609. Number of hats lost: 9. Number of magazine subscriptions: 41. Number of times seasick: 1. Number of bloody noses: 16. Number of times had sexual intercourse: 4,013. Number of fish caught: 1. Number of times heard "The Star-Spangled Banner": 2,410. Number of babies held in arms: 9. Number of times I forgot what I was going to say: 631.

[Dialogue]

EROGENOUS SOUTH AFRICA

From Memory of Snow and Dust, *a novel by Breyten Breytenbach, which Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish in September. Breytenbach, an Afrikaner living in exile in Paris, is the author of* The True Confessions of an Albino Terrorist, *a memoir of his time in a South African prison. "Barnum" is the narrator of* Memory of Snow and Dust.

Where Barnum becomes impatient with the slow pace of the story and introduces two robust characters of his own, to ease his sore mind:

KA'AFIR: What do you think about South Africa?

POLICHINELLE: That it must be a terrible place where nothing changes. Where the riches belong to the rich and the poor can have all the poverty they want or can afford.

KA'AFIR: You are wrong about matters not changing, about the environment, the field of references, not being modified. You read too fast and too sloppily, that's all. But tell me, what do you think of it now?

POLICHINELLE: Nothing. I don't want to think about it. It gives me the jeebies.

KA'AFIR: Exactly.

POLICHINELLE: What do you mean, "exactly"?

KA'AFIR: Exactly that you are secretly excited by that No-man's-land, that just thinking about it gives you the shivers, and that we are lucky such a zone of erogenous and illicit pleasure exists!

POLICHINELLE: You are being indecorous.

KA'AFIR: Of course, my polyvalent Polichinelle. And that is part of the pleasure! C'mon, admit to it! Let me explain. Many of these joys are shared by outsiders and insiders. For the outsiders looking in, it is vicarious, they imagine seeing their darker urges being satisfied, they envy the devils—be they revolutionary or reactionary—and the more these desires are repressed the more delicious they become. The insiders, victims of circumstance and history, can do what they have to do even when motivated by the satisfaction of clandestine excitements, and still know that the outsiders will consider them to be fighting on the barricades for humanity.

POLICHINELLE: What pleasures are you talking of?

KA'AFIR: I am coming to that. The pleasures of hate, revenge, treachery, and racism. The orgiastic exercise of power. Let me explain. In the name of the struggle (for *transformation* or *survival*) you can permit yourself to hate large groups of human beings. How is it conceivable not to detest the Afrikaners? Not for nothing are they a monotheistic tribe: they are One. The mind calls up monsters with thick lips, baleful eyes, scented armpits (with revolvers strapped to them), imperfectly throwing the nose off the scent of smelliness in bourgeois clothes. The same works the other way round for Whites against Blacks. It goes further. Black can despise Brown because Brown is supposed to suffer less, and Brown can sneer at Black because he considers him to be raw and backward, and both of them can jeer at the Indian because he is the exploiter of the have-nothings, and all three of them can hate White because he is the brutal overlord, and White will look down upon all the others simply because he's not obliged not to. Communist and Black Consciousness and Liberal and Radical Revolutionary and Capitalist, irrespective of color, can indulge their hate of one another for obvious reasons. In the name of historical vindication the oppressed





From a portfolio of photographs by Boyd Webb, in Parkett, *No. 18, an art magazine published in Zurich. Webb's photographs will be exhibited this fall at the Royal Academy of Arts in London.*

can bomb and knife the masters, and in the fear of revenge the minority can gas, burn, and machine-gun the majority, or ride over them in their tracked vehicles. Let loose the dogs! In the name of Purity of the Dogma of the Struggle, or the Correctness of the Strategic Line, one faction can permit itself to betray the other. Remember, we are not now speaking of France, where these emotions are at best a game with boredom—we are talking of real burnt flesh, of blood and flies. How wonderful it is to be able to kill in the name of Freedom!

POLICHINELLE: Haven't we had enough?

KA'AFIR: No! Let me explain. You know that nothing can give as powerful a kick, such exquisite pleasure, as when you transgress a taboo or a convention. South Africa is dream country because the taboos are more violent, the hypocrisy is greater. Children can go to prison. A man can spend all his life behind the gray walls just because he shouted: *Enough! Freedom!* A father can wipe out his whole family to safeguard them from sorrow. You may be given a big black burning necklace to wear. Bodies may be dug up to be mutilated. The white man dreams of cruelly penetrating the black woman, or even the black man—from behind, so that he doesn't have to see the eyes. You may think, if you wish, that I'm using this metaphor for political purposes. The black man wants to assert his manhood and dreams of subduing the white woman with the powerful wing beats of his black bird. The black woman knows that to take on the white man is to acquire secret but delicious power, or at least by the crack of sex to grab hold of the floundering male. The white woman wants to be mastered and "humiliated" by the black man. She wants to smell his shoulders and feel his saliva in her mouth. It is called love across the color bar. I'm telling you, what a paradise of dark painful ecstasy!

POLICHINELLE: You have a filthy imagination.

KA'AFIR: No, no, no! I am only in the process of cleaning my mind. And how else can it be done except by exercising the fantasies? I confront my mind. I undress myself to it. I'm not a voyeur like you, Polichinelle. Besides, it is true, all of this is true, you must admit it.

POLICHINELLE: You yourself are monstrously cynical.

KA'AFIR: Ah, and that is the ultimate transportment, my friend. To be exactly like the others. No snooty elitism for us. To know I am involved in the fight also. To be brave. To know that you and I also are real people of paper and ink. ■

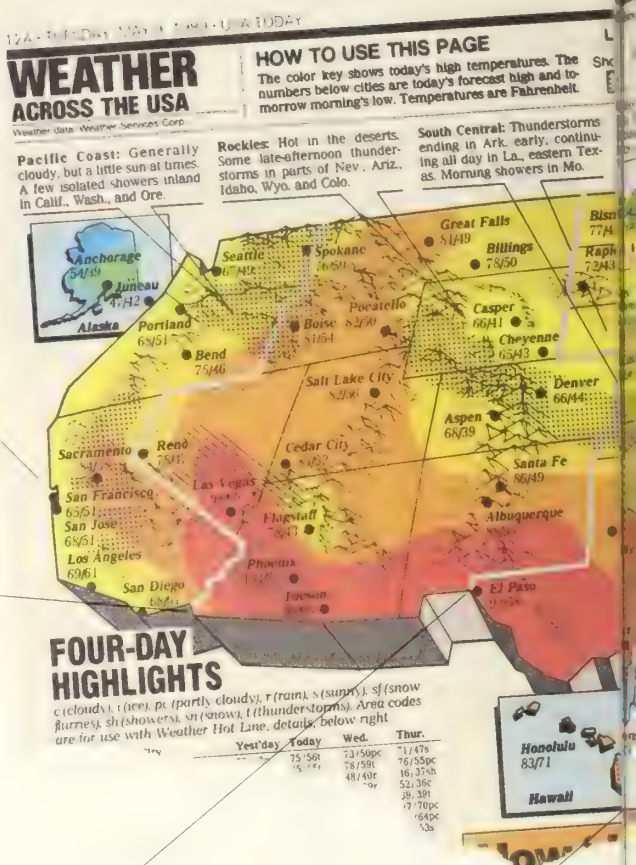
WEATHE

And you thought Ame

It was quite a change in the weather for the residents of Mexico and Canada *and* all the ships at sea the morning they awoke and found the United States of America towering above them. According to the *USA Today* weather map—with its awe-inspiring scale—a sheer vertical cliff 127 miles high now runs along our border. The USA is standing tall indeed.

Tourism to the West Coast has soared as thousands of citizens jockey for a place at the continent's edge to view the smokestacks of factories in Japan, China, Taiwan, and even Korea.

Thousands of potential illegal aliens along the Mexican border were initially discouraged by the new obstacle. Dozens have made the climb without equipment of any kind; some were met at the USA border by officials of the USA Olympic mountain-climbing team. "Hey," one coach was heard to say, "Everest is less than six miles high. You guys have got staying power. Welcome to the USA today."



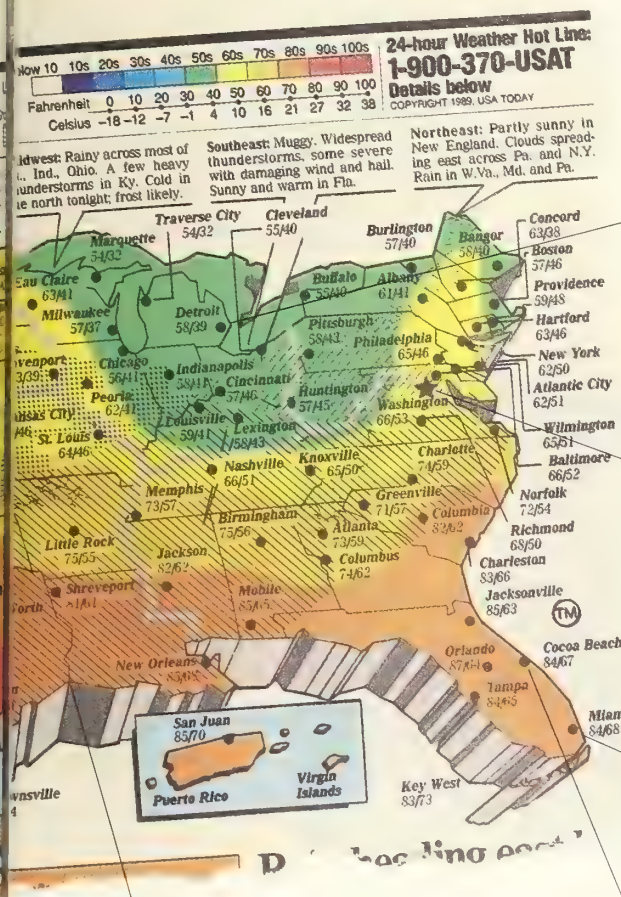
The planned construction of the new international Zaragosa/El Paso Bridge across the Rio Grande has been halted. "We're all ready to go with our half," says the spokesman for the Texas Department of Highways and Public Transportation. "But the Mexicans are going to have to build quite an on-ramp for this puppy. We're talking engineering marvel here, but if they're willing to work hard and borrow just over a jillion USA dollars, the bridge could be a reality."

NASA officials in Houston have finally acknowledged that there will be no more shuttle *launches*. "At this altitude, we're just pushing them off the beach," he admits. "We've never had more accurate orbits."

Ron Carlson is the author of The News of the World, *a collection of stories.*

HEIGHTS

lecline, *by Ron Carlson*



There have been surprises all along our northern border as Canadians adjust to their elevated neighbor. "Detroit used to be right over there," a resident of Windsor, Ontario, recalls. "And now all we can see—way up there—is a thousand points of light."

High school geography curricula are changing quickly. "We plan to concentrate on the contiguous forty-eight states," says a spokesman for the USA Department of Education. "Since the rest of the world is *so far down* there, why should our kids have to know about it?"

Relations with Cuba have never looked better. Sunbathers in Miami report: "You can see right into downtown Havana. You can see every move they make. It's funny, but they look like ants. I mean tiny. Some threat to the Western Hemisphere."

Mississippi River is now listed in the ...ness Book of World Records as the ...e of the world's highest waterfall—...ssing Angel Falls in Venezuela, the ...r record holder, by 126 miles.

Astronomers speculate that the new high contour of the USA will throw the Earth off course. "I'm fairly certain we're headed for the Sun," states the director of orbital studies at Cape Canaveral. "It's going to get warmer for a few years, and then it's going to get *real* warm."

IN DEEPEST GRINGOLANDIA

Mexico: the Third World as tourist theme park

By Bob Shacochis

Gringolandia isn't on a map, but a cultural compass and a little glossy media hype will lead you right to its bamboo or stucco gates. *Gringolandia* is where we North Americans are more and more spending our vacations. What I'm talking about is the network of fun-in-the-sun destinations, the honeyed cash traps, the Otherly fantasylands erected up the mountains and down the coasts of what we call the Third World or the developing world or the post-colonial world—the hot, dark-skinned nations that still bear the shape of Empire's boots across their sweaty backsides. Now, where the Kiplings and Conrads once poked around, hundreds of millions of white people spend billions of dollars each year for the exotic tickle of the five-day, four-night excursion into the mythological but much diluted, faraway but perfectly scrubbed heart of darkness.



There's much about this trend that I find difficult to reconcile with my own point of view as a traveler. When it comes to gallivanting on foreign turf, I crave not the prepackaged but the authentic. I don't care to see familiar faces tainting the view; don't want hideaways intruded upon by "civilization."

But who do I think I'm kidding? Not myself, not much. Bourgeois touring and maverick traveling both spring from the gringo lap of luxury. Even as a Peace Corps volunteer in the mid-'70s, I had the unpleasant feeling that I was little more than the latest style of Roman centurion. And today, as a writer in search of narratives in the islands and hot countries: find me, say, at a military checkpoint along a highway in Haiti and I'm glad to join the hordes and pass myself off as a sun-and-fun-seeking tourist.

Semantics and scale—perhaps these are the only honest differences between the mob that stuffs its madras shorts with credit cards and the bus-riding, backpacking dilettantes, the earnest make-believe anthropologists, and the writers like me. North Americans, boarding their planes, take North America with them—in varying degrees, yes, ugly or beautiful, but North America nevertheless.

Bob Shacochis is a contributing editor to Harper's Magazine. *His most recent book is* The Next New World, *a collection of stories published by Crown.*

Photograph by Paul Van Riel / Black Star

Gringolandia. It's global—as far from us as hailand, as near as our neighbor to the south, exico. Mexico, in fact, can be thought of as e model, the original *Gringolandia*. No one in exico seems abashed to say it, despite the fact at it summons all the paradoxical truths that fine the post-revolutionary state of the Mexin nation. For the Mexicans, *Gringolandia* deribes the consolidation of ironies large and hall that have transformed the country into mething akin to a behemoth theme park.

Two generations ago, the expression merely ferred to Acapulco, the first installment in a sort-development epic meant to sustain and urture the economic optimism of a Mexico ingorated by the business of world war. That was hen, this is now: Today, tourism may be Mexi's last best hope. Burdened by a decaying industrial base, an unrelenting population xplosion, a catastrophic oil bust, multiple curncy devaluations, years of raging inflation, nd a $104 billion debt, Mexico now looks to *ringolandia* for economic salvation. Willfully, arefully, the government has designed and onstructed an archipelago of artificial paradises ong the country's vast impoverished coastnes. What might rescue Mexico, at least from he stigma of its incessantly predicted collapse? lot crude oil but tanning oil. Tourists. You and he, gringos.

The ruling party, the PRI (Institutional Revlutionary Party), now invites an invasion from he north. Mexico's doors have been flung pen, the welcome mat's brand-new, its *cerveza muy fria*, its water has been purified, and the utting greens have a nap as diligently tended as baron's beard. Get the picture? Head south, pend money, relax, party, shake your bottom ntil the pesos rain out your pockets.

Late last winter I decided I wanted to visit Mexico's sprawling gringo playland—not to evel in it but to see it all, at one remove, for hat it is: a policy, an industry, the new upriver" world. I booked a flight to Mexico City and there, under Malcolm Lowry's smogidden volcano, rented a car and headed for the Pacific Coast, for Acapulco, the bright shining ub of *Gringolandia*. I then ventured south hunreds of miles to the newest, most spectacular hamber of the system's heart—Huatulco. Huatulco, as yet unfinished but already fabled. A story.

The clogged boulevards of the capital led me o the toll road that climbed up into blue sky nd what little remained of the pine forests, melling like a Colorado summertime, that once immed the central plateau. Past Cuernavaca, I icked up the "superhighway," constructed in he late 1940s during the administration of President Miguel Alemán. The route, which reduced the previously rugged ten-hour drive to the coast by half, twists out of dense mountains into a pulsing urban jungle, the heights of Acapulco chaotic, the sidewalks made virtually impassable by the city's million citizens, and only a flash of ocean on the horizon to tease me onward. Finally, I found a road that arrowed down to the bay, its shoreline fenced with high-rise hotels. I checked into the Acapulco Ritz, dead center on the crescent of the bay.

Quickly I made my way to the beach beyond the poolside patio and sat among a tribe of white, affluent foreigners under palm-thatch umbrellas in the Ritz's roped-off rectangle of sand—audience to the sun, the glorious sea, and the sales pitch. Here at the Ritz, on the beach in Acapulco, cacophony ruled, the audio assault masquerading as cross-cultural experience. A mariachi band alternately crooned and yapped into microphones. The pulverizing whine of blenders produced an endless freezing river of margaritas. Unbroken clots of traffic gunned from light to light along the four-lane coastal boulevard behind the towering hotels. Boom boxes hollered out Spanish in six-eight time; revving speedboats sliced rooster tails a stone's throw from shore. But none of this din penetrated as deeply as the collective voice of the *vendedores*, the merchant infantry of hucksters straggling past the Ritz's tiny rectangle of sandy exclusivity.

Each beachfront hotel has staked an area like this for its guests to lounge, and the hucksters trudge miles over the hot federal sand from one to another, Stations of the Cross for Mexico's underclass practicing the religion of commerce. They line up on the perimeters of an alien yet venerated wealth, whether its incarnations are middle-class *chilangos* from Mexico City, honeymooners from Houston, or undergraduates from UCLA on spring break. (The jet-setters have abdicated the central *playas* for more secluded villas and five-star pamper factories.)

From a stack he has dropped at his feet, a mestizo unfolds a Oaxacan blanket and spreads it over his chest, his arms raised and his ribs puffed as though he has bravely visualized my particular stable of gringos as a firing squad. For too long he stands just this way, waiting, and when he lowers the blanket to our indifference—how many dozens of blankets have we seen already this afternoon?—there is no mistaking the look of betrayal in his eyes. What I want to know, but can only ask myself, is this: Is the man's expression a professional ploy or a window onto his soul? Such are tourism's questions.

Chiclets, leopard-skin pantsuits, melons, silly hats, garish towels . . . the litany of bargain mer-

What might rescue Mexico? Not crude oil but tanning oil. Tourists. You and me, gringos

Acapulco was calculated to be not only a magnet for foreign currency but an alternative destination for Mexico's landless migrants

chandise is recited in waves, paced cycles, the wares identical although the stream of faces vie for individuality. Some people thrive on the escalated clip of the hustle, but *this many?* an entire city of marching boutiques and ambulating gift shops? The youngest huckster I meet is five, the oldest a stooped great-grandfather hawking sunglasses. The majority are *indios*—the bottom of Mexico's racial and economic barrels, flat-faced and stoic. Except for baseball caps, they dress as if they never left their *ejido*, or communal lands, in the campo.

A sixteen-year-old Nahuatl girl carries a nursling on her hip, selling fruit and peanuts. The mother is happy, humming; the baby chirrups. I ask the girl if she gets tired toting the kid around. She laughs shyly and tells me no, it's nothing she ever thinks about, and on the beach she can stop and play with the baby whenever she wishes. A matron from Dallas leans across the rope to buy a banana from her, and nearby I hear a middle-aged sun worshiper congratulate himself: "Six days, and I don't know who won the mayor's primary in Chicago, and I don't give a shit."

Which problems are my own, which are Mexico's? Who, if anyone, is to blame? Acapulco is seedy, polluted, overpopulated, homogenized, overbuilt, money-crazed, exhausted. Acapulco is one of the world's foremost glamour spots (now overrun by anonymous charters of the *you*s and *me*s and our mothers). Acapulco's panorama is breathtaking. Its transactions employ hundreds of thousands; its facilities are modern and comfortable; its opportunities provide a catalyst for democratization. *Choose.*

We know that the decadence of Batista's Havana—its casinos, prostitutes, and narcotics luring a vulgar class of tourists from around the planet—played no small part in the rationale of Castro's mobilization against the status quo. Yet what does it mean, thirty years later, that Castro is reinventing Cuba as a tourist destination? A year before the insurrection the island attracted 350,000 tourists—by 1991 it expects 600,000 visitors annually, who will leave behind an estimated $500 million. What sort of dynamic will develop between faddish, well-heeled guests and their Marxist-Leninist hosts? The advantage to Cuba is a simple one: foreign exchange, *money*. But what are the complex risks to the myth and symbology of the revolutionary state? "Exploit the sun," says Fidel. Now, really, if I'm deluded about my self-image as an anti-tourist, what could Castro possibly be thinking in his new job as recreational director?

On the beach at the Ritz in Acapulco, I applied my sun-daunted energies to these questions. But time and again I was distracted by the suffusive presence of the *vendedores*, perpetuall tugging my mental sleeve. Of all the huckster that ever approached me in my travels south the only ones I remember making a genuin connection with were two preschool boys o the beach at Sosua, in the Dominican Republic who sat down cross-legged in front of me an sang a vigorous merengue for a coin, which the accepted with adult dignity. Now the memory i brought back to me, Acapulco-style. Two waifs neither more than ten years old—a boy with drum, a girl with a perforated sheet-metal scrap er—make a primitive percussive music while a even younger girl dances the shimmy, lifting he soiled T-shirt to roll her prepubescent belly The performance is obscene, and not only for it sexual innuendo; a pallid, sun-blotched ma gives the girl money with a frown, paying th troupe not for their performance, which ha no worth, no virtue, no conceivable rat of exchange, but paying them to g away.

What's important to keep in mind, I think is that tourism in the Third World is not som haphazard vestige of colonialism. Acapulco, fo instance, was never an unfortunate, accidenta yoking of the haves and have-nots, but has al ways been precisely what it was calculated to b by the Mexican government—an economic detonator at the nucleus of the nonarable, pov erty-stricken state of Guerrero, not only a mag net for foreign currency but an alternative destination for landless migrants flooding urban centers, especially Mexico City. Moreover, and no less significantly, Acapulco was envisioned as a proving ground for Mexico's emerging class of managers and entrepreneurs in the late 1940s and '50s, a showcase for their capabilities.

Forgoing the choice between Acapulco's glitzy, overpriced restaurants and the fast-food franchises—Denny's, Pizza Hut, Kentucky Fried—I walked my first night in town to a nearby supermarket. From a row of steaming caldrons, I bought a fat man's portion of chicken mole, had it packed in a take-out container, and went back to my room high up in the Ritz to read the government's own account of the modern history of Acapulco.

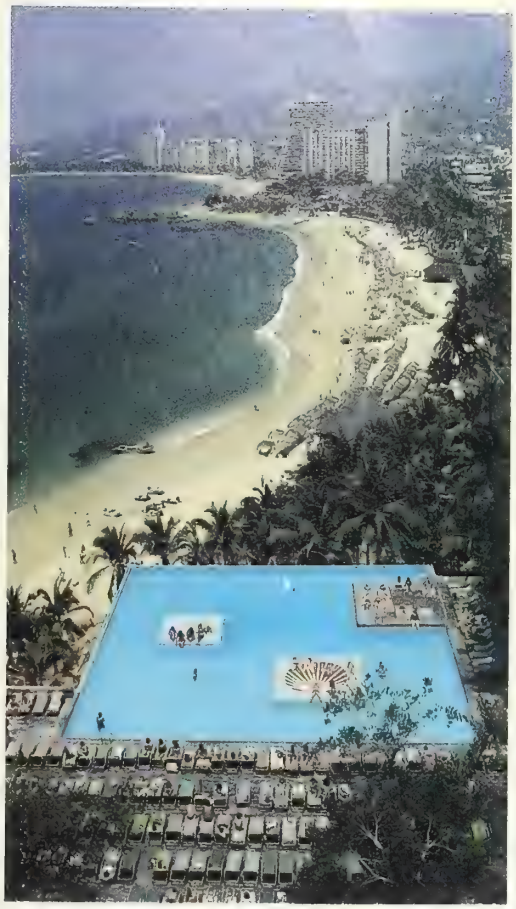
This story really begins during World War II, when millions of just plain stay-at-home gringos were funneled into geographies and cultures not their own. Wherever the troops had been stationed, tourists followed, flown in by the new commercial airlines. Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Bahamas, and other nearby, warm, "exotic" places became tourist meccas.

Mexico took note of the burgeoning wanderlust of the giant to its north. War in Europe had generated a foreign-trade surplus south of the

io Grande, an advantage it had no chance holding on to during peacetime. Confronted with a decline in exports and a faltering industrial base, government economists introduced the premise that tourism could take up the slack. By the end of 1945, the PRI had opened tourist offices in four U.S. cities. Public funds were allocated to match private-sector promotional expenses. Almost effortlessly, $35.9 million flowed south and crossed the border—a sum as frustrating as it was encouraging. No infrastructure existed to milk the market for more.

The Alemán government began in the late 1940s to build highways and airports, and to open new air routes between Mexico and the States. Cash handouts subsidized the construction of restaurants and hotels. Most importantly, perhaps, Alemán focused on the serene, modest port town of Acapulco, since the 1920s a popular getaway for the better-off of Mexico City. He made the decision to convert the old harbor into a world-class luxury resort (after secretly buying up land for himself). His engineers installed basic city services, laid out streets and housing developments, moved the airport inland. Hotels multiplied along the curving beaches. Bingo! Foreign-exchange earnings from tourism tripled by 1950. Alemán left office having persuaded the PRI that tourism was "the most appropriate economic mechanism for shoring up the areas of national development that were lagging behind the most."

Mexico's next two presidents, however, weren't so convinced. For millions of Americans rotating through Tijuana and other border cities in the 1950s, Mexico was a cheap drunk, a bag of pot, whores having sex with burros. The federal government watched the impending revolution in Cuba and shuddered. Overnight, tourism seemed freighted with political imperatives, forcing President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines in the mid-'50s to preach a more explicit gospel. "While it is my aim to promote this major source of income," he stated, "it is also necessary for tourist activities to respect our customs and ethical principles." He stumped for higher moral standards, natural beauty, wholesome recreation, Mexico's unique history. Simultaneously, he railed against profiteering, "coarse commercialization of activities catering to low human passions and vices." His successor, Adolfo López Mateos, echoed this new creed, emphasizing tourism as a means of "strengthening ties of human understanding and international intelligence." In the minds of Mexico's leaders, tourism seemed to take form as a sort of multinational Chautauqua.



Banco de México analysts researched tidal patterns and calculated the average weekly hours of sunshine

When an imbalance of payments due to insufficient foreign-exchange earnings threatened to destabilize the country in the late 1960s, Banco de México began analyzing the sources of foreign exchange—exports, in-bond industries, and tourism—that supplemented the country's oil revenues. Only tourism exhibited a clear potential. For the first time, Banco de México constructed, between 1966 and 1968, a statistical portrait of Mexico's tourist activities. Pondering the reams of data, the bank's theoreticians suggested an idea without precedent—"the building of complete tourist resort cities from the ground up." Consequently, Banco de México funded a meticulous exploration of the country's 6,000 miles of coastline. Bank analysts calculated average weekly hours of sunshine. They analyzed soil types and tidal patterns. Research teams evaluated socioeconomic levels and identified routes of supply. Finally, early in 1969, Banco de México recommended to the federal government the creation of "five integral tourist resorts."

An uninhabited barrier island known as Cancún topped the list, because of its location on the Caribbean basin. Ixtapa, north of Acapulco in the state of Guerrero, was chosen in the hope that it would alleviate the excessive concentration of tourists in the older resort. In Baja Cali-

Photograph by Bill Ross / Woodfin Camp



fornia Sur, an underpopulated region dozing in geographical and political isolation, the bank foresaw a "ladder" of nautical stopovers from the border southward, crowned by the integral resorts of Los Cabos and Loreto. Thus, California's 250,000 boats capable of navigating the Pacific offshore waters would be lured down the Baja peninsula and into the Sea of Cortés. For the capital of its planned Pacific *Gringolandia,* Banco's team targeted Oaxaca, bastion of the pre-Hispanic past and one of the nation's most destitute states. There, on the belly of the southern Pacific coast, were the Bahías de Huatulco—a cluster of nine paradisiacal bays, an incipient Rio de Janeiro. Here was the last link in the Pacific archipelago: in its dimensions and future potential, Huatulco was to be the grandest resort of them all.

The magnitude of Banco de México's scheme was enormous—a thirty-year comprehensive strategy. The government quickly blessed the creation of an overseer agency, the National Fund for Tourist Infrastructure (Infratur), which just as quickly broke ground for the first two resort cities—Cancún in 1970, Ixtapa in 1971. Three years later, the heretofore irrelevant Department of Tourism was awarded cabinet-level status. Fonatur—the National Trust Fund for Tourism Development, heir to Infratur—was given permission to grant loans for hotels and even build its own, making direct investments in the projects. Although President José López Portillo took office in 1976 in the midst of a deepening financial crisis, he wasted no time in launching the Los Cabos and Loreto projects, certain that tourism had "sufficient economic impact to solve our problems."

By the time of Miguel de la Madrid's inauguration in 1982, tourism had become a lauded national pillar, one that might be counted on to keep the economy from collapsing. All that Fonatur required of the new president was that he promote the industry's benefits not to the treasury but to the public welfare. The President went a step further, asserting that the touristic process strengthened "the cultural identity of our people."

After spending a few days in Acapulco I drove south into the state of Oaxaca. Eight hours on the road brought me to the small coastal town of Puerto Escondido—surf-rat kingdom,

Photograph by Kelly / Mooney Photography

ven to time-warp hippies, way station for ur basic assorted Eurotrash. Not a Fonatur ıd of place. Here one could bump into gringos ıo would cringe at the word "tourist," though ngo tourists of a sort they were. I found them tering along the harbor-front street, compos- g themselves into a bohemian *scene*—privi- ged gypsies who more or less wanted the Third orld to remain, at least in this place, as loose d carefree as it appeared (to them) to be.

Before driving to the water, I had picked up a ir of hitchhikers who were practicing a slight- more upscale form of drifting—gringos feed- g off gringo dreams. Crystal and J. P., down ɔm the States, were time-share sellers, part a significant entrepreneurial subculture awned by the burgeoning Third World re- rts.

Crystal was thirty-two; J. P. three years older. arried for two years, they'd been knocking ɔund Mexico for one, adroitly harvesting exico's money tree despite the fact that nei- er of them had an F.M.3, the Mexican work rmit for foreigners, which would make their forts legal. They were following the time- are season south—San Miguel de Allende, anzanillo, Ixtapa—heading for the heralded uatulco, two hours south of here. Only, their vings had run out, and now they were stuck in ıerto Escondido. Here there were no condos hustle. I dropped each of them off on separate oney-borrowing missions around town.

We met again in the morning over breakfast. ıad requested a mini-seminar on time-sharing. wanted to hear how *Gringolandia* got sold to ingos. The night before had not been a good ıe for them. Wounded in Vietnam seventeen ars ago, J. P. had been eating painkillers ever ıce. The rent was due, he was out of Perco- ın. Somehow he had lost the key to the pad- ck on their cabana and shattered the door cking it in. At breakfast he was woozy and eating, his face bloodless, but he wanted to lk, get right into it, tighten the focus, redeem mself. I sat back and listened.

"We go into a resort," he said, "and try to lk to the president of a time-share marketing ɔmpany. They take me in as a 'liner,' Crystal as ı 'OPC'—an off-property contact. The OPC ts people to come in-house—you're out on ıe street grabbing them, answering questions, ving them free-drink cards, asking them to go ı a tour of the facility. The tour is called lin- g—the sales effort between bringing the peo- e in and closing them. The liners guide them, ke them to breakfast, fill out their forms, arm them up, and become their friends. Then ɔu ask them three simple things. Do you like ? If you get a yes you write down the word *like* ıd put a check by it—the visuals are important here. Next, if you had this would you use it? If they say yes you write down the word *use*. Put a check mark. Next. If this was affordable, if it wouldn't take any bread and butter off your ta- ble, da da da, would you buy this *today*? Most people won't say no at this point, because they've just spent an hour with you and they still haven't heard the price, they're dying to know the price, but you're not going to give it to them until they say yes. So they usually say yes to the third question, and you write down *affordable*.

"At that point," J. P. continued, "you assume the sale. Okay, so now I'll highball 'em. Let's say the product costs $3,995." The going rate in Mexico for a one-bedroom time-share condo—for one week a year for life—is about $4,000. "I'll tell them $5,500, plus this cost, plus that cost, all adding up to six grand and something. 'Oh no,' they say, 'that's too expensive.' Then we do what's called the drop. Okay, I say, let me get you your free gift then. That's when I call for the back man, the closer. I can do the back hit myself, but the proper way to do it is to bring in another salesman, another gringo—they're al- most always gringos. Mr. Jones, I go, these peo- ple are from Timbuktu, they said they like it, they said they'd use it, but it's just too expensive for them. They like to fish, they like to golf, they love this place because of such and such, but, boy, it's just too high. The backer nods his head for a while and then he goes, 'Well, I've got a special deal today.' Could be a repossess- sion, a divorce, anything. Okay, so the backer drops it from fifty-five to $3,995. Special deal, today only. 'If you walk out the door,' you say to them, 'this nice-looking couple waiting over here is going to get it.' They start thinking—man, $3,995 for thirty years, one week a year, fixed or floating time: 1/52 of a dream come true."

The liner receives four points—4 percent of each sale he is in on. As an OPC, Crystal was making more money because of the faster click—anywhere from twenty to forty bucks for getting a client to take a tour whether the client buys or not. And if a client does buy, the OPC also shaves a point. "Not bad for Mexico," she said.

Crystal wanted to know if Fonatur was in Huatulco. I told her yes. "Oh God," she said, erupting with nervous laughter. "It's going to be hard to work as an OPC then. I'll have to be a liner, because where Fonatur is, they'll have Mexicans out front, to show that the Mexicans are capable of getting people in there, but once they're in-house, they need Americans to talk to them. Only Americans. You got to paint a picture for them of beautiful vacations from now until they drop dead"—her voice turned husky

In Puerto Escondido, one could bump into time-warp hippies who would cringe at the word 'tourist,' though gringo tourists of a sort they were

Some 30,000 rooms are to be built in Huatulco—room enough eventually for 2 million tourists a year

and slow and seductive—"*in places just like this, places just like where you want to go,* and you need to trap them into coming back, into coming back, into coming back."

The road I took south to Huatulco was uncharacteristically straight and conspicuously well attended. I recalled the subtitle from the title page of a four-color, high-sheen coffee-table-style book detailing Fonatur's many accomplishments: "The imprint of Fonatur on the geography of Mexico."

Among Fonatur's achievements have been the following: During the initial stages of each resort project, every hotel room built brought ten new residents to the area, and twice that many by the time the project's goals were completed. While under construction, each hotel room created 2.5 jobs directly and the same number indirectly, and consistently paid these workers above the minimum wage. Similarly, the operation of each hotel room generated four permanent jobs. For every federal peso invested in the projects, ten private-sector pesos chased after it. By last year, Mexico was tenth in the world in tourist revenues. The foreign-exchange surplus represented by the tourist sector during the de la Madrid years of the mid-1980s exceeded $7 billion. Six hundred thousand jobs had been added to the economy during this time, and Mexico's total hotel capacity reached 305,000 rooms—eighth in the world. With customary foresight, Fonatur had built infrastructures for the addition of 50,000 new rooms in the coming years, a capacity equivalent to two more Acapulcos.

About thirty minutes from the heart of the new resort, just past the new international airport, the roadway abruptly convulsed as it wound through the steep mountains that had for so long isolated the coastal plain from any development. My first glimpse of Bahías de Huatulco was not idyllic—I looked down upon the workers' boomtown of La Crucecita.

Situated on the small plain in a valley opening its arms onto Huatulco's premier bays, La Crucecita was, until 1984, nothing at all save a scattering of palapas, or shacks. A few miles to the south on the pretty bay of Santa Cruz, forty families grew corn and practiced subsistence fishing, as they had since colonial times. Altogether, fewer than a thousand inhabitants scraped a living out of Huatulco's coast. Local income was below the state average, the lowest in Mexico. There was no electricity. No drinking water. No permanent buildings. No reliable roads, no clear land boundaries. Dengue fever and malaria, though, were there, as they always had been, along with a range of other diseases already eradicated throughout most of Mexico.

Enter Fonatur. Thirty-four kilometers inland Santa María Huatulco—a community of 2,000 people serving as the municipal seat—was granted legal title to the properties it circumscribed in May 1984. A day later, although individual holdings were unresolved, 52,000 acres of *ejido* lands in the municipality were expropriated by presidential decree. It happened virtually without a whimper yet not without its complications. Santa Cruz, for example, was the proposed site for Huatulco's primary marina and inner-harbor complex of shopping malls, sports clubs, and restaurants. The peasants who resided there were each given a few hundred dollars and a house in outlying La Crucecita. (The relocation was interrupted and stalled when many of them turned around and sold their houses to newcomers, then moved back to their palapas on the beach, holding out for more money and houses to budge them a second time.)

The La Crucecita I drove into was home to 15,000 people, maybe 20,000—it was growing too fast for statistics to be accurate. The master plan's maximum density for the town was 45,000, but that ceiling might prove unrealistic. Now in La Crucecita there were clinics and liquor stores, dentists and a video bar, a travel agency and welding shops. There were factories for ice cubes, floor and roof tiles, adobe bricks. Stores sold restaurant equipment, beds, office supplies, auto parts, hardware, pharmaceuticals. Incredibly, there was a computer store and copy center and an ice-cream shop called *Paleta Manhattan.*

Everywhere haywire whiskers of rebar (concrete reinforcement rod) rose into the sky, a marsh of iron reeds. Everywhere the gunfire of hammers, the thumping of pickaxes, the thunder and gargle of diesel machinery. Men were erecting utility poles, laying sewer lines. Men were shaping roof beams with machetes, tying the joints with sisal rope. Some 30,000 rooms are to be built—room enough eventually for 2 million tourists a year. In front of a nearly finished complex of condominiums, I saw the rarest of signs in Mexico: HELP WANTED.

The demand for workers' housing had been only partly satisfied by temporary construction camps. Men slept in the airy frames of apartments they were building, bathing with hose and bucket. But even after dark La Crucecita worked on, hyperactive, a streetlight casting just enough illumination to saw a board or drive a stake with a sledgehammer. Whoever had knocked off was still in motion, promenading the sidewalks, playing mob basketball under the lights on a gigantic new court.

In weird contrast to these industrious scenes, the palapa restaurants on the water in Santa

uz—a designated tourist area—were empty
ce the sun went down. One of Huatulco's
ree hotels in operation, the Sheraton on Tan-
lunda Bay, was a glittering ghost town. Bats
l happily in its spotlights, and across from the
tel's echoing lobby entrance, unskilled labor-
s crouched around campfires on the dirt fields,
aking eerie post-apocalyptic tableaux. Only
ub Med out on the promontory of Tango-
nda Bay jumped to a beat, guarded by soldiers
its gates.

Still, the outlines of the future of Huatulco
re boggling, surreal. In all directions, the
rsh mountainous terrain was being gouged
d terraced. Plowed inland from the Sheraton,
golf course had been sculpted, its naked earth
aiting seed. Everywhere I looked there was
meone burning scrub, someone being lectured
an architect, someone digging a trench, in-
alling a satellite dish. Huatulco was being pre-
red for a population of 600,000. It didn't take
ng for the intricacies of scale to become, for
e, conceptually unmanageable, superhuman
-it was as if I were bearing witness to a mod-
n-day equivalent of the Zapotecs raising their
cred city atop Monte Albán.

One evening in La Crucecita I met a young
urnalist named Ismael Sánchez at a meeting of
e town's two-year-old Association of Mer-
ants. These fellows were all from Mexico City
some other modern, urban place; they
d started a Lions Club and then a Rotary
lub. Sánchez, the local correspondent for *El*
parcial del Istmo, Oaxaca's only daily, was as-
nished by the enormous and rapid develop-
ent. Like me, his sympathies were divided.

"Four years ago," he said, "the people of San-
María Huatulco went to bed at seven. Now
ey don't even get home from work in Hua-
lco until then, and stay up until midnight to
atch TV. They have money and houses now,
ncessions for businesses, but they say they
re happier being poor than living this new
ay."

I asked him about the locals who had lived
ong the beaches.

"They're not happy about the opportunities;
ey have no interest in them. All the people
tting the nice jobs come from outside, and the
uatulcans take the bad jobs. People here are
ice, they are special, but not in good ways.
hey are stupid because they don't want better
ves. And still they say, 'Shit on the govern-
ent.' Everything came so fast, they are in
a dream, and they're going to stay
there."

Before leaving Huatulco, I got the chance
talk to Dr. Ricardo Ferré, fifty-five, the cur-
nt regional director of Fonatur for the Hua-
tulco project, appointed by Mexico's new president, Carlos Salinas de Gortari. By this time, my questions had essentially narrowed to one: What, amid all the developing—all the massive hotels and computer stores and video bars—would there be to remind a gringo that he was in Mexico? Ferré was ready for my question.

"I'm a soul engineer," he answered with an ironic gleam, a cocked grin. Huatulco was a shell without soul; he was trying to create a soul, he said, to burn inside this shell. "I'm like God, I'm a demigod. It will be like"— he held his right hand up to his lips, the fingers pinching an imaginary coal upon which he blew until it burst into flame—"*Spirit!* You will come in a year and say, well, Ricardo, you failed, or not."

Ferré is short, stout, white-haired, and has a face like Mickey Rooney's. His job requires him to be part Cecil B. deMille, part Walt Disney, part Wizard of Oz. But I began to think as we talked that he was mostly the grandchild of Conrad's Kurtz. I had heard him called a tyrant more than once, and when I told him this, he seemed pleased.

Ferré is bookish. Within the first minutes of our conversation in his office at Fonatur's local headquarters, he had saluted Marx but disparaged Marxism and paraphrased Santayana as to what directs the path of economics—"We produce things but things also produce us. We live to myths, but myths also create us." He then rose from the conference table where we were sitting and selected two volumes from the bookshelves, handing me one. The book was *Vince Lombardi on Football.*

"This was also one of my teachers," Ferré declared.

"Vince Lombardi?"

"Well, not the person but his ideas. I've been searching for a long time for the material basis of values, ethics. Look, this is another of my bibles, very important to me. Bible in the sense of God, exactly."

The *I Ching.* Vince Lombardi and the *I Ching.*

Ferré has an engineering degree from MIT, a doctorate in philosophy, did postgraduate work in Eastern Europe, has taught at the University of Chicago and the national university in Mexico City. He speaks nine languages, he said. He found a copy of his most recent published article to show me. It was an assault on the scholarship of Octavio Paz.

He then told me of an experience he said he had had that very day, out on his morning constitutional through the countryside. In the dawn's misty light he crested a hill and saw, there in the road, horses, "savage horses." They stampeded and, electrified by the sound of their hooves, Ferré had the fantastic feeling he was in

It was as if I were bearing witness to a modern-day equivalent of the Zapotecs raising their sacred city atop Monte Albán

'Tourists,' the regional director of tourism said, 'try to meet people like peasants to acquire some of their innocence'

prehistoric times, clutching a stone in his hands. I suggested to him that such an event could be placed on the endangered list: five years hence, his revelatory moment couldn't possibly exist in Huatulco. Unless he fabricated it himself, hired a man to import horses from the interior.

"Exactly," he said, and laughed. "But this is a laboratory of what happened many years ago in different parts of the world, a laboratory for what happens when society shifts from a neolithic peasant pattern into a society that is an urban society. I'm creating it to a certain degree, but the behavior of people is moving us the way people moved into urban settlements many thousands of years ago. It's the new city coming into reality. What I want to prove are the limits of Utopia. If possible."

I inquired about his plans to manufacture cultural ambience in Huatulco. He told me that in two more months Fonatur would be sponsoring movies, music, dances. "Besides that," said Ferré, "I will give some masturbation for the so-called upper-middle class so they can see European films, very esoteric films—Bergman, Truffaut."

And traditional culture? I wondered if he'd ship it in from the mountains for the tourists.

"Yes. That's engineering, social engineering. I will take many ideas from Mao's Cultural Revolution." He smiled at his joke.

Ferré turned to one of his pet projects: to take some of the fishermen on the beach in Santa Cruz and remake them into "businessmen with big, big boats."

Was he committed to making *everybody* in Huatulco middle-class?

"Well," said Ferré, "not everybody. Some of them. But society is not built according to geometry."

He had an anecdote: "About two weeks ago, one of the very important persons from Mexico City came to see the new buildings we are doing at the beach. A vice director of Fonatur. So this man is a very technocratic person. A typical engineer—very smart, very good, but he has no sense of humor. I refer to him as Don Quixote. He has the shape—very tall, with an eagle nose. So we were strolling to the beach in Santa Cruz. We were chatting with the people, since we are going to build a new restaurant. And there's a man—I'm a small size but this man is smaller than myself and thinner. His name is Don Tereso. *Don* Tereso. So we approach this man's shack. 'Good morning, Don Tereso, how are you, how do you feel?' 'Ohhh, I'm all right.' And we say, 'Don Tereso, what about you now agree to move from this area so we can build the new restaurant?' 'You know,' he says, 'I'm an old *indio*. Please leave me alone. I was born here. I want to be free. I don't want a restaurant. I don't want anything from you. Please leave me alone.' I was so surprised and happy. The vice director was astonished, stunned. 'How is it possible this man is against the progress?' he said. But me—I really love that man."

I wanted to know what Ferré planned to do with him.

"Well, we have to talk with him."

"You're going to change his life, true?"

"No, Don Tereso's going to move to another area. There are plenty of beaches—he will go there. Well, it's what we have to do."

"You have to get him out of the way."

"No," Ferré said now, reversing himself. "We are not going to move him. We are going to build around him."

"He can stay?"

"Yes, if he wants."

"Who else on the beach in Santa Cruz can stay? Anybody who wants?"

"Well, Don Tereso is the only case. He's the only pure man. He's really pure. The others are crooks." Ferré, it turned out, had thrown a beach dweller in jail the week before as a means of getting this message across.

While we talked, a line of petitioners had formed outside the Fonatur offices, waiting for an audience with the boss. Now Ferré had to return to work. But he wished to throw the *I Ching* for me before I left. I asked instead that he throw it for himself and Huatulco, and he agreed, though he wanted me to toss the coins myself.

While I did this, my thoughts meandered back to another aspect of Ferré's discourse on the philosophical underpinnings of tourism. As he saw it, tourism was a "result of the new loneliness" in industrial societies. "Tourists," he had said, "try to meet people like peasants around here to acquire some of their innocence, their ingenuity."

I threw the coins six times and six times Ferré translated their numerical correlates. With a pencil, he drew the corresponding trigrams until he had sketched a six-bar hexagram, each of its halves, north and south, representing the sun. Double Sun. He flipped through the text of the *I Ching* to the appropriate chapter for an interpretation: *The wanderer has nothing that might receive him.*

"This is Huatulco?" I asked.

Dr. Ferré chuckled. "Yes."

Success through what is small. Ferré giggled. *It furthers one to have somewhere to go.*

There was more, pages of elaboration. Ferré's secretary xeroxed the chapter for me, and I was on my way to contemplate its mysteries. What I made out of it was this: the gods want us all to be tourists. ■

INSULATION

By Rick DeMarinis

I am haunted by lightning. When the sky is streaked with jagged blue flame, when the blue-white tongues fork the earth, when the deep-throated anvils or hammerheads drift their weightless tons over my house, murmuring my name in the oldest language men know, it is time for me to put insulating miles between myself and the weather or dash quickly to the rubberized shed in the backyard.

Conductivity runs on my father's side of the family, reliably leapfrogging the generations. My father himself was not affected by voltage from the sky. My grandfather, however, was lifted out of his Adirondack lawn chair by a furious bolt arcing, literally, out of the blue: no storm, no cloud, no freak manifestation of ionized dust—just naked a cappella lightning. The empty windless sky had given him false security as he sat reading the paper in the lovely light of an August afternoon. Grandmother was watching him fondly from the kitchen window as she stirred batter for peach cobbler, her specialty. Then the blue shaft, thick as God's middle finger, lifted him out of a satisfied doze as she watched not in horror but as one might relive the strangeness of a dream.

Shock and horror came later, when she found herself in the yard standing at the edge of a burned area in the lawn, grandfather still smoking at the ears and nose, his head a violent shade of vermilion, his hands clutching, with the strength of a strangler, his evening *Tribune*.

Rick DeMarinis's most recent book is The Coming Triumph of the Free World, *a collection of stories. Two of the stories originally appeared in* Harper's Magazine. *His new novel,* The Year of the Zinc Penny, *will be published in September by Norton.*

Grandfather had flown up and over the back of the lawn chair, tossed like a toy, a grim tattoo, coarse and ugly, zigzagging from scalp to the conductive center just above the navel—our genetic fault line.

I am not superstitious. Just the opposite. I have degrees in mathematics and physics from a better-than-average university; I have made my living for twenty-two years by analyzing failure rates for the aerospace industry. I along with three colleagues designed the multipurpose Unplanned Event Record (UER), which is now used universally.

But there was a close call last summer, and it changed everything, made me attractive in a way you would not imagine. Now I am preoccupied with insulation. I have had all the tall trees that once surrounded my house cut down. No TV antenna festoons the roof. I wear thick-soled rubber boots, even to church. (The steeple of our church was demolished by lightning a year ago. A char of skeletal beams points skyward, aspiring hope mutilated in a single, heaven-sent stroke.)

This is the truth we live by: a thousand repetitions of an event give you every right to expect the one thousand and first. This is what lies behind the assuring phrase "laboratory tested." You rely on it. Your warranties would not be worth the paper they are written on if not for such testing. This is why, despite your romantic longings for a less technically suffocating world, you do not believe in ghosts, mental telepathy, synchronicity, healing crystals, New Age music, or the zodiac. Go to two astrologers on the same day and you are likely to have a head-on collision with yourself on the expressway to confusion.

We have a fine new world. It works repeatedly, not in random fits and starts. We have what the ancients only dreamed of: reliability. Chicken guts, crystal balls, tea leaves, tarot cards, *I Ching* sticks, and drug- or starvation-induced hallucinations do not produce the reliable and specific data required by jumbo-jet pilots, brain surgeons, market analysts, or, for that matter, wheat farmers. Bypass hard knowledge at your own risk. The so-called "right brain" enthusiasts, the gurus of intuition, are simply lazy. They want the shortcut that bypasses the difficult road between cause and effect. But no one gets off this road. Superstition remains superstition and it can only lead to the dark side of the mind where illumination is scant and quirky. Those who travel there soon find themselves lost in the eclipse of reason.

I am haunted by lightning, but I believe in reason. I won't produce convincing evidence here beyond the inductive argument based on family history. I want to save my life, though it is too late to save Eugenia.

Eugenia had come to fear me. If I reached across the breakfast table to touch her hand, she pulled back, goose bumps spreading up her arms. I would see her counting, though she tried to conceal it. I saw the slight, up-and-down ratcheting of her eyes as they numbered the vertical peonies in each panel of wallpaper to distract herself from her fear. A good-bye kiss at the doorstep had become an ordeal for her. Our lips no longer met. We kissed the neutral air. In the bedroom—but I am not one to discuss the bedroom. Suffice it to say that when the forecast was bad, our nights were spent in the stomach-souring dread of distant thunder.

Eugenia had lately evolved rituals for such times that made the traditional Latin mass seem accessible and abrupt. She made the bed seven times, spraying, again and again, the underside of the blankets and sheets with an anti-static aerosol. She stood on a chair and unscrewed the light bulbs, thinking, foolishly, that by disconnecting them from their source she would safeguard the bedroom. For this same reason she unplugged the radios, clocks, and television set. She kept crystals under her pillows. Sometimes they found their way into the bedclothes, where they scratched us. But she would not hear my complaints. A sudden breeze with the smell of rain or ozone in it sent her running. She claimed she could see the fine hair along my upper arms rise up as if from sinister sleep when ordinary unmenacing clouds drifted overhead.

She knew—to give her credit—that she was made up of positive and negative charges. We all are. The universe is. There is nothing else. This is the bottom line, perhaps the only line. The play of human events—a phantasmagoria imposed on an electromagnetic field. You knew this, of course. There is nothing more to say about it.

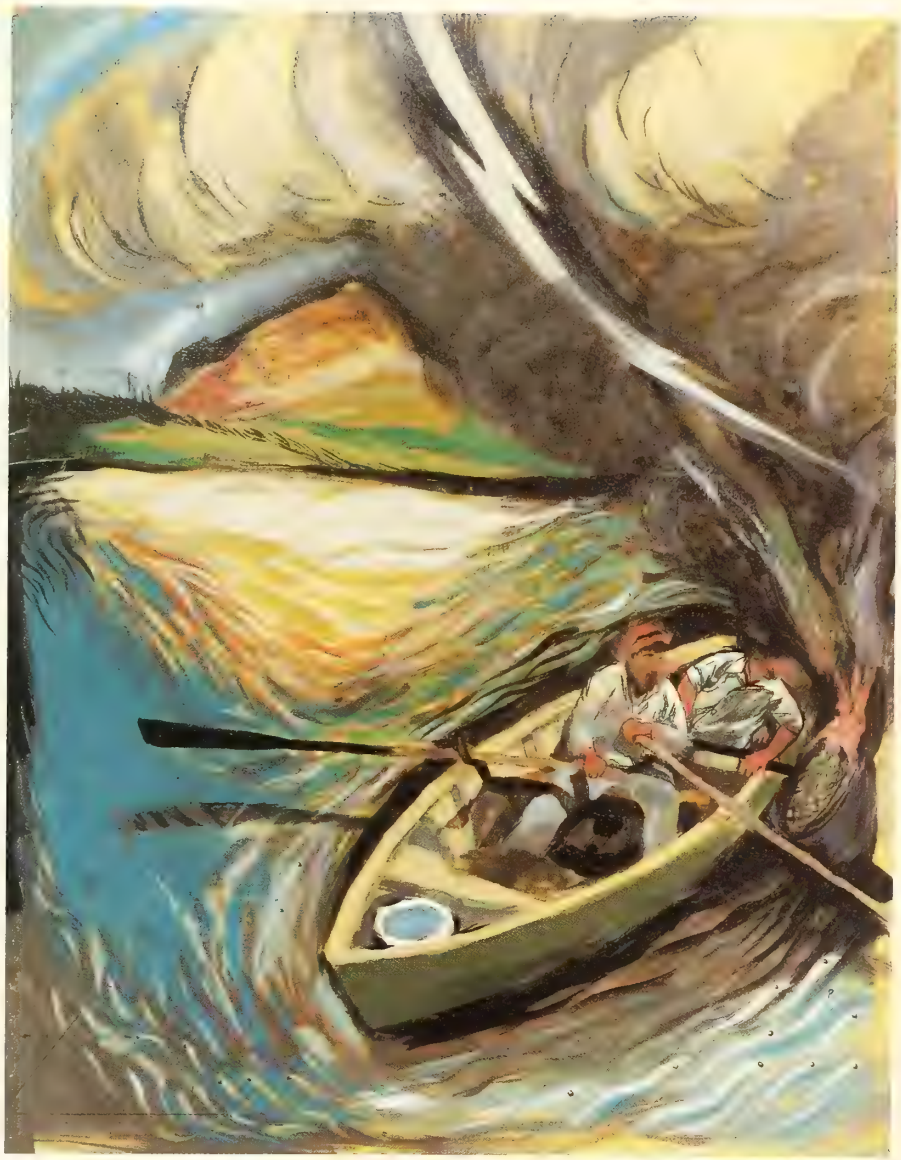
When the electron-hungry clouds—anvils, hammerheads—began to track me down with the same inexorable logic that describes the fall of an apple, Eugenia believed the danger was a consequence of moral fault. She made the sign of the cross before receiving me. Later, she took to wearing rubber electrician's gloves that reached her elbows. Gum-soled shoes covered her feet. She coated herself from ankles to earlobes with a non-conductive oil, used in the manufacture of electrolytic capacitors, that smells vaguely of burning dogwood. I still keep a steel drum of this oil in the garage. The insulation eventually involved the very place of intimate connection. The bolt of passion, needless to say, was often neutralized by such rigorous precaution. I won't say more.

I have been to famous clinics. They found my blood, bones, and tissues normal in every way. They found no pockets of ionization, no secret micro-lightning rods wired into my femurs or tibiae. My hair has been studied for excesses of copper, zinc, and iron—elements that might seduce electrons out of the sleeping ground. I have been wired to ultrasensitive meters while spinning dynamos were passed over my body, but the indicators did not leap.

The doctors advised psychiatry. They ignored the evidence I offered. One hundred years of empirical proof: grandfather in the lawn chair, *his* grandfather struck down in a pasture. My cousin Priscilla was electrocuted by her telephone during a storm. My eldest brother, Paul, his pacemaker dazzled by a faulty microwave oven, causing his heart to wreck itself with fibrillations; my young brother Warden dead on the putting green. And of course there's me: the scalp-tightening sensations whenever a storm gathers, and then the close call of last summer. Evidence. But evidence without theory is noise. I have no theory.

Desperate for a theory, I wrote to Doctor Helper. Helper is a psychologist who writes an advice column for our local paper. I signed my letter "Haunted." "Dear Haunted," he replied, "The abnormal fear of lightning is a well-documented phobia. Like the other common phobias—fear of the marketplace, fear of heights, fear of confinement—it can now be safely attributed to brain-chemistry deficits. Rest assured, you can be cured through appropriate medication. As for your 'evidence'—your 'close call'—please, in the future, do not go fishing in aluminum boats."

I didn't know the boat was aluminum. It was painted dark green and had a woody look to it.



seats were wood, the gun- were wood, and the oars wood. I saw wood, I believed d. It was my friend Ted ıner's boat. I had checked the :her forecasts and there were thunderstorms within 200 s. I cannot spend my week- s reading technical journals in rubber shed. I need recreation. should have realized the boat not wood by its action in the ter, but Ted had distracted me h the tradition of sky burials in ɔet. The bones of the dead are ıshed and mixed with yak butter that scavenging birds will eat e remains and carry them, along ith the spirit of the deceased, to the sky. Ted teaches com- ırative culture at the community ɔllege and is endlessly fasci- ıting, but, even so, I should ve been more conscious of the ıt.

caught a fish, then Ted caught ;h. I caught another fish, a fish, and then Ted caught a r snake. I saw a terrapin leav- a wake. There were mer- sers, fish hawks, and an asional heron. It was lovely, had a fine time, and Ted, who ıkes his own guitars, talked me- diously of how lightning-struck ood is soft and easily worked. It ends cooperatively with applied eat and produces, in the finished roduct, an incomparable tone. le had his guitar with him, and hen we began to believe the fish- ıg would not improve, he strummed and sang. was idyllic. Even so, I should have been more onscious of the boat.

"My guitar speaks," Ted said. "This is a con- ert guitar, the back and sides made of struck ɔsewood, the top of struck cedar."

But there were other voices speaking, and I eard them too late. "Looks like rain," Ted aid.

"What?" I gasped. I swiveled about, rocking ıe boat.

"Boom, boom," Ted said and strummed, and hen I heard it too: thunder filtered through rees and hills.

I dropped my pole, heard the gong of metal n metal, and it was then I realized the boat was ıade of not wood but aluminum. "Jesus, Ted!" cried out. I picked up the oars, clambered into he rowing seat, and headed the craft back to the dock, which looked to be at least two miles away. Even as I bent to my labor, wind wrinkled the lake.

The first angry white billow appeared at the crest of a hill, and as if announcing its arrival, a basso profundo roar caromed through the small green valley that held the lake and a few small farms. Unaware of my fear, Ted strummed folk tunes from the 1960s while drawing peacefully on his pipe.

The last remaining god is weather, someone once said. Clouds are bundles of electrical charges. The earth yearns with free electrons for the upward leap. Overhead the great white mus- cle of stratocumulus gathered itself toward the lethal flex. The weightless tons drifted silently over us, staining the water dark green. I rowed hard. At last Ted noticed my terror. "Not to worry, old son," he said blandly. "Lightning

lustration by Gwyn Stramler

can't strike twice in the same place, or haven't you heard?" He held his lightning-struck guitar high and grinned. "We're safe," he said. "Guaranteed."

"There was fire in your mouth," Ted said later. "The water glowed so that you could see huge Mackinaw trout eighty feet down. They looked like swimming angels."

All I remember is the taste of sweet onions, the flavor of lightning. You must survive in order to remember it, however. My brother Warden gave off the smell when he was killed. Jean, his wife, was coming up behind, working her way out of a sand trap. The lightning knocked him sideways, off the green, his putter a black wand in his dead fist. Jean said, "I bent down to give him CPR and smelled onions, but he'd only had fruit for lunch."

For some reason I had my net in my hand as I rowed. The aluminum frame, I am told, turned into a hoop of fire. The oarlocks were welded to the seats. The oars splintered. The fish we caught were instantly cooked. Brass rivets melted and the boat opened. Ted swam, towing me behind. Though I cannot swim, I was extraordinarily calm. I give credit to the strike that had momentarily reorganized my mental processes. I felt holy in the lake, on my back, Ted's hand gripping my collar, the sky blue and clear again above me as we made our slow way to shore. I believed I was dead and that Charon was towing me across the Styx.

This mood stayed with me for a long time. I remember it so vividly that sometimes I believe it isn't a memory but an ongoing condition. "Your jacket filled up with light," Ted said. "You were a one-man monster movie." Ted is one of the lucky insulated ones. He can touch exposed house wiring and not feel the thrilling vibration of alternating current. "It was liquid light," he said. "I thought I saw your bones. They were red and alive under your shirt. I saw your heart."

My fillings had melted, burning my mouth. I developed a permanent cramp in my rictus muscles, forcing an engaging smile on my face I was powerless to remove. Behind my back, and sometimes to my face, I was called Smiling Jack. At work, my lead engineer, Phil Stratton, a good man, tried to put a stop to it, but the name stuck nonetheless. Nicknames, however, were the least of my worries. Without warning, I had become attractive.

In K mart, car batteries inched toward me until they teetered on their shelves. Computerized cash registers, at my approach, gave out tiny electronic screams, losing track of their sums. The ignition of my car suffered from confused timing, often leaving me stranded. My Timex flowed backwards. Eugenia's hairpins, like a caravan of army ants, followed me out of t bathroom.

There is an explanation for everything. Tl is no idle assertion. It is the philosophy th made the modern world possible. In my de next to my portrait of Newton, is a portrait Einstein. The thoughtless believe the latter s perseded the former. No. The latter, using tl same methods, holding the same belief in re son, and guided by the same faith in the certai ty of explanation, *extended* the former. If y lose your belief in explanation, you have lc your mind. Your mind is a representation of five-century-old trend. What is preparing to r place it offstage, in the wings, grinning in th shadows? I tremble to think. So should you.

One day I will find an explanation for Eug nia's tragic death. I could not attend her funer because of my relentless smile. Her relativ might have understood, but in my grief I four it monstrous, a senseless affront. We are electr cal. But shall I declare a conspiracy of electron Should I fix blame on the microcosmic field positive and negative charges? Should I say n vulgar smile in the face of my loss was arrang by an evil jocularity of atoms?

She was insulated. Boots, gloves, electrolyt oil, emotional distance. Yet the bolt found he There was no storm. I admit to anger. A man entitled to some affection. Yet prolonged co tact frightened her. She ran, stumbling in h boots, through the house, from imagined dar ger. I could not help myself: I thundered. roared. A man is entitled to some affection. did not feel attractive, though a mob of pap clips, straight pins, and scraps of foil—swarn ing in the air like gnats when the bright afte noon is cooled by storm clouds—followed me I roared in pursuit.

I found her in the laundry room, wedged b tween the washer and dryer. I felt calm, reason able, prepared to discuss the issue in a ration way, but I knew I was also roaring at her. Sh looked up at me as if at a bad sky. "Eugenia, I said, but the syllables came out as claps thunder.

Something kicked her. It reached me as spent corona, a blue glow that washed over m like a wave and, like a wave, receded. It cam from the 220-volt outlet, domestic lightning wanting *me,* I believe, but passing through Eu genia en route. I tried to dial 911 but the phone were hot. Storm clouds arrived on the scene warning me to keep silent, keep insulated, whis pering my fate in small cyclones that bent m neighbor's trees and carried spirals of dust int the darkening air.

I have faith that a scientific explanation fo these events will soon occur to me.

ALL THE CONGRESSMEN'S MEN

How Capitol Hill controls the press

By Walter Karp

Among the works discussed in this essay:
The Media Monopoly, by Ben Bagdikian, Beacon Press, 282 pages, $10.95.
Behind the Front Page, by David S. Broder, Simon & Schuster, 393 pages, $18.95.
The New Muckrakers, by Leonard Downie Jr., New Republic Book Company, 269 pages, out-of-print.
Deciding What's News, by Herbert J. Gans, Vintage, 393 pages, $8.95.
The Powers That Be, by David Halberstam, Knopf, 771 pages, $17.95.
On Bended Knee, by Mark Hertsgaard, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 408 pages, $22.50.
The Government/Press Connection, by Stephen Hess, Brookings Institution, 160 pages, $26.95.
The Washington Reporters, by Stephen Hess, Brookings Institution, 174 pages, $26.95.
Making News, by Martin Mayer, Doubleday, 348 pages, $18.95.
Inventing Reality, by Michael Parenti, St. Martin's Press, 258 pages, $16.95.
The Coming Battle for the Media, by William A. Rusher, William Morrow, 228 pages, $18.95.
On Press, by Tom Wicker, Viking, 271 pages, out-of-print.

On November 9, 1984, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times,* inadvertently shed fresh light on one of the all-too-settled questions of American life: Who decides what is news in America—that is, who tells us what we know about our country's ongoing political life? The enlightening occasion was a speech that Sulzberger delivered at Yale University, warning of new dangers to liberty in America. Silently and relentlessly, the Reagan administration was expanding official secrecy, intimidating the press, and constricting public access to public information. "The disdain toward the press displayed in the Grenada action was part of a frightening information policy by the administration," said Sulzberger. What made that policy even more insidious, he added, was that it had "gone largely overlooked by the general public"—including the readers of the *New York Times,* which had covered the near-weekly installments of the "frightening" policy without giving any inkling that the installments added up to a policy and that it was frightening indeed.

Now the eminent publisher had spoken; surely his newspaper would speak out, too. What could possibly stand in the way? Is the American press not powerful and autonomous, famously accountable to no one? Is it not, as we so often hear, a "shadow government," a "second adversarial government," a "newsocracy" that exercises, in the words of former publisher Walter H. Annenberg, "at least as much power in determining the course of the republic as the executive, legislative, and judicial branches set forth in the Constitution"? Virtually every media study says so; the entire political spectrum says so. Our press is "imperial," says William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review,* a voice of the right. It exercises "perhaps the greatest power there [is] in politics: the power to define reality," says Mark Hertsgaard, a voice of the left. The leading media moguls are America's "powers that be," says David Halberstam, a voice of the center. And one of his five ruling "powers" is none other than Arthur Ochs Sulzberger. Who can possibly doubt

Walter Karp, a Harper's Magazine *contributing editor, is the author of* Liberty Under Siege: American Politics, 1976–1988.

his power over the news? He is a leading member of Hertsgaard's "class of super-rich and powerful businessmen who ultimately controlled the U.S. news media," a class whose members "have virtually unlimited power and can suggest, select, and veto stories whenever they choose," says Herbert Gans, a sociologist of the news. Nor is Sulzberger a mere absentee capitalist. On the contrary, notes Rusher, he is one of the relatively few media chieftains who "still exercise a major editorial influence" as "an owner in the 'hands-on' tradition." Since "subordinates learn by habit to conform to owners' ideas," says Ben Bagdikian, former ombudsman of the *Washington Post,* and even "overreact" to them, according to Gans—what diversity of opinion in America!—was it not certain that the menace to liberty "largely overlooked" for nearly four years must soon itself become nationwide news?

Moreover, on the issue of the government's "frightening information policy," Sulzberger had right as well as might on his side. As a matter of principle the press has a "constitutional obligation to act as a check on the government," claims Tom Wicker, a *New York Times* columnist. It is "the vehicle through which we learn about government," notes Stephen Hess of the Brookings Institution. A free press enables "a free citizenry . . . to play an intelligent part in the political process," says Rusher. Yet here was an American president trying to prevent us from playing that part. What could be more newsworthy than that? "The journalist's role is to serve as an advocate or celebrant of consensual values," says Daniel Hallin, a professor of communications quoted by Hertsgaard. And what consensual value could be more authoritative in America than democracy, which Sulzberger, armed cap-a-pie with right and might, stood up to defend from danger on November 9, 1984.

What happened? Nothing at all. The "frightening information policy" remained almost as "overlooked by the general public" four years after Sulzberger's speech as it had been the day he delivered it, although the policy remained unaltered and even grew bolder for a time. Just three days before Sulzberger spoke, the administration had proposed new regulations that made it a felony under the export control laws for a Defense Department official to "export" to his fellow Americans any *non-classified* technical information—for example, by talking to a newspaper reporter. Heavy fines and long prison terms would await the public servant who gave his countrymen documentary evidence of waste and fraud in the administration's waste- and fraud-ridden military buildup.

To this latest installment of the frightening information policy Sulzberger's editors replied on November 10: "Casting a penumbra over all nonsecret scientific and technical information will deny the Pentagon the benefit of valuable public criticism." What frightening policy? What policy at all? The Reagan administration was not trying to stifle public criticism. It was guilty, at most, of underestimating its benefits. So said the editors of the *New York Times,* tacitly rebuking citizen Sulzberger. The mighty publisher of the mighty *Times* had dared champion liberty, and his own editors sided with its powerful foes by casting a penumbra of servile blather over their plans and ambitions.

So let us start afresh and ask again:

Who decides what is news in America?

The answer lies right on the surface, as obvious as Poe's purloined letter. Reporters themselves know the answer, and talk of it candidly enough in their memoirs. Newspapers carry the answer in almost every news story they publish. What keeps us looking in the wrong direction, as I recently discovered while wading through an ample supply of media studies and books by working journalists, is a deep-seated linguistic habit. Instead of speaking of news, we speak of "the press" and "the media"—corporate entities with wealthy owners, paid employees, profits, holdings, forests in Canada. And, thinking of these, it is almost impossible not to speak of "the press" doing this or that—which is exactly what hides the purloined letter. For to say that the press *does* things conceals the fundamental truth that the press, strictly speakin can scarcely be said to do anything does not act, it is acted upon.

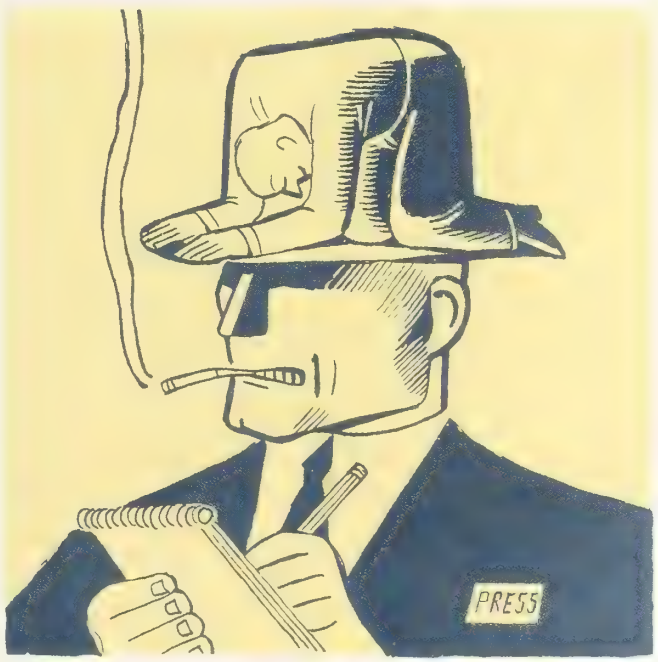
This immediately becomes cl when one considers how and wh reporters find the news. Very f newspaper stories are the result of porters digging in files; poring o documents; or interviewing exper dissenters, or ordinary people. T overwhelming majority of stories based on official sources—on inf mation provided by members Congress, presidential aides, a politicians. A media critic nam Leon V. Sigal discovered as mu after analyzing 2,850 news stories th appeared in the *New York Times* a the *Washington Post* between 19 and 1969. Nearly four out of five these stories, he found, involved of cial sources. Had Professor Sig limited his study to national politi news, and had he been able to cou all the stories that had been instigat by official sources who went unme tioned, nearly five out of five wou probably be closer to the truth. T first fact of American journalism its overwhelming dependence o sources, mostly official, usually po erful. "Sources supply the sense a substance of the day's news. Sourc provide the arguments, the rebutta the explanations, the criticism," Theodore L. Glasser, a professor journalism, wrote in a 1984 issue the *Quill,* a journalist's journal. facts derived from sources, reporte add "a paragraph of official-source i terpretation," according to Wicke for powerful people not only ma news by their deeds but also tell r porters what to think of those dee and the reporters tell us.

David Broder, in his recent mem oirs, recalls that while covering th Democratic party for the *Washingt Post* in the late 1960s he learned th the grass-roots rebellion against Pres dent Johnson and the Democrat party establishment, as he then put i "degrades the Democratic Party"– having been told so by his source that is, by members of the Democrat National Committee, Democrati leaders in Congress, and local par officials. Covering Congress mean talking to the most powerful legisla tors and their legislative aides. F

ars, recalls Broder, the Associated ess covered the House of Represen- ives for scores of millions of Amer- ans through daily chats with epresentative Howard W. Smith, a nservative Virginia Democrat who aired the powerful Rules Commit- e. Covering the White House eans dancing daily attendance on e President's aides and spokesmen. We're in small quarters with access only a small number of official peo- e, getting the same information. So write similar stories and move on e same issues," says a White House rrespondent interviewed in *The ashington Reporters*. A doz- great venues of power and olicy—Defense, State, Jus- ce, Central Intelligence, BI, and so on—form the ily beats of small claques Washington reporters whose primary exercise is llecting handouts from ose informational soup tchens," as Alan Abelson ce put in *Barron's*.

Sources are nearly every- ing; journalists are nearly othing. "Reporters are pup- ts. They simply respond to e pull of the most powerful rings," Lyndon Johnson ce said. Reagan's secretary state, Alexander Haig, ex- ained to an interviewer in larch 1982 that "even if ey write something that I ink is terribly untrue, I on't consider that it was a writer who id it. It's always someone who gave at writer that information." So per- asive is the passivity of the press that hen a reporter actually looks for ews on his or her own it is given a ecial name, "investigative journal- m," to distinguish it from routine, assive "source journalism." It is in- estigative journalism that wins the rofessional honors, that makes what ttle history the American press ever akes, and that provides the mislead- ng exception that proves the rule: the merican press, unbidden by power- ul sources, seldom investigates any- hing.

Under the rule of passivity a "leak" s a gift from the powerful. Only rarely s it "an example of a reporter's persis- tence and skill," as William S. White noted in these pages more than thirty years ago. "Exclusives" are less a sign of enterprise than of passive service to the powerful. When Reagan's State Department wanted to turn its latest policy line into news, department officials would make it an "exclusive" for Bernard Gwertzman of the *New York Times*, former State Department spokesman John Hughes recently recalled in the pages of *TV Guide*. Hughes could then count on "television's follow-up during the day," since TV news reporters commonly used the *Times* reporter as *their* source, knowing that he was the trusted vessel of the highest officials. It is a bitter irony of source journalism that the most esteemed journalists are precisely the most servile. For it is by making themselves useful to the powerful that they gain access to the "best" sources.



So passive is the press that even seemingly bold "adversarial" stories often have the sanction of the highest officials. In December 1982, *Time* questioned President Reagan's queer mental equipment in a cover story entitled "How Reagan Decides." This was the first such story given prominence in a major news outlet. Yet the story's source, it turned out, was none other than the President's own White House aides, who thought it would help them club Reagan awake. Without White House approval the story would never have run, as the *Time* editor involved, Steve Smith, told the inquisitive Hertsgaard. Five months later, with an economic summit conference scheduled for Colonial Williamsburg, the same White House aides set about repairing any damage to Reagan's image they might have inflicted in December. To make sure that the President's fictive competence would be the media's line at the conference, Reagan aide Michael Deaver invited Hedrick Smith, a star reporter at the *Times*, to lunch at the White House in order to press home the point. This kind of source journalism is almost irresistible to a reporter. As Wicker tells us with admirable candor, "I regret... to say I have on too many occasions responded like one of Pavlov's dogs when summoned to the august presence of a White House official; whatever information he had for me, I usually grabbed and ran," knowing full well that it was almost certain to be "a self-serving bill of goods." Hedrick Smith, author of *The Power Game*, did likewise. "A few days later the *Times* ran a page-one story on President Reagan's vigorous preparations for the summit," the *Wall Street Journal* reported. "But the real payoff was how Mr. Smith's piece set the tone for the television networks' coverage of the summit. All of the TV broadcasts conveyed the image of a President firmly in charge." As Lyndon Johnson once remarked, "There is no such thing as an objective news story. There is always a private story behind the public story."

While serving as Reagan's treasury secretary, James Baker promoted Third World debt policies that were profitable to himself. Yet that gross impropriety, though part of the public record, went completely unnoticed by the press for nearly two years, and continued unnoticed while the Senate was ostensibly examining Baker's appointment as secretary of state. The new secretary had no sooner entered

lustration by David Suter

Cricket
the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .
children just like yours!



"The literary magazine for children, this monthly has no living peers. Unfortunate indeed are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET."
-BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT ISSUE TRIAL subscription. **Send no money.** We will bill you later. Save over $10.00 off the regular twelve-issue price. Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below!

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

1-800-435-6850 (in IL, 1-800-892-6831)
CRICKET, Dept. H5
P.O. Box 300, Peru, Illinois 61354

AND ON THE EIGHTH DAY, WE BULLDOZED IT.



Worldwide, fifty thousand acres of rainforest will be destroyed today. Paradise lost at horrendous cost of half the species left on earth. To ensure their survival, we must act now. Learn how by writing us.

RAINFOREST ACTION NETWORK
300 BROADWAY, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94133

upon his duties, however, when "someone in the administration"—White House counsel C. Boyden Gray, as it turned out—peached on Baker to the press, thereby turning the newsworthy into news. For some reason one of President Bush's White House henchmen had used the press to humiliate the President's most powerful adviser. That was the private story, now becoming public, seen darkly through the looking glass of news.

The private story behind our national news is usually found in Congress. The powerful sources seen darkly through the glass of news are congressional leaders telling the press what to think and say about anything that happens in the capital and anyone who matters in the capital—excluding themselves. "This is a well-known 'secret' in the press corps: *Washington news is funneled through Capitol Hill,*" notes Hess, rightly italicizing a secret well worth knowing: that congressional leaders make and unmake the nation's news.

As long as Congress made aid to El Salvador contingent on improvement in human rights, Salvadoran death squads and political crimes were news in America. To keep well supplied, the *Times* put a local investigative reporter on its staff. As soon as Congress lost interest in El Salvador, in 1982, the murderous regime virtually ceased to be news; the *Times* investigative reporter—Raymond Bonner—was promptly replaced by a reporter more amenable to the new congressional line.

For some years evidence of Pentagon waste and corruption had been available to the press in the uncommonly graphic form of $660 ashtrays and $7,622 coffeepots. Yet this well-documented information lay in a sort of journalistic limbo until mid-September 1984, when certain political leaders held a well-orchestrated Senate hearing on Pentagon waste. Thus licensed as news, outrageous ashtrays became common knowledge and struck home with extraordinary force. The entire country was so enthralled and appalled that the wanton arms buildup stood in political peril. Something had to be done to stanch the flow of enlightening news. At t urgent request of congressional lea ers (frightened perhaps of their ov temerity), President Reagan tablished in mid-1985 a bipartis commission to take charge of inves gating Pentagon procurement. typical mock deference to lofty pre dential commissions—those bla holes in political space—Congr fell silent about defense corruptio No official source remained but t Pentagon soup kitchen, which ladl out no news of Pentagon malfeasanc Once again minus its congressio news license, Pentagon waste a corruption disappeared into journal tic limbo. On matters of public cons quence, it is not news editors but t powerful leaders of Congress who d cide what is news and how it will played.

Do we harbor a clear and distin impression about national affair Quite likely it comes from congr sional leaders. "To a large extent, t reputations of Presidents and their t political appointees—cabinet me bers, agency heads, etc.—are made broken on Capitol Hill," Broder not in his memoirs. The "news" that Pre dent Carter failed to "consult wi congressional leaders" came to from congressional leaders. (T truth of the matter was quite anoth story.) Similarly, the prepostero "news" that President Bush was ha lessly "adrift" six weeks after his ina guration was whispered to reporters congressional Democrats and "Repu lican insiders"—leading politicians both parties. That is surely Her gaard's "power to define reality," a just as surely, that power is not in t hands of a passive press and its sourc bound reporters. The myth of med power is nothing more than a politic orthodoxy that conveniently mas the purloined truth: the profession politicians of Washington quietly shap our national news to suit their int ests. It should not come as a surpri that an orthodoxy so useful to t powerful (not to mention flatteri to the press) has achiev the prominence it has.

The passivity of the press is co monly—and mistakenly—call "objectivity," the ruling principle

merican journalism ever since
orld War I put an end to the Pro-
essive revolt against oligarchy, mo-
poly, and privilege. The code of
bjective journalism" is simplicity it-
lf. In writing a news story a reporter
forbidden to comment on his own,
draw inferences on his own, or ar-
nge facts too suggestively on his
vn. Yet even in the most "objec-
ve" story, as Wicker notes, nothing
n be said "unless some official-
ough spokesman could be found to
y so."

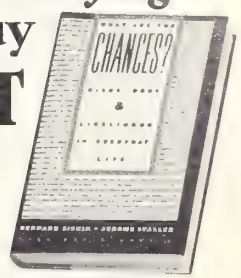
In 1984, the President and Con-
ess were in agreement that a large
ter turnout in El Salvador's presi-
ntial election would prove that "a
ep toward democracy" (as the *New*
rk Times would later characterize it)
d been made, justifying massive aid
the ruling faction. The turnout
oved large; the results were hailed
d Congress voted increased military
d at once. In the vast farrago of El
lvador news one fact was missing:
ting in El Salvador is compulsory.
hat rule of objectivity kept the
merican press from telling us the
mple, salient, objective fact that
ve the lie to the whole futile policy?
one.

On February 25, 1986, the *New*
rk Times reported, a presidential
nel investigating the crash of the
ace shuttle *Challenger* proved in-
pable of explaining "the cause of
e National Aeronautics and Space
dministration's apparent insistence
at the liftoff proceed on Jan. 28."
ccording to the *Times*, the panel
as baffled by NASA's "changed phi-
sophy" of launch safety and puzzled
y its sudden decision to put engineers
n the position of proving it was un-
fe [to launch], instead of the other
ay around." What went unmen-
oned in the *Times* story of official
fflement was a fact formerly known
all—that on the night of the ill-
ted launch President Reagan had
lanned to deliver a State of the
nion paean to "America moving
head" (in the words of a Reagan aide
xplaining why the speech was post-
oned). What rule of objectivity re-
uired the *Times* to omit mention of
is "coincidence" and so shield its
eaders from the blatant dithering of a
residential panel? None, of course.

There is no public information more objective than an official government document, yet "few Washington news operations have their own facilities for serious documents research," notes Hess. Even when there is time, there is a "shunning of documents research." What rule of objectivity accounts for the shunning of unimpeachably objective sources? None, yet even the most newsworthy documents disappear into journalistic oblivion at the mere behest of the powerful. On February 26, 1987, Reagan's "special review board," known as the Tower Commission, issued its long-awaited report on the Iran-*contra* scandal. An hour's reading revealed a president obsessively concerned with, and intensely curious about, Iran-*contra* matters, and determined to keep those matters in the hands of close personal advisers. To the press, however, the three members of the commission said exactly the opposite. In public statements, interviews, television appearances, and private meetings with leading editors, they insisted that Reagan was victimized by a "management style" that kept him in complete ignorance of everything blameworthy. That disgraceful lie, which in effect accused the President of his own defense, was endorsed at once by Democratic leaders and duly became the day's news, as if the report had never been written. When the Iran-*contra* committees of Congress issued *their* report on the scandal, congressional leaders told the press at once that the whole sordid chapter was closed. The press did as instructed and closed the books at once on the most extraordinary abuse of power in presidential history. The report itself was ignored; a wealth of newsworthy information, impeccably "sourced," sank into journalistic limbo. The report termed Reagan's private war against Nicaragua "a flagrant violation of the Appropriations Clause of the Constitution," but that grave charge, worthy of blazing headlines, was scarcely noticed in the press and ignored entirely by the *Times*. What rule of journalism dictates such base servility to the powerful? No rule save the rule of the whip, which political power cracks over the press's head.

Odds are, you'll be hit by lightning long before you'll be kidnapped by terrorists.

So stop worrying
and buy
WHAT ARE THE CHANCES?



Risks, Odds, and Likelihood in Everyday Life
by BERNARD SISKIN and JEROME STALLER with David Rorvik

$16.95, *now at your bookstore*
The CROWN PUBLISHING GROUP
225 Park Ave South, NY, NY 10003

Want to brush up on a foreign language?



With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

CALL 1-800-243-1234 FOR FREE 32-PAGE CATALOG, OR WRITE:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room C723, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453 9794

"Aggressive challenges to the official version of things" arouse what Wicker calls "Establishment disapproval" and bring down the Establishment lash: "lost access, complaints to editors and publishers, social penalties, leaks to competitors, a variety of responses no one wants." "To examine critically the institutions and mores of government," notes Leonard Downie Jr., managing editor of the *Washington Post,* "might mean breaking friendships with trusted government contacts, missing the consensus front-page stories everyone else is after, or failing to be followed down a new path of inquiry." Punishments need not be draconian. "Manipulating access," says Wicker, "is the most standard means of stroking and threatening, and by all odds the most effective, even against bold and independent reporters." If draconian methods are needed, political leaders do not scruple to use them. When Halberstam's Vietnam reporting for the *Times* angered President Kennedy, his White House henchmen whispered to Wicker "the slander that Halberstam was a Saigon bar-hopper who had never been to the front." Twenty years later, Robert Parry's Central America reporting for the Associated Press ran afoul of Reagan's State Department, which launched a whisper campaign against him, accusing Parry of being a Sandinista sympathizer disguised as a journalist.

Self-serving politicians bully and threaten the publishers' employees, hinder their work, and weaken their stories, yet almost no audible protest comes from the "super-rich and powerful businessmen who ultimately controlled the U.S. news media." Slandered by State Department hatchet men, Parry discovered that, as he told Hertsgaard, "if you don't succumb to all that, you get the line from your editors that maybe they should take you off the story, since you seem to be pursuing a political agenda. When the government attacks you, even your colleagues begin to doubt your credibility." Assigned by the A.P. to the Pentagon beat in the 1960s, a young reporter named Seymour Hersh sidestepped its informational soup kitchen, found his own high-ranking official sources, and duly infuriated Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester, master of the soup kitchen at the time. Sylvester phoned Hersh's boss to complain about the "little ferret," as he was known in the Pentagon, and out went the inquisitive Hersh. The fact that his stories were impeccably "objective," that A.P.'s member newspapers had been pleased to publish them, meant absolutely nothing. The Pentagon had spoken, and A.P. obeyed. The obligation of a free press to "act as a check on the power of government" is checked instead by the power of government.

Fearful of losing access, "beat reporters must often practice self-censorship," notes Gans, "keeping their most sensational stories to themselves." Fearful of offending the masters of the soup kitchens, they "have little contact with an agency's adversaries." Servile by need, Washington reporters all too often become servile in spirit, like prisoners who come to side with their jailers. "You begin to understand," as I. F. Stone once put it, "that there are certain things the people ought not to know." For nearly twenty years reporters covered the FBI beat without reporting that the bureau was engaged in massive domestic spying under the transparent guise of "counterintelligence." For ten years reporters covered the CIA without reporting on the agency's own illicit domestic spying operation, although they surely had wind of it. For the "myopia of a Washington political beat," says Broder, "there is no sure antidote." Were the power of the media anything more than a shabby fiction, there might be some hope. In fact, there is none.

The political whip that falls on reporters also falls on the media "powers that be." The publisher or broadcaster who allows his reporter to delve into the forbidden mores of government or to challenge the official version of things by making "controversial charges . . . quoting unidentified sources," says Wicker, "is likely to be denounced for 'irresponsibility.'" His patriotism may be questioned, his advertisers roused against him. He can be held up to public contumely as a prime example of unelected elitist power, with wh effect on profits the "powers that b do not wait to find out. "All t many of [them] are fundamenta businessmen," says Wicker, and not ing scares more easily than a billi dollars.

After President Nixon assailed t *Times* for publishing the Pentagon P pers, "the nation's most influent newspaper," as Rusher calls it, grew frightened that "we bent over bac wards trying to cultivate Nixon," the words of Max Frankel, now t executive editor of the newspap After the Reagan White House pu licly scolded CBS for its vivid prim time documentary on the plight of t poor in 1982, "CBS News manag ment," reports Hertsgaard, "beg pressing journalists . . . to tone do criticism of President Reagan."

CBS was the protagonist, too, one of the most telltale stories of p litical power and the national ne media. On October 27, 1972, C News carried a fourteen-minute s vey of the Watergate scandal as stood after four months of brilliant vestigative reporting by the *Washi ton Post,* which had dared treat t break-in as a crime to be solved, ev *without official approval.* Elsewhere the media, however, the story h been "bottled up," notes Halbe stam in his account of the episo The rest of the press treated it as m partisan bickering; the *Times,* for part, was still "bending over bac wards." Now, millions of CBS vie ers heard Walter Cronkite describe detail "charges of a high-level ca paign of political sabotage and esp nage apparently unparalleled American history." A second insta ment on laundered money was sche uled to follow. At the White Hous a coarse-minded scoundrel nam Charles Colson was in charge of i timidating the press for the Presider The day after the broadcast he te phoned the great power-that-be W liam S. Paley, board chairman CBS, to hector and berate him. Paley did not stop the second p gram, warned Colson, CBS would stripped of the licenses to operate five lucrative television stations. frightened Paley tried his best to ca out the White House order. His nev

ple, to their credit, resisted, and a
ıpromise was reached: the second
w was cut nearly in half and sub-
ıtially weakened.
That was not compliant enough for
White House, however. A few
s after Nixon's re-election, Colson
ed up Paley's longtime lieutenant,
nk Stanton, to issue a still more
eping threat: If CBS persisted in
adcasting hostile news about the
sident, the White House would
ı CBS on Wall Street and Madison
enue. "We'll break your network,"
l tyranny's little henchman. Stan-
suppressed his rage. Paley, deeply
amed, told no one of Colson's
eats. Why didn't these two media
gnates turn those threats into
ws? What else is a free press for if
to help a free people hold the
werful to account? Yet here was a
sident grossly abusing the power of
office (which was newsworthy in
lf) in order to censor the news
hich was doubly newsworthy) so
ıt the electorate might not hold
n accountable at the polls—which
s newsworthy three times over.
In John Adams's thunderous
rds, a free people has "an indisput-
e, unalienable, indefeasible, di-
ıe right to that most dreaded and
vied kind of knowledge, I mean, of
e characters and conduct of their
ers." Now a ruler was subverting
r inalienable right to dreaded
owledge of him. Surely that was
wsworthy, yet it didn't become
ws. It rarely does. The news media
America do not tell the American
ople that a political whip hangs
er their head. That is because a po-
ical whip hangs over their head.
"The Washington politician's view
what is going on in the United
ates has been substituted for what is
tually happening in the country,"
mer president of the A.P., Wes
llagher, pointed out in the mid-
70s, a time when the press enjoyed
brief hour of post-Watergate free-
ss. And why would Washington
oliticians want us to know that our
ıowledge of them comes from them?
ıat is the kind of knowledge that
vakens a sleeping people, that dis-
lves political myths and penetrates
olitical disguises. To keep all such
eaded knowledge from the rest

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Israel and the Media

Are current events in Israel getting fair coverage?

In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israel conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that . . .during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of teenage boys throwing rocks at Israeli soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. T.V. interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unremitting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ H/22

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

of us is the "information policy" of those who rule us. And so it is we hear, from the left as well as the right, the steady drone about media power.

From the "frightening information policy" to the impeachable offenses documented in the shunned Iran-*contra* report, the private story behind every major non-story during the Reagan administration was the Democrats' tacit alliance with Reagan. It is this complicity, and not the Reagan administration's deft "management" of the news we hear so much about, that explains the press's supineness during the Reagan years. As usual, it was Congress that was managing the news.

"It was very hard to write stories raising questions about Reagan's policy, because the Democrats weren't playing the role of an opposition party," said A.P.'s Parry, explaining to Hertsgaard why the press seemed to be "on bended knee" during the Reagan years. Congress, said Leslie Stahl of CBS News, "has not been a source for the press in the whole Reagan administration. They don't want to criticize this beloved man." Even good stories fell flat, said Jonathan Kwitny, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter at the time, because "there is no opposition within the political system." When the *Times*, to its credit, reported on August 8, 1985, that White House aides were giving "direct military advice" to the President's private *contra* army, Reagan replied at a press conference that "we're not violating any laws." Democratic leaders asked the President's national security adviser, Robert McFarlane (later convicted for his answer), whether the President was lying, after which they assured the press there was nothing to the report. And for many months one of the most momentous stories of our time "just went nowhere," as Larry Speakes, Reagan's press secretary, boasted to Hertsgaard.

Even stories with eminent sources "just went nowhere" during the Reagan administration, because the political leadership in Congress, unwilling to challenge the President, refused to license them. For nearly six years New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan charged in numerous speeches and Op-Ed articles that our present paralyzing budget deficits were deliberately created by President Reagan and his faction. By slashing taxes (not to mention doubling military spending), they planned from the start to "create a fiscal crisis," Moynihan said, and use that crisis to force the country against its will to reduce "social spending" for years to come. The indictment was truly grave: an American president conspiring to deceive the American people in order to achieve goals he would never have dared avow. The would-be source was impeccable: a prominent senator, respected, reflective, and uncommonly eloquent. Yet Moynihan's indictment never became news, not even in the spring of 1986, when David Stockman's astonishing memoirs substantiated that indictment in dense and vivid detail. Instead of turning the former budget director's memoirs into momentous news, Washington's press corps attacked Stockman for writing them. "In all this torrent of comment about the book," noted James Reston of the *Times*, "there is very little analysis of his indictment of the methods and men who are still deciding the nation's policies." The press fled from the story, Moynihan said, because "the political class cannot handle this subject." Against a political establishment resolved to keep dreaded knowledge from the country, not even an eminent senator can make that knowledge news on his own.

For eight years the Democratic opposition had shielded from the public a feckless, lawless president with an appalling appetite for private power. That was *the* story of the Reagan years, and Washington journalists evidently knew it. Yet they never turned the collusive politics of the Democratic party into news. Slavishly in thrall to the powerful, incapable of enlightening the ruled without the consent of the rulers, the working press, the "star" reporters, the pundits, the sages, the columnists passed on to us, instead, the Democrats' mendacious drivel about the President's "Teflon shield." For eight years we saw the effects of a bipartisan political class in action, but the press did not show us that political class acting, exercising its collective power, mak things happen, contriving the app ances that were reporte news. It rarely does.

On May 8, 1969, the *Times* ported, none too conspicuou that President Nixon was bombi neutral country in Southeast A (Cambodia) and making elaborat forts to conceal the fact from American people. The Democr Congress ignored the story comp ly, and without a congressional license, perforce, it "dropped ou sight," as Wicker notes. The e party establishment had tacitly ra around a president who harbored gerous ambitions. That was what happened, but it wasn't news. Ins of revealing a would-be tyrant in White House and his congressi allies, the news showed the Amer people nothing. Think of it: noth Our divine right to dreaded kn edge of our rulers, far from being i feasible, could scarcely have been to exist.

Three and a half years later, same congressional leaders decide delve into the Watergate scandal most certainly to check Nixon's reening ambitions. Yet how m Americans know that a bipart political establishment had actu made such a decision, wise and dent though it was? All too few. many Americans believe that an perial press" had taken it upon itse drive a president from office? All many. And how many Ameri have the faintest idea that "the e est and most serious blow to Car credibility," as Broder recently called, "came from the way De crats in Congress had describe reporters their early disillusionm with the President"? The *fac* Democratic hostility would have b dreaded knowledge, indeed, in 1 an "outsider" president, newly i gurated, is assailed at once by his party's "insiders." But that, too, er became news. Instead, the pres ported the hostile jibes of Democr leaders as if they were impartial j ments rather than blows struck political struggle. The "insiders" p ably altered the course of our hist but thanks to a servile and subjug

ess, we scarcely knew they existed. So it has continued day after day, cade after decade. Our rulers make e news, but they do not appear in e news, not as they really are—not a political class, a governing estab-ıment, a body of leaders with great d pervasive powers, with deep, of-ı dark, ambitions. In the American ublic the fact of oligarchy is the ost dreaded knowledge of all, and r news keeps that knowledge from By their subjugation of the press, e political powers in America have nferred on themselves the greatest political blessings—Gyges' ring of visibility. And they have left the nerican people more deeply baffled their own country's politics than y people on earth. Our public realm s steeped in twilight, and we call at twilight news. ■

---

y Index Sources

Marttila & Kiley (Boston)–Market Opin-ı Research (Detroit); 3 N.Y. State Division the Lottery (Albany)/N.Y. State Board of ctions (Albany); 4,5 Center for Media and blic Affairs (Washington); 6 Essential Infor-ation (Washington); 7,8 Americans Talk curity (Winchester, Mass.); 9 South East aska Conservation Council (Washington); ,11 Scripps Institution of Oceanography, niv. of Calif. (San Diego, Calif.); 12 Zen-lstelle für Recht und Schutz der Kriegs-enstverweigerer aus Gewissensgründen remen, West Germany); 13 World Re-ırces Institute (Washington); 14 Honda I.Y.C.), Nissan (Carson, Calif.), Toyota okyo); 15 Chrysler (Highland Park, Mich.), rd (Dearborn, Mich.), General Motors (De-oit); 16,17 Sibson & Co. (N.Y.C.); 18 .T. Grimm & Co. (Schaumburg, Ill.); 19 ı Pont (Wilmington, Del.); 20 N.Y.C. Po-e Department; 21,22 Roper Org. (N.Y.C.); Nielsen Media Research (N.Y.C.); 24 John Stanton, St. Joseph's Univ. (Philadelphia); U.S. Dept. of Transportation; 26 U.S. ept. of Energy; 27 Senate Foreign Relations ıbcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics, and ternat'l Operations; 28 Louis Harris & As-c. (N.Y.C.)–*Public Opinion* (Washington); Nat'l Safety Council (Chicago); 30 U.S. at'l Park Service; 31 Rep. Tom Keegan, outh Carolina House of Representatives (Co-mbia); 32 Suntan Lotion Application Sys-ms (New Castle, Delaware); 33 *Wall Street urnal* (N.Y.C.); 34 Smithsonian Institution Washington); 35 U.S. FDA/*Harper's* re-arch; 36 Paul Lachance, Rutgers Univ. New Brunswick, N.J.); 37 Priority Manage-ent Pittsburgh; 38 Chicago City Hall; 39 xford Univ. Press (N.Y.C.); 40 World Book ncyclopedia (Chicago).



The Trustees and Staff of Working Assets Money Fund

WE MAY BE THE TOP DISCRIMINATORS IN THE U.S.

That's because we run the largest socially responsible money market fund in the U.S.–meaning we don't invest our shareholders' money in companies with a history of job discrimination.

Instead, we actively seek out those which have affirmative action programs.

This takes a lot of painstaking research, but we're very discriminating on behalf of our shareholders' principles.

To Find Out What Other Principles Keep Our Fund "Socially Responsible," Call this Toll-Free Number.

1-800-533-3863

You might share them too.

WORKING ASSETS MONEY FUND

THE LARGEST SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE MONEY MARKET FUND IN THE U.S.

Distributed by Working Assets Limited Partnership $1000 Minimum

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1195** E967 for the *MultiBand Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196** E967. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty

since 1967

haverhills

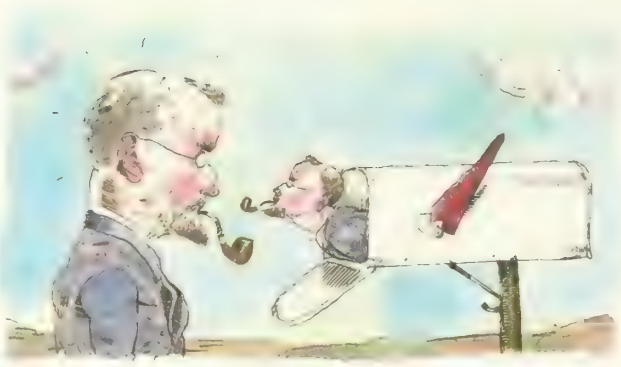
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

WHAT SORT OF CAR-RT-SORT AM I?

Junk mail and the search for self

By Erik Larson

I get a lot of junk mail. Like most of my friends, I throw most of the letters away unopened. I do save the catalogues, however; I pass them to my wife, who no doubt is one of the mainstays of the $21 billion junk-mail industry—"direct mail," as its practitioners prefer. My wife brings catalogues to bed with her at night. She is also a doctor, and people with causes to advance and gadgets to sell like doctors. For every piece of mail I get, she gets ten. Somewhere, I imagine, a mountain has been deforested just for her.



Together, she and I have been rented, matched, merged, purged, "deduped," stockpiled, downloaded, parsed, and sorted—by zip, carrier route, carrier walk, and zip-plus-four. (Next time you see "car-rt-sort" on your bulk-rate mail, know this: Whoever sent it got a postal discount by sorting it by carrier route, a hunk of postal geography smaller than a zip-code zone.) We've been scavenged by data pickers who sifted through our driving records and auto registrations, our deed and our mortgage, in search of what direct mailers see as the keys to our identities: our sexes, ages, the ages of our cars, the equity we hold in our home. The scavengers record this data in central computers, which, in turn, merge it with other streams of revelatory data collected from other sources—the types of magazines we subscribe to, the organizations we support, how much credit we've got left—and then spit it all out (for a price) to virtually anyone who wants it. The information eventually makes its way to the country's dozen or so largest data banks, electromagnetic colossi maintained by companies that serve the direct-mail industry.

I feel so cheap, so used.

The direct-mail industry in America has quietly built itself an immense, private intelligence network in which nearly each and every one of us now resides. The biggest companies know a lot about us, and they're getting to know us even better. Lists are the raw materials. There are "compiled" lists built of records bought wholesale from state governments or built piece by piece by the scavengers. There are "response" lists created whenever people subscribe to ma azines, order produc through the mail, or answ consumer surveys. Adve tisers can rent lists that t what car you bought, whet er you like dried fruit a nuts, whether you have kid, whether you or your w is pregnant.

Individually, these lis are mostly harmless. So wh if strangers know I subscri to *Country Living*? Within the last fi years, however, advanced "merg purge" software has given the da collectors the power to layer list up list, cheaply and quickly, and ther by—if they wish—to turn lean li into thick dossiers. Suppose my na appears on 100 lists (a conservati estimate, by the way). The data these lists, if merged, would form kind of "me," a character with opi ions, traits, an entire personali defined by what I've registere signed—and especially what I've p chased.

Moreover, a recent surge of merg among data companies and their dat bases is yielding still richer profiles consumers. Last summer, for exa ple, R. L. Polk & Co., a huge da compiler in Detroit, acquired Natio al Demographics & Lifestyles Denver—a company that, with t help of the brief questionnaires th come along with the warranty mate als in new radios, TVs, and other s

Erik Larson's article about microwave ovens, "Brave New Foods," appeared in the May 1988 issue of Harper's Magazine.

Illustration by Barry B

ed consumer durables, has built a abase listing the hobbies and pas- ns of 20 million American consum-

More disquieting, however, is the ry of TRW and Equifax, the na- n's largest credit bureaus, into di- t mail. They provide the mailers h lists derived from credit files— s previously available only for poses of evaluating a consumer's ditworthiness.

The number of people now collect- and processed is staggering. TRW ps monthly tabs on 143 million sumers, or roughly 80 percent of consumers over the age of eigh- n. Donnelley Marketing of Stam- l, Connecticut, tracks 80 million seholds—90 percent of all house- ds in the country. Donnelley iches this database by mailing rketing surveys to 30 million seholds at a time, ten times a year. e survey questions can get person- One example from a recent mail- : "How many times, if any, did you dicate for diarrhea in the past r?"

The keepers of big data say they do or the consumer's benefit. But data e a way of being used for purposes er than originally intended. In 34—I mean, really, of all years— Selective Service System used a rell's Ice Cream list it had rented contact young men as they came of ft age. (The list was made up of the nes of children who, in registering an ice-cream promotion, had writ- down their birth dates.) Also in 34, the IRS tried using mailing lists track down tax evaders. It ap- ached Donnelley Marketing and o other data giants, but they re- ed, arguing such use would invade ople's privacy. (An IRS official, wever, told me one loyal American broker, Dunhill of Washington, l supply the names and where- outs of 2 million people.)

Could darker scenarios develop? Or uld I just be paranoid? Did you ow that advertisers can rent lists of mes of men who are gay? That there lists that single out blacks and His- nics? And what is your first reaction en I tell you that A.B. Data Ltd., Milwaukee, specializes in collect- g the names of Jews? Two or three es a year it runs the entire popula- tion through a program it devised that selects the surnames of people statistically most likely to be Jews. Anyone named Aaroni has a 100 percent chance of being Jewish; anyone named Ronald Reagan, only a 1 percent chance. A.B. does a brisk commerce in Jewish names. Avram Lyon, A.B.'s vice president, noted when I spoke with him that Jews read books; have tended to be generous to charitable causes; and, he added, "they're well-to-do, highly assimilated. They have a lot of disposable cash." I asked if A.B. had ever received inquiries from fundamentalist types bent on direct-mail evangelism. Yes, Lyon said, there had been inquiries, but the company turned them down.

My uneasiness about the magnitude of information collected by direct mailers led me to this question: Who wants *me*? On whose lists do I reside? I set out recently to find out, to collect the tiles of my personal mosaic from far-flung computers, trace my direct mail to its sources, have myself profiled, mapped, and clustered. Just who—out there, in the universe of direct mail—do they think I am?

I began the search for my direct-mail self on the top floor of the Clarence Mitchell, Jr., Courthouse, in Baltimore. Here, in a mundane room of ochre walls and brown tile, my mail life begins. In microfilm files 1611-278 and 1611-281, there are details stored that I would not tell a friend, let alone a stranger—what I paid for my house, the amount I borrowed to buy it, and how much I was able to scrape together for the down payment. If this information simply remained at the courthouse, it would be one thing. It doesn't. Anyone can collect it and sell it. One day last year data prospectors from Rufus S. Lusk & Son got their hands on it.

Lusk operates primarily in Maryland, Virginia, and Washington, D.C., collecting exact home-equity and property-tax information, indexing it, then selling it to realtors, landscapers, interior decorators—anyone who stands to profit when someone buys a home. If you work for Lusk, you spend lots of time in rooms with ochre walls.

"It's all public information," Carol Stewart assured me. She is vice president in charge of Lusk's branch in Timonium, Maryland, where I visited with her (her office happens to have ochre walls). To test her conviction, I asked to see the real estate records of Kurt L. Schmoke, Baltimore's mayor. No doubt it would have taken me hours of prodding to get the mayor's address from his press office, let alone the amount of his mortgage. But there it all was, right on the screen of Stewart's microfiche viewer: 3320 Sequoia Avenue, zip 21215. Owner-occupied. Single-family dwelling. Acquired November 1983 for $125,000, with a $112,500 mortgage from Yorkridge-Calvert Savings and Loan. He pays $3,553.36 in annual state and local property taxes.

My heart leapt.

I asked to see the records on my own home, and these too appeared. Of far more interest to me, however, were the adjacent entries, the homes of my neighbors. Ah, Richard and Carol, Fred and Betsy, Nancy, Margaret! I know a few things you don't know I know.

Seeing my name there, toiling in its own small way to help Lusk make a profit, gave me an odd feeling. My affairs were being monitored, yet I knew nothing about it. Who else was watching?

That afternoon, I called the Maryland Motor Vehicle Administration, to see what it might have on me. I was steered to Ed Seidel, a public-information officer who was happy to be of help, and who is himself fed up with the amount of information one has to give up these days. (When paying with a credit card, he won't give out his phone number!) The state keeps two "headers" on me, he said: one containing my registration and title information, the other my license and driving record. Both are available to anyone who wants to see them, and both are collected routinely in national sweeps by private companies (for example, by R. L. Polk). Both headers, of course, were available to me as well. Seidel told me to give him my license number. As I read each digit, he called it out to a woman somewhere nearby. A printer whined at me through the earpiece of my

phone. "I hope there's nothing embarrassing there," I said.

"Embarrassing?" Seidel said. He chuckled. "You don't know embarrassing. Sometimes the list is as tall as my boss."

What can be gleaned from this? My address, of course. And the vital statistics of me and my car. I am thirty-five years old, stand six one, and weigh 180 pounds. I drive a 1984—that year again!—Honda Civic Sedan, plate number WGN103. My car weighs 3,700 pounds.

"It also includes an indication if anything's been flagged," Seidel said. "Which yours has."

He paused for effect. "You've got a little parking ticket for L2715388, city of Baltimore."

"I paid that," I said, perhaps too quickly.

Not only am I on file, of course; I'm on lists, countless lists. So are you. These lists, in turn, are sold or swapped to others who want to reach you through the mail. You subscribe, give, buy—and your name is put on the lists of those you've subscribed to, given to, bought from. These lists can tell worlds about your hopes and fears. An outfit called the Bureau of Protective Analysis markets the names of its 22,000 members. These people pay an annual fee, send off their urine, and in return get quarterly urinalysis reports so they can keep tabs on what the bureau calls the "eighteen potential trouble spots."

No one is spared a list life, not even subscribers to the *New Yorker*. The magazine began marketing its readers for the first time last year. Catalogue companies, magazines, causes, and concerns can rent the list for $90 per 1,000 names. The magazine expressly bars its use, however, for such crass endeavors as sweepstakes, real estate offers, politics, and fund-raising. (*Harper's Magazine*, too, rents its subscriber list.)

We get listed at earlier and earlier ages. *Sesame Street* magazine rents its subscriber list. So do *Snoopy Magazine* and *Mickey Mouse* magazine. Hasbro Toys peddles the 454,427 names of individuals who sent in proof-of-purchase labels to get a rebate on My Little Pony games, Jem Doll cassettes, and G.I. Joe figurines. Recently, the mail brought the Right Start Catalog, a kind of Sharper Image for babies. It beat the baby home by a month.

Often list owners are reluctant to say how they acquired the names on their lists. I phoned Globe Life and Accident Insurance Co., in Oklahoma City, and asked Cynthia Cooke, list manager there, how she got my name—and, for that matter, how she knew I was a father. (I had received one of the 50 million direct-mail solicitations Globe posts every year.)

"I can't give that to you," she said.

I was ready with an argument of awesome, primitive power. "Why not?" I asked. "It's my name."

She laughed. "We have agreements with other people that we won't disclose that. And even if we didn't, we look upon that as proprietary information. We paid for the use of it, and—it's hard to be delicate about this—it's our business."

I was able to piece together a few trails, however. Here's my favorite, involving not me but my wife. Although she's a voracious consumer, she generally shuns politics. Little did she know she'd wind up in the thick of it—just by ordering, by mail, a package of frozen beef from Omaha Steaks. Omaha Steaks rented her to the G.O.P. Victory Fund of the National Republican Congressional Committee and on a separate occasion to the National Security Political Action Committee. Each committee tapped the list on its own, without first trading notes. Is there some affinity then between Republicans and red meat? "I think that's an absurd statement," said Elizabeth Fediay, chair of the National Security PAC, when I phoned her. "At some point someone probably assessed that this list has been successful with political fund-raising and political activism."

"The moment of truth," Doug Anderson, a vice president of Claritas Corporation, in Alexandria, Virginia, was saying. Anderson and I were sitting at a computer in a glass-enclosed room just off the company's sleek blue-gray lobby. Claritas, Latin for "clarity," is a target-marketing company, and Anderson had just entered my current zip code into the computer. I also entrusted him with two other chunks of my life—the zip I had when I lived in San Francisco and the zip I grew up with on Long Island. I was about to learn what kind of guy I am, what kind of guy I've been.

Claritas was founded by Jonathan Robbin, a man who delights in discovering correlations between seemingly unrelated behaviors. (For example, he now knows that people who listen to religious radio don't eat salted nuts. Robbin pioneered the technique of blending census data, market research, and millions of other survey and statistical records, and then analyzing the result to predict consumer behavior. Claritas broke the country into forty neighborhood types, gave each a catchy, evocative name ("Blue-Blood Estates," "Shotguns and Pickups," and "Tobacco Roads"), ranked them in order of affluence, and dubbed the system PRIZM, for Potential Rating Index for Zip Markets. The theory is that the Blue Bloods of California behave much like the Blue Bloods of New Jersey, although the former may have better tans.

"The whole idea is that you can now assign every neighborhood in the United States to one of these forty types," Robbin said. "These are not enclaves where people live at one phase of their lives, or are living because they share the same interests and needs as everybody else." In theory a direct-mail company can divide a list of its best customers into PRIZM clusters, determine which clusters yield the best response rates, and then target those clusters throughout the country.

Other companies have followed Claritas's lead. Donnelley, for example, offers ClusterPLUS. CACI International, a defense contractor and information-services company based in Arlington, Virginia, offers ACORN, A Classification of Residential Neighborhoods. ACORN can provide the longitude and latitude of a given residential area. Mine is latitude 39°20'15" and longitude 76°35'. Now even the Soviets can target my neighborhood.

But back to Doug Anderson at the terminal.

All right," he said. My current had bared itself on the screen. u've got a big mix of people here." cluster most heavily represented ay zip is "Downtown Dixie-Style," nscale souls ranked fifth from last erms of affluence. About 15 per- t occupy cluster 32, "Public As- ance." The bottom rung. (The nber assigned to each cluster does correspond to its affluence rank.) his was just the first step. For tar- marketers, the zip is obsolete. Too ad. Indeed, my zip showed ele- nts of thirteen different clusters. needed to get closer, so Anderson ed in the number of my block up, the smallest census division, sisting of an average of 340 house- ds. Not every household in Amer- gets assigned to a block group. In e rural areas, the Census Bureau ks people into "minor civil divi- ns."

n census-speak, I live in state 24, nty 510, census tract 902, block up 4. In PRIZM, that makes me a mber of cluster 27, "Levittown, .A."

he thrill of self-discovery. There things here I never knew about self: *I am an ice-hockey fan. I buy a ry ticket one or more times each k. I went bowling more than twenty- times last year. I belong to a union, all my own faucets, most often fre- nt pancake houses and doughnut os. I am not at all likely to chew tobac- r buy comedy tapes and records.*

Anderson now began to type in the ck groups of my past. How far I've en! In San Francisco, I belonged cluster 37, "Bohemian Mix," one ch higher on the affluence scale n Levittown. Those were heady es: *I traveled by railroad and bought o tapes. I drank malt liquor and im- ted brandy. I visited Europe and went our or more movies every ninety days. ank Pepsi Light. I did not own a chain , drive a pickup, or panel my own ls.*

Now, to the deep past. Take me k, Doug! State 36, county 59, cen- tract 4143.02, block group 5. eport, Long Island.

Cluster 27. Again. Levittown re- .

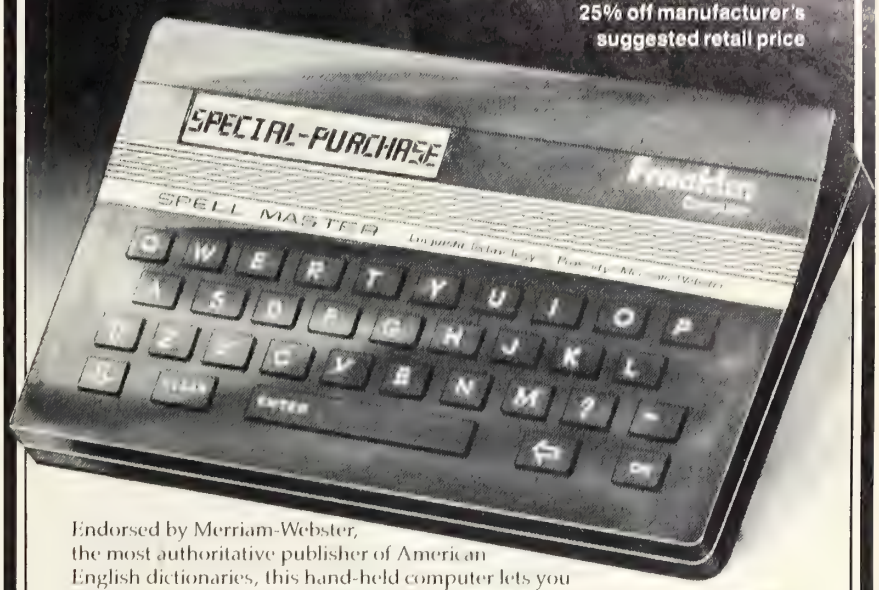
"You've really come full circle," bbin said. "From a family back to a

A Special Purchase

For A Limited Time Only . . . the Franklin Spellmaster™

only $59.95

25% off manufacturer's suggested retail price



Endorsed by Merriam-Webster, the most authoritative publisher of American English dictionaries, this hand-held computer lets you check the spelling of any one of 80,000 words (including abbreviations and proper names). It uses advanced linguistic spelling technology (by Proximity®) to phonetically check and correct spelling. If you spell a word correctly, the 4 MHz microprocessor confirms your spelling. If you spell the entry incorrectly, it will offer a list of correctly spelled alternatives. Scroll keys allow you to advance through the list so that you can quickly find the correctly-spelled word even if you have only entered the first two or three letters. It also corrects words that should be hyphenated.

Unlike models sold elsewhere with fewer features, this is Franklin's more powerful model SA 103. Some of its other features include:

- ***Plays games*** to challenge and stimulate vocabulary development:
  • Hangman • Anagrams • Scrabble® Word Builder • Jumble . . . and more
- ***Portability***— weighs only 8 ounces and is a compact 6¼" x 4" x 1" (carrying case included)
- ***Runs on 4 "AAA" batteries*** (included)
- ***Unconditionally Guaranteed***: Like every product we sell, your purchase of the Spellmaster is risk-free. You may return it to us at any time for a full refund with no questions asked.

Item number **32435DA**..... ~~$79.95~~ **NOW $59.95**
$2.95 shipping and handling—add sales tax in NY, IL, CA and OH.

Remember, this special offer will be available for a limited time only. To take advantage of this offering and obtain the Spellmaster at this special $20.00 savings, simply call our 24 hour toll-free number below.

call toll-free 1-800-543-3366

Visa, MasterCard and American Express accepted.

Hammacher Schlemmer

Offering the Best, the Only and the Unexpected for 141 Years

family. I mean, that's what I would suppose. Are you married with children?"

"Yes."

"That's it. You want your kids to live in a house. Do you live in a house?"

"Yes."

"But when you were in 'Bohemian Mix' you probably lived in an apartment, right?"

"Yes."

"I mean, look," Robbin said. "Is that easy to say, or is it not? I went through the same damn thing. I hated suburbia. I was brought up in a suburban area of New Jersey, a nice manicured little town called Summit. I *hated* it. I think I was assigned *Madame Bovary* about twenty times. I couldn't even find that book in a bookstore in Summit, New Jersey. Now, of course, it's different. It's upscale. Back then everybody was a troglodyte. And it was *dull*. It's odd that I now live in something very similar. I live in *Bethesda*. I've come full circle back to suburbia. I've never been able to escape it."

Here, set out in print for the first time, because I just made it up, is the First Law of Data Coalescence: Data must seek out and merge with other data. The shrinking cost of electronic computing and the advent of powerful list-enhancement software has triggered a wave of electromagnetic mergers. Data companies, and the data they collect, have merged in unprecedented volume over the past several years. The really momentous change, however, has been the entry of TRW and Equifax into target marketing. In 1985, both companies set up formal marketing divisions. Since then, both have aggressively acquired data and data companies, thereby enriching their already robust files. They've brought a powerful new tool to marketing: the ability to track monthly changes in virtually every consumer's financial behavior. But in transforming themselves from simple reporters to avid marketers, they've shaken a fragile compact between themselves and consumers.

I acquired my credit report from TRW for $5. I'd always imagined my report to be some kind of Deathstar in high elliptical orbit, periodically casting its shadow over my life.

What a letdown.

My report was a bland printout of credit lines, credit limits, and account balances, with columns of coded information telling whether I've paid my bills on time. The report did, however, give me a sense of the unfolding of my consumer life—there was my John Wanamaker's department store account from my two-year stay in Philadelphia; my account at Emporium Capwell in my "Bohemian Mix" days; and my account at Granat Brothers' San Francisco branch, the jewelry store where I paced the soft carpets for hours, agonizing over the right diamond for my wife's engagement ring.

Innocuous enough. But misleadingly innocuous. It's *how* the credit bureaus now use this information that gives it life, and gives one pause.

Neither TRW nor Equifax directly provides a marketer with credit reports. They instead compile lists of consumer names that reflect the credit data. L. L. Bean, for example, could request a list of all consumers who possess a bank card with $5,000 or more of available credit. (Neither company allows a search by specific brand of card.) TRW then searches its files and pulls a few million names. The company, however, won't return that list directly to Bean, but rather to a third-party printer, ostensibly to protect the privacy of consumers who fit the search criteria.

TRW also uses its credit files to build statistical models of consumers. Say L. L. Bean wants to know if those who do not respond to its catalogues have something in common. Bean gives TRW a list of those who did not respond; TRW finds those people in its files, pulls up all the credit, demographic, and auto-registration information it can on each one, and then tries to find the common thread that makes these people so recalcitrant.

TRW and Equifax don't need to scavenge for their credit data. It comes to them in a monthly monsoon, unbeckoned, from creditors who by agreement report to them every thirty days. This in turn allows the bureaus to detect when a consumer gets more credit, a new mortga
or experiences some other change
status—change being the stuff of m
keters' dreams. Change rejuvenates
consumers. The new house we
chase needs down comforters fr
the Company Store, an armoire fr
Conran's, a set of chairs from W
liams-Sonoma. Word that some lu
soul just got a new credit card can
the direct-mail world aflame. A ne
letter sent to me by Listworld
broker of credit-related lists in Hu
ville, Alabama, put it this way: "
holder of a new credit card is a per
target for just about everything."

When my mortgage compa
searched deep into my past, I reser
the intrusion but considered it
company's right. No law required
the company lend me $100,000.
wife and I allowed ourselves to
evaluated because we stood to
something valuable in return.

Now, however, without any ag
ment from me, marketing compa
can gain access to my credit histor
not to provide me with credit, bu
sell me something. TRW, for ex
ple, turned my wife and me ove
CPC Associates, a list compan
Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, wh
in turn rented us to American Ma
Co-Op in Plymouth, Minnes
which decided we were a "spe
family and offered us a peek at Wil
ness Resort, fifty-four miles ou
Washington, D.C. This special
ily didn't want a peek at Wilder
Resort. We threw the
out.

Is that what it all comes down
I simply don't like to open junk m
I hear some of you: Hey, you
like it, you throw it away. W
the harm? And you might
find something you want to buy
subscribe to, or support.

Well, then, if all this is so good
us consumers, why don't Equi
TRW, and the other data kee
drop us a little note candidly exp
ing the true extent to which the
our names: "We and a thousand
companies are going to approp
your name, match it, store it, re
swap it; we'll evaluate your geo
graphic profile, determine
ethnic heritage, calculate your

sity to consume. We'll track you the rest of your consuming life— h you baby toys when you're preg- t, condos when you're fifty."

Perhaps we could demand they get permission first, and insist on roy- es tied to the number of names in a n database. We could negotiate lusive licensing agreements and st on lifelong retainers. Think of some of those envelopes with cks peeking from those little plas- windows would actually contain l checks, not worthless look-alikes igned only to lure us inside.

The data keepers say we have noth- to fear, that they are scrupulous ut protecting our records. They st, too, that they have no use for siers on individuals, and use the ail available only to help target ad markets and to know the "hot tons" that make those markets ond.

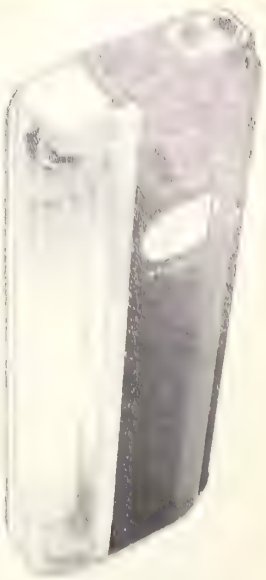
es. But the world changes. Events ur and movements swell that cause ple to sacrifice the rights of their rs. "The true danger," Edmund ke wrote, "is when liberty is nib- d away, for expedience and by ts." It is an interesting exercise to gine the big marketing databases to use in other times, other places, less trustworthy souls. What, for tance, might health insurers do h the subscription lists of gay pub- ations such as the *Advocate* and the *w York Native?*

f I am only uneasy, and not pan- ed, it is because I continue to har- faith that the direct mailers and ne harvesters don't really know at they're doing—at least not yet. ne still can't tell that my wife, who s by her maiden name, Gleason, is leed my wife—we get two copies of st of our direct mail. And there is ever growing list of catalogue com- ies that insist that one of us is eason Larson. I take comfort, too, knowing that *Mother Jones* and the nservative National Security PAC h seemed to feel my wife was wor- of their attention.

What delights me most, however, hat the folks at Victoria's Secret l send me their catalogue, that ty album of gorgeous babes in mpy lingerie; they still believe I'm voman named Laura Lange. ■

An almost unbelievable offer—but there is a reason!

Why would Haverhills "sell" this RZ-1927 Dual Fluorescent Mini-Torch for only $12.95*?



** The RZ-1927 is attractively styled in high-impact red/white plastic. Comes with a flip-easel stand and a clip-on lanyard for easy carrying.*

But read the ad for an even more astonishing deal!

We are one of the largest national mail-order houses. In order to make our operation even more efficient, we need to increase our customer file by at least 25,000 names per month. The best way to do this is to make irresistible offers of quality merchandise. As the Godfather put it, "an offer you can't refuse." The *RZ-1927 Dual Fluorescent Mini-Torch* is one of these.

The *RZ-1927* is a little marvel of lighting engineering and design. It is only 6" long and easily slips in your pocket, purse or glove compartment. Yet the fluorescent tube provides soft, diffused illumination for a small room or a tent, and broad-beam light that is safest and most practical for walking in dark places, for making repairs at night, and for scores of other uses. Anytime you wish, you can switch from the "fluorescent" to the "incandescent" mode. It yields a piercing mini-beam with hi-contrast light right to where you want it. The *RZ-1927* is powered by four "AA" cells (not included). It has a flip-easel stand for convenient stationary lighting and comes with a clip-on lanyard for easy carrying.

We import the *RZ-1927* directly and in container quantities and can offer it at the hard-to-believe $12.95 list builder price. But we have an even more astonishing deal: ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!***

With this offer, only mail orders accompanied by check or money order can be accepted (no phone, no charge!). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code** E968." Tell us how many *RZ-1927*'s you want and include $2.95 for one and $5.90 for three *RZ-1927*'s for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available. Mail to ⟶

Since 1967

haverhills®

131 Townsend Street,
San Francisco, CA 94107

From ЯUSSIA With Love!

Delicate, hand-crafted wooden nesting dolls bring Pushkin's classic "Tale of Tsar Saltan" to life! Six brilliantly-colored figurines fit inside the Tsar, inspiring smiles from children of all ages. 4 1/4" tall.

Our gorgeously illustrated "Tsar Saltan" paperback allows you to join the story – a perfect accompaniment!

A. Tsar Saltan Dolls. $35 + $3 p/h.
B. Tsar Saltan Book. $9 + $1 p/h.
C. SPECIAL FOR BOTH $40 + $3 p/h.





Watch Out!

Designer Lucas Scheybal dreamed up this fun Swatch like fashion watch to celebrate *Glasnost*. The "numbers" spell *Perestroika* in Russian, and the hands resemble workers' tools.

High quality Swiss construction makes it shock and water resistant. Includes a one year warranty.

D. *Perestroika* Watch. $45. (Black on Red face.) $2 p/h.

CATALOG!

E. Or, send $1 for our **GLASNOST CATALOG** of fun, high quality Russian crafts, clothes, music, and other surprises!

brand Glasnost
P.O. Box 1313
New York, NY 10013

Item (A,B,C,D, or E) _____ Quantity _____

Total Enclosed: _____
(NY residents please add 8.25% sales tax.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

brand GLASNOST

We guarantee your satisfaction. And we donate 10% of our pretax profits to the Armenian Relief Fund.

HELLROARING

Fighting last summer's fires

By Peter M. Leschak

The first thing we did was build a bridge over Slough Creek, a pristine trout stream in the northern reaches of Yellowstone National Park. I felt strange—digging and hammering in a wilderness area, spanning water that's been protected since 1872, fighting wildfire.



The job is unglamorous and often brutal. The fundamental activity of a western fire crew is building "handline." A handline is a narrow trail ripped out of the forest floor with hand tools. The common tactic for stopping a big fire is to create a handline ahead of the flames and then start a "backburn," sending a fire to meet the oncoming blaze and thus establishing a charred buffer zone. The saying goes: "Make it black and you don't come back."

At Slough Creek late last summer, we were facing a fire named Hellroaring, after a stream in the Absaroka Beartooth Wilderness of southern Montana, where the "man-caused" blaze, as it was called, had started two weeks before. It had now spread over 30,000 acres and was eating into Yellowstone from the north. As we nailed the decking of our crude bridge, we could see dark clouds of smoke billowing over a ridge a couple miles away. It was windy and the fire was making a "run," gobbling up forest at the rate of ten chains per hour (one chain equals sixty-six feet) along a one-mile front. Just before sunset it began to rain—not water but thousands of black pine needles. They settled over camp like an evil harbinger. Massive convection currents were surging out of Hellroaring, sucking charred debris up into the sky and scattering it for miles; that night we had to shake out our sleeping bags. The northern horizon was suffused with a deep red glow, as if we were perched near the rim of a seething caldera. Now and again the c or intensified, and we c hear the roar of our enen was happy to have the cr between us and the fire, that night I had a biz dream about being over by a herd of flaming bisc

There were five crews camp, and soon after da we all tramped across bridge toward the fire. A crew has twenty members our "strike team" was th retically 100 fire fight strong, but most crews sustained casualties. Before be transferred to Yellowstone, our c was nine days on another fire, we'd sent back two—one fire figl had a blown-out back, the othe puffed ankle. Given the terrain the action, I was surprised half o weren't gone. Pain is a constant the fire line, and over the course our twenty-three-day tour, I suffere hyperextended knee, a twisted ba two minor burns, a bruised thigh, day of smoke headaches, a day an half of diarrhea, a blistered thur and twenty-three days of sinus blo age. I felt better than most, thou especially the wretches with raw, b tered feet.

Still, as we crossed Slough Cre our crew was in good psychologi

Peter M. Leschak lives in northeastern Minnesota, where he writes and fights fires. He is the author of Letters From Side Lake: A Chronicle of Life in the North Woods.

Photograph by Alan & Sandy C

)e. Most were veteran free-lanc-
hired under the auspices of Supe-
National Forest in Minnesota and
atched from Duluth. No moun-
men, but we'd been hardened,
we'd had the rare opportunity the
k before to help build and hold
line that stopped a big western fire
ne Hunter, a 5,000-acre blaze that
ned across the Snake River from
Grand Tetons. Facing exploding
trees a hundred feet high, we'd
mbled around in a blizzard of
ks and embers, snuffing them out
ur gloves before they could ignite
h blazes behind us. I hadn't been
scared for years.

eyond Slough we hiked uphill for
ile and a half, following a pack
l. At one point I was startled to see
uge buffalo staring at us a scant
nty yards away. (I was gratified to
e he wasn't on fire.) Near the crest
wooded ridge, with a meadow at
backs, we started building hand-
—three miles of it. The idea is to
dly expose a band of mineral soil,
h fire fighter doing only a small
tion of the job. We were armed
n Pulaskis, shovels, and McLeods,
lding them in concert. (A Pulaski
combination mattock and ax used
chopping, scraping, and digging; a
Leod is a heavy-duty rake with a
ned edge.) A Pulaski takes a couple
wings—breaking ground, hacking
ts—and then moves on, making
m for the next tool. Shovels scrape
l dig, and McLeods concentrate to-
d the rear for dragging and raking.
ture a hardworking chain gang.
ere's the thud and clang of steel
inst duff and rock, with tools flash-
through clouds of dust, punctuat-
by occasional curses and the shouts
squad leaders—"Bump up! Bump
"—hastening tools along. It's
mmon for individuals to be doing
much, trying to make the line
mselves. It's difficult, but you must
ndition yourself to leave work for
ir neighbor. The trick is to work
e a slave, but pace yourself. Our
rage shift was thirteen, fourteen
urs, and it's wise to have a reserve
energy in case you've got to mount
asty, prolonged retreat.

We each wore web gear to which
s attached a daypack (with lunch,
adlamp, extra clothes, first-aid
kit), three or four one-quart canteens, and a "fire shelter." If you're about to be overrun by fire and you can't reach a safety zone (a burned-over area or an open meadow, for example), then you employ the shelter. Basically, it's a heavy-gauge aluminum-foil pup tent that you rip out of its plastic case—trying to stay calm—snap like a rug to unfold, then crawl inside and hang on tight. A ripsnorting fire generates an awesome draft that can tear a shelter out of your grasp. It's also prudent to clear away the combustibles on the ground beneath you—if there's time. Fire shelters have saved lives, but nobody's anxious to put them to further proof.

For nine hours we slashed through the wilderness, the rumble of Hellroaring growing ominously louder as we advanced. It was bull work, a muscle-wearing, mind-taxing endurance run. It helps to slip into an altered state, a locale in your brain where the mechanical labor can be shunted into auto and your conscious thoughts slip off to more congenial territory—like how you're going to spend your fat federal paycheck. (I was making $7.40 an hour, but my total hours were astronomical.)

We had line scouts out ahead and lookouts posted at critical points, and late in the day they all agreed our work was futile. We had one and a half miles of line in, but the strike-team leader decided we'd be overrun before we could finish. The fire was moving too fast, and another blaze, the Storm Creek fire off to the east, was expected to close in. The day's mission was for naught. Most of us laughed—a tad bitterly to be sure—for such is the nature of fighting these fires. The proposed line had been a gamble, an aggressive attempt to save more forest. But the fire—now less than a mile away and a steady roar in our ears—had outmaneuvered us. We withdrew to Slough Creek. Instead of a fire line, Yellowstone had another hiking trail.

Morning brought a fresh strategy. The creek would be our line, and we'd backburn from there. While the other four crews were trucked out to improve a line a few miles to the west, our crew crossed the stream to clear out "ladder fuels." These are any combustibles—brush, lower limbs, saplings—that would allow ground fire to climb into trees and "torch out," perhaps initiating a "crown" fire that could broadcast sparks and embers for long distances.

For half a day we used Pulaskis and a chain saw to clean up a zone forty feet back from the creek. Everything we cut was scattered widely in open areas so there'd be no concentrations of fuel near the line. The strike-team leader reminded us that if we didn't hold Hellroaring at the creek, the next (and last) line of defense would be the highway.

By noon we were ready for the hose lay. With the aid of a New Mexico crew that had just arrived, we began packing 19,000 feet—over three miles—of one-and-a-half-inch and one-inch fire hose through the woods. We deployed it along the camp side of the creek for the entire length of the line, installing a wye, an attack line, and a nozzle every 200 feet. If any spot fires ignited on our side of the perimeter, we'd nail them with water. The creek was low, but there was plenty of volume for our three portable pumps. By western standards we were water-rich, and a "water show" is the kind of fire fighting that folks from Minnesota understand best.

My job was to scout 4,000 feet of the lay, hiking cross-country through tangled forest. I had to make a snap decision about every 100 feet—should the hose go under or around a deadfall? follow the crest or the base of a slope?—keeping the amount of hose to a minimum, while covering the maximum amount of territory. I marked the route with orange engineer's tape, rushing to stay ahead of the hose haulers. The New Mexicans worked like demons, shouldering 8,000 feet of hose in less than two hours. Like us, they'd been out for weeks and were acclimated to the grind.

Unfortunately, one of my quick decisions was wrong: I had them lay the last 800 feet of trunk line too far from the creek. My profuse apologies were genially accepted, mainly because I succeeded in shifting the blame onto "overhead"—that is, the managers at the fire scene. Liability, after all, is

one of the reasons foremen exist. The New Mexicans and I shared a tin of snuff, sadly clucking over our lot in life, until other members of the team joined us and we rerouted the hose.

The backburn was scheduled for the next afternoon. We spent that morning testing the pumps and hose. By 4 P.M. our defenses were tight, but the wind was wrong and the Storm Creek fire was lashing in from the east. Shortly before sunset we received an urgent radio message ordering us to "fall back into safety zones," but for us it was moot. Our camp *was* our safety zone, and its very boundary was the proposed fire line. There was speculation that Hellroaring, Storm Creek, and a fire to the south were going to merge, and that our backburn would be irrelevant unless it could be done soon—within twelve to thirty-six hours.

We had confidence in our hose lay, but we were not to discover how it worked out. Next morning, in the company of two other crews, we were bused to Gardiner, Montana, about twenty miles northwest. Our new assignment was on another part of Hellroaring, this time deep inside the Absaroka Beartooth Wilderness. Our goal was the preservation of a grizzly habitat; our new home was to be the Beaver Creek spike. (A spike camp is a small, remote outpost.) We'd be lifted there by the next available Chinook helicopter, but in the meantime, we were sent to a youth camp at Mammoth Hot Springs, where we were allowed to take showers and sleep on beds under a roof. The roof was okay, but several of us opted to spread our bags on the floor. Once you're used to sleeping on the ground, a bed is too soft. We rested well, interrupted only by the sleep-talking of a squad leader. A half-dozen times during the night he shouted out in a dream, issuing brusque commands for the laying of hose.

We lazed around for most of the next day, awaiting a Chinook. There were newspapers and a TV, and we caught up on the controversy engendered by the Yellowstone blazes.

For several decades the park had rigorous fire protection. As a result, "heavy fuels"—deadfalls, overmature stands, thick brush—had accumulated. During the summer of '88, when a fire got cooking it was likely to "crown out" and race off on long, destructive runs. Wildfire—via lightning strikes—is a natural part of the ecosystem; periodic fires not only cut down on heavy fuels but help check the spread of forest diseases and for some species, such as lodgepole pine, provide the best natural means of regeneration. So sixteen years ago the Park Service decided that some natural fires should be allowed to burn, as long as they don't endanger human life or property.

There was wide support for the "let burn" policy, but now the critics were saying that there had not been enough flexibility. It had been widely predicted that 1988 was going to be a dry year, so why didn't the Park Service jump on the fires immediately, leaving "let burn" for a safer season? A good question. Still, some researchers believe that the 1988 fires are the apex of a two- to three-century cycle, an epic rejuvenation of the forest, not a disaster. Our strike-team leader, a wildlife biologist in the real world, said he expected there would be a lot of fresh elk pasture next spring. His chief concern was that erosion of burnt slopes would cause a silting problem in some streams—but he didn't believe it would be devastating.

An hour before sunset we were driven to a field north of Gardiner, and one crew at a time climbed aboard the twin-rotored Chinook. It was a military aircraft manned by army personnel, and it amazed me that such an ugly, ungainly beast could fly. We lumbered over wooded mountains, engulfed in the chopper's roar. Sundown lent the smoky haze a purplish cast, and the high-country ridges undulated off to the horizon. There were no roads.

We landed in a meadow bordered by blackened hills. It was a mile hike to the camp, and wranglers leading a thirteen-mule pack train arrived to pick up most of our gear.

There was already a seven-mile, sixteen-pump hose lay at Beaver Creek and vicinity, and the next day we worked at improving the posi chopping ladder fuels and haulin logs across the line. Our prin mission was to start a backbur that line, and the next day the was favorable.

With our crew and two othe backup, a "hotshot" crew, one o Forest Service's highly trained, units, hurried along the line "drip torches," setting the forest A drip torch is a heavy metal con er that holds about a gallon of a oil–gasoline mix. There's a nozzl a wick, and when lit, you can ti torch at various angles to releas ther drops or a small stream of fla liquid. With a drip torch, you ca ate a line of fire as quickly as yo walk.

Overhead, a helicopter made eral low sorties, dropping small in diary devices known as "ping-p balls" farther from the line bet us and Hellroaring, which was about a half-mile away. To fill in gaps, the hotshots fired charges fr flare gun. In a few minutes we watching a crown fire howl thr pine trees only 200 yards away. I terrified mule deer leap out of smoke and bolt for safety.

Our job was to follow the hots as they passed through our secto ing the hose to keep the backbu bay. You want the fire to burn hell without crossing the line. If a within twenty-five feet of the lin gan to torch out, we'd hit the with a brief hose burst to cool it not extinguish it.

Everyone was tense. The hots and the chopper were lighting 9 acres more or less at once, and i wind switched we could be in trouble. Our water source was a low creek. Prior to the burn, se safety zones—swampy meadows the line—had been scouted marked with ribbon, and that's w we were supposed to flee if the jumped the line and got ou control.

For two hours after igniting backburn, we bumped up the from nozzle to nozzle, knock down big fires and dispatching pe ic patrols behind us to make nothing had drifted over. It's c "hotline" work, and by the end o

: we had dirty faces, red eyes, and
ıy noses. When the wind died,
ke settled over us in a poisonous
and the burn was a mad desert of
ing deadfalls and collapsing trees.
except for a minor "slopover" the
held, and two hours after dark we
ged back into camp for a late sup-
and early bed.

t dawn we began "mopping up,"
g hand tools and water to extin-
h all hot spots within fifty feet of
ine. The day after, we tried to mop
00 feet, but the grizzlies had other
ıs. In the morning we saw huge
and claw prints in the dust, and
strike-team leader said it was a
rly small" grizzly. What? They
: the biggest bear tracks I'd ever

When we got to the first pump sta-
we found the plastic holding tank
ed to shreds, and a jug of Gator-
that had been left floating in the
: was torn open and empty. It was
same at the next two stations. The
had ambled straight down the
, hitting one tank after another,
ling Gatorade.

our hours later, when a pair of
's treed two pump operators, we
: already withdrawing. Our crew
scheduled to move on anyway,
Beaver Creek was soon closed and
fire line abandoned. The grizzly
itat had been preserved, and with
v in the forecast, bears on the
wl, and too much Gatorade
ked in camp, it seemed pointless
nger.

here were no Chinooks available,
ve shuttled out in a smaller Jet
ger helicopter, four or five of us at
me. It was a spectacular ride. To
south were roiling clouds from the
th Fork and Wolf Lake fires.
ıse, gray-black columns churned
eath a fire-generated thunderhead
ı a sunlit crest reaching up 30,000
and arching overhead. Deep
ıin a veil of smoke we could make
the black silhouettes of mountains
ged with dark orange walls of
ıes. (By last October, when the
; ended, a third of Yellowstone's
million acres had burned.)

here is fire, and there is firestorm;
were viewing the latter. It's a good
ıg for a fire fighter to see—from
away. ■

The Rainforest Fund

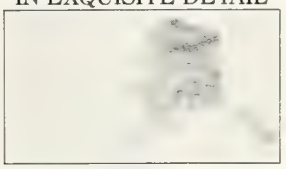


The world loses over *50,000 acres* of rainforest a day. Half of all species on earth live in this fragile ecosystem which produces oxygen and consumes the very carbon dioxide which is responsible for the greenhouse effect.

There *is* something you can do. You can help us save the rainforests, for i they are destroyed, our very survival is threathened. All donors will receive *The Rainforest News*, a quarterly update that reports on fight to save the rainforests of the world.

Please send your donations to: The Rainforest Fund, c/o Mesoamerica, P. O. Box 42721, San Francisco, California 94142-2721

ALASKA MAP
IN EXQUISITE DETAIL



This full color shaded-relief wall map measures 63½″×35″. $45 laminated or $20 paper. $4.00 shipping UPS. Request our **free** brochure of western state wall maps. Order by phone or mail today:

1-800-237-0798.

Raven Maps & Images
34 North Central, Medford Oregon 97501

Crossword Puzzle Lovers!

Get 5 challenging new puzzles every month!

Join *The Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club* and receive five intriguing, fun and challenging new puzzles — mailed right to your home every month! These are not reprints, but *original, full-size* puzzles created especially for our members by the noted crossword puzzle expert Henry Hook. Month after month, you'll receive five brand-new puzzles and their solutions . . . five fiendishly clever puzzles with the same degree of difficulty as those in the Sunday New York Times!

Join today! A perfect gift!

An entire year's membership is just $29.95. (We pay the postage.) Send your check or money order to:



Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club
629 Green Bay Road, Dept. 802
Wilmette, Illinois 60091

Or call toll-free: 1-800-433-4386
and charge it to your MasterCard or Visa.

Satisfaction guaranteed. ©1989, CPMC

SOLUTION TO THE JUNE PUZZLE

E	R	A	S	E	F	O	O	T	D	O	G	L	E	G
N	A	U	N	D	E	R	F	O	O	T	R	O	A	R
O	I	S	E	F	L	I	C	S	W	H	O	U	R	I
E	N	T	A	I	L	B	E	S	N	O	W	I	N	G
R	E	R	K	F	A	I	N	T	C	R	L	S	E	H
A	D	A	P	T	H	S	T	R	A	N	G	E	S	T
U	G	L	I	H	E	V	E	N	S	S	P	O	T	S
Q	U	I	N	C	E	S	R	O	T	G	R	I	D	I
S	M	A	C	O	N	A	P	U	G	N	O	S	E	D
O	E	N	O	L	O	G	I	S	T	I	T	T	V	E
T	R	A	M	U	M	I	E	G	I	S	R	A	I	L
K	L	W	P	M	A	T	C	H	R	I	U	L	A	I
C	O	A	L	N	S	T	E	W	A	R	D	I	N	G
A	T	T	E	N	U	A	T	E	D	P	I	N	C	H
B	O	T	T	O	M	L	I	N	E	U	N	M	E	T
											G			

NOTES FOR "LIGHT EXERCISE"

ACROSS: 1. ERAS-E; 5. F-OOT (reversal); 12. R-OAR; 13. (n)OISE; 14. FLICS(a), anagram; 15. HOURI, hidden; 16. ENTAIL, "N tale"; 17. S-N-OWING; 18. FAIN-(bu)T; 19. ADAP (anagram)-T(ailor); 20. ST-RANGE-ST; 24. UGLI(d), anagram; 22. EVEN(t)S; 24. SPOTS, reversal; 25. QU-IN-C(hil) E-S; 27. ROT(e); 28. GR-ID; 30. MA-CON; 31. P(UGN)OSED, anagram of GUN; 33. OENOLOGIST, anagram; 36. TRAM(p); 37. EGIS, hidden; 38. RAIL, two meanings; 40. MATCH, two meanings; 41. CO-A-L; 42. ST(E-WARD)-ING; 44. ATTENUATED, anagram; 45. PIN-CH; 46. UNME (anagram)-...T. DOWN: 2. RAINED (1), anagram; 3. AUSTRALIAN, anagram; 4. SN(E)AK; 5. FELL-A...H-E'EN; 6. OR-IBIS; 7. TOS (reversal)-S(cotch); 8. GROW-(partia)L; 9. LOU(I)SE; 10. EARNEST, anagram; 11. THORNS, anagram; 23. NO-US; 26. SAGITTAL, anagram; 29. D(EV'I)ANCE; 30. ME-R-LOT; 32. STALIN, hidden & Lit; 34. (st)OMA(ch)-SUM; 35. TIRADE, "Thai raid"; 39. WATT, "what"; 43. WEN, reversal.

SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 78). FRED LAWRENCE GUILES: JANE FONDA. In America, she had moved beyond Clare Boothe Luce in her celebrity as a public figure whose origins were also in show business. Bruised by Watergate and the debacle of Vietnam, America had learned to tolerate contrary views, for they just might turn out to be right.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 79, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 77 are Judith Mendell, New York, New York, Nora Eskridge Grigsby, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; and David W. Bohn, Santa Cruz, California.

ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE

Kerouac, re-read and regretted

By Sven Birkerts

I first read Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* when I was a junior in high school—a little more than twenty-one years ago. Someone had given my mother a copy of the book, I immediately "borrowed" it, consumed it, and started it circulating among my friends. Soon we were all obsessed—hitchhiking everywhere we could, trying to be like the characters in the novel.



Our every late-adolescent desire for movement, escape, *action* was brought to a blaze. Not that much fanning of sparks was needed. After all, it was 1968. If it hadn't been Kerouac, it would soon have been someone else.

Though Kerouac had begun writing *On the Road* in 1948, and it had first been published in 1957, the book could not have felt more present tense. Kerouac had caught hold of a spirit we understood; he raised a call to arms. What for me had been just inchoate turmoil and longing had now been set down in words. I grew restless and excited when the book's narrator, Sal Paradise, announced:

> the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes "Awww!"

That was it right there: madness, excess, something nonstop and feverish to hold against the blandness of our suburban childhoods.

When I went off to college, I found that we had not been unique: everyone, it seemed, had been reading Kerouac. And Ginsberg and Corso and Burroughs and Kesey (and Wolfe on Kesey). This was our non-curricular education. These were the spirits who conferred their benediction upon us, upon our efforts to live differently—more intensely—than our parents had.

What a shock it was to hear, late one fall afternoon in 1969, that Kerouac had died. At forty-seven. Of an abdominal hemorrhage. Our perennially young and vital [illegible] venture guide—a.k.a. Paradise—was gone. [illegible] friend who called with [illegible] news said that we had [illegible] to the funeral. I agreed [illegible] packed our knapsacks [illegible] left immediately, de[illegible] mined to hitch from [illegible] Arbor to Lowell, Massa[illegible] setts—wherever *that* [illegible] We got as far as Bosto[illegible] then the funeral was [illegible] and we were cold and ji[illegible] from lack of sleep. We told each [illegible] that it was the going, not the ge[illegible] there, that mattered.

Other shocks followed. Obitu[illegible] reported that Kerouac had live[illegible] his last years in an alcoholic st[illegible] The photos confirmed it—his [illegible] beautifully chiseled American [illegible] looked bloated and sad. We h[illegible] known. And then came the [illegible] distressing story of all. Our [illegible] had told reporters some time b[illegible] his death that he felt alie[illegible] from the "counterculture." [illegible] tagged himself—I remember y[illegible] ing at this—"a bipp[illegible] the middle."

Later I learned of other n[illegible] not only about Kerouac the man[illegible] politics and attitudes—but also [illegible] the writer. The myth about th[illegible] he wrote *On the Road* is a ca[illegible] point. The story—which the a[illegible] did nothing to discourage—wa[illegible] he had written the book in a re[illegible]

Sven Birkerts is the author most recently of The Electric Life: Essays on Modern Poetry.

Illustration by Phil [illegible]

aking three-week burst; that he lit himself up with Benzedrine had typed his inspired recollec- s directly onto one continuous of teletype paper. Now, this is not e invention. The final version *was* ten quickly, with the help of pills, just such a roll (Kerouac dumped roudly in front of his editor, Rob- Giroux). But Kerouac was not tak- dictation from the angels. He had n working on the book for close to t years, wrestling it through innu- able drafts. Kerouac adopted his l compositional stratagem be- se he was after a quality of impro- tory immediacy. He wanted to k with the stolid straightforward- s of his first novel, *The Town and City* (1950). He had picked up s from the simplified notational se of William Burroughs's *Junky* as l as from the breathless letter-writ- style of his friend Neal Cassady. announced his new prose in *On Road*'s first lines:

first met Dean not long after my wife nd I split up. I had just gotten over a erious illness that I won't bother to lk about, except that it had some- ing to do with the miserably weary olit-up and my feeling that everything as dead. With the coming of Dean Moriarty began the part of my life you ould call my life on the road.

Kerouac's opening may owe a debt the "Factualist" aesthetic that roughs was then advocating. But beguiling promise of escape and ewal connects it with two great sics of American individualism. en first to the voice of Melville's mael:

Whenever I find myself growing grim bout the mouth; whenever it is a amp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily ausing before coffin warehouses, and ringing up the rear of every funeral I meet . . . then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can.

w listen to the voice of Mark ain's Huck, as he shakes free from oppressive confinements of the dow Douglas:

Says I, "*me-yow! me-yow!*" as soft as I could, and then I put out the light and crambled out of the window onto the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in amongst the trees, and sure enough there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me.

But unlike *Moby-Dick* and *Huckleberry Finn*, *On the Road* is not mostly a work of imagination. Rather, it details, adhering quite strictly to circumstance and chronology, Kerouac's adventures during four separate cross-country jaunts undertaken between 1946 and 1950. He changed the names, of course, and highlighted or downplayed certain episodes, but the result—to judge by the biographies—is remarkably true to his own experience. Kerouac is Sal Paradise, the narrator; Neal Cassady (later the star of Tom Wolfe's nonfictional *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*) is Dean Moriarty; Allen Ginsberg is Carlo Marx; William Burroughs is Old Bull Lee; and so on. (Part of the enduring cachet of *On the Road* has to do with the fact that so many of its main players became notorious counterculture icons.)

I decided that I would commemorate the passing of two decades by rereading *On the Road*. I knew, of course, that everything would be different. How could it not? In 1968 it had been a book whose title promised *discovery*. Now the cover blurb announced that I was about to read "the book that turned on a generation." Braced as I was, however, I still got a terrible jolt. There is simply no adequate protection against the ways we grow and change.

The novel, *qua* novel, is not really much at all. Kerouac's alternately matter-of-fact and ebullient prose tracks Sal Paradise through his far-flung travels. The pattern is simple: About once a year, Sal gets restless in his secure lodgings with his aunt (the *mémère* to whom Kerouac remained neurotically attached all his life) and launches forth from New Jersey to the beckoning West. Each time, he hooks up with Dean Moriarty, his "mad" mentor, the aging juvenile delinquent who represents (to him) velocity, kicks, and enlightenment. Others join up and disperse, moving about like molecules of a boiling liquid. The American highway system is the spice route of their dreams. "Somewhere along the line," says Sal as he first sets out, "I [illegible] girls, visions, everything; somewhere along the line the pearl would be handed to me."

Kerouac is sequential, [illegible] almost diaristic. On the first trip West—perhaps because it *is* the first—every movement is tabulated. We follow Sal from the bus rides that get him started, to the long, "careening" (a favorite Kerouac word) rides that come once he gets west of Chicago and puts out his thumb. But Sal's enthusiasm allows for a heady narrative pace:

> The greatest ride in my life was about to come up, a truck, with a flatboard at the back, with about six or seven boys sprawled out on it, and the drivers, two young blond farmers from Minnesota, were picking up every single soul they found on that road . . .
>
> I wasn't on the flatboard before the truck roared off; I lurched, a rider grabbed me, and I sat down. Somebody passed a bottle of rotgut, the bottom of it. I took a big swig in the wild, lyrical, drizzling air of Nebraska. "Whooee, here we go!" yelled a kid in a baseball cap, and they gunned up the truck to seventy and passed everybody on the road.

"Wild" and "lyrical" are two more favorite Kerouac words—they crop up in most of his more energized riffs, especially through the first half of the book. It's as if Sal can't kick the language up quite as high as he wants it—he makes these loosely deployed adjectives carry so much of the freight of the inexpressible. But once—for me at least—they did carry it. When I first read *On the Road*, no one needed to tell me how a night, or a town, or a train, or a bum, could be "lyrical"—they just were. Kerouac's scattershot words and phrases accorded perfectly with my jumbled-up feelings about life. Now, for whatever reason, I seem to crave more precision—a passage like that no longer delivers.

On Sal's first trip West, he wants to "dig" everything. And everything is there to be dug. When he gets to Denver, his first real layover, a gang of friends and friends of friends is waiting. There follow rampaging nights with the hard-partying Bettencourt sisters and the Rawlins clan: "We

MERCURY HOUSE recommends the best in Summer Reading

IRISH WINE
A novel by Dick Wimmer
"Taut, finely written, exhaustingly exuberant ... and wholly entertaining....One of the most captivating manic artists found in literature." —*N.Y. Times Book Review*

BLUE NUMBERS
A novel by Bruce Goldsmith
"A thought-provoking and daring novel....We read on in suspense to the sensational climax." —*Publishers Weekly*

THE SLAVE TRAIL
A novel by Alain Gerber
Translated by Jeremy Leggatt
"The romantic image of the tropics ... receives a death-blow in this short, lyrical, symbolic adventure tale."
—*Publishers Weekly*

WATERBOYS
A novel by Eric Gabriel
"Well-written, finely-tuned.... His characters catch at your heart and take hold." —*Kirkus Reviews*

TANTRA
The Art of Conscious Loving
by Charles and Caroline Muir
This provocative and timely book offers modern couples ancient secrets for deepening their love.

FRAGMENTS OF STAINED GLASS
A Memoir by Claire Nicolas White
"A vivid, dreamy voyage through novelist/poet White's prewar European childhood, American adolescence, and worldly adulthood." —*Kirkus Reviews*

THE PSYCHIC DETECTIVES
by Colin Wilson
This new paperback edition "is a concise, entertaining history of the psychic phenomena."
—*S.F. Review of Books*

Choice summer reading—all from MERCURY HOUSE SAN FRANCISCO
At bookstores or call 1-800-ALL-BOOK



started off with a few extra-size beers. There was a player piano. Beyond the back door was a view of mountainsides in the moonlight. I let out a yahoo. The night was on."

New sights and the promise of good times are, of course, part of what lures Sal away from home again and again; but the real draw is Dean—the outlaw, the limit-breaker. Sal wants to be near him as much as possible. Dean steals cars, he tears between the coasts in nonstop driving binges, he loves every "gal" in every diner along the way. He is Sal's "yellow roman candle," his life force; he is the catalyst that helps Sal break through his essential passivity.

Sal and Dean have one of those eternally boyish American friendships. Though women are desired, discussed, and dallied with, they are also always in the way—nagging, getting pregnant, threatening to stop the fun. Leslie Fiedler long ago identified the homoerotic nature of the bond (yes, Ishmael and Queequeg, Huck and Jim . . .) in *Love and Death in the American Novel.* And biographers of Kerouac now bear out that his friendship with Cassady did extend to some hesitant, experimental sex.

In any event, what weaves together the separate travel episodes is the unfolding history of a friendship—a history which begins with Sal's enchantment with the charismatically amoral Dean Moriarty and which ends with his pained disillusionment. In an early, blinded description, Sal writes: "And a kind of holy lightning I saw flashing from his excitement and his visions, which he described so torrentially that people in buses looked around to see the 'overexcited nut.' " But after he has been deserted and betrayed enough times, Sal finds his perceptions shifting. Dean's mad avidity is not so much heroic as desperate. He is fleeing his own inner void—the legacy of his rummy father, who abandoned him among the bars and poolhalls of Denver when he was a young boy.

By the end of the book, Sal's "thinhipped" hero has become a figure of profound sadness. In the very last scene, when Sal is on his way to a concert, riding in the back of a hired Cadillac, he looks out at his friend: "Dean, ragged in a motheaten d coat he brought specially for the t ing temperatures of the East, w off alone . . . " He then adds this dictory cadenza: " . . . nobody k what's going to happen anybody besides the forlorn ra growing old, I think of Dean Mori I even think of Old Dean Moriart father we never fou think of Dean Moriart

It is probably a mistake to go to the decisive books of one's y They are causes; the reader has since become, in part, their e Clear vision is just not possible. myself in a position somewhat Sal's. It was not so much that had changed from what he w more that Sal had watched the mantle of desires and dreams th had created around Dean slowly pate. So, too, has the magic of *Road* dissipated for me.

Reading this book at sixteen friends and I wanted nothing so m as to be like Dean and Sal—clo the ground, connected, in mo "paying our dues." We aspired t "beat" ideal, with its double con tion of "worn-out" and "beat And when it led, as it inexorably to the hippie ethos of turning on, ing in, and dropping out (how q it sounds!), many of us followed that next step was also a kind o step—the premises of hippie were quickly consumed on the p its excesses. Thus, once again, e had come around to swallow causes; henceforth, "beat" woul mean something like "proto-hip

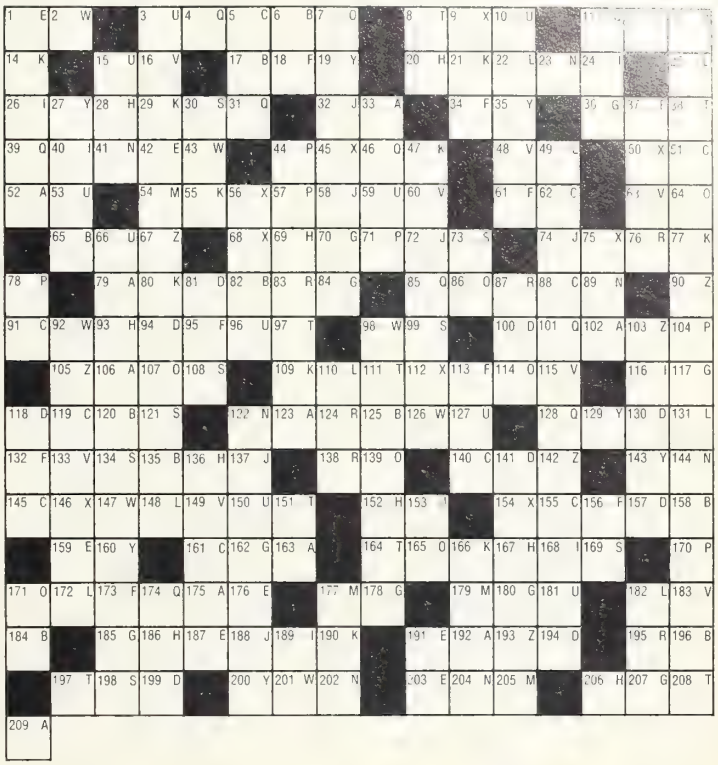
All of this went through my as I re-read *On the Road.* Indee some point I realized that I wa so much reading a book as t stock—of those times, of these t of myself in both. For me, the ha thing was to see past the jade and cynicism of the '80s—to re ber even a little of what life fel back then. I don't know that able to, finally. The notes we scored, sure, and the sounds wer same. But I kept feeling as if I listening to a party record the n ing after the party. It sounded nothing like the way it had sou while I was dancing to it.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 79

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 73.



CLUES

A. Drew near — 106 79 123 175 102 52 / 33 192 163 209

B. Giddy, empty-headed person — 158 120 65 17 135 6 / 82 125 196 184

C. Peak first reached in 1865 by Edward Whymper — 5 91 161 140 88 119 / 51 155 62 145

D. Chiefly aquatic W. African insectivore, also called potamogale (2 wds.) — 81 100 194 130 118 199 141 13 / 157 94

E. Usefulness — 187 191 1 42 159 203 176

F. Borough of West Riding, Yorkshire — 132 61 173 18 113 37 34 95 / 156

G. Handed over under compulsion (2 wds.) — 178 207 117 70 162 84 185 180 / 36

H. Watching; depending on (2 wds.) — 136 186 167 93 69 20 206 28 / 152

I. Song of praise or gladness, esp. a patriotic one — 40 168 189 24 26 116

J. Short, thick, and strong — 74 72 58 188 32 137

K. Following in order — 190 29 166 77 55 80 47 21 / 14 109

L. Blameless, simple — 110 172 22 182 25 131 49 148

M. Detroit outfielder (1886–1961) who, over 24 years, had a .367 average — 54 205 179 177

N. Held oneself in readiness; supported (2 wds.) — 122 23 144 204 89 41 202

O. Place where metal, sugar, and petroleum get purified — 114 171 139 86 64 165 7 107

P. Ate away, corroded — 104 57 170 71 78 44

Q. Snug, enclosed place — 128 174 39 11 31 101 4 85 / 46

R. More-than-friendly gathering of hippies and flower children (hyph.) — 83 138 87 124 195 76

S. Free of water — 198 99 73 121 169 30 12 134 / 108

T. Deliberate reduction in pace by workers in protest — 164 111 38 197 97 208 8 151

U. Summary treatment (2 wds.) — 127 3 150 96 53 10 66 59 / 15 153 181

V. "Hold ___ in the palm of your hand" (Blake, "Auguries of Innocence") — 149 183 133 63 16 48 115 60

W. Excessively fastidious — 2 147 201 98 92 126 43

X. Occupied — 75 56 154 9 112 45 50 68 / 146

Y. Heighten, intensify — 19 27 129 200 160 143 35

Z. Lower, bring down — 105 142 90 193 103 67

CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

Profound tonic: Walk in paradise islands while examining one's own stark existence, realities, values. Info: EMI Seminars (Existence, Meaning, and Intersubjectivity), San Juan Island, Box 2344, Friday Harbor, Wash. 98250. (206) 378-3503. Exemplary—beginning anew.

Art Lovers Exchange. Single fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. ALX, Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020. Toll-free: (800) 342-5250.

Handicap Introductions (HI). Low-cost nationwide dating service. Psychologist-owned and -operated. Free information. Box 232, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036. (215) 282-1577.

Single? Would you like to get acquainted with sophisticated South American ladies? Free membership. Ideal Companion, Box 7697-VIII, Albuquerque, N.M. 87194.

Beautiful island girls want men of all ages for correspondence, marriage. Videos available, free photos. Devotion, P.O. Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Poland, Sweden, Mexico, etc.: worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Alluring, educated ladies in the Philippines yearn for friendship, love, marriage. White Lotus International, Box 30633, Honolulu, Hawaii 96820.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Advice from Serenity. Send $5, SASE to: Box 304, Merlin, Ore. 97532.

Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Asian ladies for pen pals/marriage. Free details and bonus offers. Sapphire International, Box 800, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10159.

Romance? Marriage? New friends? Interesting, quality people. Lifestyles, 4839 E. Greenway Rd., Suite 229-B7, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85254.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossoms, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

GOURMET

Magnifique. Gourmet burger unique. SASE, $2 to DON, Box 56, Chenango Bridge, N.Y. 13745.

Herb/spice recipe newsletter, bimonthly, $12/year. Box 4334, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Free recipes. Authentic gourmet cooking of India. From Robin, 2245 E. Colorado, #104-133, Pasadena, Calif. 91107.

Twelve fabulous dessert recipes. Send $4, SASE: Box 210431, San Francisco, Calif. 94121-0431.

Simone et Norbert traditional French dinners from the provinces. This month: Provence. SASE, $3 for recipe: 904 Silver Spur, #797, Rolling Hills, Calif. 90274.

HOTELS

New York Happens All Around Us.
Whatever your business, whatever your pleasure, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York. 320 spacious rooms, A/C, room service. Meeting/banquet facilities. Reasonable rates.
Salisbury HOTEL
123 West 57th St., NYC 10019
Toll-free-(800) 223-0680
NYS (212) 246-1300

RANCH VACATIONS

Vacation on a working ranch surrounded by Kootenai National Forest in the Montana Rockies. Hiking, swimming, relaxing. Free brochure: (406) 827-3764.

BOOKS

Seasoned Books. Sidestep the trendy. Reviews and lists of fiction, nonfiction, mysteries, and fantasies published more than 30 years ago and currently still available. No Jackie Collins, Richard Bach here. Six months, six issues, $12. Seasoned Books, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 42615, Portland, Ore. 97242-0615.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) c pleasantly, reliably—with one soothin to Minnesota. Tell us what you nee ship immediately or will special-order. golet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. 468-4347.

Canadian books: Used, out-of-print, backs, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, A or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page nue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Cana

Don't pay retail for any book, video, or PC product. Save 10–40 percent count buying service: (800) 833-0720

Book unfindable? Don't fret; profes help is here. Contact Jeryl Metz, 697 End Ave., #13A, New York, N.Y. 1 6823. (212) 864-3055.

MAPS

THE U.S. ANCESTRY MAP
Map shows location of 22 ancestry gr in U.S.—English, Irish, Italian, Germ Black, Czech, etc. Based on U.S. Cen Full color, 18" × 24". Ideal for fram $14.95 plus $2.50 p. & h. (NYS add t Refund guaranteed. Send check to M MAKERS, Dept. H997, P.O. Box Kenmore, NY 14217, or call **1-800-333-0**

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Extraordinary psychic counselor, pr solver. Phone readings. Visa/MC. Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

EDUCATION

Fully approved university degrees. Ec ical home study for bachelor's, master Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by Cal State Dept. of Education. Prestigious counsels for independent-study an experience credits (5,100 enrolled stu 500 faculty). Free information: R Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, C bia Pacific University, Dept. 2F97, Third St., San Rafael, Calif. 94901. 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5 (415) 459-1650.

Speak a Foreign Langu Like a Diplom
Learn on your own with audio-cassette course by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy le 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or w free catalog. 1-800-243-1234 Dept. 537,
AUDIO-FORUM® Guilford, CT

Learn Spanish in Guatemala. Family CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, 53211. (414) 372-5570.

Nicaragua. Intensive Spanish, politi cultural seminars, family living and c nity involvement. NICA, P.O. Box H, Cambridge, Mass. 02238. (617 7142.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $1.85 per word; three times, $1.75 per word; six times, $1.65 per word; twelve times, $1.50 p Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. All codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $ column inch; three times, $110 per column inch; six times, $105 per column inch; twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified co first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classifi Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Lisa Kay Greissinger, Classified Advertising Man

ampus individualized programs for sionals at Somerset lead to American ral degrees. For a prospectus, send $8 International Administrative Center, rset University, Illminster, Somerset OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

EARN Spanish
ench, Italian, German, etc.
study audio-cassette courses developed by US Dept. Beginning & advanced levels. Call or write ee catalog. 1-800-635-3446, In CA 213-469-4492
INTERNATIONAL AMERICAN SCHOOLS
1731 N Western Ave • Los Angeles, CA 90027

rlearning. Triple learning speed gh music. Languages, data. Maximize ory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, ogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, 5-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, da.

arch papers: 15,207 papers available. cademic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page ogue. Custom writing also available. rch, 11322 Idaho #206HB, Los An- Calif. 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Learn Japanese Easily!



Complete interactive computerized language course - disks, manual, pronunciation tape, and script. IBM compatible.
$139.00 Complete
Free Brochure!
MasterCard
Traveler's Guild™
315 W. Washington, Dept. H-6
Marquette, MI 49855
Hr. Orders - (906)228-5030

y Chinese at home. Free brochure. e: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. 5414.

LITERARY SERVICES

wood dreaming? Studio story analysts ue your screenplay(s). For info, write: t Readers Associates, Box 2148, Holly- , Calif. 90078.

ing for a publisher? Learn how you can your book published, promoted, and buted. Send for free booklet: HP-2, age Press, 516 W. 34th St., New York, 10001.

stwriting. Everything editorial. Profes- l staff. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chi- Ill. 60680.

idential assistance in all writing needs. ette transcriptions. Marye Myers, Box , So. Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

ish your book. Join our successful au- . All subjects invited. Publicity, adver- g, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled let and free manuscript report. Carlton , Dept. HZS, 11 West 32nd St., New N.Y. 10001.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

l books for pay: $100 a title. Write: -FX8, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, 0542.

Get paid for mailing letters: Write: PAASE-NP9, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

BED AND BREAKFAST

Maryland Hunt Country. Step into the past, where life was quieter and the pace relaxed. Experience the serene elegance of Twin Gates Bed and Breakfast, a romantic Victorian mansion north of Baltimore. Convenient to I-95, Harborplace, and National Aquarium. (800) 635-0370.

Townhouse on Baltimore Harbor: Entire third-floor AC suite; private garden, harbor roof deck; minutes to inner harbor by foot, trolley, water taxi; off-street parking, dockage available. Celie's Waterfront Bed & Breakfast. (301) 522-2323.

ART

Art dealer—buy direct: Erté, Doolittle, Bateman, and all nationally known artists. Call for information: (800)333-9ART. Paul Rest Art Broker, 8463 Peachland Ave., Sebastopol, Calif. 95472.

MUSIC

Classical composer seeks commissions. Write: Crystaldew Music, Fayetteville, Ark. 72702-3003.

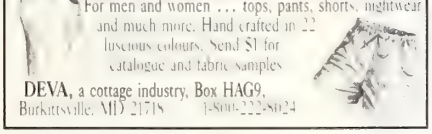
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Renaissance and baroque lutes, theorboes, chitarroni. Renaissance Gilde, Box 5, Cambridge, Wis. 53523.

MERCHANDISE

Free jazz C.D. catalogue. Low prices, quick service. Write or call: H.W.I. Co., 25 Kensington Ave., #501H, Jersey City, N.J. 07304. (201) 451-3795.

DEVA Cotton Clothes



For men and women ... tops, pants, shorts, nightwear and much more. Hand crafted in 22 luscious colours. Send $1 for catalogue and fabric samples
DEVA, a cottage industry, Box HAG9, Burkittsville, MD 21718 1-800-222-8024

Unscented body-care products. Free catalogue. Oregon Mercantile, Box 212-A1, Cheshire, Ore. 97419.

HEALTH

Arthritis pain relief. Simple, inexpensive, natural formula. Prepare this patent-pending treatment at home. For instruction booklet with formula, send $14.95 to: Painfree Holding, Inc., Dept. 1-C, P.O. Box 202, Lake Geneva, Wis. 53147.

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. The *People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, gospels: $5. For details, send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

VACATION RENTALS

Rent a London home. Selected well-furnished homes available for 3 weeks to a year. Britannia Lettings, 19 South End, London W8 5BU, England. (44) 01-938-3755.

Carmel Garden charmer. Two blocks to sea. Three bedrooms, two baths, fireplace. Per week, $800; longer—until January—for less. Agent: (406) 475-3155.

GIFTS

The George Bush Silly Putty watch. Or the Senator-Simon-in-a-fishbowl lobe-smacking watch. Color, quartz, fully guaranteed. $29.70 postpaid with your coffee-table edition of the *Jar*—the sharp new satirical journal chronicling Washington's politics of frolic, frisk, surprise, and distraction. Also available: the Pink Moose watch, *Jar* watch, Pig-in-a-Blanket watch. Magazine only: $3.70. Individual watches: $27.90. Specify male/female style. The Bureau of Jars, P.O. Box 10707, Arlington, Va. 22210.

IT'S FUN! IT'S EXCITING! IT'S JUST RIGHT FOR A VACATION TAKE-ALONG
RUSSIAN ROULETTE
(Русская Рулетка)
THE BOARD GAME THAT PUTS YOU IN THE KREMLIN POWER PICTURE
SEND $24.50 (MD RESIDENTS ADD $1)
THE OTHER LEADING BRAND COMPANY
Box H, 6281 Tufted Moss
Columbia, Maryland 21045
OR CHECK YOUR GAMES BOOK STORE

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. Send $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 1348, New York, N.Y. 10025.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Teach abroad/here. Current openings list: U.S.A., $9; overseas, $9. Special opportunities: Australia, France, England, Japan, $8 each. EISL, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162-0002.

Need money, have a camera? Sell your photographs. All types wanted—architectural, sports, landscape, etc. Millions bought yearly. Earn hundreds, resell 10 or more times. Unique method. Huge demand—easy, simple work. Proven and guaranteed. Information free. Send self-addressed stamped envelope to Photoviews, Box 26652, Milwaukee, Wis. 53226.

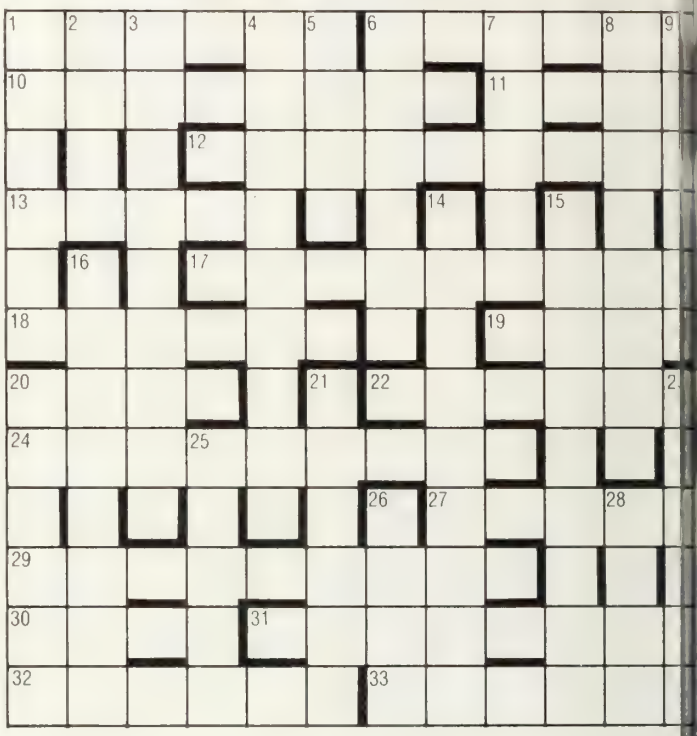
MISCELLANEOUS



THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748
Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

Original acrostics. Send $2, SASE for sample. MOCK, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

PUZZLE



Barhopping

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

The definition part of each clue is normal, but the cryptic indications include the letter immediately adjacent to the entry but separated from it by a bar at its front or rear.

Clue answers include two capitalized words. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 73.

Across

1. Group of legislators holding work session initially makes a small hit (6)
6. Man with mechanical hookup disrupted CBS orgy (6)
10. Left Col. North absorbing fire. Sucker. (8)
11. Pitcher, leader in walks, takes look around (4)
12. Indescribable ending on French fairy tale (9)
13. One pint in overturned can is not appropriate (5)
17. Avid seeker of small jobs in mint? (9)
18. Rod's incidental Fitzgerald character (6)
19. What a shame piety requires misplaced energy (4)
20. Think as Shakespeare did and possibly wrote (4)
22. Stripped and bent over (6)
24. Lady's chopped basil, thanks to such a gardener (9)
27. Capture scrap, making comeback in preliminary (5)
29. Don aged for hit plays (9)
30. Walk could become foolish around Long Island (4)
31. Indian's false show out West was conspicuous (8)
32. Boaster's disposed to flash (6)
33. Did penance denote setback, concealing sign of adultery (6)

Down

1. It could be put in wash to dissolve lint bug (6)
2. Look upon bachelor as nitwit (4)
3. Plant in antiquated surroundings, in a sense (9)
4. Take some of crop in to be a natural food for cattle (5,4)
5. Use forceps mostly from the back, being particular (4)
6. Cup of sensual pleasure? (6)
7. Bribe an operator holding game of chance (5)
8. Relaxed and entered, stumbling around left and right (8)
9. Eager government initially scrapped red dye (6)
14. Shabbiest tip around church: cut nap short (9)
15. Destruction from bear one bumped into (9)
16. Basketball league umpire very upset without sneakers? (8)
20. What miniskirts reveal: great, heartless ecstasies (6)
21. Somehow coy, embracing Latin on the couch (6)
23. Getting up cranky, bishop leaves bed without a prayer (6)
25. Clown with Polish ring (5)
26. Stop heroin being distributed around Iowa? Just the opposite! (4)
28. Spell "underground"? (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Barhopping," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Inse(r)ts," are Yael Woll, Bedford Village, New York; M. W. Fleming, Berkeley, California; and Mrs. G. R. Puckhafer, Austin, Texas.





For people who like to smoke...

LIGHTS
Regular and
Menthol.



BENSON & HEDGES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

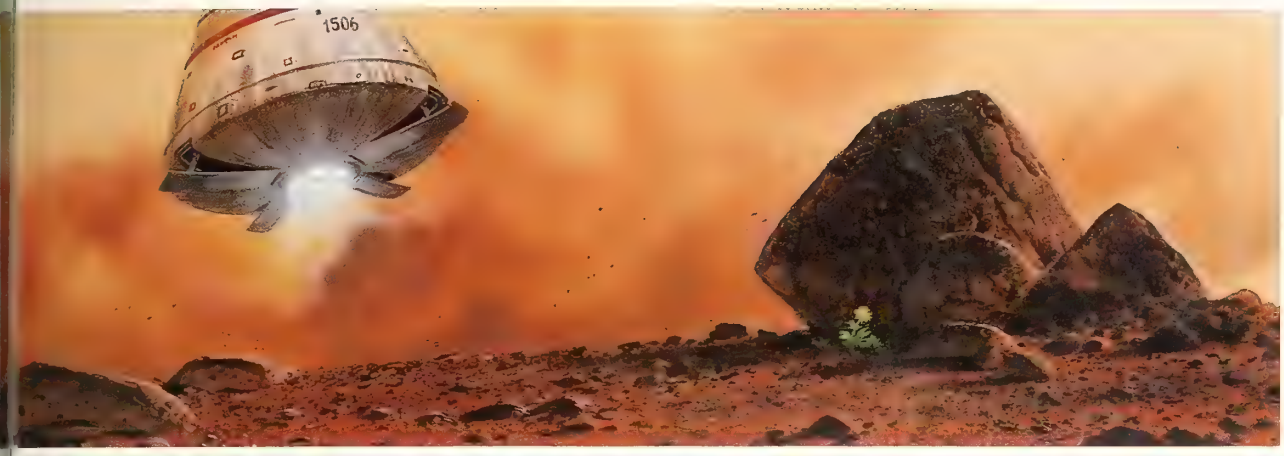
Regular: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine. Menthol: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sweden.
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition.
Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut Since 1879.
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1.0 LITER (33.8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
ABSOLUT L.A.
FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF VODKA/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1987 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

AUGUST 1989

3 9043 03693692 7

HARPER'S



LIFE ON MARS
Cultivating a Planet—and Ourselves
By Frederick Turner

BURLINGAME
JUL 14 1989
LIBRARY

A SEASON OF PORTENTS
The Long Summer of '88: A Wyoming Diary
By Gretel Ehrlich

THE WANING (AND CAREFUL WAXING) OF A DYNASTY
A Visit with the Marcos Family
By Tad Friend

UNDERSTANDING QUANTUM MECHANICS
A story by Jane Hamilton

Busch, and Oscar Hijuelos
he Mambo Kings

Brilliant deduction.

Why is Merit Ultra Lights one of today's fastest growing brands? It is our hypothesis that it has something or other to do with how good it tastes. What do you think?

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SCANDIA

The Shoulder Bag For People On The Go!



IT HOLDS *EVERYTHING!*

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment and clothes you could ever need to carry.

There are even special pockets for all those little odds and ends that seem to get lost in ordinary bags. The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 14½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide (the perfect size for an airplane carry-on), and has six inner and outer pockets. And for those times when you need a little extra space, just open the Scandia's inside zipper and the bag *expands to a full 8 inches in width!* No matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

IT'S EXTREMELY DURABLE.

As anyone who has ever owned a Scandia will testify, *this bag lasts for years.* The Scandia's high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. Its heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are well-made and extremely durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its attractive, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater. And with six handsome colors to choose from, you might want to own more than one!



The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

IT'S A REMARKABLE BARGAIN!
NOW ONLY $19.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-242-6657
CALL ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. B252 , 126 FIFTH AVE., NY, NY 10011

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

METHOD OF PAYMENT
☐Check ☐VISA ☐Mastercard ☐American Express

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

EXP DATE

SIGNATURE

ITEM #	STYLE	QTY	TOTAL
#1377068	BLUE		
#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 VOL. 279, NO. 1671
AUGUST 1989

Letters 4 *Penelope W. Pi-Sunyer, Ruth L. Conway*

Notebook 8
Nymphs and Satyrs *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 11

Readings 12
Heartbreak Motels *Richard Ford*
My Sentence-Fragment Thing *George Bush*
Wright Was Not Wronged *House ethics committee*
What They Learn in School *Jerome Stern*
My Body, Myself *Paul West*
"Lucy and Ricky and the Mambo Kings" *fiction by Oscar Hijuelos*
"McFreud's" *a monologue by Mike Feder*
And . . . *Frank Sinatra, Barry Manilow, Calvary Chapel Surfing Association*

Prospectus 33
LIFE ON MARS *Frederick Turner*
Cultivating a planet—and ourselves

Story 41
WHEN I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND QUANTUM MECHANICS *Jane Hamilton*

Memoir 50
A SEASON OF PORTENTS *Gretel Ehrlich*
The long summer of '88: A Wyoming diary

Criticism 58
PUBLIC OR PURLOINED? *Frederick Busch*
Novelists' letters, biographers' rights

Philippines Letter 68
THE WANING (AND CAREFUL WAXING) OF A DYNASTY *Tad Friend*
A visit with the Marcos family

Miscellany 72
TOWARD PURE ENERGY *Laurence Gonzales*
My first flight in a fighter jet

Acrostic 77 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Illustration by Ron M

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Leon Botstein, Chairman. Copy

©1989 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trade
owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Sec
class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Maga*
P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks adv
notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Mar
OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969, Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8
4:30 PM, Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10
Harper's Magazine will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fic
Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envel

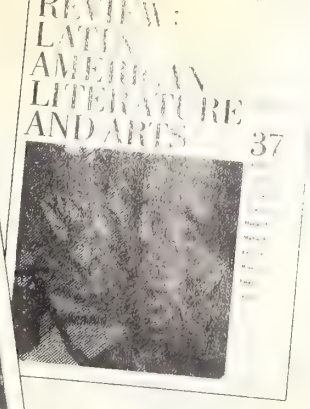
ew writing, interviews, and art; a quar-
n the eye from ex-Fugs, Fluxists, fraudu-
l women in bathing suits, and fighting
rs. Dick Higgins, Alison Knowles, Robert
khail Horowitz, Janine Vega, A.D. Col-
Krims, Ed Sanders, Scott Spencer, Linda
atest issue: Billy Name on Warhol's Fac-
nple copy, $8/yr, (4 issues).

hares. "I could have been a saint. I've be-
iter instead."-Leon Bloy. *The Virtue of*
special issue on the ethics of fiction, ed-
ith an introduction by James Carroll, fea-
k by Annie Dillard, Rick Bass, Ward Just,
man, Robie Macauley, Pamela Painter,
Weesner, and others. $8.95/single copy;
t of 3 issue subscription.

Latin American Literature and
ing 1989: Latin American music, featuring
Brazilian composer Heitor Villa-Lobos,
ormer Juana Bacallao, Peruvian sculptor
l; interviews with Verna Gillis ("Sounds-
d Fernando Botero. Fiction by Silvina
drama by Marco Antonio de la Parra. Ex-
n *Memories of Mosquitia*. Book reviews.
d.; $22/yr., inst.







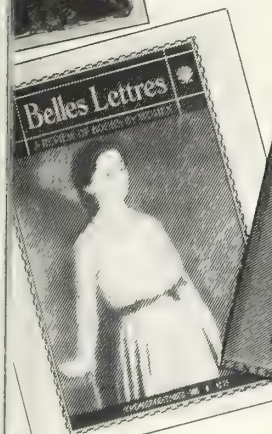


"Reading **Gargoyle Magazine** is like visiting a cafe in space,"—*Choice.* Contributors include T. Coraghessan Boyle, Charles Bukowski, Rita Dove, Todd Grimson, Michael Martone, George Myers Jr., Elizabeth Tallent, and Rosmarie Waldrop. **Gargoyle,** entering its 13th year, is a winner of the 1988 CCLM Editor's Award. $15/yr.; $7.95/issue.

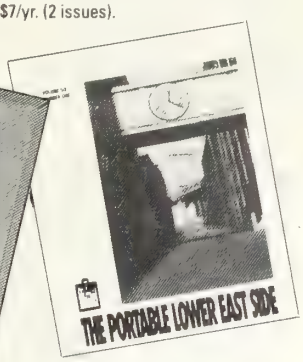


the new renaissance (tnr), an international magazine of ideas and opinions, emphasizing literature and the arts. Winner of CCLM/GE Award for Younger Writers; Winner of CCLM Editors Award for editorial excellence and vision. "tnr has only one criterion: excellence." - Bill Katz, *Library Journal.* Named a leader in the Cultural Life of Massachusetts by the MA Arts Council. $22/6 issues, US; $25/6 issues, Canada, Mexico, Europe; $28/6 issues, all others.

Farmer's Market: "Everything from the poetry to the photography celebrates the frontiers of imaginative taste. An unusual little magazine with an absolute sense of quality."—*Library Journal.* An award winning regional magazine with universal appeal, **Farmer's Market** publishes work that reflects the deeply-rooted literary tradition, voice, and vision of the Heartland. $7/yr. (2 issues).







Gloria Naylor called **Belles Lettres** the most exciting thing to arrive in her mailbox since her tax refund. "Enticing and important," says *Library Journal.* "The editors pack a lot of potent material into each issue." Enjoy the richness of literature by women through reviews, interviews, rediscoveries, retrospectives, and special issues. Quarterly: $15/yr., ind; $30/yr., inst.

"**CALYX** is in the first rank of women's literature and art publications, and one of the top-notch big little mags, period . . . faithful to a feminist philosophical stance (in the real sense of 'Wisdom-loving')."—*Contact II.* Fine literature, art, essays, translations, book reviews. Recent contributors: Claribel Alegria, Sharon Doubiago, Merle Woo, Jessica Hagedorn, and Olga Broumas. $18/yr., ind; $22.50/yr., libraries; + $5.00 foreign postage.

The Portable Lower East Side is "a tremendously interesting concept combining urban history, prose, poetry and graphics"—*Mother Jones.* Allen Ginsberg, George Konrad, Meena Alexander, Herbert Huncke, Lynne Tillman, and Robert Frank. Next issue: *Crimes of the City.* "The level of interest and talent is extremely high, and will appeal to almost any good reader"—*Library Journal.* $12/yr.

MAGAZINES

THAT MATTER

The Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines is a unifying organization for these and over 400 other literary publications.

U B S C R I P T I O N F O R M

e indicate publications desired.

elles Lettres $15/yr.
ALYX $18/yr.
armer's Market $7/yr.
argoyle $15/yr.
he new renaissance $22/6 issues
loughshares $15/yr.

☐ **Portable Lower East Side** $12/yr.
☐ **Review** $14/yr.
☐ **Satori** $8/yr.
☐ **The CCLM 1989 Directory of Literary Magazines.** Guide to over 400 literary magazines. $9.95

TOTAL _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make check payable to CCLM, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. Payment must be in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham

Executive Editor
Michael Hoffman

Senior Editor
Gerald Marzorati, Jr. Editor

Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush

Art Director
Deborah Fort

Associate Editors
Claire B. Cramer, Barry Gewen
Colin Harrison

Assistant Editors
Elliott Fabian, Paul Lough
Ann E. Menebroker, Secretary to the Editors

Interns
Cheryl Della Pietra, Dorothea Horney
Andrew Todd

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Brad Edmondson
Ernest van Goldman, Vicki Hearne
Walter Karp, Craig S. Pascal, Barry Lopez
Peter Matthiessen, George Plimpton
Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris
Jacqueline Simenon, Eric Utzinger
Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe

Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens
Fred Reed

John R. MacArthur, President and Publisher

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder

Vice President, Circulation
Frances Hart

Jean Lentz, Circulation Director

Diane Ecott, Assistant to the Publisher

Staff
Joseph Mahr, Theresa Nanni
John Shulman

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Victoria Rosenbush

Advertising Representatives
Dean Carson, West Coast Manager
Mary Anne Malley, Detroit Manager
Peter B. MacBlane, Lucia McCamant

Lisa Kay Greenwood, Advertising Assistant

LETTERS

The Absence of Guilt

Edward Hoagland ["Too Much, Too Blindly, Too Fast," June] gives faithful New Yorkers wonderful images and doleful nostalgia for the city we love. He also provides a wide perspective on our growing sense of helplessness, guilt, and despair at the army of homeless—the "starvelings blowing on their fingers in front of Bergdorf Goodman, Saks, and Lord & Taylor"—and on the deteriorating condition of our city.

But Hoagland somehow fails to note the frightening loss of hope among the poor. Unlike the past's "ragamuffin crouched in burlap," who might be a new immigrant about to become a millionaire, today's poor youth doesn't believe that by dint of effort he can become wealthy in the garment district or the junk bond market. And though it may be poetic for Hoagland to write that "the leavening of physical work that was present before brought more good humor," the cold fact, lack of humor aside, is that the loss of unskilled and manufacturing jobs, coupled with schools that are not preparing our youth for a changing job market, lock people out of New York City's economy. The situation for the poor is worsened by crumbling housing and overcrowded hospitals. And then, in huddled heaps on subway benches in the violent outbursts we all fear, their loss of hope confronts those of us who are luckier.

Penelope W. Pi Sumner
New York, N.Y.

The foul smelling street people—homeless whom Edward Hoagland trips over on the way to work, where they are not because of the merely complex and terminally insolvable "socio-economic conditions," to use the common phrase—because no one feels guilty about not doing anything or enough for them.

It's not a complex or unprecedented problem. I worked for two years at the Salvation Army, finding jobs for ex-cons, handing out blankets, feeding food, giving out cigarettes and jokes, and listening to a zillion amazing stories. I saw literally thousands of cases in which all it ever took to get people back in action and off the streets—if housing was available—was a shot at a job, a clean place to sleep, a few free meals, a clean change of clothes, and an "attaboy" or "attagirl." Big deal, huh?

Walt O'Brien
Milwaukee

The Wasteland

Barry Lopez's report on Antarctica ["Our Final Planet in Cold, Clear View," May] characterized the continent as a pristine atmospheric laboratory where complex environmental

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed, double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgement.

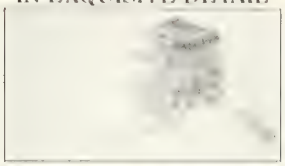
lems are studied. But this is only the story. When civilization enters an unspoiled natural sanctuexploitation and pollution will w, destroying fragile ecosystems. is now happening in Antarctica. he despoliation of Antarctica already be irreversible. The gar-, human waste, and toxic chemifrom the research encampments left abandoned along shorelines, tal inlets, and lakes. In parts of Aurdo Sound, PCB levels are apching those found in some large harbors. Argentina and Chile constructing hotels for tourists ling to Antarctica. A treaty has proposed that would allow drilor oil, natural gas, and minerals. se drillings would be exploratory , but once the potentially enors deposits are located, the de- for "limited harvesting" will itably follow. The irony is that if e conditions are not controlled, arctica will lose the unspoiled na- that attracted scientists in the place.

Fleming
g Beach, Calif.

tching the Meltdown

read Los Angeles Police Chief yl F. Gates's letter [June] in reise to the March forum on gangs, hen You're a Crip (or a Blood)," amusement and anger. Gates es that gang violence suddenly apred with the arrival of crack and now there are "no sidelines" in war against the resulting "civiliza- meltdown." Gates's perspective pical of the city's law enforcement cials and administrators alike. 's be blunt: 70,000 gang members 't spring up overnight. The truth hat nobody really cared about ng kids killing each other in th-central Los Angeles year after r. Nor did anyone address the drug gang problem in Los Angeles until gangs had picked their own neighhoods clean. With nothing left to l or destroy, the gangs moved into more affluent sections of the city, h as Westwood, and started to ke trouble there. That's when the suddenly had a "gang problem."

ALASKA MAP
IN EXQUISITE DETAIL

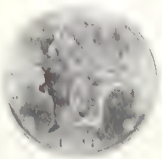


This full color shaded-relief wall map measures 63½" ×35". $45 laminated or $20 paper. $4.00 shipping UPS. Request our **free** brochure of western state wall maps. Order by phone or mail today:
1-800-237-0798.
Raven Maps & Images
31 North Central, Medford, Oregon 97501

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,000 hard-to-find quality films available, including *Babette's Feast, Pelle the Conqueror* and *Wings of Desire.*
Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.
It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.
1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)
Home Film Festival
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

SPE[illegible]
[illegible]PRODUCT[illegible]
THE LAST REGULAR ISSUE U.S. GOLD COINS EVER MINTED




Liberty Double Eagle Minted 1849-1907 | Saint-Gaudens Double Eagle Minted 1907-1933

ONLY $995
FOR THE COMPLETE TWO-COIN SET
Both Investment Grade Gold Coins In Brilliant Uncirculated MS+ Condition
30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
One Set Per Order
Prices subject to change.
CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-877-7633
BLANCHARD
FREE
with every order:
A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO COIN INVESTMENT
OFFER #107

THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



Christmas Catalogue

Please send me the new 132-page Christmas Catalogue: a selection of more than 500 exclusive and unusual gifts, produced by the Metropolitan Museum from works of art in the Museum's collections. Glass, silver, porcelain, jewelry, prints, books, Christmas cards, and more. Prices from less than $10 to more than $100.

Enclosed is $1.00 for the Christmas and future Museum catalogues.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station
New York, NY 10028

Name _____
Address _____ Apt # _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Request catalogue no. 1459

The real "civilization meltdown" lies in the fact that impoverished people in the inner city are once again being left behind economically and given a very simple message: fend for yourself, stay in your own neighborhood, and occasionally look over your shoulder for the Man. I beg to differ with Mr. Gates: The city of Los Angeles has been sitting on the sidelines for years.

Dan DeLorenzo
Los Angeles

McGovern's Legacy

I remain astounded that George McGovern [Letters, June] seems to have no comprehension of what he did wrong. In his response to Jonathan Schell's article ["Speak Loudly, Carry a Small Stick," March], McGovern writes that even though he lost the 1972 presidential election, the positions he held as the Democratic candidate on the Vietnam War and Watergate were eventually accepted by most Americans and incorporated into public policy. Thus, he writes, "McGovernism" has been rehabilitated. He may, he concludes, even test the strength of his beliefs in the 1992 election.

As an opponent of the Vietnam War and a supporter of McGovern's candidacy for president, I watched in horror as the election, which should have been a referendum on the war, was converted into a referendum on the social movements of the 1960s. People did not dislike McGovern as much as they detested his followers, whom they perceived as arrogant upper-class intellectuals who thought themselves superior to ordinary Americans.

Today McGovernism stands for the tribalism that afflicts the Democratic party, including special-interest groups whose loyalty is not to America as a whole but to their own subgroup. This perspective was demonstrated by Gloria Steinem at the 1972 Democratic convention. When asked by the press whether the riots outside the convention headquarters might be destroying McGovern's chances, Steinem responded that maybe it was more important to raise people's consciousness than to elect McGovern president.

And now, in the 1980s, the basic American ethos, courtesy of the Republicans, is: "Screw you, I want mine!" Liberal Democrats like to think that they are standing up to this message, but they are not. They have merely redefined the concept so that "mine" becomes interest-group entitlements. That change is the legacy of the McGovern candidacy, and there is nothing he can do to alter it now.

William A. Baker
New York, N.Y.

Can we correct something that George McGovern wrote in his letter? He said that Richard Nixon "was forced by Congress to end the war in Vietnam—as I had demanded. . . ." The truth is that during the 1972 campaign Nixon made a promise to get us out of Vietnam, and he kept it.

Dan Althoff
Atlantic Beach, Fla.

Blinded by Ire

It is quite clear that you have published [Letters, June] only the mildest reactions to the April forum, "He's Back!!! Packaging Christ's Second Coming." This particular type of editing is known as "selective journalism," the current polite euphemism for censorship.

Nody Long
Springfield, Ill.

I was not surprised at the outcry in the June Letters section over your parody, but I was amazed that so many readers allowed their ire to blind them to its target. Neither I nor any of my Christian friends, all of us quite serious in our faith, took any offense to the forum. The target of the article was *obviously* not Christ but American politics and media culture.

Readers who thought, as one did, that *Harper's Magazine* was "holding the Christian religion up to ridicule" missed a grave truth behind the mockery. The media create and reflect much of our politics and public life and in doing so trivialize matters of great concern—so much so th would do well to ponder one some implication of your satire: America has no real eschatolog yond the apparent finality of the vision screen.

Furthermore, a society that ages religion in much the same packages politics may have no way of receiving the Lord of Life as a pulpit demagogue or a cand for office.

Ralph S. Stevens III
Baltimore

Gordon Mobley's June letter o April forum asserted that "Jews, lims, atheists, and others who God's Son and His message will s eternity in Hell."

If Mobley had done even a mum of research, he would have covered that Muslims hold Jesus his mother, Mary, in the highes teem. Anyone who says he hates J cannot be a Muslim. It is not acc able for a Muslim to hate anyone. not suggesting, of course, that it not happen. Muslims are subjec the same temptations and human ings as any other group. Howe blanket condemnations such as M ley's are totally unwarranted.

As to what groups will spen eternity in Hell, only God kn that, and it is presumptuous and a gant for anyone to arrogate to hin the knowledge of such things.

Nuri alMuhtady
Mesa, Ariz.

Hard Freedom

Although Bruce Duffy ["Catch a Westbound Freight," June] cle intended his description of the h who tried to lure him into the un brush to be the shocker of his pi such an encounter can hardly surp anyone with more than a superfi knowledge of the hobo subcultu Murder and homosexual rape have ways been common among hob both now and in years past. The i of the hobo as a carefree, happy-lucky scamp—lounging around freight cars blurring across the co tryside, swiping pies from housewi

…hen windowsills, breathing in the …ct air of freedom—is a product of …essional mythmakers and the pub… desperate need to believe that …e dirty, ragged creatures skulking …he semidarkness aren't nearly as …gerous or as miserable as they …ar.

…e Hampton Miller
…horage

…eply Offended

…/e ladies of the Indianapolis Re…ment Home appreciate the stories … articles in your well-known maga…

…owever, we cannot understand … the advertisement for the "penis …er" is frequently included in the …ssified section. Surely your mone… needs do not call for this type of …ertising. We believe this adver…ment to be degrading, and we …ld like you to think about it.

…n L. Conway
…anapolis

…rrection

…n the June issue of *Harper's Maga…*, a Readings excerpt from *Please …d By*, a quarterly newsletter about …chnical difficulties" on television, …luded a "sighting" from a nightly …vs program on a Duluth, Minneso… television station. The newsletter …cribed a botched newscast that … followed immediately by a PLEASE …ND BY sign picturing a bearded Vi… g. The Viking was, in fact, the …bol of television station WDIO- … in Duluth, but the technical diffi… ty occurred on another station.

Harper's Magazine can no longer consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will continue to consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. *No queries or manuscripts will be considered or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER

Make money writing & earn while you learn

The British-American School of Writing shows you how to write articles, short stories, novels, romances, children's stories, radio and TV scripts. Professional writers give you *individual instruction* on how to write what's fresh, readable—and saleable!

You get *personal advice* on where and how to sell your material, and if you do not sell enough material to cover your tuition, we'll refund your tuition fees.

Write or phone today for our **FREE** book that tells you all about **"Writing for Pleasure and Profit"**. No obligation. No salesman will call.

Mail Coupon or Call Toll Free 1(800) 541-6002 /24 hrs.

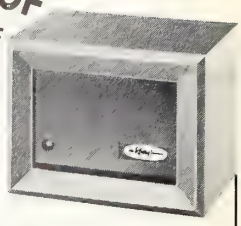
The British-American School of Writing,
Dept.AY19,
P.O. Box 425,
Ansonia Station,
New York, N.Y.
10023-0425



NAME
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP

A DIVISION OF LEISURE STUDY GROUP

GET RID OF
RATS, MICE
BATS, ROACHES
SQUIRRELS
FLEAS
OTHER PESTS



...the *easy* way with
RODAR® J ULTRASONIC *SUPERPOWER*

RODAR J's super-powerful sweeping frequency system blasts out ultrasonic waves at frequencies over 23,000 Hz., equal to a jet engine at close quarters—unbearable to pests but above the hearing range of humans and pets... *and completely safe.* RODAR J has up to 10 or more times the power of other ultrasonic devices. *And power is what makes RODAR so effective.*

Use RODAR J where pests exist or are a threat... home, office, apartment, vacation home, farm, restaurant, storage area... Protects up to 2,000 square feet. *RODAR J drives pests out and, better yet, keeps them from getting in.*

Rodents, roaches, fleas, other pests... RODAR J users report remarkable results. 30-day trial shows how well RODAR J works, *at no risk.*

Handsome simulated walnut, 2¼" × 4⅞" × 3" deep. Uses less than 5 watts. Plugs into standard 110 v. AC outlet. Frequency range 23 kHz to 56 kHz. Complete instructions included. Manufactured by Monadnock in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE... 12 MONTH MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY.

TO ORDER... Send $89.95 plus $4.00 each shipping & handling (in Mass. add 5% tax) by check, money order, or MasterCard or VISA number and exp. date, to **MONADNOCK SALES COMPANY, Dept. 602,** 201 Common Street, **P.O. Box 189, Dedham, MA 02026,** or CALL TOLL FREE **1-800-334-0854 Extension 651.** (For information call 617-326-8675) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 602.**

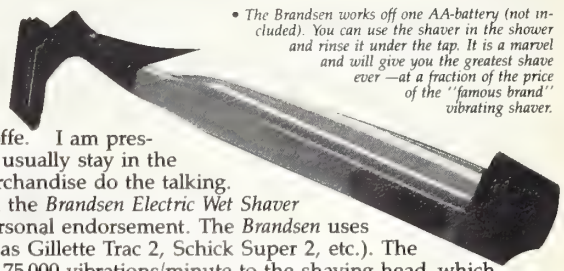
(201 Common Street is not a local retail location.)

If you didn't think that shaving could be sheer pleasure, try. . .

Brandsen™ Electric Wet Shaver

only $12.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• The Brandsen works off one AA-battery (not included). You can use the shaver in the shower and rinse it under the tap. It is a marvel and will give you the greatest shave ever —at a fraction of the price of the "famous brand" vibrating shaver.

My name is Gerardo Joffe. I am president of Haverhills. I usually stay in the background and let our merchandise do the talking. But I am so enchanted with the *Brandsen Electric Wet Shaver* that I want to give it my personal endorsement. The *Brandsen* uses standard twin blades (such as Gillette Trac 2, Schick Super 2, etc.). The sealed micro-motor imparts 75,000 vibrations/minute to the shaving head, which gives you the most incredible shave you've ever imagined. The first time I shaved with it I couldn't believe it. Smooth as silk. Just exactly how all this happens isn't quite clear to me. I believe the ultra-rapid vibrations deliver the bristles to the beard at an especially favorable angle, or something equally esoteric. But whatever does it, it works. Marvelously!

We import the *Brandsen Electric Wet Shaver* in large quantities and can therefore bring it to you at the low price of just $12.95. We use it as a "customer getter," as a means to increase our buyers' file by at least 25,000 names per month. But we have an even better deal. ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** And I believe so strongly that this will be a revelation to you that I personally give you this guarantee: If you are not totally delighted, do not return the razor. Drop me a note and say: "I didn't like it, and I've thrown it away." Your refund check/credit will be in the return mail. (Sorry, if you buy three, I'll have to ask you to send two of them back—unused, please!)

As the Godfather put it, this is an offer you can't refuse. There is no risk and no hassle, and you're in for a wonderful surprise. We can accept only mail orders, accompanied by check or money order, with this offer (no phone, no charge). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code E990.**" Tell us how many *Brandsens* you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) *Brandsens* for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available. You will be delighted! Mail to ⟶

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street,
San Francisco, CA 94107

NOTEBOOK

Nymphs and Satyrs

By Lewis H. Lapham

The religions we call false were once true.
—Emerson

At a newsstand in Grand Central station the other day I was surprised to notice that the celebrities posed on the covers of the magazines imparted a sense of stability and calm to a world otherwise dissolved in chaos. The newspaper headlines brought word of violent change—riots in Beijing, political revisionism in Moscow, near anarchy in Argentina, and moral collapse in Washington—but on the smooth surfaces of the magazines the familiar faces looked as vacant and imperturbable as they had looked for twenty years, as steady in their courses as the fixed stars, as serene as the bronze Buddha in the courtyard at Kamakura. There they all were—Liz and Elvis and Zsa Zsa and Cher; Sammy Davis Jr. and Joan Collins and Andy Warhol—indifferent to the turmoil of the news, bestowing on the confusion of events the smiles of infinite bliss.

I hadn't expected a row of clichéd photographs to produce so philosophical an effect, and later in the afternoon it occurred to me that I never had properly understood the place and function of celebrity in the American scheme of things. I had thought of celebrities as frivolous and ornamental figures, as toys or pets or metaphors. Clearly this was a mistake. If they could ease the pain of doubt and hold at bay the fear of change, then even the shabbiest of celebrities, like a little crowd of unpainted idols at a roadside shrine, deserved to be appreciated as minor deities. I thought of the lares and penates who protected the citizens of ancient Rome, and, more fancifully, of the nymphs and satyrs and fauns so lovingly construed by the poets of ancient Greece. The pagan imagination endows all the phenomena of the natural world with the traits of human personality. The postmodern imagination, which is also anthropomorphic but more accurately described as post-Christian, reverts to the same device. The old paganism assigns true elements of the divine to rivers and trees and winds and storms. The contemporary paganism assigns similar powers to individuals brushed, no matter how lightly, with the gilding of fame. Which is why famous actors show up on television commercials muttering ritual incantations over the lifeless forms of cameras and automobile tires, why well-known athletes can be seen breathing the gift of life into cans of deodorant and shaving cream, why even dowager movie queens remain capable of awakening with their "personal touch" the spirit dormant in the color of a lipstick or a bottle of perfume. The popular worship of images (whether graven on T-shirts, designer labels, or magazine covers) has become so habitual that we find it easy to imagine celebrities enthroned in a broadasting studio on Mount Olympus, idly conversing with one another on an eternal talk show. It doesn't matter that they say nothing of interest or importance. Neither did Aphrodite or Zeus. What matters is the hope of immortality. Elvis lives, and so does anybody else who can transform the corruption of the private flesh into the incorruptibility of a public image.

The belief in the transfiguring power of personality derives its modern and egalitarian bona fides from Jean-Jacques Rousseau's romantic pastoral of man as a noble savage at play in the fields of the id, of man set free from laws and schools and institutions, free to declare himself his own government, free to declare himself a god. In a spirit that would be well understood by the editors of *People* magazine, Rousseau's writings reflect his desire to walk into a room and seize the stant and universal approbation o eryone present to focus upon hi all eyes, all praise, all sexual fee Precisely the same desire animate life and work of individuals as sy thetic to the spirit of our age as Iacocca and Shirley MacLaine.

A concise form of the pagan thetic was elegantly stated se years ago by a Yale University stu named Vincent Renzi, who exhib himself as a work of art. He did satisfy a requirement for a the project. The other students in class, crippled by their attachme the traditional forms of expres wrote scripts or directed plays.

Renzi entitled his exhibition Youth in Literature" and circula handbill stating that "from 11:49 12 October 1984, until 10:49 P.M November 1984, the life of Vin Renzi will be a work of art." handbill went on to say that pro tive critics or patrons could arr for their "access to the art" thr Renzi's curator, a fellow stu named David Hyder. During course of the exhibition, about people attended private "viewing Renzi as he made the admittedl nal rounds of his admittedly ban istence. The happy few got t Renzi do his laundry, walk to d shave, go the movies, order brea in a coffee shop, look into a bo newspaper, sharpen one or two cils, form an occasional opinion.

Celebrities employ press agen stead of curators, but the rules o exhibitions, variously entitled Youth in Satin" or "My Old Ag Cask of Brandy," remain the s The publicists provide "access t art" and arrange private showin well as magazine interviews and opportunities. Flesh becomes pr ty, which, in a commercial soci akin to salvation.

few months after reading about
i's exhibition in New Haven, I
further occasion to consider the
ion of celebrity at the American
eum of Natural History in New
City. To a gathering of celebri-
as impressive in its bulk as the
ed elephants and the polyure-
e whale, the president of Colum-
Records introduced Michael
son as "the greatest artist of all
"—not the greatest recording
t of all time, not the greatest pop
er or dancer of all time, but simply
unequivocally the greatest artist
l time. The hyperbole seemed to
excessive, and at first I thought
the gentleman from Columbia
ords merely wished to say that
son was extremely rich. This form
oliteness is so prevalent in New
and Los Angeles that if a per-
er in any venue earns an income
can be counted in megabucks, he
ne becomes, as if by royal procla-
on, an artist. The title is another
e honors that come with the Mer-
s, the house in Beverly Hills, the
earances on the Carson show.
erican celebrity can be defined as
lth incarnate, and its manufacture
ne alembics of network television
es the media's power as an alche-
capable of changing crime into
anthropy and lead into gold. Like
viduals said to be worth more
n $30 million, celebrities become
r own masterpieces, rare jewels for
m the world offers more or less
factory settings inexpressibly
e beautiful than anything else in
r art collections.

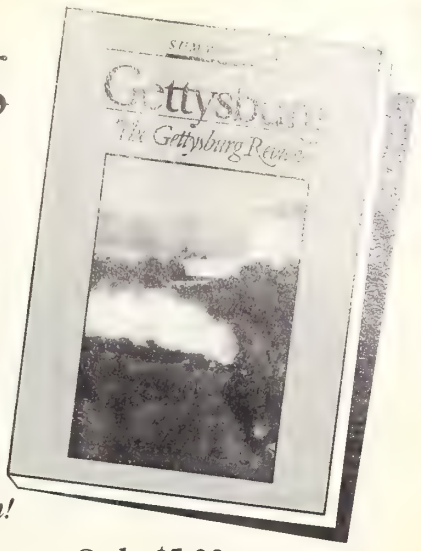
ut even the magnificence of Mi-
el Jackson's fortune didn't ade-
tely explain the phrase "the
atest artist of all time." Why not
ely "a sublime artist" or "one of
greatest artists of all time"?

Once again, I missed the allusion to
pagan system of belief and failed
nderstand that the record promot-
might as well have been talking
ut Dionysus. Only later did I re-
mber what Paul Johnson, the Brit-
historian, had said about Adolf
ler. In his book *Modern Times*,
nson portrayed Hitler as the first
dern rock star, the first totalitarian
esman to conceive of himself as an
st. Long before the advent of Ron-

Gettysburg
The Gettysburg Review

Special Railroad Issue
Summer 1989

Essays, Stories, Poems
on Trains and Railroads
by America's Finest Writers
and a Selection of Paintings
by Julio Larraz
Certain to be a Collector's Item!



Published quarterly, *The Gettysburg Review* is a multidisciplinary journal of arts and ideas featuring the best in writing and art. In 1988 we were honored for being the Best New Journal and for having the Best Journal Design of all entrants in the field. One prominent American writer called our first issue

"The most auspicious debut in magazine history."

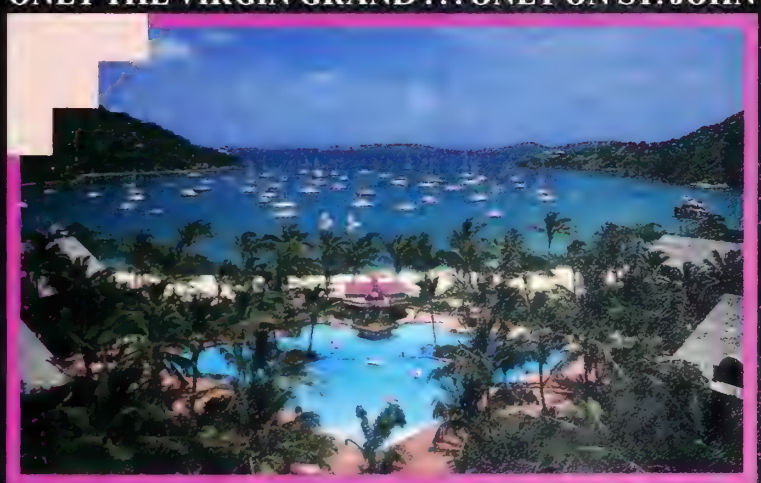
Garrison Keillor

Only $5.00 per copy
($4.00 for magazine
+ $1.00 postage and handling)
or subscribe for a full year (four issues)
including the Railroad Issue
for only $12.00
(add $4.00 for foreign addresses)

Send check, money order, or credit card information (account number, expiration date, signature) Visa and MasterCard only please.

The Gettysburg Review / Gettysburg College / Gettysburg, PA 17325

ONLY THE VIRGIN GRAND . . . ONLY ON ST. JOHN



Sailing At Sun-Up . . . Tennis Under The Stars Poolside Pina Coladas . . . Candlelit Caviar
White Sand Beaches . . . Magneta Flower Gardens Italian Marble . . . English Amenities
The American Paradise

Virgin Grand St. John
HOTEL & VILLAS

For Reservations and Information: Contact Your Travel Agent or Call Toll-Free 800-323-7249
Conferences & Incentives: 800-323-7261
Virgin Grand Beach Hotel, Great Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands 00830, 809-776-7171

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life, *Yellow Silk* offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Beatrice Franklin
Medical Self Care

Yellow Silk

Journal of Erotic Arts



All persons pictured are fictitious

Y. L. Chrisman • Opal de Change • Susan Cotton • Robert Silverberg • Virginia Orlando • Jean Genet • Joe Lozano • Pierre Louys • Cary Solo • Judy Grahn • Margo Perry • Jessica Hagedorn • William Fotzenbill • Lee Gall • Marilyn Hacker • Luis Aguaviva • Charlotte Mendez • [illegible]

YS, P.O. Box [illegible], Albany, CA 94706
$30/year • Quarterly

Name

Address

[illegible]

old Reagan. Hitler understood that the staging of a leader is more important than what the leader has to say. He set the scenes of his speeches as artfully as the producers of rock videos arrange the visual accompaniments to songs. Recognizing that in Germany politics was music, especially music drama, Hitler derived his effects from the study of Wagnerian opera. At Nuremberg, he experimented with the modern forms of *son et lumiere*. Hitler's talent for political costume resulted in the Nazi uniform, which has remained, in Johnson's phrase, "the standard of excellence in totalitarian sumptuary."

It is the standard to which rock musicians, particularly those attempting a synthesis of elegance and sadism, still aspire. The lines of connection between totalitarian art and pagan superstition suggested what the president of Columbia Records might have had in mind when billing Michael Jackson as "the greatest artist of all time." Like so many of his peers in the entertainment and weapons industries, he identified art not with thought or wisdom, not even with skill and ingenuity, but with power.

In *Mein Kampf* Hitler observed that the object of all propaganda was the "encroachment upon man's freedom of will," and toward this end he recommended techniques likely to "whip up and excite . . . the instinctive." The impresarios look for the same effect, and by art they mean, more often than not, the Dionysian burst of feeling that draws a crowd, burns the Reichstag, elects a president, or sells 40 million copies of *Thriller*.

If civilization can be defined as an advance toward impersonality—toward a system of justice that doesn't depend on the whim of a judge or a conception of art that relies on something other than applause for celebrity—then the pagan worship of network anchorpersons or cypress trees implies the joyous return to barbarism.

Given another few years of deterioration of the nation's schools, I can imagine an American pantheon of celebrities not only imprinted on film but also carved in stone or wood. As matters now stand, too many celebrities come and go too quickly through a market glutted with a publ[ic] of cheap imitations. Nobody k[nows] whether a newly minted celebri[ty] last as long as a week, whether [she] she hasn't been too hastily assemb[led] in Taiwan. The company of im[mor]tals could be fixed at a precise nu[mber] (no more than 2,000 but no [more] than 1,000), all of whom grant [in]terviews, pose for all photograph[s] swer all questions, and publish [their] bank accounts and medical histo[ries]. The number of places allotted to professions should reflect the [order] of precedence operative elsewhe[re] the society—400 film and televi[sion] personalities, 250 athletes, 100 [pop] singers, 100 notorious criminal[s], faith healers, 50 new millionaire[s], business magnates, 14 politicia[ns], real estate developers, 6 author[s], generals, 3 presidential candidate[s], foreigners, 1 mathematician, 1 [engi]neer, and 1 saint. The compan[y] serves four places for nonentiti[es] the Cinderella appointments aw[ard] to previously anonymous people [who] hijack airplanes, win lotteries or [No]bel Prizes, assassinate heads of [state] or give birth to quintuplets.

Whenever they go among the [com]mon people, the immortals dre[ss] the costumes from which they d[erive] their principal source of reputa[tion]. Joe Namath always appears in foo[tball] uniform, Joan Collins in a peig[noir]. The immortals ride the subw[ays], stand in line at supermarkets, [and] travel coach class on commercia[l] craft. Their presence comforts [the] populace with the proof of immo[rtal]ity, prompting people to say to [one] another that if Kenny Rogers were [on] this subway, then no thug would [dare] pull a knife, that if Madonna were [on] this plane, not even God would [dare] strike it from the sky.

Every city with any pretensio[ns to] civic pride probably would maint[ain a] temple dedicated to the worship o[f] lebrity. Wandering divinities on t[heir] way to speak in Detroit or play a f[ree] ball game in New Orleans would [sit] behind a screen in the sanctuary [and] tening to the dreams of success. T[he] faithful who come to make confes[sion] would never know whether they [were] speaking to Henry Kissinger or [to a] Montana. This, of course, w[ould] make no difference.

HARPER'S INDEX

Estimated net amount the savings-and-loan bailout will cost the Northeastern states : $18,000,000,000
Estimated net amount the Sunbelt states will receive as a result of the bailout : $42,000,000,000
Estimated percentage change in Exxon's quarterly profits since the *Valdez* oil spill : + 18.7
Portion of all U.S. coastal waters that are too polluted for commercial shellfishing : 1/3
Estimated increase, since 1982, in the temperature of the world's oceans : 1.2° F
Number of abandoned nuclear reactors in the world's oceans : 9
Pounds of toxic chemicals released during each space-shuttle launch : 77,000
Estimated percentage of all the scientists who ever lived who are alive today : 85
Estimated amount Americans spent last year to kill household roaches : $124,000,000
Amount the Pentagon spent last year to develop defenses against biological weapons : $58,800,000
Amount the federal government spent last year to develop a vaccine for AIDS : $53,925,000
Percentage change, from 1987 to 1988, in the number of new AIDS cases : + 8
Percentage change, from 1987 to 1988, in the number of newspaper and magazine articles about AIDS : + 36
Pages of ads in *Vanity Fair* this year bought by advertisers who have been written about in the magazine : 103
Number of bulletproof vests the *Washington Post* has bought for its reporters and photographers this year : 15
Rank of the prison system, among the fastest-growing sectors of government employment : 1
Percentage increase, since 1986, in the number of boys under 13 arrested for rape in New York City : 333
Chances that an American woman will be the victim of a rape or an attempted rape in her lifetime : 1 in 12
Percentage of men earning more than $50,000 a year who say they have had at least six affairs with co-workers : 20
Ratio of the number of divorces filed by women to the number filed by men : 2:1
Percentage of mammal species that are monogamous : 3
Percentage of bird species that are : 90
Number of bald eagles that have died as a result of the Exxon oil spill : 57
Percentage of tropical fish owners in Iowa who say they would like their pets to be more affectionate : 40
Ratio of American children to American cats and dogs : 1:1
Number of hugs in the final episode of *Family Ties* : 20
Number of shootings in the final episode of *Miami Vice* : 40
Price of a two-hour Scandal Tour of Washington, D.C. : $24
Number of candidates who have declined the job of under secretary for acquisition at the Pentagon this year : 47
Average age of a member of the U.S. House of Representatives : 52
Average age of an American voter : 47
Average age of a member of the Rolling Stones : 46
Amount an unemployed graduate is seeking in a consumer-fraud suit against Goddard College : $61,500
Amount a Florida mother is seeking in a suit against a teenager who stood up her daughter for a prom date : $49.53
Price of a one-day seminar on manners taught by Letitia Baldrige : $8,000
Rank of the works of the Disney Company and V. I. Lenin, among those most widely translated : 1,2
Estimated number of haiku written by Japanese Prime Minister Sousuke Uno : 2,000
Portion of the sentences uttered by George Bush during his June 8 press conference that were ungrammatical : 1/5
Number of times that Dan Quayle has accidentally hit the Secret Service emergency button under his desk : 3

Figures cited are the latest available as of June 1989. Sources are listed on page 71
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark

READINGS

[Essay]

HEARTBREAK MOTELS

From "So Little Time, So Many Rooms," by Richard Ford, in the May issue of Money. *Ford's memoir "First Things First: One More Writer's Beginnings" appeared in the August 1988 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

A cheesy motel used to mean something in American life. The first one I ever paid the room rent on was in Olivet, Michigan, in 1964. I was in college, and I took my girlfriend there. I don't remember the name of the place—the Silver Birches, the Snugaway, the Antler Inn, some name like that. It was a little line of connected "units" just off the old highway to Battle Creek and was managed by an elderly fat man in a T-shirt, who left off watching a war movie back in the office/apartment to come sign me in. I, for some reason, decided just at the point of disclosure to say that I would be alone in the room and to sign my father's name on the register. P. C. Ford. The guy just gave me the key and said I could pay when I left. Six bucks. I said I might stay another night.

Our unit was near the end of a curving row of similar but not identical units, all painted pink. Inside were three single beds against three separate walls, a standing lamp, a cold-floor bathroom with an intensely lurid fluorescent mirror light, enough knotty pine to do over the kitchens in several ranch-style homes, a TV with an aluminum foil funnel as its rabbit ear, and a gas wall heater that turned the room as hot as a kiln and then couldn't be turned off.

After an hour inside, I walked out through the chill night down the gravel path to the office and got the manager to come back with a pair of pliers to work on the heat while my girlfriend hid in the bathroom. He lay on the floor, shined his flash into the heater works, tried to reach a tiny valve, failed, burned his hand, then stood up, looking sleepy, and told me he'd open the cabin next door. I said to forget it, I'd manage okay, thanks. He gazed around the dimly lighted room, saw the bed, a pair of shoes that weren't mine, a skirt that wasn't either. "Try opening some windows," he said. "It's all fine now," I said. And then he left.

And everything *was* fine. I remember that room, the bight of cabins, the sleazy light, the cold floor, the busted screen window through which I gazed, later that night, onto a frozen Michigan cornfield in rich October moonshine, all of it as vivid as if I'd painted it onto glass, or read it in a novel, or written it in one. Such settings, such rooms were places of reference, of secret knowledge and provocation, of mystery and romance. We remember them. They live. They feed our lives somehow.

That's all going to hell, of course, and fast. What's taking its place—arising sometimes right out of the Antler Inn's scented ruins—are thousands of vilely cozy little keeps known as limited-service lodgings. Austerity chalets. Sleep cheaps—motels conceived of as U-Store-Its for human beings. Their silent, miragish insignia and existential accommodations are grimly transforming our sweet American en-



...ael Thiele, Conductor LIRR," a photograph by Neil Winokur. From Transit Art: LIRR ...yees & Objects, *an installation of Winokur's work at New York City's Pennsylvania ... through the end of this month. The show is sponsored by the Public Art Fund.*

dearment for overland travel into platitude. Indeed, if Albert Camus came back to Earth as a room clerk, here would be where he'd work.

They are places of odd address. The Friendship Inn, the Comfort Inn, the Luxury Budget Inn—names that turn the language toward sedition. The Knights Inn, the Days Inn, the Red Carpet—names that smirk at us, beckoning as our tired eyes play tricks and roadside phantoms caper into our headlights and evanesce to empty highway. "Any struggle against the abuse of language," Orwell wrote, "is a sentimental archaism." But our civilization is decadent, he also said, and our language must inevitably share in the general collapse.

Certainly it is not very "nice" to stay in these places. It is not as nice, for instance, to stay in the Days Inn in Missoula as it is to stay in the Cadogan on Sloane Street, London. It is not as nice to stay in the thrifty Scottish Inn in Kankakee as it is to stay at the Drake in Chicago. It is not even as nice to stay in the Regal 8 in Memphis as it is to stay in the Ramada Hotel a few blocks downtown. This may too much stress the obvious. But first principles can get lost when the creative types behind these dreary oases blur their very dreariness by stressing other showy selling points (complimentary O.J., free coconut sinkers), and when the language used to signify our pleasure is being rereferenced by the lexicographers of American business. Comfort. Ease. Convenience. These now have taken on as many hues as virginity. Though all seem simply to mean that staying in our place is better than sleeping in your car or having a wreck, and with any luck you can get in at night and out the next morning without ever really realizing it. An experience not unlike anesthesia. Nice.

When I set out to write an essay about them, I made several reconnaissance trips to the countryside for the purpose of comparing and contrasting accommodations. One Red Roof. One Days Inn. One Budgetel. I wanted to know whose plastic cups held more toothbrush water. Whose corridor floors were squishier. Which had furnishings one could actually make use of in a real home (I had in mind those long desk *cum* chest of drawers *cum* luggage divans that are never found *anywhere* but in motels).

What I found was that upon having my Visa card "embossed" and finding the way to my room, I closed the door, took one look around, breathed a long whiff of air (as still and manufactured as a blood bank's), and immediately turned on the TV, plopped on the bed, and zoned out. I forgot everything, my "mind like a moon," as a character says in a Peter Matthiessen novel. Arguably this may say as much about me as the room, but the fact remains, an odd amnesia set in. And, Lord knows, if I couldn't in such a room even force myself to tweak the woof on the hand towels or pull the drapes to



From Punch.

take the view or check the rate card on the door—if all devolved to erasure and denatured spirit—what chance could frail desire ever have? Or mystery? Or illusion? Too much anonymity just isn't good for you.

All hotels are impersonal places, of course, even the fond old Cadogan. Our own tacky and pretentious artwork's not on the wall, our sleep-soft sheets not on the bed. Out the window's not the park view we'd choose. The neighbors are strangers. The telephone's not permanently in our name. And yet, when I saunter into some big, swell-looking suite, what I feel—impersonality aside—what I *actually* feel is pride—for myself! Damn straight. I know what I like, and I know what's good. And I've gotten them both together here in my name. I settle into a nice wide wing chair. I check out the bathroom subtleties. I survey the bar's friendly regiments of midget bottles. I stand to the window. I admire the wall art. I check for wooden hangers. I open the escritoire and finger the bond. I consider a letter . . . perhaps a poem. I contemplate, in fact, an entire life lived in this very room. And I conclude it'd be wonderful. For a slender moment I'm rich and I'm careless. Money's no object. Sweet life. Sweet illusion. I call room service.

In these other places, though, money *is* the object, and everything points that way. Strict economy's the rule. And economy is the modern principle that says all human life can be rendered indefinitely smaller while still remaining recognizable as life. If it served a political ideal we would call such a reliance vaguely communistic or, if religious, maybe Buddhist. But the fact is here it's done for money—a little of yours and a lot of somebody else's—so it's okay.

Still, it has a niggard little spirit, and what we gain in pocket change we lose in vivacity. Zest. We've all known one or two practitioners of such a metaphysic—grinning, squinting, crew-cut little zealots, somebody's awful uncle or eccentric in-law—people who can get *everything* cheaper, find a generic cigarette as good as your expensive French brand, people who shop at Penney's because "the stuff's just as good," people who change their own oil, rotate their own tires. Tiresome people. The Mr. Creedys, the Fred Mertzes of the world, people who drain your special something out of life and substitute their own inferior version in the very way a bad translation of a fine poem is said to leave everything intact but the poetry.

It's hardly poetic when you list what's lost in the translation toward cheap in the hotel field. The raw bar's a goner. The smiling doorman. The foreign papers and the tobacconist downstairs. There's no room service, no sauna, no valet, no free postcards, no interesting ashtrays. Just a wastebasket with a plastic bag inside, a regulation bed, two hard chairs, that strangely long piece of furniture I mentioned before, a plastic bathtub, occasionally a dirty-movie option, and easy proximity to a major artery (the other kind). The walls don't even have ears.

It's certainly hard to jazz up the illusion of *living* in one of these all-expense-spared havens.

Nor is it the kind of place you just decide to stay on in for an extra day—kick back and lounge around, take a look at the city. The city's usually elsewhere, and you can easily forget its name out where you are. Moline? Cheyenne? Elko?

These are the places where obscure rockabilly bands far from home grow helplessly morbid after midnight and redecorate walls using tire irons. Truckers lay over here if their wives are along. Hunters "camp" here if their wives are not. Small-time detail men for big-time firms gone cost-conscious stay here. They like the direct dialing, the off-on simplicity, the forty-buck-a-night damage. Americans stay here. All of us. And to wonder why we do begins to sound mulish when it's so damn cheap. The Antler Inn wouldn't be a sou cheaper, and the heater still won't work. This is what economy means in 1989: you only do worse if you look for better.

Maybe that's the spirit behind the great swarms of us who show up late on Saturday night, minus a reservation, turning up our noses at the Ramada and the Radisson, hoping we can sneak our dog or our girlfriend in the back door and down the dim corridor of rooms as identical and unmysterious as sticks of chewing gum. We like the bedrock baldness of these little sanctums. We *like* to think we've sought the bottom line and there is one. The builders and the owners—all living happily in Phoenix, I assume—they know what they're offering us and so do we, and we accept. We stay where the curves cross: the cheapest nice, the nicest cheap. If there's a gaunt sinking feeling comes over us when we push our bag through the doorway and peep inside, a feeling of bearable indignation, of inconsequential undoing, of losing things we know we can lose, there's still heart to take: things can only look up from here; even indignation, purchased cheap, makes a bargain. And those other places—those ritzy joints where we *aren't* staying—they have their drawbacks. They cost a hell of a lot! And an hour after the room service tray's disappeared, you get the queasy feeling you're kidding yourself. You aren't this rich. You'd better cut the crap before you get yourself caught. Pleasure always has its chilly sides, just as the cheap side has its pleasures. Better to sleep where you belong, where you like it, where the facts match your truth.

So, the facts. These cheapjack places are to real hotels what a Barcalounger is to an honest-to-God chair, or a full Cleveland is to a cashmere overcoat. And we like them a lot, even though they imperil those younger than we are. Our parents could take us into the Peabody or the Seelbach or the Drake—just for a look, just for a sniff of that rich air, for a chance to see the proper size of things. For the future, I don't know. But goodness knows, we need these points of comparison, even if it's just ... Alamo Plaza or some little stucco tourist court with cabins made to look like Indian tepees. We'll forget what nice really is without them, what interesting really means. We won't know what to fear or anticipate or miss.

Modernity always turns sinister and ineffable. And Orwell is right when he says it's bunk to prefer candles to electric lights or "hansom cabs to aeroplanes." I wouldn't. Memory, the hazy thread of novels and provocation and romance, may be less prizable now and have more burden than relief to offer any of us, so that we're happy sometimes just to have a place to go and shut the door, close out the noise and the old words, just stay still. You can't buck the future. But you're wise to know what it is when it gets here. And it's here. The best surprise, of course, is no surprise when it's dark outside. So, if you have to leave just one light on—leave the one on in your brain.

[Blurbs]

THE MAGNITUDE OF THIS GIANT

From the book jacket to Why Me?, *an autobiography of Sammy Davis Jr., published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

FRANK SINATRA: *Why Me?* is a passionate work of art and I heartily recommend it.

AARON SPELLING: I thought that I knew everything about my friend Sammy until I read this book. Now I love him more than ever. Anyone reading *Why Me?* will love him, too.

MICHAEL JACKSON: Sammy Davis exemplifies the ultimate in showmanship. He personifies perfection and has influenced my performances since the very inception of my career.

DIAHANN CARROLL: The Sammy Davis Jr. story must be told because history must record the magnitude of this giant.

LIZA MINNELLI: A fearless and searching inside look at the world's most dazzling and incomparable out-front performer.

RICHARD M. NIXON: Sammy is one of the great living Americans. It wouldn't matter what color he was, with his intelligence he could make it at anything, anywhere.

[Slide Show Script]

MAINSTREAMING MINORITIES

From the script to a slide show on "mainstreaming" in news coverage prepared by the Gannett Company. "Mainstreaming" is a term used by Gannett newspapers to describe the inclusion of minorities in news stories that are not specifically concerned with minority issues. The slide show features pictures of the best examples of mainstreaming in Gannett news articles during 1987 and 1988. The presentation is being made available to Gannett newspapers for use in seminars for reporters and editors.

[SLIDE] Bridgewater entered a good mainstreaming example showing a black woman in its feature on bonnets for an Easter special. The judges, though, felt it was perhaps a step in the wrong direction — that is, away from nonsexist characterization — to label the wearers "ladies" in the headline and then to compound that with the lead "If you want to catch a fellow, wear a hat."

[SLIDE] In perhaps the most creative and refreshingly different use of mainstreaming in holiday features, Wilmington went to some trouble to make a point with its Halloween piece. Black faces wear clown makeup, too, it emphasized. The paper had some trouble finding a makeup artist who could handle the task.

As in the past, we discovered that mainstreaming seemed easier to do in the features and lifestyles sections of our newspapers. And it was not confined to holiday stories. We found it in stories on:

Decorating

[SLIDE] Nashville broke new ground with the use of an ordinary (black) hand to hold the color palette on the front page of the Home section. Another paper tried a similar effect, using black hands to hold a bottle of mineral water for a feature on the high cost of bottled water. But the photo showed clearly that the black person wore a waiter's uniform and the judges felt that was too close to stereotyping.

Fashion

[SLIDE] San Bernardino balanced its feature on hairstyles with Hispanic, black, and white models. Cornrows can be stylish, too.

Food

[SLIDE] Chambersburg gave us a feature on soul food but was careful to show that mainstreaming has few limits. It featured a white soul-food aficionado, too.

The judges felt most strongly, it seems, about "classic mainstreaming" — that is, the blending of minority groups and minority group members into coverage in the most ordinary of ways. Writing about and depicting people who happen to be Asian, Hispanic, Afro-American, or Native American without emphasizing their race or ethnic heritage seemed to make a particularly good impression.

[SLIDE] In Des Moines's business section feature on private bankers, one of the persons featured happened to be a black man, but no special issue was made of it because it was not relevant to the story.

[SLIDE] Nor did Muskogee fall into the stereotypical "first black" mode when it profiled the first-ever black superintendent of schools. Without the picture, the reader would not have known the man's race until far along in the story. It was not of the greatest news value.

[White House Transcript]

MY SENTENCE-FRAGMENT THING

From the White House transcript of President Bush's comments at two public appearances on May 9. The first was a visit to the Shiloh Child Development Center in Washington, D.C., the second was a phone call to crew members aboard the space shuttle Atlantis.

THE PRESIDENT: What's the time now, what do they do? Parents go into work, mother will bring the kid here — or dad — and leave them off at what time?

MS. O'MACHONU: Okay, around 7 A.M.

THE PRESIDENT: Seven?

MS. JOHNSON: Yes, we open at 7 A.M.

THE PRESIDENT: And then do they pick them up at different times or —

MS. JOHNSON: Yes, they have different times. They start picking them up around 4:30 P.M., and we close at 6 P.M. So between 4:30 P.M. and 6 P.M., they're picking the children up.

THE PRESIDENT: Yes. And they pay — I think my briefing paper — what did it say?

MS. JOHNSON: Fifty-five dollars a week.

THE PRESIDENT: Fifty-five dollars? And they have a meal in there?

MS. JOHNSON: Yes, they have hot breakfast, and they have hot lunches. Nothing packed. Everything is straight from the stove.

MS. O'MACHONU: And a 1 P.M. snack.

THE PRESIDENT: —P.M. snack? What, end of the day kind of thing?
MS. OMACHONU: End of the day. . . .
THE PRESIDENT: What's the oldest kid—age—that you get in the day care, or child care?
MS. OMACHONU: Up to five years of age.
THE PRESIDENT: Five would be—then they go off to regular?
MS. OMACHONU: Regular school. But we do have an after-school program where they come here in the afternoon.
THE PRESIDENT: The little guys—I mean, six, seven years old? That kind of thing?
MS. OMACHONU: Yes.
THE PRESIDENT: What's your end of all of this madhouse?
MS. GERALD: I'm Ms. Gerald, and I work with the three-year-olds.
THE PRESIDENT: Three-year-olds?
MS. GERALD: Yes. And we have our daily activities. In the morning, we have our opening. We do reading and sharing. And they have math. We do numbers. We do our finger plays. We just have—go through the day. . . .
REVEREND GREGORY: Mr. President, would you like to see some of the children?
THE PRESIDENT: I'm kicking myself. I should have brought a couple of the little puppies out of that basket.
MS. JOHNSON: They would have loved that.
THE PRESIDENT: Except I wouldn't want to clean up your rugs around here. [*Laughter*] I should have done that because kids just love those little fuzzy things. And we're about to—I was telling the Reverend, they're about to leave home.

♦

THE PRESIDENT: Hello. Captain Walker, can you hear me?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: Well, I'm just checking in to wish you five the very best and to thank you for a mission so well done. I've got to make a slight complaint on our communications, because you guys can send something off to Venus, but I couldn't get ahold of you on the airplane flying back to Houston. But that's a minor complaint from the Oval Office.

But how are you feeling? And we are so proud of the job you all did.
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: I mean, just on the physical side, is there any comparison to jet lag, or do you just really feel up to speed now?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: Mary, it sounds like you. But look, how was the actual deployment thing? That went smoothly, as I recall.
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]

[Phrases]

ELEMENTS OF STYLE: SITTING AND EATING

From "Sitting and Eating in Style Profiles," an appendix to an internal report on the Washington Post *Style section. The report was prepared by a committee of* Post *editors for a recent retreat at which high-level staff discussed the section. The appendix lists descriptive passages from recent Style articles to illustrate "the classic formula," which the report says is overused in the section. The formula includes "a transition into the interview that focuses on small details about the setting of the interview (the hotel room, the sofa, the food, the tie)."*

The Meeses: "sitting side by side on an overstuffed couch"

Ed Meese: "sat comfortably in the attorney general's conference room"

Mrs. Man Ray: "ensconced in a lavish marble-clad suite at the Willard Hotel, holding court as his widow"

Sam Shepard: "settles into his habitual chair"

Ultra Violet: "On a sofa with a million sharp-colored satiny pillows, she stretches out"

George Burns: "is sitting in a straight-backed chair in a swank Manhattan hotel room"

Rose Mofford: "sitting in her new digs"

Divine: "sitting at a small table"

Olympia Dukakis: "doubling up in the battered backstage armchair"

Robert Towne: "lounging as easy as you please in his Upper East Side suite, all lank limbs and lilting voice"

Frank Robinson: "slouched on the couch in [his] office, kibitzing with reporters"

Cybill Shepherd: "lollygagging on the sofa in the den of her rented house off Connecticut Avenue"

Penny Marshall: "sits on an off-white couch in her living room, pondering success"

Jeane J. Kirkpatrick: "seated deep in a sofa in her downtown American Enterprise Institute office"

Dominick Dunne: "perched on the damask-covered, down-filled sofa in his sunny, book-filled East Side penthouse"

Linda Ronstadt: "Right now she's in a large, loose yellow nightshirt and white sweats, nibbling at a Danish"

James Irwin: "This is his third interview of the day, a Sunday lunch. . . . He orders a fine bottle of white wine"

Barbara Bush: "sips from a glass of ice water"

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, yes, yes.
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: That's amazing—1990 arrival? Is that something like that?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: August of—is it true that the Soviets have had great difficulty probing out that far?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: What'd they do? Lose communication? Was it Venus? It was, wasn't it?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: Mars. Yes, have they done anything toward Venus?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: Is that right? I know our expectations are very high on the degree of resolution on this. It sounds like—yes, tell me just a little—have you got a couple of more seconds—tell me a little about the computer lab you all are setting up—the repair shop up there. Did everything end up being okay?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: Yes, well, it was. I think that captured the imagination of a lot of Earthlings, to think that something like that could be accomplished up there. What's next for you all?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: [*Laughing*] Just so you don't find the flight instructor, because I saw a couple of those sheets, and I'm a little embarrassed for you all to see them, frankly. I hope that—
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: Well, you may have trouble being that selective. But, listen, are you coming to Washington, because we'd love to see you here in the Oval Office or—and I know Barbara would like to say hello. And if not, why, if there are no plans for that, why, I expect I'll be—well, I know I'm coming down to Houston at the end of the week. But I'd love to have you all here. Are there any plans for that?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: It is. Hey, listen, it's an invitation, and—well, let's work it out. I'll work through [NASA administrator] Admiral Truly and set it up because I'd like very much to have you here soon, and I'll talk you in the corner about hiding the flight sheets from my naval aviator days. But, really, you—
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: Do I—sure I want to hear it?
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]
THE PRESIDENT: You got it. You got it. But the trouble is, unless you get here—well, you can't do it because I'm leaving Thursday. I was going to say, unless you hurry up, the puppies are gone. They're heading on out to their various—no, a couple of them will be here. Three of them will be in the neighborhood, but one's already gone to Texas. Texas Rangerette, they call her. And she's there with our son in Dallas. And then one heads to Florida. One goes to Kentucky Thursday. But the other three will be in the neighborhood. For you we might reassemble them. But we'll work this out. I want you to come here. And we're very proud of the job you all did. So, we'll check with Admiral Truly and see that we get a time that's convenient for all of you—you and spouses as well.
THE ASTRONAUTS: [*Inaudible response*]

[Report]

WRIGHT WAS NOT WRONGED

From the report issued by the House ethics committee in April concerning ethics violations by former Speaker of the House Jim Wright. This section of the 279-page report, which was prepared by Special Outside Counsel Richard Phelan, examines Wright's role in lobbying the Federal Home Loan Bank Board on behalf of Texas savings-and-loan operators in 1986.

Telephone Call Regarding H. Joe Selby

Between May 1, 1986, and April 28, 1988, H. Joe Selby served as executive vice-president and director of regulatory affairs of the Federal Home Loan Bank (FHLB)–Dallas. Virtually every witness who knew him had the highest praise for Selby and his abilities as a tough regulator.

William Black, former deputy director of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC), testified that Selby had the most prestigious résumé in the entire Federal Home Loan Bank system.

Roy Green, former FHLB–Dallas president, testified that he "handpicked" Selby to help him "clean up" the Southwest thrift crisis. Edwin Gray [then chairman of the FHLB Board] believed Selby's expertise as a top banking regulator would greatly assist the Bank Board.

Between May and December 1986, FHLB–Dallas placed at least 100 supervisory actions on associations following examinations. During this time period the FHLB–Dallas and the Bank Board in Washington came under a great deal of criticism by certain segments of the thrift industry. As the FHLB–Dallas's chief regulator, Selby bore the brunt of this criticism. For many in the industry, Selby personified the FHLB–Dallas's tough supervisory and regulatory response to the thrift crisis.

In November 1986, Jim Wright telephoned

Exercise More with Less

MORE EFFECTIVE

uplicating the motion of cross country skiing, the d's best exercise, NordicTrack provides the ideal bic workout. Your total body is exercised simul- ously.

MORE COMPLETE

ke bikes and other sitdown exercisers, NordicTrack cises major muscles in the buttocks and legs more uni- ly, as well as exercising the arms, shoulders, back. You get a total body workout.

MORE CALORIES BURNED

ests at a major university, dicTrack burned more calories provided a greater aerobic kout than an exercise bike a rowing machine.*

MORE UNIFORM

ke a rowing machine, can independently ist NordicTrack's tance for upper and er body muscles for a e thorough, balanced kout. Major muscles neither overstressed underworked. Plus dicTrack's patented heel system provides ooth, rhythmic motion makes exercising more sant.

MORE CONVENIENT

rcise in the comfort of your e, any time of day, in any weather. 'll be more likely to exercise reg- rly and achieve your fitness goals. dicTrack folds easily, requiring storage ce of only 17" x 23".

ntific test results included in NordicTrack brochure.



■ LESS TIME

Because NordicTrack is so much more efficient than an exercise bike or rowing machine, you burn more calories and get a better aerobic workout in less time.

■ LESS EFFORT

In running and biking, the leg muscles do most of the work. With NordicTrack, the exercise workload is shared by the upper and lower body muscles, so exercise seems to require less effort and provides greater cardiovascular benefits.

■ NO DIETING

Recent studies show that aerobic exercise is much more effective for losing weight than dieting. And no other exercise machine burns more calories than Nordic Track... So you can lose weight faster without dieting.

■ NO IMPACT

Running and some aerobic workouts can cause painful and harmful jarring to the body, resulting in knee, shin, back and other injuries. NordicTrack gives you a vigorous aerobic workout that is completely jarless.

■ NO SKIING EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

NordicTrack is for everyone who wants the benefits of regular exercise. Even if you've never skied (and never plan to), in a few minutes you'll soon be "tracking." Great for all ages and weights.

■ NO RISK

NordicTrack's excellent quality and performance allows us to offer a no-risk, 30-day trial return privilege. In fact, customer referrals are our largest source of orders.

)f all the indoor exercisers, ly NordicTrack provides e same superior benefits cross country skiing."

Bill Koch
Olympic Silver Medalist

FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO

Call Toll Free Or Write:

1-800-328-5888

In Minnesota 1-800-422-5145 In Canada 1-800-433-9582

NordicTrack

141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

☐ **Please send free brochure**
☐ **Also free video tape** ☐ **VHS** ☐ **BETA**

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone ( ) 200H9

988 NordicTrack

A CML COMPANY

Gray to express his "deep concern about the way institutions were being treated in Texas." Wright mentioned Selby. Gray testified as follows:

"And so I received a call and it basically was another call about the treatment of Texas S & L institutions. And then [Wright] said that he understood that Selby was a homosexual. And he understood from people that he believed and trusted [that] Selby had established a ring of homosexual lawyers in Texas at various law firms, and that in order for people to deal with the Federal Home Loan Bank's supervision people they would have to deal with this ring of homosexual lawyers.

"I have no idea what Selby's sexual preference is. I told Wright at the time that that didn't make any difference. But after talking about the bad treatment of Texas institutions and then this homosexual ring, he said to me, 'Isn't there anything you can do to get rid of Selby or ask him to leave or something?' And I said, 'No. I was the one who recruited him. I think very highly of him. He is doing what I want him to do. He is being a tough regulator. That is why I brought him from the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency of Texas.'

"Unfortunately, that is what happened in that call, and I must say that I was really stunned to have the Speaker—the person who would be the Speaker—repeating those kinds of allegations about a man who was serving me."

[Transcript]

THE UPRISING'S HIDDEN TOLL

From "Commanders' Talk," a transcript of a discussion held in February at the Tel Aviv headquarters of the Kibbutz Artzi movement. The movement, a coalition of eighty-six kibbutzim, invited General Amram Mitzna, the senior Israeli military commander in the West Bank, to listen to the comments of several Artzi reserve officers who have served in the occupied territories during the intifadeh. *Translated from the Hebrew by Willis Johnson.*

OMRI FRISCH: General Mitzna, you said the *intifadeh* would last only four or five months. In fact, nothing has changed; things may have become even worse. We in the army try to do the best we can, on the assumption that the government will do something to improve the situation. But you come back every four or five months and say "no change." It's as if we are being sent to be what used to be called cannon fodder—but now it's stone fodder.

I think all of our soldiers believe that the settlers have a legal right to be in the occupied territories. The government settled them there—perhaps contrary to our own beliefs—but now they live there and have the same entitlements we do, and we are obliged to protect them. I'm not envious of any mother who has to drive through there with her children three or four times a week while the car is being pelted with stones.

But then we hear a sermon in Shevei Shomron, and the rabbi begins his lesson with a lecture on Moses, saying that when Moses went out into the desert and saw an Egyptian beating a Hebrew slave, Moses killed the Egyptian and buried the body in the sand. The rabbi says, "You do the same: Go into Enphatah, look right and left, here and there. See what's going on. If there's no TV crew, do as Moses did! If it was okay for Moses, it's okay for us." At a time when advice like this is given, we're supposed to go in and keep order.

I would like to raise an issue that we consider serious: the matter of detentions, which in my opinion may be the most mind-boggling of all the things that one faces as an active reservist. This is the most trying work—I don't know how to put it—the most awful work. At night you go to a certain house to detain the occupant: He's wanted for being one of the leaders of the *intifadeh*. You go in at 2 A.M. with fifteen armed soldiers. Inside, the wall is covered with posters of Ofra Haza [an Israeli pop singer], and the room is thick with small children; there are always children. And you take your prisoner. A week later the mother comes to you and says, "Listen, maybe you can help me. I want to know what happened to my son. Is he alive? Unharmed? Healthy?" Suddenly you realize that after people are taken into detention, nobody contacts the family for weeks. You try to find out where he is, and you fail too. As far as we are concerned, this is the worst.

Then there is the matter of plastic bullets. They've become a terrible trap for the leaders of the military, and for us as well. Since they are not supposed to kill, they would seem to offer a simple solution: you don't have to think, you don't need to take special action, you don't even have to run. You just shoot plastic bullets. It's easy, quick, very effective. The protesters scatter immediately. In fact, a few *are* killed; a few are wounded. You don't even know if they're alive, because the others drag the bodies away.

YECHIAM YOGEV: I do not believe that a soldier can withstand indefinitely the blows of children



From The Afghan Folio, *an exhibition of dye-transfer prints made by Luke Powell, at the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery in Washington, D.C., through October. Powell took this photograph in Samangan Province in 1975. His photographs will be exhibited this fall in Moscow.*

the same age as his own children. It is just impossible to bear. I can't bear it as a commander, nor can my men as soldiers.

Similarly, I don't think I can go in, at two in the morning, to an apartment with ten small, crying children and take somebody away. This is not work I can live with. This is not why I enlisted. This is not what the army trained me for—I am not supposed to do such things. For me, there are terrible historical resonances when we are kicking a door and the people inside are shouting, "Who's there?" and we say, "Open the door!" We're not made for this—not physically, not psychologically. Today I had to club a child no older than my own. I'm just not made for this. Maybe it means I won't accomplish my mission, but I don't want my soldiers to shoot plastic bullets.

Some say the problem is that our orders are unclear. I say that our orders are entirely clear but that it's impossible to carry them out. Are you aware of what happens to prisoners? There is a commander in Gaza to whom I won't take any more people, because I'm not prepared to accept what this officer does. He makes them climb up onto a military personnel carrier with their hands and feet tied. How are they supposed to get up there? How? God knows! So I don't take prisoners to him anymore. He can do whatever he likes to me.

ELI BEN-GAL: I have lived through all of the stages of the *intifadeh*, like everyone else here. In 1976 I saw the mass demonstrations in Kiryat Arba and Hebron, and I knew then that such demonstrations wouldn't help the Palestinians. They didn't understand us then. But now, for the first time in sixty years, they understand. These Arabs have lived with us for twenty years. They've learned our secret. You know, a child who is powerless against his parents will beat his own head against the wall, and the parents won't be able to stand it. The Palestinians are making us kill them, and faced with this the Jewish people have become morally paralyzed. We won't last. We won't be able to. They are destroying us by making us the guilty ones.

We once had a prime minister whom I really disliked, but she was wise. I remember once, at an international conference, she said, "When peace comes, then we'll forgive them for killing our children, but we'll never be able to forgive them for making our children kill their children."

[Monologue]

WHAT THEY LEARN IN SCHOOL

By Jerome Stern. This monologue aired March 1, on All Things Considered, *National Public Radio's daily news broadcast. Stern is a professor of English at Florida State University in Tallahassee.*

In the schools now, they want them to know all about marijuana, crack, heroin, and amphetamines,
Because then they won't be interested in marijuana, crack, heroin, and amphetamines,
But they don't want to tell them anything about sex because if the schools tell them about sex, then they will be interested in sex,
But if the schools don't tell them anything about sex,
Then they will have high morals, and no one will get pregnant, and everything will be all right,
And they do want them to know a lot about computers so they will outcompete the Japanese,
But they don't want them to know anything about real science because then they will lose their faith and become secular humanists,
And they do want them to know all about this great land of ours so they will be patriotic,
But they don't want them to learn about the tragedy and pain in its real history because then they will be critical about this great land of ours and we will be passively taken over by a foreign power,
And they want them to learn how to think for themselves so they can get good jobs and be successful,
But they don't want them to have books that confront them with real ideas because that will confuse their values,
And they'd like them to be good parents,
But they can't teach them about families because that takes them back to how you get to be a family,
And they want to warn them about how not to get AIDS
But that would mean telling them how not to get AIDS,
And they'd like them to know the Constitution,
But they don't like some of those amendments except when they are invoked by the people they agree with,
And they'd like them to vote,
But they don't want them to discuss current events because it might be controversial and upset them and make them want to take drugs, which they already have told them all about,
And they want to teach them the importance of morality,
But they also want them to learn that Winning is not everything—it is the Only Thing,
And they want them to be well-read,
But they don't want them to read Chaucer or Shakespeare or Aristophanes or Mark Twain or Ernest Hemingway or John Steinbeck, because that will corrupt them,
And they don't want them to know anything about art because that will make them weird,
But they do want them to know about music so they can march in the band,
And they mainly want to teach them not to question, not to challenge, not to imagine, but to be obedient and behave well so that they can hold them forever as children to their bosom as the second millennium lurches toward its panicky close.

[Advice Column]

A SKATEBOARDER'S GUIDE TO UNSTOKED PARENTS

From "Coping With Unstoked Parents," by Bonnie Blouin, in the October 1988 issue of Thrasher, *a skateboarding magazine published in San Francisco.*

Every month we receive dozens of letters from kids asking how to cope with parents who are less than obliging to their skating needs. Lack of parental support, in my opinion, is a far worse crime than any restrictive bounds placed on skaters by cops, neighbors, etc. The real sorrow of this never-ending saga is the amount of actual talent that is clipped and expunged by parents who refuse to acknowledge that skating is anything more than "a phase" or an annoying activity. This is an unfortunate hindrance to the progress of skateboarding.

MOM: PERCEPTIVE

Mothers are usually the main "stick in the mud" in a skater's household. This is likely due to the fact that when Mom was a teenager, skateboarding was a sprout, growing its first roots. Now, with her adult status and infinite wisdom, the thought of rolling down the street, much less popping an ollie railslide onto a bench, is unfathomable.

In other words, when Mom peers through the kitchen window to see you skating, she's not

Finally! Foreign-Language Cassettes For People Who Smile A Lot.



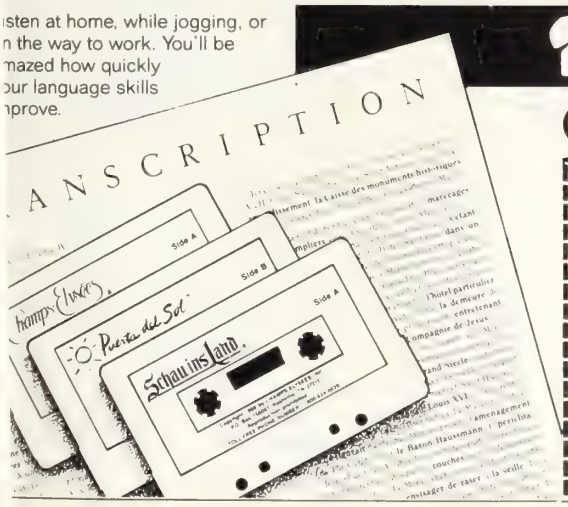
You're in Europe . . . at a restaurant, in a shop, on a train. Someone says something to you (at a speed exceeding 90 miles an hour) and you don't understand a word. Even though you've studied the language, all you can do is smile.

Now there's a way to avoid "language shock." With European-produced audio-magazines from Champs-Elysées Inc., you can dramatically improve your language comprehension and, in the process, fine-tune your accent and enlarge your vocabulary.

Unlike other language cassettes, our audio-magazines are sold by subscription. In lively monthly editions produced by some of Europe's most popular broadcasters, you'll hear the language as it's *really* spoken. Each hour-long program brings you interviews with celebrities and newsmakers, selections of popular music, and conversation about politics, sports, books, movies, art exhibits, places to go, and things to do.

To help you learn as you listen, every edition comes with a word-for-word transcription, including a vocabulary section of difficult words and phrases. Study supplements, priced separately, offer pre- and post-listening exercises.

Listen at home, while jogging, or on the way to work. You'll be amazed how quickly your language skills improve.



Champs-Elysées

La France en cassettes! Whether it's counting the returns in France's legislative elections or counting calories with pastry chef Gaston Lenôtre, top-rated French radio and television personality Georges Lang serves up programs that are upbeat and endlessly fascinating.

—I've subscribed as a means of brushing up on my French prior to travel, and I've found Champs-Elysées *to be absolutely invaluable. I only wish I'd had something like this while I was in school!*
A.M., Reno, Nevada

Schau ins Land

Aktuelles, Kultur und Schlager. Postcard scenery and high-tech industry. Music festivals and anti-nuclear demonstrations. Not to mention countless dialects! Axel Fitzke heads a team of correspondents in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland who examine the vivid contrasts of German-speaking Europe.

—[Schau ins Land] *is proving to be the perfect way to maintain and improve my German skills. The way you choose different contributors is excellent. Some of the dialect is really challenging but that's great.*
R.L., Evergreen, Colorado

Puerta del Sol™

Su puerta al mundo hispánico. Host Iñaki Gabilondo is undoubtedly Spain's most popular radio and television journalist. In programs that feature numerous interviews with policymakers and trendsetters, he explores the rich traditions and new directions in Spain and Latin America.

—I expected [Puerta del Sol] *to be good; it is far better than I had hoped. Your materials, both tape-recorded and written, are a magnificent accomplishment. . . They combine entertainment with instruction on a world-class level of quality. Iñaki Gabilondo is the epitome of perfect pronunciation and style.*
K.P., Albuquerque, New Mexico

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829
(VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED)

CHAMPS-ELYSEES, *Incorporated*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Subscribe now and receive 11 monthly editions, including a combined June–July issue, for just $109. Or, try 5 editions for $63. If you're not completely satisfied with your first program, call for a full refund.

Send check or money order to:

Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. HR2
P.O. Box 158067
Nashville, TN 37215-8067

I am ordering:

☐ *Champs-Elysées* (French)
☐ *Schau ins Land* (German)
☐ *Puerta del Sol* (Spanish)

☐ 5 editions ($63) ☐ 11 editions ($109)
☐ Study guide ($20) ☐ Study guide ($44)

Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Send to:

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

[Newsletter]

SURFING FOR JESUS

From the March newsletter of the Calvary Chapel Surfing Association in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The organization, which was formed last August by James Gould, the youth minister of Calvary Chapel Fort Lauderdale, is intended "to meet the needs of the Christian surfer."

As you recall from last month's newsletter, we had three surfers from our team in the National Scholastic Surfing Association contest: Rob Craft, Matt Beaty, and Mike Murphy. It was the first contest for these three young surfers. The conditions that day were not what you would call perfect, but there were still some good rides. I want to congratulate the three of them for the courage displayed in entering. Matt Beaty had his foot sliced open the day before but still had the determination to go ahead with the contest. Thank God, Matt's foot is healing just fine.

Matt's determination reminded me of the Apostle Paul and all the physical setbacks he endured while traveling the world sharing the gospel. Paul had been stoned (with rocks) and left for dead; he had been exiled from many towns; he had been ridiculed; he had a problem with his eyes (thorn in the flesh); and he was sick and near death. Still he continued to do what he was called to do. "And whatever you do, do it heartily, as to the Lord and not to men" (Colossians 3:23). So keep on keeping on, guys and gals who have been called by the Lord to minister.

The monthly meeting on the twenty-fifth went great. Pastor Bob joined us on that cold and frigid morning to share with us a teaching from the Word of God. Thank you, Pastor Bob. Perhaps the next time you join us it will be warm enough for you to paddle out to the lineup with us. That morning the waves were not exactly what we had hoped for, but it was still so beautiful, with the sun reflecting off the blue ocean. We left Ocean Reef Park and cruised up to MacArthur Park because we heard a report that there were bigger waves there. There were, and what a neat time of fellowship we had.

I hope to be able to get some T-shirts made soon. I'll have some information about that at the next meeting. Until then, keep surfing for Jesus!

going to think, "Johnny's doing indy nose picks much better today," because her comprehension of any trick is probably nonexistent. My own mother, who witnessed daily shredding in her own backyard for years, still cannot distinguish between front side and back side. So all your mom actually sees from a nonskater's eyeball view is you flailing about on four wheels. Tack on the "momism factor" and you are, in her eyes, narrowly escaping death.

DAD'S PERSPECTIVE

Dad is usually a bit more lax, since as a youngster he was probably accustomed to the bumps and bruises of physical sports. But dads tend to have this scary notion that the *only* sports are football, basketball, and baseball, or whatever sport he himself may have excelled in as a teenager. Therefore, while he may tolerate the fact that you skate, he will usually come up with statements like "You won't get a scholarship riding a skateboard."

DEALING WITH MOM AND DAD

Communicating with your parents is the only way to alleviate this tension and avoid further confrontation. You've probably noticed that Mom and Dad will usually rag on you the most during stressful moments: for instance, when they arrive home from the office after spending an hour in traffic, or after they've unsuccessfully attempted to perform appliance repairs better left to a pro. Feel your way around these moments. Wait till your parents are relaxed before you hand them your report card or ask them if you can go with Johnny to skate the new ramp.

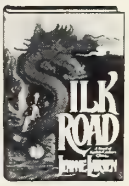
Most importantly, you need to pick a quiet, casual time to say, "Hey, we need to talk." Ask them specifically why they disapprove of your skating and listen to their views. Naturally, they will mention things you disagree with, but keep your cool. After all, they are speaking from the "mom and dad eyeball" and it's up to you to enlighten them. Don't blow it by blurting out something drastic.

Approach them with confidence, speak clearly and with conviction. Make it understood, by your voice and your actions, that you are serious and expect some truthful answers. Parents will often blow off a sticky situation with a "I'm your mother and I said no" type response. Don't let it get to that point. This usually means they are ticked off or stressed out. Drop the subject and wait until they are calm to bring it up again. If they never seem calm, you'll just have to harsh it out. You have a right to express your views.

Once you know what your parents' views are, whomp 'em with your own. Elaborate on their objections and clear them up. If they mention that skateboarding is dangerous, explain the use

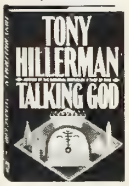
'HANK YOU, RUSSELL BAKER, 'OR ALL OF *THE GOOD TIMES.*


429
price $29.95

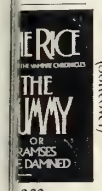


412
Pub. price $19.95


898
price $19.95

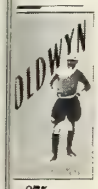


020
Pub. price $17.95


363
price $11.95

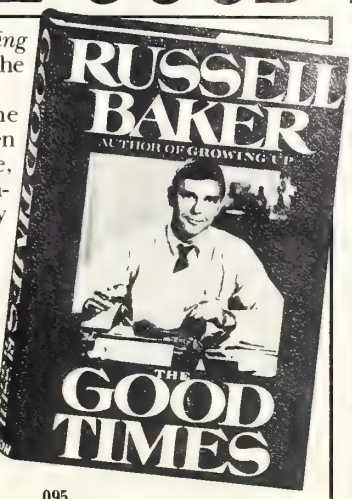


318
Pub. price $12.95


875
price $24.95



544
Pub. price $18.95



095
Pub. price $19.95

Russell Baker's first memoir, *Growing Up*, won the Pulitzer Prize, as well as the hearts of readers everywhere.

Now comes *The Good Times*, the sequel covering the heady days, when Eisenhower held the White House, Johnson ruled the Senate and Kennedy, Humphrey, Nixon and McCarthy waited in the wings.

Those were "the good times" when Russell Baker came of age as a newspaperman, and he captures them in these pages with marvelous sketches of RFK maturing from spoiled rich kid to canny lawyer, and Nixon gamely trying to be one of the boys.

You won't want to miss *The Good Times*. Take it now as part of this special Book-of-the-Month Club offer.

The long-awaited sequel to *Growing Up* is here, and may be included in your choice of any 4:

3 books for $1 each

plus any 4th at $4.99

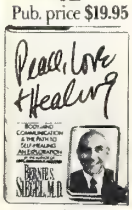
No obligation to buy any more books.



443
Pub. price $19.95



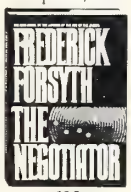
437
Pub. price $19.95



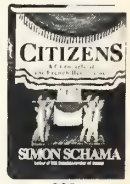
070
Pub. price $18.95



284
Pub. price $18.95



106
Pub. price $19.95



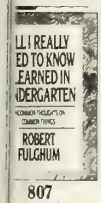
889
Pub. price $29.95



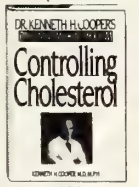
846
Pub. price $19.95



324
Pub. price $18.95



807
price $15.95



028
Pub. price $17.95



884
Pub. price $12.95



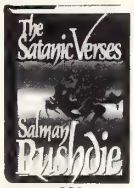
257
Pub. price $21.95



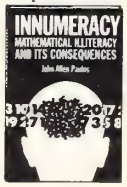
648
Pub. price $14.95



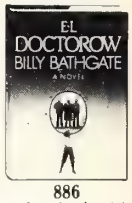
059
Pub. price $21.95



839
Pub. price $19.95



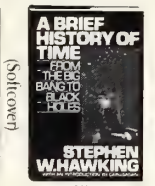
238
Pub. price $16.95



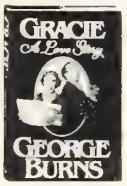
886
Pub. price $19.95



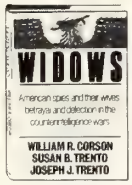
812
price $10.95



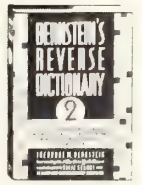
051
Pub. price $18.95



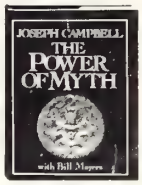
484
Pub. price $16.95



093
Pub. price $24.95



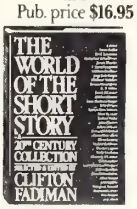
135
Pub. price $19.95



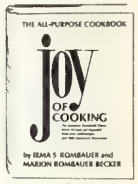
759
Pub. price $27.50



422
Pub. price $25



344
Pub. price $24.95



161
Pub. price $16.95

s About Membership. Membership in Book-of-the-ıth Club begins with your choice of 4 of today's best ks—3 for $1 each and a 4th at $4.99—plus shipping and dling charges, with no obligation to buy another book. a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club* s® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue ews a Selection and more than 150 other books which carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selec-ı, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If want one or more other books—or no book at all—icate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to ify us, you may return it for credit. *Cancellations:* You cancel membership at any time by notifying Book-of--Month Club. We may cancel your membership if you t not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the 4 books I've listed at right. Bill me: $7.99 (3 books at $1 each and the 4th book at $4.99), plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. However, if I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

© 1989 BOMC

Indicate by number the 3 books you want at $1 each.

4th choice at $4.99

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

A067-8-0

Name _____ 9-92
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices generally higher in Canada. All orders are subject to approval

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

of safety equipment and falling techniques (rolling, kneesliding, etc.). If they exclaim that it's too expensive, offer to earn money. It is up to you to provide positive counterresponses to their objections.

The next step is explaining to them what skating means to you and why. They don't know what it's like to tweak a method air off the jump ramp. They don't know why it thrills you, day after day, to learn new moves and feel your board under your feet. You have to tell them.

Skating is more than just a sport, it's a way of life. Stick with it. Your parents will get the idea sooner or later, so keep your chin up and skate with pride.

[Memoir]

MY BODY, MYSELF

From "Portrait of the Artist as a Lion on Stilts," by Paul West, in the Spring/Summer issue of TriQuarterly, *a special issue on "Writing and Well-Being."* TriQuarterly *is published at Northwestern University. West's novel* Lord Byron's Doctor *will be published next month by Doubleday.*

One lovely sunny morning in August 1984 I awoke rested and serene, but lazy enough to take my first cup of coffee in bed—or at least to try to. My lips refused to drink, to move. Within minutes my entire mouth was numb and the right side of my face was paralyzed. I could not swallow or speak clearly; I looked at my face in the mirror and saw the whole of it sagging jowly yellow, my eyes bulging, my expression ghoulish.

I was in fact having a transient ischemic attack (said fast as TIA), or a mild stroke. A clot, whipped up inside the heart during fibrillation, had blocked part of the blood supply to my brain. My pulse was 200, my blood pressure 200 over 150. In the ambulance I found my speech coming back, but my left arm and hand becoming paralyzed. The clot was on the move. My heart's atria have continued to fibrillate ever since and they always will, spurred on by an electrical malfunction in the sinus node, where one's pulse begins. I had probably been fibrillating undiagnosed for twenty years.

What got me into all this? Spending half a year in Arizona, I had felt so well that I stopped taking the half aspirin daily that had no doubt kept me uncoagulated for eight years; the stroke followed in the same year. There is also talk of rheumatic fever, undiagnosed when I was a child, as well as of too much coffee, liquor, cigars, and so forth. I take no stimulants at all now and wonder why I took them in the first place; my brain is clearer, my mood sweeter, my stomach flatter. I regard my heart as a host regards an alien visitor trapped in his chest, but also as an irritable friend who has to be humored. Or else.

I had always had a sense of being intimately linked with stuff that I was not—if indeed I knew where I began and stuff left off. Possessed of an almost eerie sense of how different I was from earthworm, tree, and star, all of them opaque, I had an even eerier sense of overlap with them, not so much from reading as from primitive hunch. From my first chemistry set, I knew that I was an experiment too. I walked and breathed immersed in a world not mine, not made of *me*. With seemingly detached mind, I used a brain whose stuff was generally available. Something streamed through us all, and through other things, that was never itself, which is to say it had identities by proxy. It was permanent and we were expendable.

In intensive care, I, who had never known a night in a hospital, found myself not merely a part of all I had ever seen and known, as before; I was newly connected to it by wires, oscilloscopes, tubing, and big drafts of chemicals whose nature I would eventually ponder and marvel at, like the medium contemplating his or her own ectoplasm. Dispossessed is what I felt: dispossessed of even that cozy old intimacy with nature. It had been a luxury, a mental game, and now it was being played out, proven, on my pulses, taken outside of me and blown up big on screens and charts. I felt as if my marrow was being sucked out of me and had only been on loan. Nothing belonged to me that could not be revoked here in this functional room with only a curtain for a door: things, they, you, came in and out without warning. The transits were fast and unimpeded. The world outside the doorway, beyond the curtain, looked somehow vertically down. I lay in a horizontal shaft that not far away was bending at an angle to dispose of me. I hung on, not a cutworm or a lightning-struck tree or a star starting to run out of energy, but a something somehow without a destiny. The atoms that owned me had come into their own, loud in the squeak and ping of the big EKG machine close to my bed. I had ignored the fibers in the sinus node of my heart, and now they were thrashing in chaos. I had never even known about catecholamines, which could surge and boost my blood pressure to an almost lethal level. Now they had done their massive, silent roar through me, and I was weaker for their dominance. I was what things within me happened to. I was a guest in the throne room of juices and sludges, and it was

here that heparin, a substance made from the intestines and lungs of pigs and sheep, was fed into me nonstop through an IV needle. It was here that, in need, the speeding ventricle calmed down after a long squirt of lidocaine. It was a place in which you had only a backstage identity and became only the patient: the one who suffers, your first and last names all of a sudden become Atrial Fib. Why, fib sounded like a lie, but the straight truth was all around you as the EKG clamored when you made the slightest move.

On the brink of nothing I began to think of myself in the third person: now the use is going from his left arm again and there is a runaway train in his chest.

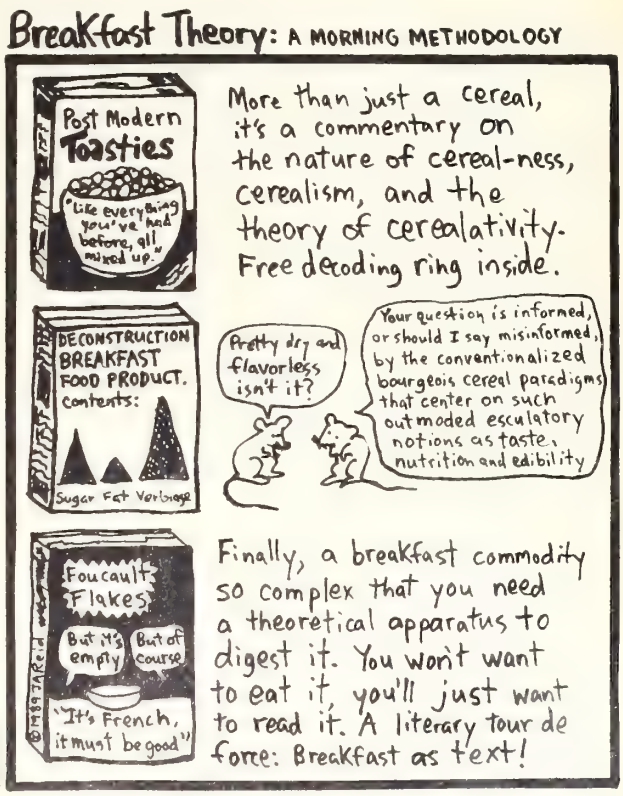
But I was too blurred even to maintain the consistency of that primal decorum. Hooked up by chest and wrist, I waited for the bed to slide away down that chute beyond the curtain. Where was the pain, anyway? The pain was in a recognition that I was lucky to be there—a thing thinking about the thing I was—but might not be for long. It was like being shoved back into the prehistory of humankind, waiting for my cells to move me up a rung.

I was safe; but I was only faintly ticking, stalled between idle and off, in a tiny way craving something to read (I remember wanting *Malone Dies,* for its outlandish appropriateness). I hovered. Sometimes I seemed to be levitating, whisked (or winched) upward while gravity tugged the other way in silent fury. At other times I seemed all of me to be one wince, all one shrug, as if my body had heard something appallingly sour and wanted to enact derision.

Feedback had not worked against the paralysis of my left arm, but I think it worked against the mental slough my body had lured me into. Somewhere in the back of my mind an equation failed to take shape, but I had heard it, or something like it: three weeks flat on your back equals three years of aging. I couldn't recall it, but its phantom scared me back to my feet, off which I fell. Dizzy, blacking or graying out, I clutched at the wall, ever on the point of knocking the IV out of my arm. A week later, still dizzy, I was walking the steps within the wing while the nurses monitored my heart by telemetry. I had survived to faint another day. I had learned, in irrevocable terms, that a mind stretched to a new idea never returns to its original dimensions. Was that why, only a few months later, there began the most sustained period of creativity (and reward) I had ever known? In my livelier moments in the hospital I had dreamed of, and listed, the books I would write if I got the chance. Well, the chance came and, off all stimulants, with a heart for once beating sometimes properly and propranolol to give me technicolor dreams as well as fend off migraine attacks, my brain worked better than before, I thought. No longer maltreated, it reformed and served me well.

Now I am encouraged to sleep a lot, in some vague hope of nerve regeneration; I am supposed to swim just about daily; the rat-poison anticoagulant I have to take for life keeps my eyes bloodshot or pink; and Quinaglute keeps my arrhythmias to a minimum. I cannot pretend I am unscathed. Nor, oddly enough, in some moods, do I wish to be (in other moods I want to start afresh, of course, with a brand-new chemistry set to be myself with). I have become a body watcher, a devout auscultator, to whom every squeeze of peristalsis becomes a miracle of what Coleridge called is-ness, and every irregular beat ("an irregular irregularity," my cardiologist says) seems a heroic elegy evocative of the mood that Stevie Smith pinned down so well: waving while drowning.

I will probably never learn the full extent of what I have been through, or went through long before I had an idea that anything was wrong. Four years after the stroke, my cardiologist informs me that recurrences usually come in the



From In These Times, *the weekly newspaper.*

first few months—something I am glad he kept to himself. "Benign cardiomyopathy," he writes on my appointment slips, warning me that it isn't *that* benign: my life has been shortened, he says, and the heart will one day slip into a fibrillation which, far from being fatal, will become a constant in my checkered life. In other words, for what it is worth, and it is worth a paradise, my habitual alternation of lovely sinus rhythm and chaotic arrhythmias will go downhill into being only the latter, and I will not feel quite so good so often. Meanwhile, I reason, the Samarkand of drugs gets bigger and cleverer; I might cheat the odds even yet—if they can quell cholesterol with gemfibrozil, surely the perfect antiarrhythmic is just around the corner. This is a very American faith I have in progress and remedy: God-given maladies call up and out God-given remedies. The beloved chemistry set of my boyhood has come back to me; but, in order to play with this one, you have to put your carcass on the line. I do. Each day is a pageant, an experiment, a ravishing communion. Death, as one of my students wrote, intending something quite different, is a plague for which there is no known anecdote. Perhaps. All I know is that not to have told the anecdote or story of it all, to myself or to others, makes me feel less powerful than having told.

[Interview]

MANILOW MISUNDERSTOOD

From an interview with Barry Manilow in the June 26 issue of US *magazine.*

What do you think is the greatest public misconception about Barry Manilow?

That I'm not cool. I always thought of myself as a very contemporary person and a musical snob. And when people started describing me as the new Wayne Newton or whatever, I was shocked. I couldn't believe they were talking about me. Maybe it is changing a hair. It really doesn't matter; I am what I am. Maybe there is a part of me that is all glitzy and all that other stuff. That's incomplete. People see this picture of a guy in a silly Copacabana jacket and they think that is me. But if I am unhappy about that perception, it is up to me to do something about it.

[Fiction]

LUCY AND RICKY AND THE MAMBO KINGS

From The Mambo Kings Play Songs of Love, *a novel by Oscar Hijuelos, published this month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Hijuelos, who lives in New York City, is the author of* Our House in the Last World *and is currently working on a third novel.*

It was a Saturday afternoon on La Salle Street, years and years ago when I was a little kid, and at around three o'clock Mrs. Shannon, a heavy Irishwoman in a perpetually soup-stained dress, opened her back window and shouted out into the courtyard, "Hey, Cesar, yoo-hoo, I think you're on television, I swear it's you!" She was referring to an item of eternity: the episode of *I Love Lucy* in which my dead father and my Uncle Cesar had appeared, playing Ricky Ricardo's singing cousins fresh off the farm in Oriente Province, Cuba, visiting New York for an engagement at Ricky's nightclub, the Tropicana.

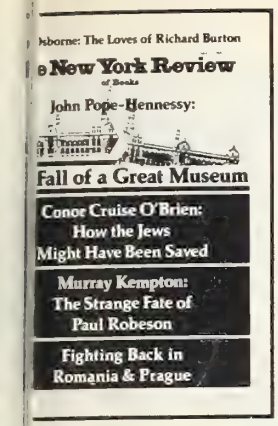
This was close enough to the truth about their real lives: they were musicians and songwriters who had left Havana for New York in 1949, the year they formed the Mambo Kings, an orchestra that packed clubs, dance halls, and theaters around the East Coast. They had even made a fabled journey in a flamingo-pink bus out to Sweet's Ballroom in San Francisco, playing on an all-star mambo night, a beautiful night of glory, long ago.

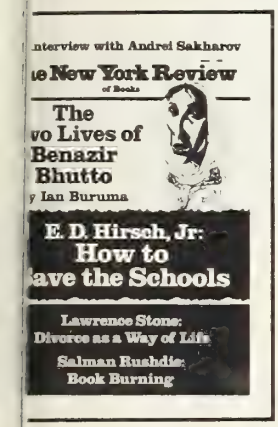
Desi Arnaz had caught their act one evening in a supper club somewhere on the West Side. He liked, in particular, a romantic bolero they had written called "Beautiful Maria of My Soul." And because Arnaz, like the brothers, was born in Oriente Province, it was natural that he would ask them to sing on his show.

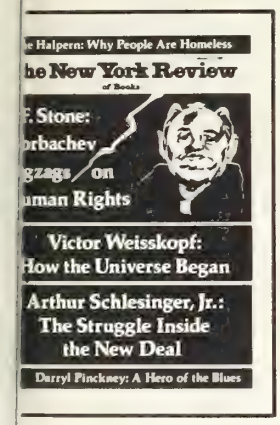
For me, my father's gentle rapping on Ricky Ricardo's door has always been a call from the beyond, as in Dracula films, or films of the walking dead, in which spirits ooze out from behind tombstones and through the cracked windows and rotted floors of gloomy antique halls. Lucille Ball, the lovely redheaded actress and comedienne who played Ricky's wife, was housecleaning when she heard my father's knuckles against the door.

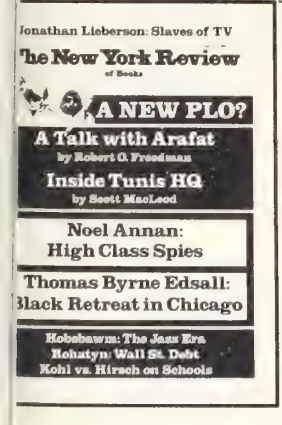
"I'm commmmmming," she crooned in her singsong voice.

Standing outside her door were two men in white silk suits and butterfly-looking lace bow









Subscribe to the most compelling literary-intellectual journal in the English language

When the first issue of **The New York Review of Books** appeared over 25 years ago, it was greeted with an outpouring of such comments as *"a virtual cultural revolution,"... "the finest thing that's happened in the literary world for decades"...and "of more cultural import for America than the opening of Lincoln Center."*

In recent issues, more than 140,000 readers of **The New York Review** have enjoyed a continuing feast of good writing and stimulating ideas in such articles and reviews as...

JOAN DIDION, GARRY WILLS, MURRAY KEMPTON and others on what we might expect in the Bush Years...

V.S. NAIPAUL's essays from *A Turn in the South* on the character of rednecks and the revealing differences among black politicians...

ANTHONY LEWIS on press intimidation during the Reagan Years...

SALMAN RUSHDIE on the burning of his novel *The Satanic Verses* and what he had intended to say about Islam...

WILLIAM GASS on the "many fine signs, Borgesian games, and aesthetic reminiscences" in the "triumphal exhibition" of Jasper John's work...

IAN BURUMA on the "two Benazir Bhuttos"—the modern Radcliffe liberal and the romantic Pakistani aristocrat—and the obstacles she faces...

I.F. STONE, in a fresh analysis of Gorbachev's views, shows how he has been zigzagging on human rights...

Since it began publishing, **The New York Review** has reshaped the standards and thinking of American intellectual life. *"Reading* **The New York Review,"** one professor writes, *"is my idea of what going to a brilliant small university should be."*

And now we would like to extend to you a very special Introductory Invitation:

We will send you at HALF the regular rate all issues of **The Review**—a saving over $30 on the newsstand rate.

And you risk nothing since full refund of the subscription fee is guaranteed at any time, even after a year—but you keep all 22 issues in any event. Why not mail your Introductory subscription today?

The New York Review of Books

Subscriber Service Dept., P.O. Box 940, Farmingdale, New York 11737

Please enter my subscription to *The New York Review of Books* for a full year, 22 issues, at the special introductory rate of $18.95—almost 50% off the regular subscription price and a saving of over $30 on the newsstand price.

Name _____

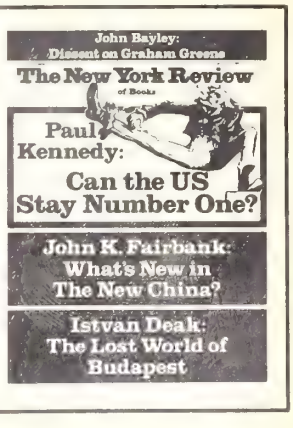
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ $18.95 enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

Offer good for new subscribers within U.S. only. Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first copy. Please add $10 for Canada and $12 for all other foreign postage.

H07



ties, black instrument cases by their sides and black-brimmed white hats in their hands: my father, Nestor Castillo, thin and broad-shouldered, and Uncle Cesar, thickset and immense.

My uncle: "Mrs. Ricardo? My name is Alfonso and this is my brother Manny . . ."

Her face lights up and she says, "Oh, the fellows from Cuba. Ricky told me all about you."

Then, just like that, they're sitting on the couch when Ricky Ricardo walks in and says something like, "Manny, Alfonso! Gee, it's really swell to see that you fellas could make it up here from Havana for the show."

That's when my father smiled. The first time that I saw a rerun of this after my father's death, it made me recall other things about him: his lifting me up in his arms, the smell of his cologne, the way he patted my head, handed me a dime, touched my face, his whistling, his taking me and my little sister for a walk in the park. It was like watching something momentous—say, the Resurrection, as if Christ had stepped out of His sepulcher, flooding the world with light; because my father was now newly alive and could take off his hat and sit down on the couch in Ricky's living room, resting his black instrument case on his lap. He could play the trumpet, move his head, blink his eyes, nod, walk across the room, and say "Thank you" when offered a cup of coffee. Watching that episode always filled whatever room I was in with a silvery radiance.

And now I could see it again. Mrs. Shannon had called out into the courtyard, alerting my uncle. I was already in his apartment. My uncle had fallen asleep in the kitchen, having worked late the night before at some job in a Bronx social club, playing the horn and singing with a pickup group of musicians. He was snoring, his shirt was open, a few buttons had popped off at his belly. Between the delicate-looking index and middle fingers of his right hand dangled a Chesterfield, burned down to the filter. The other hand held a half glass of rye whiskey.

At the time, I thought he was sleeping because he had worked so hard the night before, singing and playing the trumpet for a wedding party in a crowded smoke-filled room (with bolted-shut fire doors), lasting from nine at night to four or five o'clock in the morning, the band playing two-hour sets. How could I have known that he suffered from bad dreams, saw apparitions, felt cursed, and, despite all the women he took to bed, found his life of bachelorhood solitary and wearisome; that he would come home and, in the name of unwinding, throw back a glass of rye, then a second, then a third, and so on, until he'd have to plant his elbow on the table to steady his chin because he couldn't hold his head up otherwise?

With my heart racing, I turned on the big black-and-white television set in his living room and tried to wake him, shaking him gently and tugging at his elbow, which was a mistake because it was as if I had pulled loose the support columns of a 500-year-old church: he simply fell over and crashed to the floor.

A commercial was running, and since I knew I wouldn't have much time, I began to slap his face, pull on his burning red-hot ears, tugging them until he finally opened one eye. He apparently did not recognize me.

"Nestor, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"It's me, Uncle, it's Eugenio."

He said, "You?"

"Yes, Uncle, get up! Please get up! You're on television again. Come on."

One thing I have to say about my Uncle Cesar is that there was very little that he wouldn't do for me in those days, and so he nodded, tried to push himself off the floor, got to his knees, had trouble balancing, and then fell backward. His head must have hurt; his face was a wince of pain. Then he seemed to be sleeping again. From the living room came the voice of Ricky's wife, plotting as usual with her neighbor Ethel Mertz about how to get a part in Ricky's show, and I knew that the brothers had already been to the apartment—that's when Mrs. Shannon had called out into the courtyard—and that in about five more minutes my father and uncle would be standing there on the stage of the Tropicana. Ricky would take hold of the microphone and say, "Well, folks, and now I have a real treat for you. Ladies and gentlemen, Alfonso and Manny Reyes. Let's hear it!" And soon my father and uncle would be standing side by side, living, breathing beings, for all the world to see, harmonizing in a duet of that *canción*.

As I shook my uncle, he opened his eyes and gave me his hand, hard and callused from his other job in those days, as the building's superintendent, and he said, "Eugenio, help me."

I tugged with all my strength, but it was hopeless. Still, he tried: with great effort, he made it to one knee, and then, with his hand braced on the floor, he started to push himself up again. As I gave him another tug, he began miraculously to rise. Then he pushed my hand away and said, "I'll be okay, kid."

Happily I led him down the hallway and into the living room. But by the door he lurched forward as if the floor had abruptly tilted, as if he had been shot out of a cannon, and, wham, he hit the hall bookcase, where piles of records were kept, among them a number of the black



eath of Nessie, *an oil painting by Leonid Purygin. From an exhibition of Purygin's work at Eduard Nakhamkin Fine Arts in New York City this ring. Purygin, thirty-seven, lives in Moscow; this is his first exhibition in the United States.*

and brittle 78s he had recorded with my father and the Mambo Kings. The bookcase's glass doors jerked open, the records shooting out, spinning like flying saucers in the movies and splintering into pieces. Then the bookcase followed, slamming onto the floor beside him. This crash had a sobering effect on my uncle. Suddenly he got to one knee and then the other, stood, leaned against a wall, and shook his head.

"*Bueno*," he said.

He followed me into the living room. We sat together on a big stuffed chair that we'd hauled up out of the basement. He squinted at the screen, watching himself and his younger brother, whom, despite their troubles, he loved very much. He seemed to be dreaming.

"Well, folks," Ricky Ricardo said, "and now I have a real treat for you . . . "

The two musicians, still dressed in their white silk suits and big lace bow ties, marched toward the microphone, my uncle holding a guitar, my father a trumpet.

"Thank you, thank you. And now a little number that we composed . . . " And Cesar started to strum the guitar and my father lifted his trumpet to his lips, playing the opening of "Beautiful Maria of My Soul," and a lovely, soaring melody line filled the living room.

My father . . . He looked so alive . . .

"Uncle!"

Uncle Cesar had lit a cigarette and fallen asleep. His cigarette had slid out of his fingers and was now burning into the starched cuff of his white shirt. I put the cigarette out, and then my uncle, opening his eyes again, smiled.

"Eugenio, do me a favor. Get me a drink."

"But, Uncle, don't you want to watch the show?"

He tried hard to pay attention, to focus on it.

"Look, it's you and Poppy."

"*Coño, sí* . . . "

My father's face with its horsey grin, arching eyebrows, big fleshy ears—a family trait—that slight look of pain, his quivering vocal cords, how beautiful it all seemed to me then. . . .

And so I rushed into the kitchen and came back with a glass of rye whiskey, charging as fast as I could without spilling it. Ricky had joined the brothers onstage. He was definitely pleased with their performance, because as the last note sounded he whipped up his hand and shouted "*Olé!*" a big lock of his thick black hair falling over his brow. And then they bowed and the audience applauded.

The show continued on its course. A few gags followed: a costumed bull with flowers wrapped around its horns came out dancing an Irish jig, its horns poking into Ricky's bottom and so exasperating him that his eyes bugged out, he slapped his forehead, and started speaking a-thousand-words-a-second Spanish. But at that point it made no difference to me; the miracle had passed, the resurrection of a man, Our

Lord's promise, which I then believed, with its release from pain, release from the troubles of the world.

[Monologue]

McFREUD'S

From a monologue delivered in March by Mike Feder on Around New York, *a radio program broadcast on WNYC.* New York Son, *a collection of Feder's monologues, was published by Crown.*

Here's a surefire business idea. It will contribute to the welfare of the entire country and provide much needed tax revenue, and it won't cost the government a dime. Its potential benefits are incalculable. It's called McFreud's.

Every day, in every city in the country, people are steaming with anger over something. You're on your way to work where it's for sure the boss is going to try to drive you crazy and your co-workers will attempt to sabotage you by malice or stupidity (or both). Or you're on your way to school where your teacher is a pedantic, repressed idiot trying to drum some useless knowledge into your head. Friends are giving you a hard time, your girlfriend/boyfriend is a sadist, your kids are driving you to drink, and your parents are still trying to squash your ego to the size of a pea. And why on earth did you *ever* marry that alien who sleeps in your bed?

Bills (half of which you already paid) are piling up. Everything costs too much, and then when you get it, it doesn't work or it causes three types of cancer. Just walking the streets can be dangerous or, at the least, can pitch you into a really good depression. The city, the state, and the country are run by criminals and fools, and the world is about to blow up.

There has *got* to be a way to let off some steam without getting into trouble or spending a ridiculous amount of money.

McFREUD'S.

On the outside, the familiar sign: a yellow couch on a purple background. Come on in!

Don't worry about an appointment; just see our friendly receptionist. Each McFreud's will have three floors, with five rooms to a floor, each room done in cheery primary colors with a comfortable chair—or couch, if that's what you prefer.

McFreud's will be staffed by our specially trained McTherapists. Not your usual stuffy degree-laden pedants—stiff, self-tortured souls who use big words that leave you more confused than you were when you came in and who charge you outrageous fees. Not at McFreud's! Just regular guys and gals, like you. There will be no mysterious silences or incomprehensible theories, just good old-fashioned advice, the kind of can-do know-how that made this country great.

All the McTherapists will be healthy, young, and presentable (there will be mandatory retirement at thirty-five). They will wear large name buttons on their distinctive yellow-and-purple jackets, so you can get right into the friendly mood. Instead of some lugubrious old (or young) fart greeting you with "Hello, I'm Dr. Sadguts . . . come in . . . . You understand this is a long, difficult process with no guarantees . . ." Wouldn't you rather hear, "Hi, I'm Suzy. You must be Mike. Isn't it a great day!"

By the way, the rooms, or "listening modules," at McFreud's will not be soundproof. Studies done by McFreud McScientists show that modern Americans become agitated and lose their self-confidence and up to 75 percent of their intellectual functioning when faced with periods of silence lasting longer than one minute. And, let's face it, misery loves company. We all want to know that we're in the same boat, especially if it's sinking.

Well, at McFreud's, with its three-inch carpeted room dividers, you are always plugged in. So even if there is a second or two when you and the McTherapist are not talking, you can hear a steady stream of complaints and personal disasters from the adjoining rooms.

McFreud's will destigmatize mental illness once and for all. If millions of your friends and neighbors are doing the same thing, then there's obviously nothing to be ashamed of. (Just look at the last election or this week's top-rated sitcom.) No longer will you hear those awful whispers: "Oh Jane, stay away from her, she's a wacko! . . . Yeah, she goes to a psychologist!" or "Look, here's a claim form from that funny George on the twenty-third floor. What's an anxiety reaction?"

No more shame! You can arrive at the office and say, "Stopped in at a McFreud's today, and boy, I feel like a million bucks!" Or:

"I'm home, honey."

"Why, Jim, I'm so happy to see you smiling. I thought you'd just never cheer up after that double amputation."

"Nothing to it, Margaret. Twenty minutes at McFreud's and I'm a new man!"

Of course, in addition to the lift you get from talking to one of McFreud's "feel-good" McTherapists, you are entitled to a large Coke, double fries, and an eight-ounce charburger. When was the last time a shrink offered you something to eat?

McFreud's. ■

LIFE ON MARS

Cultivating a planet—and ourselves

By Frederick Turner

Mars continues to beckon. The planet's reddish color, now known to be caused by the prevalence of iron oxides in its soil, no doubt explains at least part of the attraction (and perhaps accounts for its identification by the Greeks and Romans with the bloody god of war); and its relative proximity to Earth—35 million miles away at its closest approach—makes it one of the brightest objects in the night sky. Moreover, we know, as our ancestors did not, that Mars, more than any other planet in the solar system, is Earth-like. Mars is about one third again the distance from the sun that Earth is but circles it in the same plane. The Martian year—the period in which it revolves once around the sun—is about twice as long as the Earth year, but the inclination of its poles is almost identical to Earth's, and thus its seasonal variations are analogous: it has a spring, a summer, an autumn, and a winter. And its day—the period in which it spins on its own axis—is almost exactly identical to Earth's. Looking into the night sky and knowing what we know, we have imagined life there: planetary neighbors.



The Martian "canals" were first observed in 1876 by the Italian priest Pietro Secchi. When Giovanni Schiaparelli published a map of Mars the following year, he noted a large number of straight linear features, which he labeled *canali*, or channels; mistranslation, among other things, fueled Percival Lowell to construct a theory, set forth in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1895, that the canals were the work of an intelligent, heroic race trying to tap the planet's large polar caps for water to irrigate their equatorial crops. The canals hypothesized by Lowell became, in turn, the evocative basis of the Mars many of us grew up with: the Mars of the great deserts; the dying planet of Edgar Rice Burroughs and H. G. Wells, with its thin air, its ancient despairing civilizations eking out the

Frederick Turner is Founders Professor of Arts and Humanities at the University of Texas at Dallas and the author, most recently, of the book-length epic poem Genesis *(Saybrook), which describes the transformation of Mars. His last piece for* Harper's Magazine, *about the work of ecological restorationists, appeared in the April 1988 issue.*

graph courtesy of NASA

What I am proposing is that we begin to think seriously about gardening Mars

last precious water from the melting poles, its envious glances at the blue-water planet between them and the sun. In the extraordinary panic that followed Orson Welles's radio dramatization of *The War of the Worlds,* Mars became the great American symbol of the Other: ancient where we were young, in want where we were surrounded by natural fertility, subtle and incalculable where we were simple—like the Europeans, perhaps, or the Orientals, or, in Burroughs's fantasy, like the North American Indians we had dispossessed.

We yearned for there to be life on Mars; and even after skepticism grew with regard to the canals, the evidence for a while continued to look good: Mars clearly had an atmosphere, a rocky surface we could see, and weather. Mars became a major focus of NASA's planetary-exploration program. Mariner and Viking probes photographed, landed on, and sampled the Martian surface. But the result was bitter disappointment: Mars was biologically dead, and our almost religious hope for a sister species in the depths of space was dashed. Many of those who had cherished such hope turned inward, back to the precious and beautiful island Earth and to the inner realm of personal experience. The impulse to explore "out there" has been generally abandoned. This retreat has seemed to me to carry with it timid and even ungenerous elements—something of the miserly spirit that now permeates our economy, our educational system, and our arts. The Martians have perhaps done us more harm by their nonexistence than by their imagined invasion of the world.



I don't want to resuscitate the myth of life on Mars. But let us imagine another myth instead. In one of Ray Bradbury's stories an Earthly colonist of Mars takes his daughter down to a canal to show her a Martian. She is told to look into the water, and there she sees her own reflection. Suppose we *ourselves* were the Martians. Suppose we could go to Mars and make the place our own. By we, I do not mean just us human beings. If the ecology movement has taught us anything, it is that we cannot exist without a biosphere of other species about us; they *are* us. To make Mars a place for human beings, we must make it a place for plants and animals t

What I am proposing is that we begin think seriously about gardening Mars, makin into a place where the descendants of Ear life can flourish—a new nature, a new wo This is not a fantasy. The possibility of bring life to Mars is being studied by scientists aro the world and also by NASA. NASA envis domed settlements recycling air, water, and trients. James Lovelock, the distinguished B ish biologist, several years ago coauthore book (with Michael Allaby) titled *The Gree of Mars,* which proposes to give Mars a car dioxide atmosphere thick enough to supp plant life. Phenomena that are threatening atmosphere and biosphere of Earth—for ex ple, the greenhouse effect—may one day s be used to bring a dead planet to life. Moreo technologies that make us fearful here Earth—DNA research, to name one—r have their most useful application out in spa in the cultivation and colonizatio Mars.

We live at a time when—despite achievement of relatively great wealth and se rity by a majority of people in Western de oped nations—there is a widespread sense loss of value, dignity, and grandeur in our vis of ourselves and our cosmos. Nothing bring together as the great religions, and even g wars, once did. The young, especially, seem suffer the lack of a grand societal project, a sion (and perhaps turn to drugs as a substitu The existence of a Martian enterprise wo create a general improvement in morale, as peoples of the world realize that they are w ing for something worthy of human attenti not just for personal wealth or national presti The truth is that we tend to achieve the m desirable things only when we are working ward something else. We are happiest when are striving not for *happiness* but, say, for arti perfection, or for the purest service to other p sons, or for knowledge.

We need a project that will allow us to pur beauty and truth on a grand scale—a visio "impractical," "wasteful," "impossible" as cultivation of Mars. The most stable and p haps the most contented society in the worl would say, has been that of ancient Eg which for thousands of years poured its surp wealth straight into the ground, in the form grave goods, tombs, and monuments. What more impractical, wasteful, impossible than pyramids? The contemporary stability of world's economic system—not in absol terms, of course, but compared with all ot periods of history—may well have a great d to do with our own egregious and pyramidi

Photograph courtesy of N

n of waste. I am talking about the continued kpiling of the weapons of war. But as the d War ebbs, we will be forced (by the very ırdity of continued stockpiling) to abandon magnificent folly. How are we to employ beautiful and terrible heroic spirit of hukind, ready for suffering and sacrifice, when no longer have war and nationalist myth to ıd it on? How are we to use those billions of lars and rubles, which employ millions of kers and serve as a fiscal and technological wheel, to keep the economy going? Garden rs! The enormous scale and expense of such a ject can, in this light, be seen as one of its ıt advantages.

The resulting flow of economic activity, espely into the tropical areas that house the great ponderance of species on Earth, would be a ificant tonic to that region and, in turn, to entire globe. Some have already suggested t the World Bank could trade forgiveness of rd World indebtedness for protection of the ical rain forests. A project to bring life to rs would go beyond preservation and *use* the ı forests. To seed Mars, we would have to tap rain forests *genetically,* for the rain forests are th's great archive of plant and animal inforion. The genetic information preserved in rain forests would thus become a precious l salable resource.

Think of the new forms of wealth that the rs project might engender. Such a project l require nothing less than the interplanetary ension of all human science, art, and technogy. This project will require that we come ınderstand the molecular structure of life so l that we can reproduce existing life-forms, ırrect extinct forms, beneficially alter existforms for new environments, and create enly new kinds of life. Only thus could the tile and sterile environment of Mars that lies ond the blue mantle of Earth be seeded and dened. In the process of this work we will disver the value of every single existing species, l perhaps even roll back the wave of extincns that we have caused by restoring lost cies.

Who knows what technologies might arise of this effort? Here on Earth, why might we eventually live in houses grown from genetily tailored trees? and mine our raw materials h the aid of multitudes of tiny bacterial or ıotechnological assistants programmed to ıin the precious elements out of the sea or the und, or extract them from our own waste ducts? (This increase in wealth, moreover, ed not increase the level of carbon dioxide in planet's atmosphere, nor should it generate ıer types of pollution.)

And why might all this not bring about the purposefulness, the happiness, we seem to desire so badly? As I have said, we may not be able to achieve all our immediately desirable objectives by striving for them. Excellent universal education, which is our greatest need, may not come about through the direct application of resources and intentions to that purpose (nor, in the long run, may any reversal of the process of environmental deterioration). So our deepest work must be like that of an artist, who by indirect means makes some beautiful richness flower up. The Mars project is a "pyramid" whose building will force us to educate ourselves as we need to be educated—but behind our backs, while we are not, so to speak, looking. It will be at first a magnificent waste, like the arms race. Only later will we realize that it was in our interest. Later still, it may come to be seen as the key to our survival. Our great-great-great-grandchildren will thank us for starting humankind on the road to being fully human—for that is the real path to Mars.

The Mars project will force us to educate ourselves as we need to be educated, but behind our backs, by indirect means

The gardening of Mars will be an essential part of our philosophical education as a species: an education that we desperately need. At present the constructive energies of our culture are locked in a paralyzing struggle against one another. Those energies, as I see it, derive from three distinct modes of thought, modes I would call the *reductive,* the *creative,* and the *ecological.*

The reductive mode of thinking is essentially analytic: to take the object of study apart to see what it is made of and how it works. Its goal is to tease out the operations of a system into a single line of logic, so that by following it anyone else would arrive inevitably at the same conclusion, a conclusion clearly inherent in the premises. This way of thought values the basic, the primary, the elementary, the simple—the single variable that explains the workings of a complex system.

Analysis has the profound virtues of demonstrability, communicability, and repeatability, and is thus accessible to every member of society. Moreover, it has supplied the basis for our unprecedented control over the rest of nature (though it could not provide a coherent conception of how or why we might exercise that control); it has fed us, healed us, clothed and housed us.

But it has its deficiencies. It is deterministic: since the outcome must always be inherent in the origin, it can look only backward, into the past. It values things only for what they are made of and whence they came: the parent is more valuable than the child, the origin more valuable than the result. Its implicit law is one of decay, of a falling off from an original richness of causal power to a decomposition of that

We must carry to Mars what is the best of our own past, and what we have learned from our mistakes

power into more and more trivial and disordered threads of entropic consequence. Such things as *mind* are inaccessible to it; mind must be only a description of brain, and brain is only the mechanical workings of the neurons.

The reductionist can know neither the upward-pointing arrow of evolution—from parts to wholes, past to future—nor the horizontal plane of mutual interdependence, of system, of ecology. And thus it is no surprise that the reductive mode, taken without sufficient alloy from other modes of thought, has got us into deep trouble. It is surely responsible in part for the quick-fix, bottom-line attitude of much industrial exploitation of the environment, whether by free-enterprise business or socialist bureaucracy. It may lead yet to the destruction of the planet in one reductive nuclear bang. It certainly will not lead us to Mars, not by itself. Analysts have already left Mars for dead.

Let us turn, then, to a second mode of thought, the mode I call creative. It proceeds in the same direction as evolution, from the simple to the complex, from past to future, from origins to new and unpredictable outcomes. It is the mode that encompasses progress, construction, synthesis, invention.

In one sense it is the optimistic and hopeful spirit of life itself, of sexual reproduction, of those great wasteful billowings of sperm and eggs—by the tons, the thousands of tons—as the myriad-bodied organisms of the coral reefs release their great bet on the future two days after the full moon. Just so a forest of chestnut trees will blossom hugely in the spring, the salmon will leap the falls to immolate themselves in their love-death, the birds will build, the cats will yowl, the lovely young people will blossom at the prom, the artist—Mozart even on his deathbed, Shakespeare with three or four immortal plays in one year—will throw mind, body, and spirit into the fecund furnace of original creation. The creative impulse is at the heart of our purpose for being in the world: it is our freedom—freedom can be nothing else—and it is the only solution to the problem of desire. Nature's own creativity, which we have come to know as generated by evolution, is not of a different kind from our own. Our thoughts are a new electrochemical way in which the old evolutionary process of creation can take place, but in a way unimaginably faster and more powerful.

It is through the creative mode that science—passive and often reductive in itself—is transformed into technology. (Let us celebrate for one last innocent moment the starry and heart-shaking glory of our technological civilization: the perfection, the sureness, the tautness of that thinking from which has sprung the almost imperceptible arch of the stylobate of t Parthenon and the sturdy, graceful roadbed the Golden Gate Bridge.) But the more tec nology has come to ignore and despise the pa to concentrate exclusively on the innovati and the efficiently productive, the more it h tended to exploit and despoil the natural a cultural environment, to destroy the pa sources of value that help to maintain it. "H tory is bunk," said Henry Ford—a sentiment too widely held in a modern world that h eroded (and, in the communist world, h sought to dissolve) the heritages of religic family, and culture.

The trouble with the creative mode thought is that though indeed it does val things, it values them not for what they are b for what can be made of them, what they w result in. The new is more valuable than t old, the old valuable only in that it anticipa the future. The older generation is oedipa sacrificed to the more advanced ideas of t new. The creative mind is often impatient, t with the web of interdependence that mainta value. On its own, it would make a techno-m of Mars—and perhaps abandon Earth in t process, which is not the point. We must ca to Mars what is the best of our own past, a carry too what we have learned from c mistakes.

This brings me to the ecological mode thinking. The ecological is the realization t all is system, that we all are—or if not, should all be—equal and interdependent p ticipants in the world. In this conception things the universe is a great network or wel relations, and all entities in it are equally va able. Most important of all is the balance of ture, that self-correcting equilibrium wher any deviations are gently corrected and all is justed to the common good.

And indeed when we contemplate such natural phenomenon as a coral reef, with hundreds of thousands of species living in r tive harmony with one another—and its be ty, its richness of forms, its mysterious or and its innocent productiveness—we are alm persuaded that that is how we human be should live; or that at least if we do not live t way partly, we will not live at all. In field diverse as ecological theory, general-syst theory, neo-Marxist economics, radical p choanalysis, New Age ethics, and the new n al theologies of the Christian and Buddhist L the great ideal of the human community in h mony with itself and nature is still pursued. cannot deny the enormous transformative v of what these various ways of thinking ecol cally have taught us.

But the social experiments of the six

:h were designed to test many of these ideas, e, tragically, failed. For even this way of ught, *taken by itself,* is dangerous and distort- The commune ideal turned out to lead di- ly and unerringly toward the most bestial oritarianism. Consider Jim Jones's idealistic munity in Guyana—then consider the out- e. Anyone who has experienced the ideo- cal thought-police atmosphere of those ege programs devoted to some kind of mi- ty-oriented revision of history will know the oritarianism I am speaking of; and I have it at work in a consciousness-raising group, ommune in Canada, and among environ- tal activists.

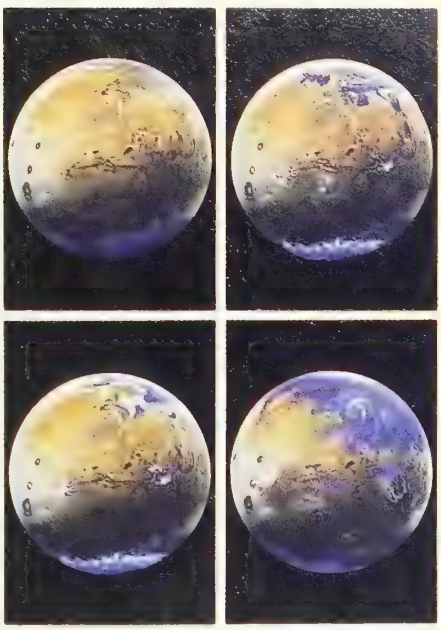
Why does this happen? Why should a way of king devoted to the equality of all, to the mon good, turn out again and again to pro- e these perversions, even monstrosities? The ver, I think, lies again in the exclusion of other necessary modes of thought—the re- ive and the creative. Ecological thought cerns itself with present horizontal relations veen entities in systems, rather than the nward vertical relation of a system to its past s and internal components, or its upward ical relation to its future, its goals, the great- hole of which it is a part. Thus ecological ught, taken by itself, tends to deny any dif- nces of value between things, being capable of relativistic evaluations depending on an trarily chosen point of view within the great). This in practice means that the ecological of thought has no systematic way of assess- greater or lesser value. The ecological mind not coherently prefer, for instance, the Wei- regime of Germany to the Nazi regime that owed it. To do so would be to hierarchize, ch is anathema to the ecological mind. e's values must thus be held without analysis, ate, or competition; and so the only values survive are the unexamined ones held in mon. Totalitarian communes form because members, their individuality reduced to a mon equality of submission, are easy prey some confident ideologue.

cological thinking, moreover, is instinctive- ostile to any kind of innovation; indeed n to evolution, to the extent that evolution innovating process. The radical ecological ker would have us ignore the reflexive and amic capacities of the human mind, given to y nature, and act as if we were merely one ies of plant or animal among many in the len—and not the gardener or shepherd, ch is our true role. With regard to Mars, the lloyed ecologist might think it best not to per with it at all. Any large-scale human sformation of the Martian environment ld simply be "unnatural."

In a paradoxical sense the unalloyed ecological viewpoint is ecologically irresponsible. For if we are just another species in the system, why should we not do what all other species do when they get a chance: first wipe out all our competition and then all sources of our own nourishment? We can only protect the environment if we recognize that, as the superior species, we have superior responsibility to it. Everything in the universe does indeed have a vote in the constitution of the universe, as the ecologists insist; but it is not, and should not be, an equal vote.

Purely ecological thinkers see any large-scale human transformation of Mars as simply 'unnatural'

We only see the world sanely and wholly when we see it with all three modes of thought at once: marveling at the scaled worlds within worlds of more and more elementary and deterministic elements that make it up, and from which it evolved; sharing in its own evolutionary/creative leap into freedom, transcendence, creation; and lovingly recognizing our participation and interdependence within the present ecology of the world. It is only through thinking reductively, creatively, *and* ecologically that we will lift ourselves beyond this world, to Mars.



And here is where we form a huge, interplanetary loop. The only way of *learning* to see the world in this fuller way is by actively engaging in a task that requires it. No individual task can accomplish this. The necessary scale and complexity required to get us thinking reductively *and* creatively *and* ecologically can be embodied only in a grand collective project—a project such as bringing life to Mars. This will be for us what the cathedrals were for medieval European culture. In such larger work the three modes of thought must be combined, or success will be impossible. The transformation of Mars would be a necessary education for the human species: not only a scientific and technological exercise but also an alchemical one. Its deepest meaning would be the spiritual metamorphosis of the alchemist, of us.

Mars will not be gardened simply, nor will it be gardened tomorrow—although Carl Sagan, for one, talks of the possibility that the transformation could be well under way within thirty years. I do believe the biological meta-

ration by Michael Carroll

Could not bioengineers generate the hardened strains, chimeras, that might be adapted to the Martian environment?

osphere of Mars into a planet habitable by humans in being is increasingly feasible. In part this is because a revolution has recently occurred in our understanding of Earth's early evolution.

The original atmosphere of Earth, which would be highly lethal to contemporary living organisms, was composed largely of hydrogen sulfide, methane, and ammonia, with almost no free oxygen. The first living organisms were anaerobes, that is, life forms that do not need free oxygen and would indeed be poisoned by exposure to it. Free oxygen, however, was excreted by many early organisms as a waste product, rather as we and our technology excrete carbon dioxide. When the available "oxygen sinks"—metallic ores, for instance, that could soak up oxygen in the formation of oxides, or hydrogen, which combined with oxygen to create much of the water of Earth's oceans—were exhausted, the new oxygen atmosphere poisoned the old anaerobic organisms that had brought it into being, leaving only those forms of life, such as cyanobacteria, that could either endure the presence of oxygen or, better still, use it as an enhanced energy source for photosynthesis, the creation of sugars, and eventually the advanced metabolic extravagances of animals. With this change came the age of the eukaryotes, those organisms whose nucleated structure promoted multicellular organization and sexual reproduction.

If this transformation could occur on Earth by biological means, might it not also be made to happen on Mars? The skeptic, thinking only reductively, will reason the process took hundreds of millions of years on Earth. But Earth, I would respond, had to make do with the primitive and haphazard organisms supplied its early evolution; whereas today there e on Earth an enormous richness of life che tries and metabolisms to draw on.

Skeptic: But no contemporary Earth orga could survive long on Mars, whose carbon d ide atmosphere is at a pressure less than hundredth of the Earth's—not enough to a liquid water to exist; whose surface tempera averages −19 degrees Fahrenheit, and wh thin atmosphere and weak magnetic field a its surface to be bombarded by ultravio radiation.

Response: Nonetheless, certain Earthly ganisms—bacteria, for the most part—can h dle conditions nearly as severe as these w taken one by one, though none can withst them taken all together. Enormous advances now taking place in bioengineering, whe traits deemed desirable can be grafted from organism to another. Could not harde strains, chimeras, be generated that migh adapted to the Martian environment?

Skeptic: But in order to metabolize and re duce, such organisms would need water.

Response: Measurements taken by the Vi *1* lander found tr of water vapor in Martian atmosph Detailed analysis of atmosphere provi evidence that in past the atmosph pressure was prob higher—and, of cou the channels (Low canals) do have cha teristics similar to th of dried up river ch nels. It would seem water once flowed the surface of Mars could again. By me of dyes, artificial clouds, or pigme living organisms, ac in combination with duced meteor stri the albedo (reflectiv of the Martian surf could be reduced, so that less radiation wo leave its atmosphere than would strike it. temperature of the planet might thus be ra sufficiently to release gases now locked up as and increase the pressure to the point that water could exist.

Robert Parke, an Australian Mars expert visionary, suggests that the Martian moon P bos might be used as a source of raw material



Illustration by Ron M

gardening project. The best hypothesis as to omposition is that its top few hundred feet composed of very dark matter. This matter ld be fired—by sun-powered electric mass- ers—into the gravitational field of Mars obos has a weak gravitational pull), where it ld either spread throughout the atmosphere e aimed to fall on the polar regions. Here dark material would absorb nearly twenty es as much heat as do the Martian polar s. The sun's heat would, in turn, begin to va- ze the caps. Other, larger chunks of Phobos erial, from deep under the moon's surface, rich in frozen water, ammonia, and organic erials; this material could be freed and pro- ed at the Martian surface, which contains ced-up water and organic sediments. The nks from Phobos would, in effect, act like eors, and their impact would vaporize the er and organic sediments, create green- se-effect dust clouds, and heat the planet's ntle. Perhaps the old Martian volcanoes—h as the extinct Olympus Mons, which is fif- n miles high: the largest known mountain in solar system—would become active once re, adding their gases to the atmosphere.

Many of the necessary changes on Mars ght be brought about by the employment of notechnology. Nanotechnologists could pro- m tiny self-reproducing chemical "factories" specific tasks, such as the mining and extrac- n from the Martian soil of the necessary es. Or one might use even more radical solu- ns. The Saturnian ice-moon Pandora is about) kilometers in diameter, giving a volume bout half a million cubic kilometers and a ss of about five thousand trillion tons. If f this mass were used as the "reaction ss"—the propellant—to drive the other f, it might be shifted from its orbit and made all upon the planet Mars. Even if only a frac- n of the gases released by the impact was to ain in the Martian atmosphere, such a colli- n could raise the pressure and temperature of Martian surface considerably—enough to ke it geologically and climatologically *alive*.

As radical an idea as this is, I would like to go n a step further: Nature has had billions years to try out different life-forms for their vival possibilities. Suppose evolution itself ld be speeded up? Suppose researchers could ate controlled conditions that would ap- ximate those of Mars, and that, under such ditions, the Martian strains could, so to ak, generate themselves?

The limits of metabolism make this impossi- , the skeptic says. But the metabolic limits do t forbid software simulacra from *simulating* olution. Contemporary computer biologists already developing ways to express the genetic and somatic structures of simple Earthly organisms *as computer programs*. The next stage would be to place those programs together in a large cybernetic environment where they can compete and evolve for selective fitness—and thus speed up the process of evolution electronically by many orders of magnitude. Gradually, the simulated conditions could be altered from those of an Earthly environment to those of Mars. In the struggle for survival, certain traits would be selected, generation by swift generation, and the genes that code for them could be carefully recorded. What is learned in this way could then guide recombinant DNA engineering to produce very hardy strains. (The dangers of this sort of work would be mitigated by the very forms of testing, which threaten not a real but a *modeled* environment.)

those of Mars and that Martian strains could generate themselves?

Many of the components of such a project are already in existence. Computer modeling is being used extensively in molecular biology, cytology, neurobiology, and ecology. And the National Institutes of Health are currently compiling a complete record of the human genome; that is, our full complement of DNA base pairs in their correct order, divided into chromosomes—all the information needed to construct a human being. (Several viruses and bacteria have in recent years been thus recorded, in whole or in part, by gene sequencing.)

By some combination of these methods and others, organisms adapted to life on Mars might be synthesized. But would it not take an enormous amount of time to propagate them over the Martian surface? Here the astonishing mathematics of reproduction would be heavily in favor of the planetary gardeners. Normal bacteria can reproduce themselves by fission in as little as twenty minutes; conservatively, let us estimate ten doublings per day for genetically tailored bacteria. In one day a ton of bacteria, finely scattered over a surface rich in nutrients, and without biological competition, could yield 1,000 tons—about 1,000 cubic meters—of biomass; in five days, this mass, if unimpeded by lack of raw materials, would approach 100 trillion tons. The surface of Mars is about 146 million square kilometers—roughly 100 trillion square meters. Thus, in this ideal case, it would take five days to cover the whole surface of Mars with bacteria to a depth of a meter, starting with one ton of seed. One might rest on both the sixth and seventh days.

Of course, the vicissitudes of access to food chemicals and energy sources, as well as unfavorable local variations in temperature, pressure, et cetera—some of them brought about by the bacterial growth itself—would put a stop to this growth very swiftly. But what I am trying to show is the potency of the biological instrument

In the creation of this new garden, no living species would have paid by extinction for human progress

the colonist of Mars could wield.

One generation of bacterial species would certainly not be enough; the first generation would have to be used as the compost for the second, the second for a third, and so on. At some point cyanobacteria, which excrete oxygen, would be introduced. Other bacteria produce nitrogen. Each generation would at first be smothered by its own waste products, but the net effect would be to extract from the Martian atmosphere and regolith (rock soil) the carbon dioxide necessary to sustain a greenhouse effect, and thus the water, oxygen, and nitrogen that constitute an environment resembling Earth's. Oxygen in the stratosphere would be broken up by sunlight to form a protective ozone layer against ultraviolet radiation. Shallow seas would form, and corals could then be sown in them to begin the process by which the level of atmospheric carbon dioxide is controlled.

After a while hardy funguses and plants could be introduced, then the grasses and the higher flowering plants, the angiosperms, together with the insects to pollinate them. Next would come the higher animals, and finally human beings, the new homesteaders—families with their seed catalogs, their hand tools, and the prospects of a new nation and a new dispensation for humankind. And no native tribe would have been displaced or murdered; no living species would have paid by extinction for human progress.

What might Mars, so transformed, be like to live on? This is how I envision it:

Southeastward, in the direction you came from this morning, you can see sloping tablelands of forest broken and stepped with precipices banded with blood-red, ocher, and brown, in shadow still from the tiny sun. They fall off northward to an ocean that looks somehow wrong—the waves are like the stylized waves in an old theater, blue on the lit side but deep pink on the shadow side. The ocean is scattered with islands as yet unnamed, rings or semicircles of green; but beyond them looms up into the violet sky a vague outline of impossible scale: the last ringwall of the Pandora Crater System, where the largest of our man-made meteors struck forty years ago.

As you turn west, the albedo changes, the sky now purple opposite the sun, and here the mesas of the Nilosyrtis rise like pink ghosts, their faces lit by the dim sunlight. The cliffs are iced like a cake with groves of gigantic trees, silver trunks, emerald leaves—English beeches, it looks like, but of giant size. Waterfalls drift down into the ravine below, with a dreamlike slowness, breaking into vapor with a soft hiss as they hit the rocks. Above the hills clouds are beginning to form—tall, billowy, ramshackle columns l stovepipes or chef's hats. The turf under y feet is covered with fresh little flowers, a mixed with their earthy scent there is a sn strange and intimate, like raw milk, iron, sult and snow water.

Southward the mountains rise and rise aga and as you turn the Gulf of Isis comes into vi the tiny sun above. The light is like a rich a brilliant twilight, or the dimmed glow of a wa winter noon in northern Europe, or perhaps l the light of an Arcadian painting, Poussin Claude. It's an oddly cozy world, despite t wildness with which nature here strews her fr designs about—nature here informed by hum art and intention. The horizon is very close, a the rich vapor and dust with which the coloni have seeded the new atmosphere to keep t greenhouse effect at work make for intim landscapes. It's like the misty air of England, H with Mars's characteristic pinkish tinge, fr the dominance of the iron oxides.

You could have got to this place flying unc your own power, for you weigh three eighths what you weigh on Earth, and with appropriat ly designed wings and some training you cou realize the ancient human dream of being free the ground. Here on Mars you can leap to twi your height, and long-jump over thirteen m ters, with a hang time of nearly three second Wearing the wings, you find this is time enou to take two strokes, which give you a glide y can maintain. Then you can get your feet in the stirrups and use your leg muscles to get y to flying height. A hundred meters keeps y out of trouble, and you still have good dep perception. Landing can be a pro lem and takes practice.

Consider the ancient Greeks in their ey painted ships, feeling their way along the mo strous volcanic coast of Italy until they came the apocalyptic landscape of Vesuvius. Th huge canted ash cone of the crater, the islan fragments—Ischia, Capri—of a great calde whose head blew off before history began, th Hadean barrens of the Solfatara, the hellmou lake of Avernus, whose fumes would kill an bird that flew over it: this place was a Mars f the colonizing Greeks. They founded cities c the coast—Paestum, Cumae—and dug cav there to house their oracles, their holy wome They found ways to garden a crater planetscap There the Cumaean Sibyl spoke to Aeneas an there Anchises prophesied the Roman Empir and there also, if Virgil speaks the truth, th Sibyl foretold the coming of Jesus of Nazareth Dante knew that infernal landscape too: only b that way could he reach the divine spaceworl of Paradise.

WHEN I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND QUANTUM MECHANICS

By Jane Hamilton

My uncle says he has to feed me. Otherwise, he says, my brain will shrivel and rot and one day slip to the floor, and no one will notice because there will be no noise. He laughs and I laugh, but my fear is genuine. I try to improve my mind because I know if my brain fails I will have nothing: I look exactly like my father. Still, my mother tells me that in two years it will be my turn to be in the Miss Beaver Dam Beauty Pageant. It was this summer when my sister Kelly took her turn in the pageant that all the brain food my uncle had been dishing out suddenly became intelligible.

Not that I hadn't had glimmers before. My first conscious glimmer occurred when I was six and Kelly was eight. It was the Fourth of July in our town, which is not Beaver Dam but about eight miles outside city limits, in the country. For the ceremony in the park my mother had taught us the song "All Things Bright and Beautiful" and also the deaf signs to go along with it. My sister and I wore identical green-and-blue-plaid cotton jumpers and white shirts with plaid piping along the collar and cuffs. It was 103 degrees under the blazing sun. We wore blue anklets and saddle shoes, and we had the same glasses, the kind men who are doing heavy industrial work must wear under order of the law. My mother had given us pixie cuts the day before. She played the piano up on the stage with us, out in the park, and we chirped, "All things wise and wonderful, / The Lord God made them all. / Each little flower that opens, / Each little bird that sings"—only something slipped a cog in my even then rotting brain, some random energy in the universe, or possibly a curled dimension uncurled itself and made me sing, "Each little fart that opens . . . " My sister jabbed me in the ribs before I knew what had happened, although I had stopped singing because I didn't know how to sign that strange new word. My mother stopped playing and said in her piano teacher voice, "Let's begin again, girls." We took deep breaths and sang the song perfectly. No one mentioned my slip, not even Kelly, who has always been good, but in retrospect I understand that the error was in some ways like the big bang, that there was a very tiny but non-negligible probability that an explosion would happen and then it did, and voilà, here we are on planet Earth. The same with my goof: the key phrase being "non-negligible probability." However small the chance, I was bound to sing the wrong word.

My mother is baffled by the volume of mail my uncle sends me. I don't see him very often because he's a physicist at the University of Wisconsin and he's forever in his lab, but he

Jane Hamilton's first novel, The Book of Ruth, *published last December by Ticknor & Fields, won PEN's Ernest Hemingway Foundation Award. She lives in Rochester, Wisconsin.*

tells me things I should know and sends me books to read. He promises that no other fifteen-year-old will have a brain like mine if I keep my nose to the grindstone. Until this summer, I understood almost none of the words, and read them only so when he quizzed me I could come up with the answers. Most people say hello when they see me, but my uncle, breaking through the crowd at our family picnic, for example, comes up to me and says, "What role does the observer play in the Copenhagen interpretation of quantum reality?" I rack my poor brain. I know better than to smile and giggle and shrug my shoulders like Kelly does. "According to the Copenhagen interpretation of quantum reality," I say, stalling, "the observer forces a particle to take a certain path, simply by the act of measuring." My uncle slaps me on the back and says, "You're beautiful." This encourages me. "Yes, you see, until you make a measurement and say, 'This particle passed through Slit A,' each particle seems to be going through both Slit A and Slit B. That's what's called superposition, when a particle exists in both states."

"Uh huh," my uncle says, reaching into a bag of corn chips. "Explain Erwin Schrödinger's famous thought experiment with the cat."

"Um," I say, "okay, so you put a cat in a sealed box with a source of radioactive particles and of course you can't know if the cat is dead or alive until you look and the whole point is—"

"The sloppy joes are ready," my mother says. My uncle and I are locked into each other's gaze, me struggling to recite, he looking into my eyes to see if I comprehend. I try Kelly's trick of blinking a lot. I'm not sure if it's working, but my uncle says, "I'm starved. Let's feed our budding cosmologist."

"You two are definitely weird," my mother says, shaking her head as if she has something in her ear.

My mother will never understand what goes on between my uncle and me. She can't keep herself from asking me the question: "Why aren't you more like Kelly?" I try to be good, I really do. I try to stand up straight and smile at Pastor Volt; I try to tease the children in the nursery after church the way Kelly does, so playfully, but it always comes out in a way that must be odd because the children look at me as if I'm not attached to my body.

It is beyond my mother's dimension that I can spend a Saturday morning in my room reading about the universe. She makes me do things like sign up for the homecoming parade committee, so I can stuff napkins into chicken wire, and keep her company while she watches *Knots Landing*. These activities keep me from the work I know I must do. My uncle hasn't said it, but I know he figures being smart is my only h since I have my father's bone structure. I ha feeling my uncle knows almost everything. very tall; he can see over all the heads an always stands around with his arms folded a his thin chest, watching. When he tells me beautiful or correct I have a wild urge to ru my room and climb under the covers and be saucepan with a wooden spoon.

My mother, blind because she is a mot thinks both of her daughters will capture Miss America title, and although she is t oughly committed to the pageant system I th a small part of her secretly wishes it was hoo into the Miss Universe system because you h to admit Miss Universe sounds much be than Miss America.

I'm not like a lot of girls I know: I really l my mother. It's just that I'm beginning to derstand that I might have different plans myself, and I'm not sure how I'm going to out of her plans for me. At the quantum le of course, the edges of things are fuzzy, but my mother absolutely everything is cut-a dried. A person behaves. If we don't set table we don't eat. We learn to play instruments—the piano and one of our cho We go out for track and field. We are home 5:30. After dinner we do our homework. Ligh out by ten. If I tried to explain to my mot that it takes sunlight eight minutes to get to earth, and therefore I should be able to read til 10:08, she would probably give me that Y are-so-weird look, and then snap off the ligh "I'm strict because I love you so much," says. We audition for Swing Choir whether not we can sing. Kelly can. I can't. At sev teen we enter the Miss Beaver Dam Bea Pageant.

Mostly, I guess, I used to be a classical ph cist. I thought God ran the whole show and th once I got smarter I would be able to understa how the whole deal was set up, that it was th for me to figure out, and ultimately compreh sible. The beauty pageant was wh I really got shaken up.

We were building toward it all spring a summer. First my mother enrolled Kelly voice lessons, even though Kelly can play t piano better than anyone at high school, and is her real talent. But think about it: how ma Miss Americas got to be queen playing the ano? You can come up with a few, but it's pre unusual. Almost all of them win by singi "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." So Kelly spent spring and summer singing that song over a over, perfecting even the moments where the is an absence of noise. I would sit at the dinin room table doing my homework and listening



r every word while she accompanied herself
d sang, "They said someday you'll find, / All
ıo love are blind. / When your heart's on fire, /
u must realize / Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."
ıe only boy I'd had experience with—that is,
alked to him sometimes—was Kelly's boy-
ɔnd, Dwight, and I couldn't imagine Kelly's
my heart bursting into flames over scrawny
l Dwight. Still, I knew she was singing the
ıg authentically and I never tired of her pure
ice and the sweet, sad words.

We went to the mall so frequently, in pursuit of the perfect evening gown, that I could close my eyes as I walked along and say which store we were passing. My mother had her sketch pad neatly obscured in her pocket and she'd skulk around the dress shops drawing what looked suitable. Then we'd pile into the car and go home so she could make a pattern while it was still fresh in her memory. Then she'd make a sort of dummy dress out of old sheets to see if it was worth putting time and money into good material.

In the end, for the evening gown competi-

strations by Terry Widener

tion, Kelly wore her prom dress, slightly done over. It was a deep red shiny material, far far too much red for anyone to swallow whole, with a ruffle around the low-lying neck. I hate to say it, but she looked like a Mylar balloon. Although my mother is a good seamstress, it was painfully obvious that the dress was homemade. It was okay for the prom, but definitely not pageant material. Some of the girls were buying $500 evening gowns, but we kept remembering that the judges pay the most attention to talent. And Kelly could sing, so we weren't worried.

As I said, I was still in my Newtonian stage, so I didn't truly understand the fact vital to quantum mechanics: the world shifts when it is measured, and this means you can't make precise predictions about it. The world is composed of probabilities, rather than definite, fixed states.

"What do you mean?" I had asked the page, when I read that the world was composed of probabilities. "You're going to tell me I could look in the mirror and see a fish where my nose should be?" After the pageant I knew that such a thing was not impossible.

By the middle of June we were all highly agitated. It's the classic example of counting your chickens before they hatch. We had all nervously sat before the television, watching the Miss Wisconsin Pageant, knowing deep down that Kelly was going to be there in Oshkosh next year, our Miss Beaver Dam. We wanted to wish her onto the screen; instead there was the current Miss B.D., Cindy Potts, who Kelly's boyfriend Dwight said was a total dogface. Kelly laughed at this remark and then snuggled up against Dwight's chest, which was something I found difficult to watch and impossible not to try to look at, a living example, I guess, of Heisenberg's uncertainty principle.

Also, at the end of June, the Pageant Committee started getting the materials ready for the *Miss Beaver Dam Pageant Program*, a very glossy magazine with the contestants' photos and histories, and pageant lore. We all wrote well-wishes, to be printed on the page opposite the contestant's photo and résumé. Dwight wrote, "Kelly, to me you are the most beautiful girl in the world. I give you the best of my love, always, and I hope I will be doing so for many, many years to come." My mother tolerates Dwight, but there is no way he is going to be her son-in-law. If he ever got too forward she'd sit him down and give him a firm talking-to. My mother is very effective in her Little Talks. I avoid them at all cost by doing the right thing, as much as I can anticipate what the right thing is. Dwight has no meat on his shoulders or torso, but from the bottom down he's thick, so it's hard to know how to describe his whole self. He persists in trying to grow a mustache, and I ca understand why he doesn't realize there is hope and just quit. From the moment I first him, I knew Kelly was too good for him. course my opinion is inconsequential: one t I was sitting on the floor watching televis and Dwight came in the room and tripped o me. When he collected himself and tried to cate the offending object, and realized it wa person, he squinted at me, wondering, I gue who in the world I could be.

For the pageant program I wrote, "I'll be y valet when you go to Atlantic City—you're greatest! Luv, your sister Bonnie." Mike's M Market even wrote "Best Wishes," and M and Dad wrote a thing about how proud th were of Kelly, how they hoped she was havin fantastic experience in the pageant, and getti to know all the girls, and growing, and h happy they were that she was their daught Grandma wrote, "To the Winner!" We wr enough to fill the whole page. So that got revved up.

Then there were the rehearsals, and buyi the outfits for the production numbers, a finding the right swimsuit. My mother taug Kelly how to tape her breasts so they'd be upli ed and there'd be some cleavage. And we watched, especially Dwight, in amazemen when Kelly strutted around the living room her high heels and her lavender suit. My moth kept clapping the smallest, quickest claps wi her hands at her mouth and saying, "I can't b lieve how great you look." Kelly knew it. Tur ing around, she gave us a full sixty seconds contemplate her backside before facing again.

What exactly was my mother seeing? I kn now what the role of the observer is, and th matter takes form only because there is an o server. Probe the world with photons and y see the beautiful Kelly and breakfast on the t ble. Probe it with, say, neutrinos, those e tremely light, probably massless elementa particles, and the world will look like an ocea of subatomic emptiness. I guess it all depends o your perspective. To my mother, Kelly in he swimsuit was pure confection. But I saw thing that bothered me, against my will. Kelly had non-negligible potbelly. Her thighs rubbed to gether. Her bottom was primarily flat but it puc dled down to her thighs and hung there lookin just plain sloppy. Her purple heels didn't quit match the suit. Was the world shifting because was trying to measure it? I shook my head har to try to get ahold of myself. What was the im portant fact I wanted to keep in mind? Yes, th was it: the judges give the most weight to th talent portion of the show.

There were ten contestants altogether. The

ly weren't worth talking about. Most of n were blond. They sang or danced or ed instruments and had hobbies galore. y collected John Lennon memorabilia and ! boxer dogs and biked and studied French wanted to be music teachers and physical apists. Kelly was the only redhead. She the only one who was under five feet seven, only one with green eyes and a dimple on chin. She was almost the only one who ı't have a perm, but my mother panicked at the last minute and sent her to the hairdresser.

he day of the pageant we sat at the kitchen e while my mother scrambled eggs and ɔed sausages. She was going to make sure ly had a good breakfast; it was all she could –then her daughter would be out of her ds. Kelly and I sat on our cold fingers, our ılders hunched up, and jiggled our limbs. father came in and said, "How's the present future Miss Beautiful?"

Daaaaaaaaaaad," Kelly said.

Drink your juice," my mother said, and my ɛr obediently downed all eight ounces.

Jone of us uttered another word until after ıkfast.

My mother had made a new dress for me, ch I couldn't wait to wear. When my dad me in it he said I looked like his very own nut. It was pink with puffy sleeves and a are neck and a tight bodice that sort of ashed what little I had in the front, and a full t. I had a giant white bow for the top of my d. It all made me feel, well, pretty. I was go- to be in the pit turning the pages for the pi- player, and although not everyone stares at page turner, I wanted to look as good as sible.

After my sister had been adequately nour- ed, her pageant chaperon, Mrs. Vendero, ked her up. Pageant rules said we were al- ed no contact with the contestant all day. wouldn't see her again until she came out stage for the first production number. We od in the driveway and each of us took our n hugging and kissing Kelly, and wishing her k. My dad said he loved her. Kelly started to . "Save those tears for the crowning," I want- to say, but I kept quiet.

'Pray for me at one," Kelly choked from the ckseat as the car pulled out of the driveway. mother clasped her hands and shook them ɛr her head and nodded vigorously. Kelly's in- view on current events was scheduled for ɛr lunch. We had all been watching the six lock news like maniacs for a month.

My mother had tasks to keep her busy all day ıg: she had to hem my dress and finish her own outfit and bake for the family party on Sunday, in honor of Kelly. I had nothing to keep my nervous energy in check. I talked to my uncle on the phone for a while. Naturally he grilled me on the grand unified theory and why gravity doesn't fit in. I couldn't answer any of his questions. Finally I said, "I'm sorry, but I'm too nervous to think. Tonight is Kelly's pageant."

My uncle said, "Christ on a crutch. Poor old Kelly."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Listen," he said, "don't let your mother put you through it. Do you know what *pageant* means? Do you know the root of the word?"

"Ah," I said. "No."

"In Shakespeare *pageant* is used as a verb, meaning to imitate, to mimic, but you, Bonnie—you are an original—you—"

"I have to go," I said. "You never like anything normal. Don't tell me you won't be proud when Kelly becomes Miss Beaver Dam." I couldn't believe I was talking like my mother to my uncle. "See you soon," I said, and hung up.

My heart was bamming up near my throat. I hadn't listened to what he said but the words had gone in somewhere—what had he said about imitating? For reasons I didn't stop to sort out, I was bothered.

At 4:30 I got in the bathtub and soaked. It was terribly hot but I lay there and imagined myself afterward at Stewart's Supper Club. I imagined myself being there with my sister, the queen. Boys might ask me to dance, simply because of the association. Of course I would say no because I hate to dance and I don't know how, which is one of the things my mother has Talked with me about: how sometimes you have to learn to do things you don't like to get on in life. Still, their asking, and my saying no, and the buffet filled with baloney and olives speared with toothpicks—it all thrilled me. Kelly would be so happy, dancing with Dad, and my mother would be ecstatic; she'd sit at the head table all night long while people came up to congratulate her. The newspaper would do one of those spotlights they do on neat families in the community. My mother would tell them how close we are and they'd take a picture of us around the piano, my mother sitting with her hands splayed over the keys, Kelly standing beside her with her violin, me with my trombone, and my dad with his hands on my mother's shoulders. I fell asleep in the tub. When the door opened and banged against the towel rack I opened my eyes. My mother looked hard at me and said if she'd known I was going to look like a prune she wouldn't have gone to the trouble of making me a new dress.

We got there early and put our programs on the seats in the front row. Then we walked

...reared and examined the decorations of cheer. The gym had been transformed. The theme was "Born in the U.S.A." The Pageant Committee had erected trellises up on the stage and on both sides of the gym, and there, strung red, white, and blue balloons all over them and at each entrance there were enormous wire baskets, the type of cake, filled with more balloons. The floor had a new coat of wax on it, and you could see yourself in it nearly, sort of, say. The spotlights were poised like cannons at the back, and the folding chairs were set up in perfect lines, like the grave markers at Arlington. My mother grabbed my hand and whispered, "I wonder how she's doing." She squeezed my finger and we both shut our eyes and grimaced. My father was outside having a cigarette.

At long last I took my place next to the piano player, Mrs. Pingree, who helped me out by nodding every time she wanted me to turn the page, so I didn't have to pay too much attention. The gym went dark, and the crowd instantly hushed. Mrs. Pingree played the tinkling intro, and then in the circle of a single spotlight they started coming out from behind the side curtain. One by one they first stuck out their legs, up to their red garters, and then the rest of their selves followed. They were wearing what we had shopped around so hard to find: cranberry pumps, cranberry hosiery, navy blue skirts, cranberry and sequin flag scarves around their necks, gigantic blue ball earrings, and blue bowler hats. Kelly was #7. She was smaller than the others, but she was sending off sparks exactly like a star immediately after its initial hydrogen explosion. There was no mistaking her voice as she belted, "I'm proud, I'm proud, I'M PROUD to be from the U.S. of A!" Her teeth were straighter and whiter and much more enormous than they'd appeared at the breakfast table. She looked like she might be able to devour us all in one mouthful. She did the cancan and then dipped up to the front, giving us a minute to take all of her in, and then she easily turned her back on us. I had the urge to hug Mrs. Pingree and jump to my feet and holler with the pleasure of being alive. Kelly onstage did that to a person—her gift was raw energy and affirmation. I had to shiver after she disappeared behind the curtain, taking her radiance into the shadows.

The hosts for the pageant were a former Miss Northshore and her husband, Don. They make a living going 'round hosting pageants and judging and making new rules. Miss Northshore was glamorous in a mature beauty queen way, although the single sweep of blond curl down the side of her face looked as if it were no longer hair but had been replaced by some more durable material. Don looked completely comfort-

...able in his white tux with the pale p... cummerbund to match her pink-a-pinned go... They sang "You're the Top," and they nai... nose at the end of the song and then kis... which for some reason made my stomach s... flip. They spent a lot of time welcoming us ... thanking event hosts and introducing the jud... and apparently I was juggling my legs again ... since Mr. Pringle put her hand gently on ... thigh to make me still. I clapped my hand to ... mouth and she smiled. She und... stood it was my nerves.

Finally it was time to introduce the con... tants. This was the part of the pageant wh... the girls come out in fabulous outfits and s... few sentences to let us get to know them. ... came #1, Lesley Anne Meyers, looking lik... tramp in a red miniskirt and a V-necked ca... mere sweater. Her teeth were tiny and point... like a weasel's. She came to the mike and sai... a scared high voice, "Dreams really do co... true. People who succeed in their work find ... circumstances to suit them." What a dumb thi... to say! She cocked her head and smirked ... sailed out under the arch. I endured the n... five, who said nothing more profound than g... bloodycook, and then out came Kelly. She ... wearing the black knit top Mom found for he... Target on sale, and the black and white pol... dotted skirt that was all bunched up, practic... like a tutu. Her long string of pearls was tie... a knot and she was wearing awfully high bl... heels. She got to the mike, flashed us all a ... ductive grin, and then she looked us straight ... the eye. "Caring and seeing with the heart is ... important as knowledge. I wish to be like ... other woman in history. I wish to be myse..." She winked and then walked through the tri... arch like she had all the time in the world. E... eryone clapped their hands off. Dwight was ... the back whistling with his thumb and his ... finger in his mouth. The whistle split throu... the applause and said in its continuous scree... what we were all thinking: Kelly, you're a ... nius, you're beautiful. GO FOR IT!

After they all finished their sentences I w... clapping so wildly to try and blow off so... steam I didn't notice the apparition onsta... The applause was cut short, so I looked u... There was the old Miss Beaver Dam, Cin... Potts, appearing out of nowhere, standing ... her tight black sequined gown in a patch of ... very light. When we all realized who it was, ... involuntarily rose up clapping, before she ... even done a thing. Don't ask me how she g... where she was, because she clearly didn't co... out of the mold right. Her lips were so skin... and her mouth so small her mother is probab... still to this day cutting up chunks of apple ...

She had an enormous nose, which I'm not
g to carry on about because mine is probably
er than hers; black eyes too close together;
a crop of black hair permed to stand on end
alf-formed curls. She sang "Over the Rain
" dolefully. This was the last time she would
to an audience as Miss Beaver Dam. I felt
weight of it, for a minute, until I remem
d who was going to be wearing that crown
ne short hour.

he crowd rose up again in appreciation. She
have a good voice, and clearly she had won
that merit. "So, okay," I said to myself.
ank you and good riddance." Don and Miss
thshore slunk back out, and Don an
nced, "My favorite part of the pageant is
ing right up."

Not so fast," Miss Northshore said. "You
ow the pageant gods in Atlantic City are
aking about doing
y with the swimsuit
tion."

Don looked stricken
I said, "Over my
d body."

While they goaded
h other, I prayed for
ly to suck in her bel
nd for her eighteen-
ir girdle to do its job
just five minutes.
s. Pinigus started
ying the slow roman
music that weaves
over the keyboard,
l the girls began their
erminable walk from
back of the stage, the pause before the
ges, and then the long rear view, and around
in, and then to the exit with their heads
ned to the audience, smiling beyond their
ural capacity even though no one was going
bother looking above their necks.

Kelly came out and I squinted to see her as I
nted. She didn't have one of those suits that
cut up over the hips, because although I hate
dwell on it, Kelly does have a little excess in
hips and thighs. I could hear her nylons rub
ng together as she walked; I could see the fold
dubber at her waist. She was tottering on her
h heels, as if the weight of her breasts was
ng to make her fall on her face. I closed my
s and listened to Don talk about Kelly, about
w wonderfully she plays the piano and how
ny firsts she has taken at the state music con-
t, about her volunteer work at the hospital
hich my mother makes her do, against her
l, and which I will have to do next year),
ut her wins in track and field, and the Na
nal Honor Society. I thought of how my
mother loves to tell the stories, time and time
again, of Kelly spontaneously singing both
verses of "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" when she was
eighteen months old, of Kelly ordering Dad to
return me to the hospital when I was five days
old, Kelly tap-dancing at the Senior Center
when she was six and kissing all the old ladies
with warts and no teeth. I opened my eyes and
looked up at Kelly's continental rear end, and
then she turned around. Her ruby lips looked as
if they were a neon diner sign on the highway at
night—I swear her smile was that dazzling—
and I couldn't help yelling "YAY KELLY!"
When I realized I had made a fair amount of
noise I ducked my head and then looked over at
my mother. She was frowning and shaking her
head. As a page turner I was part of the perfor
mance and wasn't supposed to be partial.

By the time the talent portion came, I had no
feeling in my hands, so I
was having a terrible
time turning the pages.
We had a long wait for
#7. No one before Kel
ly was astonishing, ex
cept in defeat. Melissa
Campo creamed her
Rachmaninoff; it was
not distinguishable as
Rachmaninoff, and I
know him well because
my mother teaches pi
ano, and by the time
you're in high school
and any good at all she
assigns this piece. Me
lissa massacred the
man—had to stop in the middle and completely
butchered the end. She was a goner, without a
doubt. It was so painful to watch that Mrs. Pini
gus put her head down and clutched her nose
with her two fists. Lesley Anne Meyers fudged
the entrance to "Send in the Clowns" but pre
tended that everything was perfect. The ballet
dancer wasn't even on toe, and the other singers
were so negligible that I forgot what they sang
the instant after they stopped.



And then it was Kelly's turn. She came out in
her black silk pants and a sleek green shirt,
which was loose. It rippled when she moved.
She sang "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" as if some
one had just put a knife through her heart. She
moaned a little before she even started. Even
though I'd listened to the song over and over, I
heard it as if for the first time. Kelly taught me
right then and there what love is all about
nothing more or less than total loss followed by
unbearable pain that never quits. She swayed,
and her pants followed her legs and her green
shirt shuddered. Tears sprang into my eyes and

sat there until I blinked, and they spilled over onto my lap. She had it in the bag and everyone in that room knew it.

By intermission my mother's excitement had reached a feverish pitch. Her friends were swarming around her reaching for her hands and stroking them. "Kelly, still surely place," they told her and my mother and I modestly nodded in agreement. My mother giggled nervously and said, "Let's just hope she doesn't blow evening gown." Mrs. Pinigus assured her there was no chance.

"I'm going outside before the heat affects my brain," I said. My mother paid no attention. I slipped through the fire exit to the parking lot. The asphalt looked soft and steamy in the dim light, as if it were in danger of melting. I stood against the redbrick school and closed my eyes. I honestly didn't know if I was going to make it to the crowning. Although I knew there was no question about the future queen, the suspense was killing me. I tried to empty my head, to fill it with nothingness, but I couldn't help hearing a familiar voice. I tried to block it out, but it kept coming back to me.

"She bites. Hard."

"She bites?" someone asked the voice.

"She's crazy for it. You should hear her sweet talking her mother, telling her"—at this point the voice went up an octave—"'Yes, Mom, we'll be home by midnight, Mom, we're going to the eight o'clock movie and out for ice cream and then he has to drop off a loaf of bread by his grandma's and then we'll be home.' Her mom and her sister—we call her the Nun—wave at us and the minute we're at the end of the drive way she dives for my pants. 'She's crazy for it.'"

I realized that the voices were coming from around the corner and up above, from the fire escape.

"Like, like last time we went out, she put on that polka dotted skirt number she was wearing for her sentence thing tonight, and she was attacking me in the backseat of the Vega—she was saying 'God Dwight, Yes Dwight, Sweet Jesus Dwight, Oh harder, harder,' and when she climbed off me, guess what she says? She says, 'Now you know what it's like to screw a ladybug, all ass and wings, ass and wings'—because of the wild skirt she had on."

"Sheeeit," the other voice said.

"And then we go home, and there's her mom—and the Nun, wearing some party dress—watching videos of *As the World Turns*, catching up on the week. And her mom says to us, 'How was the movie, kids? What kind of ice cream did you have?'"

The voices laughed.

I stood there for a second watching the moths bang and bang against the exit light. The voices were laughing and laughing. I felt my dress was still on my body. I walked back into the and sat down at the piano. The air was th with perfume and hair spray and I had to cl at the piano to keep from suffocating and fal over. When I got my balance I reached up pulled the bow out of my hair and slipped it derneath me.

The lights went down and Miss Beaver l sang her third farewell song. Her black d made her look like the flat dead salamander the drain in our basement. Mrs. Pinigus f bled at the sheet music while I bit my bottom and tried to hold on to the piano bench.

The next time I noticed, they were al ready to announce the finalists. Don and M Northshore were joking around because judges were having trouble making up th minds. Finally an old man with a tobac stained mustache and thick glasses handed envelope to Don. It struck me in that mom of exchange that life is hideous. what right these blind old men have to judge beauty? I violently ill for a second, and then the feel passed to steady nausea. The contestants w in a straight line, up front, holding each oth hands and trying to be still. They were all s ing so hard they looked mad. The first awa Miss Congeniality, is decided by the themselves.

Sheila Dart, the girl who raises boxers didn't dance on toe, came forward to receive award. She kept her smile plastered on her f even though we all knew she was hoping more. Mrs. Pinigus played a drumroll on the and as Don announced the third runner-up, said, "Step right up, Melissa Campo!"

What? She had creamed the Rachmaninof couldn't believe my ears. What was more un lievable was how disappointed she looked. S came to the front and grabbed her certific My uncle's small silent words were whirl around in my head, getting larger as they ca into focus and finding each other to make s tences, and then stopping right up front shouting at me. *The fact that the world shifts u it is measured means simply that you cannot m precise predictions about it.* This is the corn stone of quantum mechanics. Its implicati are dire. Heisenberg's uncertainty principle t us that things aren't as they seem. *Sometimes useful to think of particles as waves, and when useful we think of waves as particles.* I wasn't f ing at all well. *One can only predict a number different possible outcomes, each with then o likelihood.* The floor was slipping under my f and I grabbed at the black keys in front of m Onstage the girls were still squeezing each o er's hands and waiting.

Mrs. Pinigus did her drumroll again and D

"The second runner-up will receive a tro- and a scholarship donated by Carson Rub- And she is, Tina Otto!"

ina Otto, the girl whose brain weighs slight- ore than a dust ball.

And now," Don was saying, "the first run- up, the lady who will assume Miss Beaver 's position should anything, God forbid, en to her, and who will receive a scholar- donated by the Can Corporation, and a hy. The winner is . . . Lesley Anne Meyers."

Was I experiencing space and time before the ang singularity, where predictability breaks n? Had something so large happened out in universe that we had failed to feel it? I dn't keep my mind on what was making me est. Lesley Anne hugged the girls next to and wriggled up to the front. I guess she was nely pleased, because she knew she had vn her entrance to "Send in the Clowns" under normal circumstances wouldn't have ected to place. Yet there she was, miracu- ly, the first runner-up. One swift jab of the hen knife and she could have the crown.

Well, shall we go home now?" Don asked Northshore. She stamped her foot and ted his arm. "Oh, all right," he said. "I'll ounce the queen." He yawned and ched.

And now," Don said, "for the coronation of s Beaver Dam 1988." Mrs. Pinigus played dinner club music. "Miss Beaver Dam 1988 receive a gift certificate from Diane's Dress p, a complete wardrobe for the Miss Wis- sin Pageant, modeling sessions at Tres Chic, a scholarship from the Beaver Dam Lion- s and Lions Club. Are we all ready?"

he audience groaned. My mother had rolled er program and I knew if there was any fur - delay she was going to personally march on- e and club Don to death.

The title of Miss Beaver Dam 1988 goes to Kelly Brooks!"

Mrs. Pinigus threw her arm around me, drew close, and then jiggled. I sat perfectly still in crook of her vibrating arm. My uncle's ds screamed at me inside my idiotic head: *world's attributes seem to vary depending on vantage point of the observer, somewhat like the tion of a wave.* I understood everything. We e in this gym and we were not in this gym, newhat like the location of a rainbow.

Isn't she lovely?" Mrs. Pinigus murmured.

No, she was not lovely. She was—she was slut.

looked up and there she was, with too much ceup on and a smile that had somehow got- twisted with overuse. I always knew I could er be beautiful like Kelly, but I had tried so d to be good. It all was so clear that I started to cry. The blue paint from *South Pacific* on the trellis hadn't been covered up properly, the BORN IN THE U.S.O.A. sign had gotten bumped and half of it was down, and the floor was lit- tered with programs and styrofoam cups. Every- one was clapping. Kelly was trying to cry and hugging Miss Northshore as Cindy Potts strug- gled to pin the crown into Kelly's hair. When the crown was secure Kelly came to the front smiling the terrible smile that looked as if it was going to sit there on her face permanently. She stood waving at the crowd, sniffling. My mother was standing motionless with her hands to her face. My father was heading out the door for a cigarette. We were the perfect normal family, vanishing into thin air.

I stumbled over to my mother after the lights came on. My stomach was killing me. I begged her to take me home, and she stamped her foot and snorted, and then my face must have im- pressed her because she said, "Good Lord, you look awful. What's the matter with you?" Be- fore I could say, "Absolutely nothing," she hooked her elbow around my neck and pulled me to her mouth, and then she whispered, "Can you believe it?"

She arranged to have Dwight drive Kelly and my father to the reception in Dwight's car. She would meet them there after driving me home. On the way, she chattered about how smart the judges were, how well the committee ran the pageant, about how wonderfully Kelly had per- formed. "For once," my mother said, "the judges really knew enough to judge every category."

Maybe yes, maybe no. I could have told her those old men didn't know anything, that they were senile and blind, but I kept quiet. Rain spattered our windshield and the night inside our van was hot and dark and close. My mother parked and made a dash for the house. Slowly I climbed out. I stood on the gravel looking up into the sky.

"Get out of the rain," my mother yelled from the porch. "Don't you know any better?"

I looked at her, safe and relatively dry, spin- ning through time and space, if there is such a thing. I held my arms up and water trickled into the puffs of my sleeves. I used to love coming home from band practice after dark and stand- ing right here on the driveway, looking into the house with just one light on at the piano, seeing Kelly's head barely moving as she played some crazy Beethoven sonatas. I took off my pink pumps and headed for the marsh. I knew in my heart that everything had collapsed, but I want- ed to feel the cold scummy dirt on my bare feet anyway. I was wondering if, by any small chance, the earth was still solid enough to hold me. ■

A SEASON OF PORTENTS

The long summer of '88: A Wyoming diary

By Gretel Ehrlich



I JUNE

This morning, June 14, I walk north of our ranch in northern Wyoming, crossing two forks of the same creek split by three miles of mountain. At dawn there was no dew on the grass, and the wildflowers came and went in three weeks—an instant. Already this summer has been declared the driest since the dust bowl days of the 1930s. Scorching weather rarely felt here until mid-July has brought down what meltwater we have too soon and too fast for the earth to absorb. Hot, Mojave-like winds fill what are usually rainy days, and the native grasses are prematurely going to seed. Is someone holding a magnifying glass against the sun? Has the prediction that global warming was to have taken place in small increments been naive?

The sun inhales and exhales; its storms of heat reach down and strip the ground of memory, and the c split halves run gerly, spending drought songs i ears, the one st trying to hush other. Above, rock tablets, the size of a story building, from the cent the steep moun slope. Together form an M, a stain from ar termittent wat drives down through the center. As th rises, the rock catches the light like a shoulder.

I've come here looking for summer, as season were not a temporal occurrence geological one, a nugget of gold for wh could pan. I dive in and out of thick rip vegetation, and only sudden openings, green curtains drawn, allow me glimpses ter. I dip my hands and they come out and cold. Up above, on the tablets, no are inscribed.

I'm looking for summer but I can't find or where it begins. Is it a prick of light, the from a horseshoe striking rock as I ride int mountains? Can it be found in the green tion of a leaf? It's my obsession, you see, t origins.

Gretel Ehrlich is the author of The Solace of Open Spaces, *a book of essays, and, most recently,* Heart Mountain, *a novel. She lives with her husband on a ranch in Wyoming, where she is at work on a new collection of essays.*

Photograph by Elio

ne 20. Summer solstice. The longest day of year and the hottest so far. Snow seems like ething from long ago, even though it ved three feet in May. Now all that wavers ie mind is meltwater running fast, trying to its rushing journey over with. At the mo- t the solstice occurs my young saddle horse in the dust, four legs in the air—motionless moment—and I run crouched like a thief of the house through a hay meadow, over tops of irrigation ditches, around the lake, ugh cattails, onto the thirty-foot-long is-, all the time trying for a swift, gliding wolf in which the shoulders and head do not rise fall but cut through the air like a sword held from the belly.

ow the solstice is past and the sun is a flick- g light behind fast-moving high clouds. As I from the island into shallow, colorless wa- three water snakes wind away in unison. owing deer who came to the lake to drink returned to a nearby slope to graze, I sprint arter mile to the top of Mahogany Hill and north, my downhill foot slipping, my heart ping forward to the end of an endless day. sun finally goes at 10:00 P.M., only to rise n at 4:00 A.M.; but even without the sun the seems bright. That's how summer is: no past uture but all present tense, long twilights vandals, breaking into new days.

et it's the briefest of seasons, and what time e is in summer is carried forward by wind, by eas, god of the north wind, who, it's said, blow out of two or more cheeks at once.

ne 23. A breeze stiffens. Gusts are clocked orty-five, sixty, eighty-five miles per hour. nless thunderclouds crack above, shaking pollen down. *La bufèra infernale*—that's t Dante calls winds that lashed at sinners ell. I decide to go out in the infernal storm. is is hell," a herder moving his sheep across mountain says, grinning, then clears his hed throat and rides away. Wind carries me and forth, twisting, punching me down.

m alone here for much of the summer, these winds my only dancing partner. The sheep their herder vanish over a ridge. I close my , and the planet is auditory only: tree nches twist into tubas and saxes, are caught arge hands that press down valves, and ev- vhere on this ranch I hear feral music— stly tunes made not by animals gone wild by grasses, sagebrush, and fence wire ing.

he next day, or the next. The wind stops and temperature soars. I've given up my hunt for origin of summer and instead take off my hes and lie on the grass in front of the house, trying to find, in the noonday sun, heat's grace. Sweat rolls from my face. Summer feels like a form of stasis: the oscillations of subatomic particles seem to rock less, vigilance is lost, and the axial wobbling of Earth steadies . . . or does it? In my journal no words, only a drawing of a stick figure (me) grasping a huge straw, ever discontent and uncertain, wondering how so many opposing thoughts can be contained in one head. I read a Sung dynasty poet who writes: "The city is full of flying pear flowers." I imagine a blizzard, the sky solid with petals, white noise, white heat.

Summer feels like a form of stasis: vigilance is lost, and the axial wobbling of Earth steadies . . . or does it?

June 30. A heavy plane lumbers upward and circles near the mountains. It's a World War II bomber carrying slurry, bound for a distant fire. My own tiny twig fire is almost out. On it I'd cooked a dinner of elk steaks, half an onion, a green pepper. My bedroll laid out, I sleep on the ground until the wind wakes me. It's 10:30 P.M. Night closes down over gasping trees, over coyotes who drink at the spring by the house and whose clipped laughter and a cappella chants beat the dry dome of the ground. I lie on my back. This treasure hunt for summer has been a farce, especially now, since I know how the season arrived: wind brought it as if on a silver platter, but a platter hurled like an Olympian's discus, metallic and hard—*la bufèra infernale.* Then, at midnight, I see how wind is only an ocean held in by night's black hood.

II. JULY

A slurry bomber awakens me. It's the middle of July and the wave of heat that swelled in June now arches over my head. This summer's heat is a koan, an answerless question, a wave that reaches no shore. All I know is this: gravity rains bugs down from sources of light; botflies crawl out of dung; heat waves break over the roof of my mouth as if it were coral, its calcareous skeleton washed wet, then dry. Desiccation occurs, yet water keeps rising to the surface of my body. Corals, being marine animals, shed eggs and sperm into the sea, and free-swimming larvae latch on to old colonies and secrete new skeletons; above the roof of my mouth I imagine brain coral. Ideas swim, fertilize, and reproduce. Skeletal forms called theca merge, and at the end of each deep channel of thought, the koan, the riddle, floats on its back heedlessly.

Persistent heat pushes the thermometer to 102 degrees, then 105 degrees, and the sky balloons, featureless. Behind smoke from forest fires the sun rises bloodied and sets bloodied and the moon is a half-eaten peach mid-sky. The long summer twilights I'd longed for all winter are obscured. I turn on house lights at 5:00 P.M.

Smoke blues the sidehills of this valley. I think of my dead grandmother's hair tinted pink, turning blue at death

and, scanning the sky, wonder if the moon is reflecting not sunlight but the light from fires.

Midsummer means cattle are on the range. Ducks on the lake are half-grown but still can't fly, and the birds that pass through in their dash from South America to the North—terns, godwits, sora rails, phalaropes—are long gone. Smoke blues the sidehills of this valley. I think of my dead grandmother's hair tinted pink, turning blue at death. "Turn on the lights, turn on the lights," she kept saying when she was dying, and that's what I say to the sky now.

Fires in the Bighorns, Beartooths, and Absarokas flare like sunspots making hellish day out of night. "Gloom of hell, gloom of night uncomforted," Dante writes. Night consists of smoke. No human presence here. Then visitors come through: a retired rancher, a photographer, a child, a woman who was once a soloist with the New York City Ballet. I tell them there are 10,000-foot peaks directly behind the house, but they are skeptical. Rolling smoke has bulldozed all that. We work in the garden harvesting beans, then eat, drink, and dance, pirouetting on dead grass under a lidded sky with no constellations to tell us in which direction to turn our lives.

After they leave, alone again, I sometimes sleep through the afternoon, stupefied by heat, and between wolf naps read more Dante. By chance I turn to the second circle of the *Inferno*, the realm of lust. One is warned to go warily because of fires burning on either side of the path where spirits are passing and voices extol the virtues of chastity. Chastity . . . lust . . . what are they, and why has the waxing and waning of passion been bent into strict measures by rules?

July 17. Summer's rapid heartbeat competes with that of the hummingbird who just mistook my red shirt for a flower and bombarded my chest. Reds dominate. At noon even the water holes where deer, elk, and cattle drink have a ruby tint. In a Japanese magazine I read about the volcanic crater in northern Japan where a shallow pond—the Pond of Blood—is likened to the pool of dirty blood from which a sinner must drink. All day I lean toward what shimmers and dazzles: the hard, obsequious diamonds of light on our half-dry lake, begging for rain and, like me, begging to be put out.

A friend from my home state, California, calls to tell me his child has just been christened in a seventeenth-century mission. "He laughed," my friend says. "And just as the holy water was being wiped from his forehead, a dog came to the entrance of the church and barked."

I think about how water crosses the land in a blindman's buff through thatches of grass; how its percolation into the ground is the kin[d] blessing that cannot be wiped away excep[t] wind. I think of how a child's head is wette[d] sanctified water and how the sign of the cr[oss] made just above the natural cross of bones in [the] body—sternum, spine, and pelvis—and w[on]der why blessings, in Christian churches, [are] applied to foreheads and not hearts, why pa[rt] the human skull has a religious name: templ[e] if the cranial cavity were some kind of shr[ine]

In an irrigation ditch I set a tarp dam and [turn] water down the field from four notches. The [hu]man body is like so much plant life—green i[n] wanderings the way the penis has a mind o[f its] own, and the nipple; the way ideas are pre[ss] upward as if to the tip of the brain stalk, push[ing] out of the skull like any inflorescence in nat[ure] the way these things are cut down.

Summer's natural fecundity both gener[ates] and is at odds with my emotional state: the[re] no moment without longing. And if longing [im]plies an absence or the riddle of emptiness, [of] what fills me and why? On these solitary s[um]mer nights I long for company, yet when I h[ear] a truck heave up our steep dirt road—perha[ps] Sunday driver—I hide. Will the heat w[ave] blur me sufficiently? That's what I wonder [as I] run to the top of the hay meadow where [the] fence lines meet in a creek. I crouch in [the] shade of a willow until the truck leaves. Loc[usts] line the branches, making sounds like ra[ttle]snakes. In the dust bowl days, a rancher [told] me, locusts ate all the bark off fence posts [and] trees. I dangle my feet, shoes and all, in [the] creek. Tiny islands split water as if showing h[ow] separate truths—like separate, simultane[ous] loves—can be found in the same story.

It is the third week of July. I notice now my [days] are cut in half: mornings I contemplate re[flec]tion, afternoons I consider thirst. Today I go [for] a walk but turn back. No cobalt skies lure [me] on. During a drought, space shrinks, and [the] time, like a tongue swelling, grows between [me] and those I love. I'm unable to give word[s to] flashing and darkening thoughts, or to swim [the] alternating current of revulsion and des[ire]. There is no stir in the air. My legs are tiny str[aws] trying to move the wide drink of air but fail[ing]. Yet even in this claustral, motionless heat th[ere] is an inward billowing. Heat waves carry me [in]ward on their snake charmer backs, and f[or a] moment I catch a wild scrawl of fragrance—[not] smoke but wild rose.

At dusk smoke looks like coastal fog and [the] mountains are California's Channel Islan[ds] which I could see from my childhood bed. [Fog] brings with it the smell of life—of the sea [and] celery, flowers, garlic, and oranges growing [that] stands for its opposite: possibility, not oc[cu]



ı. Elk drift through pine forests shouldering
.t; now bombers carrying fire retardant boom
the half-dark, and, sleepily, I mistake them
the sound of tectonic plates stirring.

uly 30. Tonight it's too hot to sleep in the
ıse. Even the horse I saddle to ride into the
untains, where it will be cooler, is anxious to
ape. He runs to me when I appear in the pas-
e with a bridle looped over my arm. There is
moonlight but we know the way. Quickly
rasp of sagebrush gives way to the whir of
e, and the smoke smell mixes with wild gera-
ım. Aspens tick in the breeze as if counting
the elevation: seven thousand eight hundred
l one; eight thousand and eight. . . . In the
k I enter a high, wide bowl and ride through
castanets of wild irises gone to seed: click-
-clack go the dry stalks as my horse's front
s hit them, but no fandangos are danced
ıight.

July 31. At the end of the day, I come to this: there's a sameness to the extravagances of every season, to the promiscuousness of pollinators, the abundance of seed-produced, to the way we press ourselves on a hot night to what Robinson Jeffers calls "the careless white bone of things," to the way the ruthless second hand cuts down months like hay.

A middle-of-the-night thunderstorm awakens me. It brings no rain, but the lightning's light pierces my eyelids and for a moment the elusive shapes of summer—the hipbones and elbows of a mountain's body, or a lover's—jut up above the general haze, breaking welds that have bound desire to despair.

III. AUGUST

Igor Stravinsky said at the end of his life that he thought his blood had thickened into rubies. That's how August looks: a ruby sun descends

When the sky clears, even the lake takes on the gray, as if inhaling smoke

through leaves and layers of smoke like an elevator falling through an abandoned building. What kind of solace is this season of summer that it looks empty when it is ripe, that crystal-lined blood is throbbed like musical notes from the head?

August 5 It rained for three minutes, but it was like water dropping on a hot griddle. New fires have erupted and are given names: the Clover, Mist, Mink. Now a cool metal finger in my horse's mane, and the shade a departing rain cloud makes grazes the green grass in front of me as I ride to find my cattle.

Dante thought that shades were souls who had been freed from their bodies but still retained intelligence. I see shades and shadows everywhere. But what to make of them? When the sky clears, even the lake takes on the gray, as if inhaling smoke; cattails brandish brown torches that have burned, and in the west, cinnamon-colored smoke mushrooms upward like the spew of a dropped bomb. Tomorrow: Hiroshima Day.

August 6 The evening news brings it all back: from the hijacking of superior minds to work on the Manhattan Project, the first detonation at the Trinity site, viewed from bunkers ten and twenty miles away, to the loading of the bomb on the *Enola Gay*, a plane named for the pilot's mother, and on a quiet morning the d[rop]ping of the bomb on a bustling Japanese [city] through which the Ota River runs, then [the] permanent shadows cast on stone by heat, [the] the skin and hair that would not stay attach[ed] and the dead horses floating in the river, [and] the black rain. . .

Walking from the house I remember the [day] Chernobyl blew, the two clouds of radia[tion] that met over Wyoming and the rain that c[ame] as I was irrigating the fields; how sudden, d[ark]ening skies tarnished the vivid green.

Now summer's supine sky appears to be se[cure] when it is not. The myth of inviolability, [the] idea that no force could shred skin from [our] faces, implies a refusal to believe we can c[ause] harm. At the end of this evening's news we w[ere] given updates on the holes in the ozone, a[nd] now we were tossing bombs or bayonets upw[ard] tearing the skin of [the] sky. I try to unwind [the] thread from these e[nor]mous catastrophes all [the] way back to my heart, [to] any human heart, to s[ee] anywhere along the [line] an instinct for care ex[ists] What shocks me so m[uch] detachment with wh[ich] we dispense destruct[ion] —not just bombs, [but] blows to the head of [the] earth, to populations [of] insects, plants, and a[ni]mals, and to one anot[her] —and how the propo[sed] solutions are always m[ech]anistic, as if we co[uld] fabricate the health of [the] planet the way we mak[e a] new car.



August 7 I walk to [the] lake in the morning. [The] blue canoe is loose. Bl[ack] the color of ozone, t[he] poisonous, explosive [air] made from one too m[any] oxygen atoms. I watch the boat glide, smoo[thing] ing out hard angles of light on water, recutt[ing] them, as if to say possibility still exists if only [we] could direct our lives—if peace, which can [be] achieved only by peaceful means, were emb[ed]ded like garden seeds in our actions, ideas, [and] goals.

August 10 This morning I bumped my he[ad] on the top of the pump house door and surpri[sed] myself by sobbing. It wasn't the pain but t[he] memory of having hit my head hard two su[m]

Photograph by J.B. Diederich, Contact Press Im[ages]

ago, when the colt I was riding bucked so pectedly. I landed headfirst and came up in e. There were cuts on my mouth and neck; s of rock slid under my skin like shrapnel, h are with me still. The next day I had ble seeing. Clots of blood, bunched like es, appeared behind my eyes, and when I taken to the hospital, the doctor almost ully announced I'd have to have holes d in my skull to relieve the pressure on my n. To my look of horror he said only, "I real- hate horses."

side the CAT scan machine I experienced rthly peace: the capsule white, the noise e, the body held motionless by straps. It was orting. I fell asleep and dreamed I was blind could see hills washed by lightning. The le in the dream were opalescent; only the als had ruby red blood.

nte writes in the *Inferno* that the damned unable to see the present but could foretell uture. In Japan, among other places, phys- blindness is thought to bring on a kind of rd vision. In the Ou Mountains of northern shu, mediums called *itako*—blind wom- are hired to perform divinations and to nunicate with the dead.

home I lay on the couch. The brain in the ess of mending feels like Jell-O being ed through dry hands. Aside from the roar- n my ears, all senses and desires were dead- , and even with regained sight, my inward was a blank, my outward one had no mean- Friends came by. I looked normal enough, how could I explain the bruise heat or cool- of no desire? Now the blindness and dead- is not mine but the sky's.

ugust 12. Determined to transpierce this of smoke, I scan the sky with new resolve. why has this smoke-flattened landscape be- an inward torment? I look, but all I see is and cinnamon rolling into gray. Hope es from a friend—a geophysicist—who calls he phone. He has news: using seismological oment, he has begun mapping out a topog- y of the earth's molten core by measuring elocity of pressure waves. Below the earth's , down through the 2,000-mile-thick man- he core has its own unique landscape, com- with mountains and hot oceans and a gical weather in which turbulent eddies of splinter rain down. "It's like seeing form e into being," he says. I try to do the same smoke, to feel with my eyes and nose the ts, the landscapes it hides, the shape and ht of desire.

ugust 16. More fires erupt—it's as if a big l is dropping matches all over the West. Like winged seeds, sparks are propelled into the skin of the sky, scratching and scarring it as though trying to write a message I could read. Then the smoke goes and the sky bulges in Gothic arches of blue. To hell with rubies, I say. The sky is sapphire, hyacinth, robin's-egg blue. My head feels light: smoke's vise has been removed.

Tonight, for the first time in thirty-nine nights, I can see stars. I lay my bedroll on the ground in front of the house and gather my working dogs around. "There's Sirius," I say, pointing to the Dog Star, but quickly they fall asleep. The Milky Way rolls over me; it has turned the scroll of the sky from gray to blue to black, and filled it with clouds of stars whose luminous galactic centers are fueled by streams of dust and gas fifteen light-years long. . . . My God, how I've missed this: the contrast of light and dark, of time gone wild, of star deaths, of pulsars spinning out a whole day in one two-thousandth of a second as if spinning time into matter and matter into radio noises, into what one astronomer I know called "crackling, night-chanting songs."

A meteor bursts over my head. It's not a shower but a strike, a high fly ball hit at a speed almost too rapid to see. August is the month of the Perseid meteor shower. Twenty-eight years ago I watched them from the deck of a broad-beamed gaff-rigged schooner. They looked like the orchids my mother grew in profusion around the house, though secretly I thought of them as eyes searching the sea, attracted by our boat's running lights.

Now I'm landlocked and drought-stricken in Wyoming, my husband gone for the summer, my longed-for solitude having spoiled to lethargy. Every thought feels like an accident; how remote I am, sitting on the edge of this one galaxy where planet Earth and its little sun do their whirling dervish to no one's astonishment or applause.

Even the sky's clarity, in which I've rejoiced tonight, is not what it seems: a thousand tons of galactic dust fall into the atmosphere every day, galactic debris of all kinds—chunks of comets, interplanetary refuse left over from planet-building, snatched out of the Oort cloud, hurled toward Earth and heated to incandescence so that they trail an ionized tail sometimes so long and bright it casts a shadow, a *shade* bigger than any ghost I know.

I think of Tanabata, celebrated this month in Japan when two stars, Altair and Vega, cross the "River of Heaven"—the Milky Way—and meet like the legendary lovers who were allowed only one night of love a year. Up and down the Kamo River young girls write the names of those they love on strips of rice paper and tie them to

ago, when the colt I was riding bucked so pectedly. I landed headfirst and came up in e. There were cuts on my mouth and neck; s of rock slid under my skin like shrapnel, h are with me still. The next day I had ble seeing. Clots of blood, bunched like es, appeared behind my eyes, and when I taken to the hospital, the doctor almost ully announced I'd have to have holes d in my skull to relieve the pressure on my n. To my look of horror he said only, "I real- hate horses."

Tonight the whole sky is an unlit lamp, a hanging weight, a tide of heat waves ramming my lungs

stalks of bamboo that are fastened to the eaves of the house. . . .

In the dark, in the wind, I scrape my ink block, apply brush to rice paper, and write names. . . .

August 18. High up on the mountain slope I snooze, the stone tablets shrugging their shoulders above my head. When I wake, I'm eyeball-to-eyeball with a thumb-size fern curled under a rock. With no water since June 12, how has it survived?

From my nearly vertical perch I feel a sense of apocalyptic gaiety as I watch smoke from new fires billowing. For almost a hundred years, park and forest managers have enforced a policy of fire suppression, "to preserve natural beauty," because under "beauty" there is no slot for burned ground. Now nature has put her match to over a million acres of deadfall—unnaturally preserved timber whose beauty has always eluded me. (So thick, so monocultural, it is but another kind of screen: green, not gray.)

I call a friend at Yellowstone Park's headquarters. We talk dew points, moisture profiles, the fact that these fires are nature's way of burning excess fuel, and ponder for a moment the possibility of the entire West going up in flames as a result of spontaneous combustion.

At night I lie on my humble blanket made in Mexico of twisted rags. Usually it's the moon that is the lantern in the sky, and I can feel the wind taking part of the waterfall and laying it softly on my face and pulling the rushing-water noise into vertical waves as if a radio had been turned on somewhere far away. But tonight the whole sky is an unlit lamp, a hanging weight, a tide of heat waves ramming my abdomen and lungs.

It was another year but the same day when a spell of breathlessness overtook me. I met a man who had already "given his heart away." Our coming together was like being slugged in the gut, and the deep inhalations that began racking me were silent yelps of surprise and despair. For weeks after I thought myself pregnant when I wasn't, as if the body were free to follow its own loving course. I imagined multiple fathers for one insubstantial child, or else one father—him—for the many children I didn't have, all conceived before we met.

Conjoined, desperate, oblivious, love turned into hyperventilation—Boreas blowing out of every cheek until he fainted and my breathlessness congealing into anguished sobs. "Impossible," we said to each other, as though saying another kind of vow. The winds that blew us, first in the direction of oneness, reversed, quickly erasing the marks of love with exhaustion's hopeless velocity.

Morning, the nineteenth. By seven, it's 90 grees. In a monastery where I once staye monk warned me about asking too many torical" questions. But I say what Pedr sheepherder, says: "La vida es muy históric life is history, full of stories. The monk qu from the Chinese: "Too many steps have taken to the root and the source. Better to been blind and deaf from the beginning. D ing in one's true abode, unconcerned . . . "

Walking home from the waterfall, I with myself. Isn't one's true abode any place, any fire storm or night of discontent, isn't a book of essays truly a book of questi As I walk, smoke is supplanted by brighte clouds, and the moon—and all desire for is not—rides out of the sky.

August 20. Some 160,000 acres burn t (Later it would be dubbed Black Saturday.) added to the 273,000 acres already burned within park boundaries. But when they burn, they mean simply that fire has p through, burning some spots hot and only l ing sparks through others.

Visibility has dropped to zero. In town p drive with their lights on all day. No lon thing of the sky, smoke rolls along the gr frosting it. There is no sun. Fire rearranges the way light reorders landscape. I stand i middle of a field and try to see . . . anything apple tree, full of fruit, shakes. The air i and the white falling everywhere is not sno ash, as if decay preceded fruition, or night Something hits my face. I hold out my h the burnt casings of pine cones, charred dles, and burnt twigs rain down.

My neighbors and I recompose weather l tins. When the radio says, "Scattered cl we change it to, "Continued hot, scattere ests, heavy at times." The western part c state turns into a military zone: Chinook Huey helicopters from Vietnam days buz twist in the sky, and bombers dropping play touch-and-go on every two-bit lan strip.

IV. SEPTEMBER

September 3. Fire moves with elk and running before the wind. It jumps canyon den sites for grizzly bears and flies over s legged oxbows where swans swim unalar Flame builds to massive walls; it gathers forests with double-jointed arms, laying life as ash, or else takes only what is green, ing behind ideas about what a national should be, and even these are charred.

With friends I take a pack trip that will me closer to the perimeter of the fire, hop

lame, not smoke. Not far from the south-
corner of Yellowstone Park, I ride into a
:y created ages ago by fire: walls of volcanic
is flushed violently from huge vents, then
hrough and widened by water. At the con-
nce of two creeks, ten miles from the edge of
Mink Creek fire, I finally see flame: a salm-
and at the western horizon, that's all. Then
ke, my constant summer companion, un-
itself at my feet, spreading across the valley
r, holding me in its troubled lens.

hat the fires are a benefit to plant life is in-
utable. Two hundred years of deadfall is
g cleaned up, meadows are cleared and wi-
ed, the monoculture of lodgepole pine is
cen apart so that other species, like white-
pine (whose nuts are an important food
ce for grizzlies), can grow. The grass will
e back with vigor, as will berries and shrubs,
gh the regrowth of trees in this arid West-
state will take years. With plant diversity
es animal diversity—that's the ladder on
ch flora and fauna have coevolved.

Native Americans used the Yellowstone area
10,000 years (maybe more), but until 1972
ional park policy favored fire suppression in-
d of allowing natural fires to burn in order to
r timber, improve vegetation, and flush out
e for hunting, as the Indians had; in our
ession with what is new, nothing useful
ld be learned from their "old ways." Native
ericans—the Tukarika ("Sheep-eaters"),
ng others—had been expelled from the
k in 1882, ten years after its inception, be-
se it was thought their presence might deter
rists. If burning—Indian style—had been al-
ed all along, we might not be running from
at is fast becoming a single, holocaustal fire
v and hiring Native American hotshot fire
ws to put it out.

Nature and culture. How confused we've be-
ne. Being human, we're part of nature as well
culture. Yet the messy, living, vital intercon-
tions elude us still.

September 6. We've moved our camp to high-
ground, and today I walk atop the Buffalo
teau, a treeless landscape strewn with rock.
e on my back, letting the stones warm me.
h falls on my face like powdered sugar, my
t pointed west toward flames. Fires above;
s below—Yellowstone burning doubly. The
und under me is the child of fire: massive
icanic flows of welded tufts, breccia, rhyolite,
salt, obsidian; tubes of fire cutting through
e earth's crust like an acetylene torch, hot
gma pressing upward through faults, molten
k heating groundwater to boiling, erupting,
ncing on the shores of Yellowstone Lake,
ich rests in the arms of a caldera.

Sitting cross-legged on my bed of rocks I open my mouth: an ash alights on my tongue. I swallow . . . "*this is the body of . . .*" What have I eaten? A piece of tree, of fire; a piece of this island universe, or just ash, that solid residue of combustion? I no longer contemplate the sky; it kneels down on me: smoke works the landscape into invisibility.

All summer I've tried to escape darkness, the smoke-induced gloom, but in doing so I've only blocked out light. I've endowed smoke with solidity. It has clothed me, it's been my faulty lens. But form does not imply a restriction, a limitation. Like the geophysicists who are trying to "see" into the core of the earth, I must learn to see the open dimension of form—to move through, not against, the obstacles I set up for myself.

Walking back to camp I realize I'm lost. Smoke has swallowed all landmarks. But why must I see to know something? I let my feet take me. At sunset the gray flannel sky turns red. It's a thick broth made of rubies and plasma—comet tails, plant seeds, human and animal blood rising up from fire. I think, as I walk, of the way I put up smoke screens, distancing myself so subtly from what is real, intrinsic, primordial, the ways in which I keep ego's circulation smooth, adding smoke to smoke.

When the red goes out of the sky I know the sun is down. A long, traversing trail leads me to camp. There will be no camp fire to comfort me—open fires have been disallowed. Instead I crawl into my bedroll. Night is the backdrop against which desire for what is not has been thrown like a dart. Against night, against all progress toward morning, the sparks that drop from my forehead are not the eloquent words I'd once hoped for but only pieces of thought—what is left over after grammar and syntax are burned away.

September 10. I wake to rain. *Rain,* for God's sake. Rain that turns to snow and keeps coming, quietly extinguishing the summer-long wildfires. Smoke begins to clear out; smoke and steam rise together, entwined.

Newly bathed, the planet gives off vapors. Down from the high country, fording rivers, I ride through dripping trees for eight hours. Trees are midpoint between seed and ash, always rising, always fighting for sunlight. Yet the literal shade they make with their dense canopies darkens the ground. I try to imagine the places where fire has been, where trees are no more, how the landscape is bathed by rain and will soon bask in sunlight, and wonder if barren ground is the end of fruition, if it is, to quote Wallace Stevens, the "fertile thing that can attain no more." ■

Smoke has swallowed all landmarks. But why must I see to know something?

PUBLIC OR PURLOINED?

Novelists' letters, biographers' rights

By Frederick Busch

When I lived in Greenwich Village twenty-five years ago, I had a friend who owned a filing cabinet and who kept carbon copies of his letters in one of those drawers. His room was on Avenue A, which in those days was only the unfashionable, Hispanic Lower East Side, and my friend's dust balls, roaches, grit, and dangerous streets were at odds with the efficiency of four steel drawers that locked and the luxury of owning anything worth locking up.

Of our downtown group—all fledgling writers—two of us had just fled graduate school and none of us was more than poor. My wife and I, with a budget for food of seven dollars a week, were the best off, and no editor of fiction seemed willing to make any of us richer or gladder by publishing our work. So many of them told us, in scribbled notes and printed slips, that our writing didn't matter much; I could not imagine, then, why our letters—most of them, of course, concerning our fiction and its rejection—could warrant keeping. Surely, I figured, *copies* of those letters would be worth even less.

But my friend, with his one scuffed sport coat and his roomful of darkness and wildlife, insisted that his papers would one day be important.

Frederick Busch is the author of Absent Friends, *a collection of stories, published recently by Knopf. Two new novels,* War Babies *and* Harry and Catherine, *will be published in September and March, respectively.*

He was going to be prepared. As far as I kn
the world never has come to love his work
demand his documents. But they are, now,
portant—not for what they say but for w
they signify.

The recent legal contest over Ian Hamilt
biography of J. D. Salinger is final proof that
disposition of the letters of writers, mute and
glorious or otherwise, is a matter of ethica
well as literary concern. The law, as interpre
in the decision for Salinger in his case aga
Hamilton and Random House, states that a
ter writer's language—the contents of his
ters—belongs to him; the paper that is host
the language belongs to the letter's recipie
Hamilton and his publisher wanted to direc
quote and extensively paraphrase what Salin
said to others. Apparently, some of those oth
didn't mind. But Salinger did, and he insis
on his right to privacy—and, legally, his ri
to the profit his words might generate—wh
publishers and scholars, in a burst of self-serv
talk about scholarship and public service, ins
ed on the reader's alleged need (some call
right) to know.

Most of us aren't like Salinger; we possess
ther his talent nor his mysterious extraliter
appeal. Yet even if none among us is the refl
tion of the glimmer of a wish that he or she
proach his genius, we have a stake in the deb
over the disposition of a writer's private (or

/ intended) words. For libraries are buying manuscripts of living writers, and they're g writers' papers. Although one writer may e to sell his manuscripts but not his correlence, another may decide to sell every—a buck's a buck, and we're all still paid. I learned this recently while correling with the curator of Ohio State's Wil- Charvat American Fiction Collection. He the collection purchased all the manus and papers (research, notes, first drafts, but no letters, pertaining to my first ten s. We've kept in touch. He wrote, a while to tell me how a colleague and writing d, who is also the r of a literary mag-, had recently sold apers to the collec- In the papers, the or said, were twen- letters from me. ad no warning that sale was to take , but I suppose I'd have whimpered begged. And igh the editor ıld have asked, 's no assurance of ving courtesy at evturn. But, I keep lering, what did I I had written to man about his mag-, his own poetry fiction, and about iction. He had pubd two stories of , and we had, I s, discussed perti- details. We were ested in a number e same writers. But t, I wondered, had I about them? Unlike riend on Avenue A 964, I don't keep copies of my letters. What I said about writers I *didn't* like? about edi- he and I reviled? about, good heavens, *wers?*

eling vulnerable, and with reason, I wrote he Charvat Collection's curator and, well, plained. I told him that while I didn't mind ole looking at my manuscripts, since they'd oing so out of presumably serious interest in work, I was appalled that they might look at letters. Why would they want to do that? I d. Out of the same serious interest, the cur replied. And, he reminded me, no one ld quote my letters without my permission.

Could they paraphrase? I asked. Indeed they could. Could they summarize, sketch out, what wasn't fully said? In other words, could they obey the law but violate *me*?

Yes, the curator told me, they could—in which case the courts might be involved again.

But Salinger is bigger than Busch, and he can afford a dozen more lawyers.

I said about writers I didn't like? about reviewers?

Fiction, an art, is a public display. My novels and stories are about characters. I clothe them for the world to see: I *invite* the world to see them. It isn't inconceivable that people write novels in order to find a way of going out into the world in disguise. On the other hand, my letters are about *me;* in them, I'm in plain sight.



Furthermore, I think that writers write letters as a way of clearing the throat, of warming up the vocal cords, as preparation for the real thing. In a similar way, a painter might clean brushes or build stretchers or lay gesso on canvas. In letter writing preparatory to the writing of fiction, the subconscious mind is summoned, and its tones and secrets gradually come up and onto the pages. But it is in the fiction, I suggest, in the formal art, that the lower layers of the mind are more controlled by a story's purpose or the shape of a character's life. One writes to a

ration by Maris Bishofs

We write letters to amuse each other, inform each other, and to heap the occasional excoriation

friend and expresses the anger, frustration, silliness, and excitement that can't be fitted into the narrative, that is, after all—or that should be—about someone-else-on-the-page, no matter how much *self* festers beneath that someone.

We do so much, in our work, about otherness. Our characters must be "not-ourselves." Our art must be practiced in isolation no matter how much we teach or attend conferences or symposiums. Our real letters to the world, our stories and novels, are read by so few, to such apparent small effect, that publication, after lonely writing, often makes the writer feel lonelier. Our letters to one another are the chat of professionals exchanging secrets, indulging in loose talk about editors, publishers, and critics (those cousins so often dangerous to us). They are confidences, and we need to trade them.

I'm not so certain, now, that all of us always will. I write a lot of letters to a dear friend in New York, and she writes back to me. We amuse each other, inform each other, and we heap the occasional excoriation. Among our mutual targets is a book editor, X. We have both worked with him. We agree that for undeserved self-appreciation and pomposity this person is unmatched. We've said so, in the nasty, clever ways that writers do when they are showing off for one another, comforting one another, and helping one another to be patient while waiting for fiction to happen. Now X is not evil, we would hasten to say. X is simply careless and inept and tedious. For this, X should not be publicly flayed.

But recently the Charvat Collection curator wrote to my friend and suggested that he'd like to obtain *her* papers. He mentioned this to me, saying how pleased he was at the prospect of acquiring not only this wonderful writer's manuscripts but also lots of letters from other writers, including me. Suddenly, she and I agreed, X was in real danger of his public life, and she and I were placed in the position of being dangers to each other. So we made a deal. We're going to keep our letters out of everyone's archives as long as we are given a say. And we're going to see that our correspondence is ashed at about the time that we are.

Bumbling, braying X is not the only soul at stake. A lot of us have said remarkable stuff about one another in intimate correspondence. We are none of us safe. I cannot imagine a more fangy, gossipy lot than fiction writers. Our work has much, after all, to do with make-believe gossip made plausible. We're used to portraying people, to summing them up. Those who hurt us, or who seem as though they could, are always on our minds and in our margins, coming close, always closer, to the center of our pages and our discourse.

Charles Dickens wrote in his will, "I res
claims to the remembrance of my country
my published works, and to the remembran
my friends upon their experience of me."
didn't mention leaving letters, so man
which he burned, from his friends. An
didn't mention being remembered by his
letters, many of which were suppressed b
family and his first biographer, John Forst

But Forster did, after Dickens's death, pu
an autobiographical fragment, in which I
ens reveals the awful pain he felt when his
ily lived in the Marshalsea prison with
father, who was imprisoned for debt, and l
scared boy, lived alone in the pandemoniu
London and worked in a shoe-blacking fac
The fragment was given by Dickens to For
his friend. Dickens had been thinking o
autobiographical book but found that
couldn't face his memories. He never told
family, in fact, of the story behind the fragm
they learned of it after his death. But For
his confidant, published it in his *Life of Ch*
Dickens, and readers of Dickens's fiction
read it to understand the isolated, terrified c
dren whose cause he so wonderfully ch
pioned. (They may even see how Dick
plundered his own confidential, letter-like
ument when he wrote *David Copperfield*. In
fiction he was clothed.)

Should we grope beneath the clothing w
in public by writers we think of as *ours*? I
snoop, for the sake of this question, on the i
mate lives of others. Here's Franz Kafka
1921, writing to author Max Brod about
women in Kafka's life:

> As long as she withheld herself from me (F)
> long as we were one (M), it was only a mer
> from far away, and not even so very far; but as
> as the slightest little thing happened, everyt
> collapsed. Evidently on account of my dignity
> account of my pride (no matter how humbl
> looks, the devious West European Jew!), I
> love only what I can place so high above me t
> cannot reach it.

Kafka, who also wanted his manuscripts burn
and whose work is so often about a vengeful
appearance or transformation, could not h
wanted us to know how well he wrote of l
badly he loved.

And I wonder if Edna St. Vincent Mi
would have been pleased to know that *we* k
what she wrote, also in 1921, to poet Art
Davison Ficke:

> I know you can't come to Europe, but you c
> come to New York, because you often do, to
> Hal, or somebody, & don't you love me mos
> much as you love Hal?—I think we might ha
> few days together that would be entirely lov
> We are not children, or fools, we are mad. And

ıll people should be able to do the mad thing
l.

the closing sentences. Maybe they could
me study or lecture on Edna St. Vincent
y's poetry. But I wonder how essential my
into this woman's privacy—and Ficke's
lal's—has been: do the poems work as well
e if I *don't* know the letter?
es my sense of Herman Melville's growing
powers increase if I know that, in 1851—
tter does seem to be more ardor than art—
rote to Nathaniel Hawthorne to ask,
ence come you, Hawthorne? By what right
u drink from my flagon of life? And when I
t to my lips—lo, they are yours and not
." Melville was a private soul. How, then,
l he feel about our peering at his hymn,
ıt for Hawthorne's eyes, to Hawthorne's

nest Hemingway shows a softer, more
ıded side than some might expect as he
s to Pauline Pfeiffer, who would become
econd wife, after they had betrayed her
l and his first wife, Hadley. He tells
er, and inadvertently us, that

st fall I said perfectly calmly and not bluffingly
l during one of the good times that if this wasn't
ared up by Christmas I would kill myself—be-
ıse that would mean it wasn't going to clear
. . . and evidently all I can do is to remove the
out of your life and avoid Hadley the necessity
divorce—and compliment Hadley—by killing
self.

emingway means what he says, he shows de-
y toward his Catholic lover and his hurt
And whether or not he is sincere, there is
ı for scholars in this suicide's son speculat-
ın suicide. Have the scholars a right to such
nate agonies?
wenty-five years later Hemingway, in a dif-
ıt mood, writes to Charles Scribner about
es Jones's *From Here to Eternity*—clearly an
elcome competitor in the lists of novels on

obably I should re-read it again to give you a
uer answer. But I do not have to eat an entire
wl of scabs to know they are scabs; nor suck a
il to know it is a boil; nor swim through a river of
ot to know it is snot. I hope he kills himself as
on as it does not damage his or your sales.

letter in its entirety is even crueler and
e infantile, pulsing with jealousy. Note,
gh, the suicide motif. Must the scholar
w about it?
understand Hemingway, I suppose, some-
t better after reading these letters of his. I
't know how much I understand his fiction
eir light. And isn't he important because of
fiction, not these little lights?
Hemingway grew careful about his letters, after a while, and he even at times asked for their return. How careful, I wonder, are other writers now? What effect will such care have on their letter writing and then, of far more importance, on the fiction writing that correspondence is so often in aid of?

Thomas Hardy was an old man when he told how, as a boy, he had viewed a public hanging:

> I remember what a fine figure she showed against the sky as she hung in the misty rain, & how the tight black silk gown set off her shape as she wheeled half-round & back.

His erotic apprehension—the wet silk molding itself to her breasts and belly and thighs—is fascinating, since it is a *dead* woman over whom he exults. The fine writing in that description speaks significantly to his novels. But Hardy wrote it to a Lady Pinney. That moment was theirs. Yet he cared so much about his reputation that he dictated his biography to his wife. I think that he wouldn't want us to know of his written intimacy with Lady Pinney.

Well, here I am, then, good as can be: willing to plunder my betters, as Ian Hamilton was his, for the sake of what I need to say. My own profit is behind that willingness. And I am unwilling to see myself offered to others for the same purpose.

My little squeals of anguish, my occasional grunt of joy, must, finally, be of such small importance in a literary world that teems with contestants, voluntary and otherwise, for attention of any sort. I am learning that this is an age in which gossip is a food sanctioned by scholars—demanded by them—for the appeasement of hungers such as tenure and promotion. Nonacademics, such as Peter Manso, whose 1985 biography, *Mailer,* seems sired by *People*, work side-by-side with professors to plunder the inner lives of poets and novelists. It is decadence, though some may call it scholarship, when a writer's work matters less than his secrets, when there is cash on hand for what he dashes off, though not for what he labors to create.

It is decadence when a writer's work matters less than his secrets

I intend these as no final words. There must be letters meant, no matter how transmitted, to be public. And there are arguments, I guess—see me use the excerpts from letters, above, on behalf of not using them—for using them. I mean to provoke debate. I asked the curator of the Charvat Collection at Ohio State whether he would consider writing something about the matter, and he suggested that *I* write what "would simply be an inquiry into what you phrase as 'the need of the writers—the essential *right*—to speak in confidence.' I am already quoting from your letters," he wrote in his letter to me, from which I quote. ■

FALL·1989 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

Remember holiday shopping last year? Remember braving tempestuous weather and unruly crowds? This year start your holiday shopping comfortably—at home. In the following pages, you will find catalogues containing both traditional and hard-to-find gifts certain to delight even the most difficult names on your list.

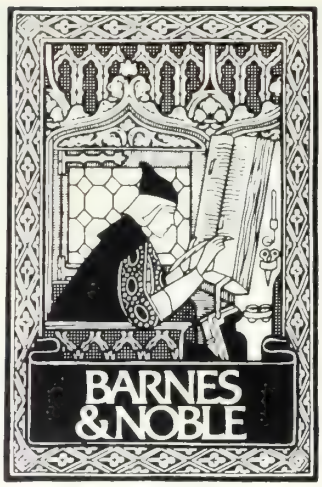
Simply fill in your selections using either the order envelope or the coupon on the last page of this section. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery of your catalogues.

AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE



Foreign Language Self-Instructional Book/Cassette Courses

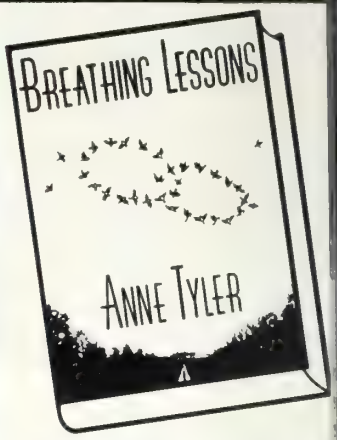
Choose from 190 courses in 56 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travelers, and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! Send for our 32-page catalogue. $1, refundable with order.



Satisfying book lovers since 1873, this unique catalogue from Barnes & Noble—the "world's largest bookstore"—brings you hundreds of hardcover book bargains and current paperbacks in every category, rare and out-of-print editions, records and tapes, videocassettes, desk accessories and gifts, plus exclusive offers available by mail only from Barnes & Noble—with savings up to 80 percent off publishers' prices. 30-day, money-back guarantee. U.S. only. $1.

BOOKS ON TAPE

World's Largest Selection



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

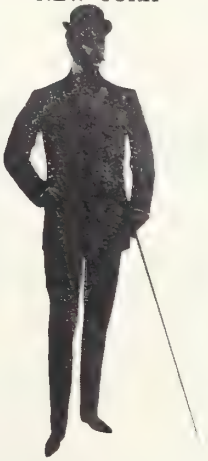
Box 7900-H, Newport Beach, CA 92658

(800) 626-333



coffee and more. *Brown & Jenkins Trad-*
Co. offers over 50 fresh-roasted gourmet
es to choose from . . . including decafs and
ed coffees. Plus Vermont gourmet foods,
lates, cheeses, fruits, and more. Special
ey-saving samplers and gift packages.
year catalogue subscription includes a $3
ertificate.

Classic Neckcloths Ltd.
NEW YORK



CUSTOM-MADE NECKWEAR

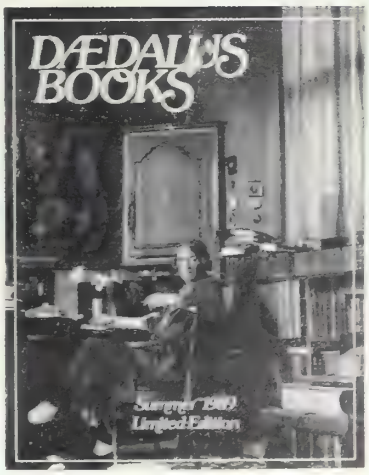
Hand-fashioned ties, bow-ties, ascots and cummerbunds for the discerning gentleman. You will be introduced to an elegant selection of shapes and sizes in a tasteful collection of pure silks imported from France and Italy. All items are made to order with top quality interlinings and all silk finishings. Should you prefer an accessory made to your unique specifications, you may send a model which we will duplicate with the highest of standards.
Style catalogue with fabric samples, $2.50.

Crate&Barrel

Colorful, unique, contemporary home furnishings, accessories, and gifts; many of them exclusive to Crate & Barrel, including dinnerware, cookware, stemware, barware, Christmas entertaining items, and children's gifts. One year for just $2.



's where you'll find the information you
l to buy audio and video equipment. In
100 pages, the Crutchfield catalogue
gs you the best from Sony, Kenwood, Pio-
, Bose, and many others. Every component
ully described and explained. And you'll
ly appreciate our exclusive comparison
rts, consumer tips, and helpful editorials,
ng with our low discount prices. Send $1 for
r copy today.



Six different catalogues a year feature literate copy, bibliographic information, and pictures of hundreds of books at 50–90 percent off. Known as the literary remainder company, Daedalus also offers books on the arts, history, gardening, and the sciences. Current authors include Robertson Davies, Edna O'Brien, Mavis Gallant, Bobbie Ann Mason, Primo Levi, and Allen Lacy.

DELTA QUEEN®
STEAMBOAT

Steamboatin'.
The Original American Vacation.

Free full-color deluxe brochure describing spectacular 2–12-night Mississippi and Ohio River paddlewheel vacations aboard the legendary *Delta Queen* and the magnificent *Mississippi Queen.* Highlights breathtaking views, gourmet cuisine, and great entertainment in 65 fascinating pages. Call toll-free: 1-800-543-1949.



deva
a cottage industry

Deva is a network of friends and neighbors who fashion elegantly simple clothes for men and women. Everything we offer is crafted of pure cotton in luscious earth and sky colors. Our fabrics are preshrunk, and thanks to their softly crinkled texture, they may be safely machine-washed and will never need ironing. Comfort, durability, and gentle prices keynote our collection. Send $1 for our catalogue and fabric samples.

THE FOLIO SOCIETY

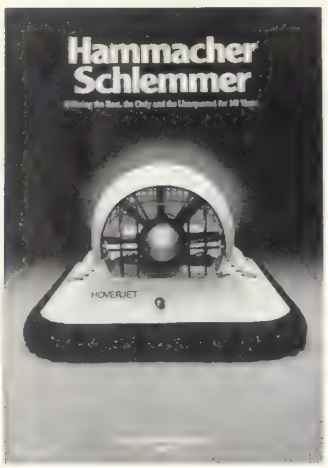
The Folio Society, founded in 1947, is England's leading publisher of finely printed books, with colorful bindings, illustrations, and slipcases. Classic and modern masterpieces of history, memoirs, travel, fiction, poetry, and humor—unusual treasures for readers and collectors, exclusively from Folio. Send for color prospectus, with valuable free edition offered. Free.



THE SEXUALITY LIBRARY · GOOD VIBRATIONS

Good Vibrations: Toys and Books for G
ups. Tasteful and irreverent, our wonde
liberating and encouraging catalogue fe
a selection of high-quality articles for sin
and shared pleasure. $2.

The Sexuality Library. An unprecedented
alogue of hard-to-find books about sex
won't insult your intelligence. Enlighte
advice, electrifying erotica, and more. Re
of all life-styles will find these books pro
tive and informative. $1.



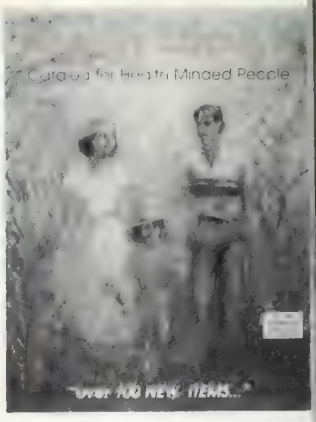
Hammacher Schlemmer

Hammacher Schlemmer has been offering customers unique, high-quality products for over 141 years. Shop at home for the latest in travel, household appliances, electronics, recreation, personal care, and more. Included are dozens of products that are one of a kind or tested to be the best of a category. $3 for a year of catalogues.

HANG·EM·HIGH
DESIGNS

Bats and bears on your Christmas tree?

Wasps and whales on your holiday wreaths? This year start a tradition by displaying animals from the Hang 'em High zoo. Designed by sculptor *Robert Tolone,* each ornament is hand-carved from solid hardwood and handpainted. Contemporary styling and vibrant colors dress the backs of the wildest herd of beasts around. $14–$20 each. Please call for a free catalogue. 1-800-888-6842.



Everyone appreciates a gift to help them
and feel great. You can find what you're l
ing for and have fun too by doing your Ch
mas shopping in Healthy Lifestyle's *new*
catalogue! Featuring only high-quality p
ucts, including: ginseng; complete inte
cleansing program and diet; acupressure r
sage sandals; herbal, homeopathic and b
building products; vitamins and mineral
the whole family; window gardens, water p
fiers; juicers; videos; books; child and h
products; and body-care products. Plus n
top-quality, all-natural, cruelty-free produ
Only $1.



PAN COLLECTION

er the magic of Japan in the *Japan Col-* from the Ronin Gallery, which has the collection of fine Japanese art in the States. This is a unique, 56-page, full- catalogue of rare 17th–20th century block prints, crafts, netsuke, pottery, posters, cards, books, and other unusual d decorating ideas from Japan. Send $5 wo-year subscription, or visit our gallery Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. 688-0188.

L.L.Bean®

Free Christmas Catalogue

Features active and casual apparel and footwear for men and women who enjoy the outdoors. Winter sports equipment, luggage, furnishings, and accessories for home and camp. Gift ideas for the entire family. All fully illustrated and honestly described. For 77 years L. L. Bean has been providing practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. All guaranteed to be 100 percent satisfactory. Our service is reliable and efficient. Order any time, 24 hours a day, by phone or mail. *We pay all regular shipping and handling charges and offer toll-free telephone services.*



Museum of Fine Arts Boston

Discover the Museum of Fine Arts by mail. Send for the museum's new catalogue and explore 96 full-color pages of unique gifts, reproduced from our renowned collections. You'll find jewelry, scarves, sculpture, holiday cards, posters, note cards, books, children's educational games, and much more. Send $1 for a year's subscription to our catalogue.

Neiman Marcus

our holiday fantasies come to life in the 1989 Neiman Marcus Christmas Book. 100 colorful pages. Uncommon fashions. iful delights. Another outrageous "His & " gift. Order your copy now for just $5, icable toward your first credit purchase the Christmas Book.



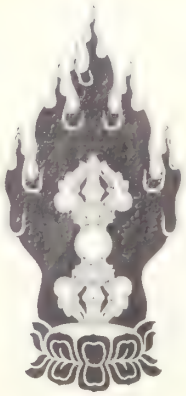
SAFFRAN

Saffran . . . extraordinary clothes from Sweden of natural fibers, distinctive design, and rich yet gentle colors. Exceptional comfort in sizes 6 to 20. Color catalogue subscription, $4.

SANTA FE ARTS CATALOG

Santa Fe Is Coming to Town

Explore the galleries and studios of this international art center and never leave home. The Santa Fe Arts Catalog brings you a distinctive collection of affordable art and crafts of the Southwest. Browse through page after page of paintings, prints, jewelry, pottery, sculpture, clothing, and more, presented in a full-color, museum-quality publication. Send $5 (refundable on first purchase), $10 foreign. (505) 984-1970.



Shambhala Publications publishes books of quality that express the potential of inner evolution and the values and aspirations of individuals and of society. New Science Library, an imprint of Shambhala, offers traditional topics from a present perspective, particularly those associated with cognitive science, science and spirituality, ecology, and global concerns.

渋貿易

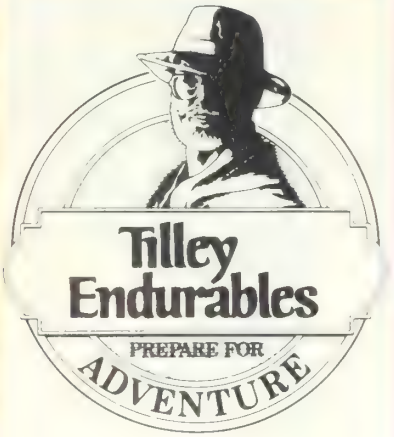
Shibumi Trading Ltd.

Experience the quiet beauty of Japan. Shibumi offers a colorful survey of cultural Japan. Our handpicked collection includes Go tables, samurai sword guards, sake sets and games, calligraphy sets, rice paper, personalized marble stamps, cookware, clothing, more than 100 books on Japan, and more. Fully guaranteed. Call 1-800-843-2565 or send for our $3 catalogue.



A Catalogue for Fans and Friends of Public Television

Let us make your holiday gift-giving eas unique items related to your favorite television programs. Our exciting selecti tures quality videos, books, fine crafts, educational toys, and games for all ages logue. $2.



Our Mission:
To Make the Best Travel and Adventure Clothing in the World

Tilley Endurables' clothing has secret passport pockets, five-year guarantees, and "Give 'em hell!" washing instructions. These smart-looking, tailored, comfortable clothes are worn in America's Cup races, on safari, on European tours, while mowing the lawn, *and by hosts on national television programs!* Women's sizes 4 to 24; 28″ to 52″ for men. Our $3 catalogue is *free* to *Harper's Magazine* readers.

TRIFLES

✦

Trifles catalogues are bursting with imagination and bright, fresh ideas. Frill and fine fashions. Soft silks and sparkling silver. Gold. Hand-painted pottery and delightful decoratives. Plus special values for you and your home. Send $3.00 for a full year of catalogues and receive $5.00 off your first purchase (foreign subscriptions $10).



Posters With Presence

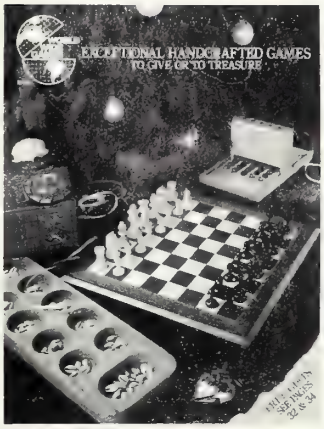
United Communications—a wide varie beautifully detailed charts. Old opera/t posters; botanical garden reproductions rare 17th- to 19th-century books; ec house and garden plants, wildflowers and life, and a generous mixture of hobby an er decorative wall charts—all suitabl framing! Free catalogue—1-800-433-75 write: United Communications, P.O. Bo 01901, 644 Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, N.Y. 1 (516) 593-2206.



Available from

WIRELESS

'-shirt says all there is to say about Earth ur role as her caretakers. T-shirt, 100- nt cotton; sweatshirt, 50/50 cotton —both navy blue. Please select M(38–.(42–44), or XL(46–48). Made in USA. T- #1525, $13.50 ppd. Sweatshirt #1561, 0 ppd. To order, or to receive a free cata-, call toll-free: 1-800-669-9999, ext. 500. cept Visa, MasterCard, American Express,)iscover. *Now in our seventh year—sat-ion guaranteed!*



World Wide Games—Unique gifts for the connoisseur: exotic wooden puzzles; Charles Perry–sculpted puzzles; gold-gilded ship reproductions; M. C. Escher books, puzzles, gift wrapping; and so much more. Quality and attention to detail make every gift a treasure. Full-color catalogue, $2.

Travels For Your M
Books for Inner Growth



Yes! Books & Videos

Carefully selected for self-actualizing people: Inner Work, Creativity, Excellence, Philosophy, Religion, Jungian Psychology, Asia, Science, Fine Arts, Bodywork, Healing.
Catalogs for one year, two dollars.

HARPER'S

THE FALL 1989 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

To order, circle the numbers of the catalogues you wish to receive. Enclose a check or money order payable to *Harper's Magazine* for catalogues that require payment. Send order form and payment to *Harper's Magazine,* Fall Catalogue Showcase, P.O. Box 5232, Pittsfield, MA 01203-9952.

1. Audio-Forum .....$1.
2. Barnes & Noble .....$1.
3. Books on Tape .....FREE.
4. Brown & Jenkins Trading Co. .....$1.
5. Classic Neckcloths Ltd. $2.50
6. Crate & Barrel .....$2.
7. Crutchfield Stereos .....$1.
8. Daedalus Books .....$1.
9. Delta Queen Steamboat Co. .....FREE
10. Deva .....$1.
11. The Folio Society .....FREE
12. Good Vibrations .....$2.
13. Hammacher Schlemmer .....$3.
14. Hang 'Em High Designs .....FREE
15. Healthy Lifestyle .....$1.
16. Japan Collection .....$5.
17. L. L. Bean .....FREE
18. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston .....$1.
19. Neiman Marcus .....$5.
20. Saffran .....$4.
21. Santa Fe Arts Catalog .....$5.
22. The Sexuality Library .....$1.
23. Shambhala Publications .....FREE
24. Shibumi Trading Ltd. .....$3.
25. Signals .....$2.
26. Tilley Endurables .....FREE
27. Trifles .....$3.
28. United Communications .....FREE
29. Wireless .....FREE
30. World Wide Games .....$2.
31. Yes! Books & Videos .....$2.

+ $1.00 Postage/Handling Fee _____

GRAND TOTAL $ _____

Mr/Ms _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Amount Enclosed $ _____

THIS OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 31, 1989 PLEASE ALLOW FOUR TO SIX WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

THE WANING (AND CAREFUL WAXING) OF A DYNASTY

A visit with the Marcos family

By Tad Friend

As I sat down to lunch last February with the Marcos family—that is, what remains of the family in their home province of Ilocos Norte—it seemed clear that the matriarch, Doña Josefa Edralin Marcos, would not be joining us. Still it comforted everyone that she was resting quietly in the next room, her lipstick a jaunty stitch of scarlet, her face an impasto of Covermark makeup that a high school sophomore would envy. For a woman who'd had her ninety-seventh birthday party earlier in the month, she looked good. For a woman who'd been dead since May 4, 1988, she looked *really* good.



Propped in the hinge of Doña Josefa's open coffin was a small hand-written sign: "98 DAYS 'TIL '89." This was not so much for the family as for visitors, since shortly after her death, Doña Josefa has lain in state in the Marcos family home—a spacious villa that also serves as a Marcos museum—in Batac, a town of 50,000 in Ilocos Norte. There, she is an indif-

ferent hostage in the struggle over the fate of her son Ferdinand. Ferdinand wouldn't be joining us for lunch, either. The ex-president, seventy-one, was in St. Francis Medical Center in Honolulu, battered by heart, kidney, and respiratory ailments. His doctors were telling visitors he had only a 10 percent chance of surviving the year.

After his mother died, Marcos reached his relatives in Manila and told them not to bury her. It is an Ilocano tradition that the oldest son should bury the mother, and Marcos wanted to use the burial issue to increase sympathy for his plea to return home. (There was also an uncharitable rumor in Philippine political circles that Marcos, who believes in "pyramid power" and that he has a guardian angel, was taking serious warning by a fortune teller that he would die the instant his mother was buried.) It was not working: Marcos remained this winter under U.S. government hold, detained until the Aquino government would permit his return, and further restrained by a federal indictment in Manhattan charging him and his wife, Imelda, with stealing more than $100 million from the Philippine government during their two-decade kleptocratic rule.

So the vigil in Batac continued. On the veranda I ate adobo, okra, eggplant, and rice with Cynthia Chan, Marcos's niece, who lives in the house, and Colonel Barnaby Ablan (retired), Marcos's first cousin. Chan said that Ferdinand was her favorite relative because he used to bring her chocolates. Then Chan recalled her grandmother's kindness, her passion for mah jongg, and the thrift that (in Chan's appealing formulation) made

Tad Friend, a former editor of Spy, *is traveling in Asia.*

Photograph from Reuters/Bettmann Newspho

Josefa a shrewd businesswoman. nany of the Marcoses (while Fer- ıd was president), Doña Josefa ulously became a tycoon, even- holding monopolies in ship- timber, wood processing, and beverage, and tobacco whole- ;. Even her official photographer how ended up with sixteen luxu- 's.

/hen my uncle was in the sen- Chan said, offering me a glass of ıut milk, "he tried to buy *lola* dmother] a car. This was because as always taking the bus, which ten centavos. She said, 'No, e, I don't want to have to pay for river, for gas. Just give me the y.' "

ide the house, six or seven visi- to the museum were settling selves into chairs around the cof- quietly paying their respects, as al dozen people do each day. nos—a tough, thrifty, clannish le—still think of Marcos as their or patron. Feeling that they owe *utang na loob*, the debt of grati- to a person they deny he stole or ed his office.

ıe Marcos legacy in Ilocos Norte traordinary, even for a country ed in the pork barrel. To be sure, now graze on the tennis court Marcos's lavish weekend home aoay—where Gina Lollobrigida took memorable photos of the dent in Speedo—and the Aqui- dministration has shuttered an- r modest Marcos museum com- orating Ferdinand's birthplace in ıt. But more practical monu- ts remain: good irrigation; elec- y even in remote rural areas; s and municipal buildings; and, crucially in a country where ru- outes are usually just organized , cement roads.

oña Josefa's casket was surround- y fifteen fresh garlands and a dozen pictures of the family, in- ing a tranquil shot of the presi- kissing his mother on the ıead while she looked sadly at the era. Three women in white, pos- ıts with the order of Mama Rose, arrived and were droning pray- "... *and* we pray for the return President Marcos and his fam- ."—while the small, impromp- tu congregation waved fans across their faces to shuffle the heat.

A few of the visitors dutifully trudged upstairs to view the museum's eclectic holdings, as I had that morning. There were Marcos's license plates, 1950–1966; a copy of the bar exam on which, according to the museum, he earned the highest score in Philippine history; accounts of his successful appeal before the Philippine Supreme Court of his 1939 conviction for the murder of Julio Nalundasan, a political rival of his father's. There were accounts, too, of his eleven-day courtship of Imelda ("When Congressman Marcos played golf at the country club that afternoon, he broke par. . . . But to the congressman in love, breaking par was nothing compared with what he felt when he thought he had a chance of winning Meldy"). I had examined the war medals that made him the Philippines' most decorated soldier; his shoes and racquetball shorts ("The president, mindful of the classical concern over both mind and body, has engaged in different sports exemplified by the sports attire that he has worn"); campaign literature ("Marcos is a simple, friendly man, humble and approachable. To a FAULT"); and newspaper clippings about his promises to end corruption if elected.

The displays trail off after 1965, Marcos's first year in office. There is no mention of martial law; the vicious secret police; the death-rattle economy; the cartoon corruption; the revelations that his war record was a fake, that he wore elevator shoes, and that, unknown to Imelda, he already had a common-law wife and three children; or the failing health he tried so desperately to hide. The bright pomade and the sharply handsome features in Marcos's campaign photographs are betrayed only by one small snapshot tacked to the wall: the president in exile, his features bloated, his face resembling an overturned soup plate.

The day of my visit, February 25, happened to be the third anniversary of the EDSA (Epifanio de los Santos Avenue) "people power" revolution that miraculously forced Marcos out of office without bloodshed. In Manila it was a time for speeches and reassessment. The hot topic on editorial pages and on the [illegible] ate was whether Ma[illegible] allowed to return, either to face charges or to emulate [illegible] president Chun Doo Hwan [illegible] public apology and the return of stolen millions—in Marcos's case, billions. As issues often do in the Philippines, this one grew somewhat overheated. Imelda wrote President Corazon Aquino an abject, pleading letter. There were demonstrations in front of the U.S. embassy. What seemed like hourly reports blared from radios with news that Marcos was in his final throes, or had made a miraculous recovery. Eight barbers, in drunken argument over the question, began stabbing one another with their scissors. (President Aquino decided to keep Marcos out, citing the unrest his return would cause; late in May, when Marcos's condition worsened and pleas for his return were renewed, she stuck to her decision.)

Surprisingly, the majority of Filipinos I spoke with during my stay in Manila believed Marcos should be allowed to return. "It is the wish of a dying man, and we respect that," Rollie Villanueva, a caretaker at Manila's Chinese Cemetery, told me one morning. "We voted for Cory because we were sympathetic to her loss of her husband, Ninoy. And we remember what Marcos promised to do for us and how he made us known internationally—how he made us *exist*—and we give him the same sympathy. We are a dangerously sympathetic people."

Outside the museum, over watermelon, we turned our conversation to tales of Doña Josefa's malefic spirit haunting the town. An Ilocano expression, *tapno saan a mangala ti kaduana*, warns against long wakes "so that the dead won't take along a companion in the journey into the hereafter." After the vigil began, two of Marcos's friends died in Batac, and then a man had a fatal heart attack right across the street from the house. "People talk about it," Chan said sharply, "but they wouldn't dare complain."

Other phenomena Ilocanos attribute to Doña Josefa's prankish spirit include a plague of red tide in the

Cricket

the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .

children just like yours!



Cricket™

BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT ISSUE TRIAL subscription! **Send no money.** We will bill you later. You save over $10.00 off the regular twelve issue price. Order now by calling toll-free or by sending us the coupon below!

Name

Address

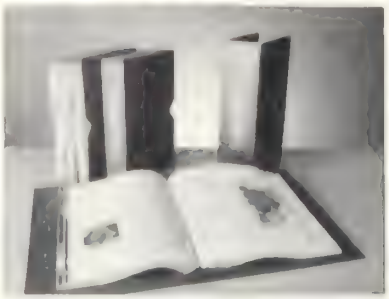
City, State, Zip

1-800-435-6850 (in IL, 1-800-892-6831)

CRICKET, Dept. H6

P.O. Box 300, Peru, Illinois 61354

SAVING ISSUES OF HARPER'S?



Have [illegible] silver embossed slipcases and binders hold a full year of issues.

Slipcases [illegible] per case. $17.95 for 1, $15.95 for 3, $13.95 for 6. **Binders** [illegible] per binder, $9.95 for 1, $7.95 for 3, $6.95 for 6. Add $1 per case or binder for postage and handling ($2.50 per case or binder outside U.S. (U.S. funds only).)

Please mail your order (with payment in full) to Jesse Jones Ind., Dept. HMET, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134. Credit card customers call 1-800-972-5858 (7-15 min.)

Unconditionally guaranteed!

[illegible]

B	L	O	O	P	S	C	Y	B	O	R	G	
L	O	L	L	I	P	O	P	E	W	E	R	
U	O	F	I	N	E	F	F	A	B	L	E	
I	N	A	P	T	C	F	C	N	R	E	E	
N	B	C	H	O	R	E	H	O	U	N	D	
G	A	T	S	B	Y	E	E	P	I	T	Y	
T	R	O	W	E	C	L	E	A	N	E	D	
H	E	R	B	A	L	I	S	T	A	D	O	
T	F	Y	U	N	O	W	I	N	T	R	O	
G	O	D	F	A	T	H	E	R	I	U	M	
H	O	O	F	S	H	O	S	H	O	N	E	
S	T	R	O	B	E	A	T	O	N	E	D	

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Philippines, a typhoon free ye[ar] Ilocos Norte for the first time [in] least fourteen years, and the nine[-] seniors sucked from a United Air[lines] jet departing from Honolulu, w[here] her son lies gravely ill. Cham[ber] "Did you see how all her hair [is] shiny and in place? It's a miracle."

("It's not a miracle," embal[mer] Frank Malabed me later, "it's m[ake-up] malm. As long as the family want[s] can hold the body together. I give [her] a bath and change her dress every [few] months, and apply some makeup keep her attractive—the [only] makeup my wife uses: Revlon, [Max] Factor, Covermark." Malabed, [who] also embalmed Marcos rival Ben[igno] "Ninoy" Aquino after he was sh[ot] the Manila airport in 1983, tries [to] main aloof from a politics that [has] requiring his skill with cosmet[ics]. "Professionally, I have to keep my [dis]tance. I don't vote, I just embal[m].")

Suddenly, Marina Toledo, a [Mar]cos loyalist who arrived from M[anila] one day asking to work in the mus[eum] and was given a job by the fa[mily] stepped up to the table and sh[owed] me scars—on her arm, face, bre[ast] she said were from stones hurle[d] anti-Marcos demonstrators. She [be]gan speaking, her voice swellin[g] volume, talking on and on, hee[d]ing of interruption, it turned out [that] one of the stones had deafened [her]. "Ah . . . the United States kidnap[ped] my president. If President Marcos [is] in the United States, I will be the [first] to kill Cory. I love Doña 'Sefa'. [. . .] She began to softly cry. "I *love* [her] and I'm not scared to die. You [tell] President Bush to bring Ma[rcos] home! You have a mother, too? [We] all have mothers, and we all have [the] right to bury them."

She was openly weeping n[ow]. Colonel Aballa and Cynthia C[ruz] wept, too. Aballa wiped away [his] and dried his hand on his white [T-]tee. "If Marcos dies abroad," he [said] unsteadily, "there may be war. [I] gave the word, my two thousand [men] would follow me. And I would [give] the word."

Cham stared at her cousin. "[He's] not going to die. He's not going [to] die. He's not going to die."

In fact, of course, even Imelda [is] growing accustomed to the idea [of]

…and Marcos won't be around
…r—at least a Ferdinand Marcos
…sn't cold and clammy to the
…. Imelda was saying recently
…her husband dies in Hawaii and
…hilippines refuses to accept his
…ns—many in the government
…ate the Napoleonic solution of
…ng the body abroad for several
…—she'll put his embalmed body
…play in Honolulu. (Stand ready,
Malabed.)
…"plan" is for Marcos to hang on
or otherwise) until 1992, when
…o's term ends. Then, Imelda
"I'll bring him home." At which
the Marcos family will finally be
…o inter the long-suffering Doña
…. But her son won't settle beside
…melda says that Marcos's final
…s to be cremated and to have his
scattered about the Philippines
…rtilize his country." ■

…t Index Sources

…dward W. Hill, Cleveland State
…ersity; 3 Salomon Brothers
…C.); 4 National Oceanic and
…spheric Administration (Silver
…, Md.); 5 Alan E. Strong, NOAA;
…itute for Policy Studies (Washing-
Greenpeace (Washington); 7 Ken-
Space Center (Fla.); 8 Larry
…h, New York University (N.Y.C.);
C. Johnson Wax (Racine, Wis.);
S. Army Medical Research and De-
…nent Command (Frederick, Md.);
S. Dept. of Health and Human Ser-
12,13 Centers for Disease Control
…nta); 14 Daniel Lazare, *Columbia*
…lism Review (N.Y.C.)/*Harper's* re-
…; 15 *Washington Post*; 16 U.S. Bu-
…f the Census; 17 State Division of
…nal Justice Services (N.Y.C.); 18
Dept. of Justice; 19 *Glamour*
C.); 20 National Center for Health
…tics (Hyattsville, Md.); 21,22
Kleiman, National Zoological Park
…ington); 23 U.S. Fish and Wildlife
…e (Anchorage); 24 *Des Moines Reg-*
…owa Poll; 25 U.S. Bureau of the
…s/Pet Food Institute (Washington);
Harper's research; 28 Scandal
(Washington); 29 *Time* (Washing-
30 *Congressional Quarterly* research
…ington); 31 U.S. Bureau of the
…s; 32 Columbia Records (N.Y.C.);
…ephen Craddock (Plainfield, Vt.);
…est Palm Beach County Courthouse
Palm Beach, Fla.); 35 Letitia Bal-
Enterprises (Washington); 36
SCO *Sources* (Paris); 37 *New York*
(Tokyo); 38 *New York Times*/
…r's research; 39 *National Journal*
…ington).

The Rainforest Fund



The world loses over *50,000 acres* of rainforest a day. Half of all species on earth live in this fragile ecosystem which produces oxygen and consumes the very carbon dioxide which is responsible for the greenhouse effect.

There *is* something you can do. You can help us save the rainforests, for if they are destroyed, our very survival is threathened. All donors will receive *The Rainforest News*, a quarterly update that reports on fight to save the rainforests of the world.

Please send your donations to: The Rainforest Fund, c/o Mesoamerica, P. O. Box 42721, San Francisco, California 94142-2721

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!



. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM-9, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

THE AMERICAN VOICE



publishes
daring new writers
& the more radical work of
established writers

feminist, pan-American

available at bookstores
or by subscription ($12) to

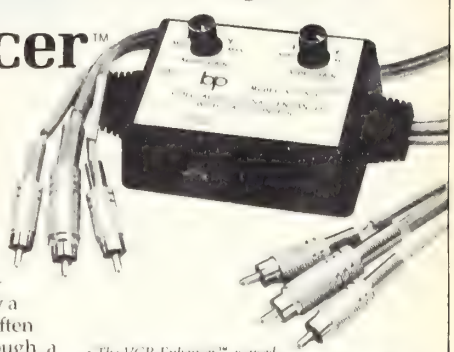
The American Voice
332 West Broadway
Louisville, KY 40202 USA

Now — dupe videotapes as sharp and clear as the originals, with . . .

VCR Enhancer™

Only $39.95*

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**



*The VCR Enhancer™ is used by professional dubbing studios. The "secrets" are the sophisticated electronics, the 1000 individually insulated copper strands, and the gold plated U connectors that avoid even minimal contact resistance and distortion.

It's easy to dupe a video tape — just connect two VCR's and let it spin. The results, however, are usually quite dismal. Even with the best equipment and with greatest care, the duplicate tape will always be only a pale reflection of the original. The picture often looks as though it had been filtered through a cheesecloth and the sound is like mush. The reason is loss and distortion of the video/audio signals. But plug the *VCR Enhancer™* between the two VCR's. It will boost the signals to their original levels and will prevent distortion and loss in quality. The resulting dupe is so clear, of such fidelity in the video and audio channels that you will be unable to tell the difference between it and the original.

We are one of the largest distributors of *VCR Enhancers™* in the United States and are able to offer this great device for just $39.95. But thanks to an arrangement with the manufacturer, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments — absolutely FREE!*** If you like to dupe tapes — video or stereo/mono audio, you shouldn't settle for less than perfect results. After all, those tapes are going to be in your permanent library. So do it the professional way: Use the *VCR Enhancer™* and get it right!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order #1059E991. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *VCR Enhancer™*, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+) call, Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

TOWARD PURE ENERGY

My first flight in a fighter jet

By Laurence Gonzales



In the Air Force there's a curious way of saying you're going to die. There are many devices, many plans, set up to save you from the consequences of the courageous flying. But when all of the devices trip like dominoes, when the canopy won't blow and the parachute fail to open, when you are left with no protection, as naked as a seed for a fiery re-entry, then the favored location is the "It's not your day." And then you die.

I went down to learn to fly the T-38 fighter jet at Randolph Air Force Base outside of San Antonio, Texas, in order to find out what real jet pilots are like. Captain Stuart Rodgers was my instructor, and he spoke the language. One day he said, "Why don't we go out two ships, pick up some contact, then rejoin and recover two ships? You'll get to see a lot that way." I said that sounded fine. There were two crews: me and Captain Rodgers in one ship, Colonel Dave Ford and Captain Greg Unwin in the other. Colonel Ford, a tall-looking, sharp-featured man of forty with a voice like Slim Pickens and a quiet confidence, briefed me on everything, from how he would signal the takeoff with two jets on the runway (and what to do if one of the ships lost an engine on takeoff), to what type of turns we'd do, to how we'd split up and rejoin, and what we'd do when we came back for a landing.

"We'll pick up the freqs en route," he said. (Meaning frequencies.)

"Do you want to get the humiliation vectors back to base?" Captain Unwin asked. (Meaning: Should we let a mere air traffic controller put us on radar and tell us how to get home, or should we find our own way?)

The pilots wrote nothing down. They did not contemplate the plan, it just struck the first time. Air Force high performance jet pilots memorize everything. They cannot look everything up, because there are no librarians in the air. The crucial checklists, which tell what to do if an engine fails on takeoff or a fire breaks out in flight, are printed on the rest room walls at headquarters, so that no time is wasted. The plan went just as the colonel said it would.

There were a lot of bi the area that day, so Ca Rodgers told me what to he was killed by a bird tering his canopy at knots. Since I had my p license, and since the Force had given me a practice flying the flight ulator before turning loose with a real jet, Ca Rodgers knew that at very least I could fly the around in circles and ta the radio. "But I wouldn to land it if I were you said. "Just turn the radio to ch eleven, that's the Guard freque and call for Copperhead. Tell who you are and what happened he'll probably have you fly out eject somewhere."

I said that would be a shame, ming a nice plane like this one, cially since Northrop was manufacturing T-38s anymore. T-38 is one of the Air Force's trai jets, it is supersonic, and thirty countries use it as their primary fi er plane.

Captain Rodgers thought for a ment and then he said to me, "W hell. I'm dead, and at that you're flying. You can do anyt you want."

One cannot, as in the movies, ply jump into the cockpit and tro into the WHY. The T-38 jet is so thing like an artificial heart, an ling, a bathyscaphe of the empyr There must be intimate connect

Laurence Gonzales is writing a collection of his essays entitled The Still Point, *which will be published next year by the University of Arkansas Press.*

Illustration by Bonnie Tur

between man and machine. A
is zipped on over the flight suit,
t as a corset. It sometimes takes
en to get a pilot into these so-
Speed Jeans. In the cockpit a
onnects G suit to jet so that
the pilot pulls G's (the centrifu-
ce created when the pilot turns
-lerates the aircraft) a pneumat-
em inflates air bladders sewn
ne fabric. The force of inflation
ly squeezes the pilot's body,
g the blood back up to his brain
t he doesn't black out. With the
l apt to warm up to 110 degrees
and a greenhouse effect inside
ss bubble of the cockpit, com-
with the Nomex flight suit,
with leather palms, combat
helmet, and rubber oxygen
the pilot has to endure temper-
that may exceed 120 degrees.
say that those who get sick
n these jets aren't getting motion
ss as much as they are reacting
to the unusually close envi-
ronment and the heat.

iding out to the flight line after
l days of training, the big,
dark-blue panel truck stopped
k up crews waiting in the sun.
ilots, two by two, got in and
ed in the darkness and sat
on the hard wooden benches,
g their parachutes between
knees, helmets in their laps.
smiled as if they shared a secret;
quiet in the truck. About a
ut we stepped off the truck onto
ot ramp beside the ranks of
rockets gleaming in the sun,
Captain Rodgers handed me a
of gum. "SOP," he said. "You
have gum." Captain Rodgers
ark hair, strong features, and a
s demeanor. He, like most of
ilots at Randolph, was in his
ies. He was quick to smile or
, but he was fundamentally
esslike. Even his jokes had a
.

ife were cut into snippets, like a
g, then we would jump into the
nd blast off. But the ground
, or walk-around, is one of the
s most important responsibil-
If he were to take off with a
nest in the air intake or with a
ire, it would be his fault. So we
set down our parachutes and crawl around underneath the plane, inspecting everything that can be seen, looking for leaks, cracks, and unattached spare parts, lest we embarrass ourselves and cause the taxpayers a grave additional expense.

The T-38 is a simple, reliable plane built on a 46-foot-long airframe, weighing 12,000 pounds, with two rocket motors that were originally designed for guided missiles—throwaways, in other words. They each produce about 3,500 pounds of thrust, and one day I went to the maintenance base and watched some technicians test one on a stand in a shielded room with a steel-and-concrete flue pointed at the heavens to direct the exhaust blast away.

I put in foam earplugs and then placed heavy ear protectors over them, and then they locked me in the chamber with a technician for company. The naked, eight-foot-long engine was wrapped in whorls of tubing, like a living body part that had been surgically flayed of integument. It was mounted on a steel stand to measure thrust and bolted to the concrete floor of the chamber. The technician signaled thumbs up to the operators behind the thick glass partition, and they lit the candle. The technician had come in with me to point out the danger zones so that I wouldn't inadvertently walk into anything, such as the bleed air. (This is not the jet exhaust, which would have instantly burned one's hand off, but simply the path of air allowed to escape along the side of the engine in order to power such things as the air conditioning.) He signaled again through the window, and the operator ran the jet up to full, or military, power. I put my hand into the bleed air. Imagine that a fence post is dropped from a third story window and you catch it with one hand. This gives a very clear demonstration of how air can hold up airplanes. The column of air was as solid as hickory.

At another signal, the operators kicked the engine into afterburner, and a four-foot-long blue flame grew out of the burner can, the back of the exhaust pipe. A ring of nozzles sprays a mist of JP-4 jet fuel into the path of the flame, and it ignites. Increasing mass, they call it, [illegible] the exhaust that pushes the rings of the plane; and according to Newton's third law of motion [illegible] mass the greater the thrust. In [illegible] jets, water is dumped into [illegible] the flame to increase mass (and therefore thrust).

I could feel the mass. With the afterburner going, the sound was no longer sound. The concrete room was like a maw, and I was a bit of gristle being chewed by unseen teeth. My bones rattled, and my flesh flapped upon them like ill-fitting clothes. I could not imagine how we could escape unharmed, and yet we did; and then the tech made a neck-cutting hand signal, and they shut it down.

We climbed into the flue—a reticulated maze, a rust red and black steel sculpture—like we were crawling into a giant auto muffler. The metal was still too hot to touch. Twenty feet back in the forbidding tunnel our channel took a vertical right-angle turn; and reaching that point, I could look up out of our man-made hell and see the sky like a tantalizing drink of water. It was in this blistering retort that the alchemy was worked to make the sleek white rocket pin itself against that cool blue firmament. And it was atop two of those missile motors that I sat one day, out in the Texas sun, as our crew chief whirled our engines up to start them.

The two days of simulator training familiarized me with how the T-38 works, but nothing could have prepared me for the real ride. Even taxiing on the ramp, I felt I had hold of something titanic—that I'd reached inside my chest and grabbed hold of my own heart and squeezed. *They're not really going to let me fly this,* I thought. But they were, they really were. ("I'll take it from you if I have to for safety reasons," Captain Rodgers had said in briefing, "but otherwise, you have the aircraft.")

The microphone in my oxygen mask picked up the sound of my breathing—hiss-click, hiss-click. I could hear it speed up when the needle nose of the jet swayed left and then right as I tried to steer it with the rudder pedals to keep it on the yellow

Perfect Fit *by Mail*
We *Guarantee It!*



Choose from more than 50 styles of America's finest men's shoes. Dress, casual, and athletic shoes in sizes 6 to 16, AAA–EEE.

Every purchase *unconditionally guaranteed* or your money back!

Wright Arch Preserver®
America's finest comfort shoes. Handcrafted since 1876. Choose from more than 40 styles. Sizes from 6 to 16, AAA to EEE. All feature Wright's famous Arch-Preserver Comfort System



Walk-Over
American classics for more than a century. Walk-Overs' casuals combine top quality and outstanding comfort. 8 to 14, B to EEE

CHIPPEWA SHOES
Bootmakers since 1901. Chippewa leads the field in heavy-duty outdoor footwear. 8 to 14, A to EEE



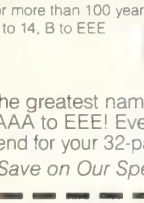


***B* newbalance**
America's *only* advanced line of athletic shoes available in hard-to-find sizes 7 to 14, AAA to EEEE

SEBAGO
Comfortable casuals from Maine's finest handsewers for more than 100 years 8 to 14, B to EEE



The greatest names in shoes, sizes 6 to 16, AAA to EEE! Every selection guaranteed! Send for your 32-page full-color catalog today!
Save on Our Special Introductory Offers!



FREE COLOR CATALOG

Executive Shoes
Dept. 359, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
Are you "hard to fit?" ☐ Yes. ☐ No

taxiway line behind Colonel Kirkland's plane.

Relax, relax, I told myself as the nose went all over the ramp like a blind rat looking for a scent. I thought, *The ground crew must think I'm drunk. Or worse: a student pilot.* I consciously slowed my breathing and made my feet settle down on the pedals, and the plane began to track straight again. The two planes took the runway side-by-side, with Colonel Kirkland's plane slightly ahead of ours.

All four of us wore mirrored green face shields, oxygen masks, and gray helmets, so expression should not have mattered; and yet it seemed we could see one another—that somehow we were intimately connected. Colonel Kirkland tapped his helmet, meaning, *We'll go on my head signal.* He leaned his head back against his seat, and when he brought it suddenly forward we popped the afterburners, released the brakes, and we were rolling. A moment later, a gentle pull on the stick lifted the nose. Another second on the concrete, and then the planes flew away.

We tucked into fingertip formation, barely three feet away from Colonel Kirkland's plane and just behind it. His tail slab, flipping up and down like a whale's, signaled us to go to chase position, about 300 feet back; and as we shrugged off the green mantle of the earth, like birds shedding water as they struggle into flight, I noticed my world explode around me.

Streaming white mists and bright blue heavens poured out at me from the void, as the world below pitched and swirled and turned suddenly into a boiling molten fluid of brown and green. Solid referents were gone. I was in a realm of pure energy, with the only limits defined by the sharp seat under me, the solid pedals beneath my feet. Pulling back on the stick lifted the aircraft's nose, and the centrifugal force made my world grow solid, like plaster of paris setting. By pushing the pole, I could make the forces dissipate, as if I were dissolving bodily into the fluid that sang to me outside the thin and glistening bubble of my canopy.

Here was my dream: a child in a soap bubble, rising into the sur high thin clouds streamed acr sky as if a mysterious, celestial s weaving its web unseen some beyond the horizon, had spew at us the tangle of its shiny fila as we came, on and on.

At first I was so excited that I how to fly. Following Colonel land, I just about flew up his ex pipe, and Captain Rodgers h grab the controls to prevent me scorching our nose. I was suf brain lock, when the sensory ov freezes you. I shook myself awak took the controls again.

We switched positions, putti in the lead, and now the other jet, 46 feet long, sucked up besi and sat there as if we were parke I could see Captain Unwin, i backseat behind Colonel Kirk duck his head and roll his fists, a were punching a speed bag. His of course, was concealed by the onfly compound eye of glare s and rubber mask, but I knew h grinning. I returned his sign of jo exuberance, boxing the air wit gloved hands. This was not in th cial lexicon of sign language, b could read it just as clearly: Roc roll! Light that fire!

It was much easier flying lead cause Colonel Kirkland or Ca Unwin, whoever was flying at moment, could make me look simply by staying right on my w No matter how sloppily I flew a the sky, they were right with me we were welded together.

I entered a climb with a solid on the pole, making myself all at weigh about 765 pounds. My ox mask pulled down on my nose my hands grew heavy as my G su flated to supply pressure so th wouldn't black out. The airp knew, even when I didn't, how n to squeeze.

I had become one with the airc not metaphorically but actu Nothing of my former, mushy, fl and-blood self showed anymore. covered, every inch, in Nomex proof nylon, with gray and green proof gloves, heavy black jump bo and the helmet that made my look like a machined bearing, a s part stuck on, painted with rus

ng matte-gray primer. Finally was my rubber oxygen mask and isor to give me that quality of eval knighthood.

icked my breath from a hose that ected my lungs directly to the t's oxygen supply. I flicked the switch to get a blast of pure oxyor more speed inside. I flicked lack switch to get a blast of pure uel for more speed outside. I just them matched up, and we were to go.

whole environment was pro- d and filtered and reformulated, n, without, until man and in- ent were one, and that was how w. I could stretch my fingers out eel the hummingbird tips of my s. But here's the best part: It was vill that drove the rocket, and ination, and the hand and eye. her words, I had been able to fer my soul out of my body and a superhuman instrument and send us skipping along, tracing ilhouette of the absolute.

e rolled the fingertip formation on its back and let it fade out of lue and down toward the steam- kin of the earth. We were deep in distortion zone, where up and n no longer mattered as long as we it somewhere between the green the blue: touch either one and die.

ter a time, I no longer particular- oticed when the aircraft was up- down. That is, I was aware of it, o more so than the fact of going knots or of being at 15,000 feet or e tactical crossing maneuver my man was making far beneath me e closed and descended into the ensity of west Texas.

ne wings of a jet, when they are ed up, smoke like the advancing of great, breaking ocean waves. sky inhaled, then spit us out, ex- ng steam like a mythical beast. k," Captain Rodgers said, "con- ." Hard rays of sunlight hailed on origami wings as we shuttled down vortex of gravity, the centrifugal spiral howl of a vertical dive into the earth.

We split up the formation and t our separate ways so that I could tice aerobatic maneuvers—con-

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Zionism — Is It Racism?

Twelve years ago, the United Nations General Assembly passed by overwhelming vote a Resolution that equated Zionism with racism, something to be condemned by all people and by all nations. It was the highwater mark of public anti-Zionism and anti-Israelism. Does this Resolution have any validity?

What are the facts?

■ Before deciding whether Zionism can be equated with racism, it's important to determine what Zionism really is. It's the philosophy and the movement whose purpose for almost 2000 years has been to restore Zion, the ancient land of Israel to the Jewish people, as its ancestral national homeland. Through centuries of wars, devastation, exile, dispersion and persecution, Zion never ceased to be the heart of Jewish yearning and survival. It was only as Eretz Israel, as Zion, that this land entered into the historical, cultural and spiritual consciousness of the world.

■ Jews have lived in the Holy Land since Biblical times and without interruption. They are the original and the oldest settlers. But it wasn't until late in the last century that this love for Zion found expression in a political movement. It was founded by Theodor Herzl, a totally "emancipated" Austrian Jew, a playwright and journalist. His intellect, vision and energy, his personal magnetism and organizational talents gave expression and action to the age-old Jewish longing for Zion. Modern political Zionism was born. The ingathering of the children of Israel into their ancestral homeland had begun.

■ Sparked by their ancient yearning and by Herzl's vision, tens of thousands of European Jews left for Palestine and transformed it into what Israel is today — a land of verdant fields, lush forests, productive industries and flourishing cities.

■ How about "racism"? It is a defamation of the Jewish faith to link it with this evil concept. It is incompatible with the doctrines of Jewish civilization, enunciated over 3000 years ago in the Holy Bible, in which all mankind is traced to a single human being, created by God in His own image. The two greatest sufferers from the plague of racism have been the Blacks and the Jewish people. It's only today that this cruel yoke has been lifted from the Blacks. The fate of the Jews, as victims of racism, was even more cruel. Because wherever they lived in the Old World, it was only at the sufferance of their overlords — always subject to living in ghettos, having no access to education, being restricted to few and humiliating occupations, and always victims of persecution, murder, rape, confiscation and exile.

■ The suffering of the Jews as victims of racism reached its terrible climax during the Holocaust of the second World War, perpetrated by the German Nazi machine. The Jews of Europe were liquidated in the most horrible manner imaginable — six million of them altogether. The terms "Holocaust" and "Genocide" had to be coined to express this unprecedented disaster, this bizarre expression of hatred and racism.

■ Racism is totally contrary to Jewish philosophy and Jewish thinking. Jews have been and still are on the forefront of the fight for racial justice in the United States, in South Africa and all over the world. The state of Israel is founded on racial equality. And how could it be otherwise? Close to 60% of the population of Israel are what we would call "non-Caucasians". Can such a state be racist? The question is preposterous and the answer is obvious.

■ Israel has been and continues to be a leader in policies that attest to its "non-racism". It has pioneered a hugely effective development program in 31 Black African countries. Israel has organized similar development programs in such countries as Thailand, Burma, the Philippines and Singapore. It was among the first countries to take in Vietnamese boat people. Israel has absorbed into its society hundreds of thousands of refugees from all over the world and without any reference to their race. Among them are the Black Jews of India, Oriental Jews from all Arab countries, and most recently more than 10,000 Black Ethiopian Jews who were air-lifted to freedom in Israel, in a daring rescue operation.

The disgusting equation that "Zionism = Racism" was foisted on the General Assembly of the United Nations by the Arab nations and by the Soviet bloc. It has no basis in fact. Israel is a multi-racial society in which all races, including the resident Arabs and Druze, are treated equally, are represented in the Knesset (the Israeli Parliament), and hold important official and diplomatic positions. For instance, the Israeli Consul General in Atlanta is an Arab. Racism is totally contrary to the tenets of the Jewish religion and to the unwritten constitution of Israel. How does that compare to Israel's accusers? The Soviet bloc keeps its Jews in bondage by not allowing them to emigrate. The Arabs have for the most part expelled all Jews from their countries and don't even allow Jewish visitors. They were the slave masters of yesteryear and some are reported to practice slavery even today. They are mercilessly exploiting Black Africa and other developing countries by their inflated oil prices. For them to say that Zionism is racism is a travesty and an insult to the intelligence of the world.

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590381 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these messages.

YES, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$_____ H M 12.

My name is_____

I live at_____

In_____ State_____ Zip_____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590381, San Francisco, CA 94159

tact—and it was out over Hondo, Texas, that I decided to try my first loop. I had done a hundred of them in the jet simulator, but I just had a feeling that this time it was going to be different.

I reached out with my left hand and checked that my throttle was set at mil-power—the full throttle stop just before afterburner. Then I pushed the stick away and watched as the airspeed climbed toward 500 knots—the prescribed entry speed to give us the kinetic energy necessary to get us around and over the top of the loop. The altitude bled down to 9,000 feet, and I gradually pulled back on the pole, pulling, pulling, as I felt myself grow heavy. My Speed Jeans inflated, and I started pumping my muscles, hauling the stick in toward my stomach, clenching my whole body against the forces, as I pulled into the first half of my 10,000-foot loop. As I drew the stick in, something Captain Rodgers had told me before the flight came back to me: "Incidentally, when you get the aircraft up to five hundred knots," he had said, "it is possible to rip the wings off, so be gentle."

I was so gentle.

I topped out the loop upside down at 18,000 feet, and the G's let off and my G suit deflated. I drifted up there for what seemed an hour, just looking around the leviathan immensity of my domain. I would have cried out for joy, but the mike in my mask was hot and I didn't want to hurt Captain Rodgers's ears, so I just whispered, "Rock and roll," and I heard him chuckle softly. "Nice maneuver," he said. "Now pull through."

I fingered the pole back until I saw the horizon rise from below into my field of vision. Over the top, I pulled down into the emerald sphere of man, the G's built steadily once more, and I felt the pre-stall buffet—the burble, they call it, when the stick and then the whole plane begin to shudder. That's what we hear engineers talk about: pushing the outside of the envelope. My G suit inflated again, and I grunted and puffed and strained against the centrifugal mastodon growing within me.

Going ballistic, into the very earth, vertical at 500 miles an hour, and doing it with two fingers, I rolled my head back and took in the sky, and my head cleared of all the rubbish of the mud below: My outstanding MasterCard bill. Mother's Day. The dental work I ought to have done. The fact of being forty years old. Like a good journalist, I had attached my notebook and pen to a knee board Velcroed to my leg. At one point, I even began to take notes, but then I just laughed and ripped it off and stuffed it all into my map pocket. Writing is for losers; let's fly jets!

With less effort than I'd use to apply a postage stamp with my thumb, I flipped over and over. The blue globe was swapped with the green one, and then it would flip back again. Blue and green, the sapphire and the emerald, only their ratio mattered: Half-and-half meant I was straight and level. More blue-and-white meant I was climbing, but I didn't care if the sky was on the top or the bottom.

Colonel Kirkland, miles away in his practice area, interrupted my reverie with his "Joker-plus-100" call on the radio, and my heart shut off for a moment. Joker is a code name for the fuel level at which preparations must be made to return to base. All my life I had been searching for the place where my restless soul stood still, and high above the earth and time I found it. I didn't ever want to go home now.

Returning to base, we made a low approach in formation, and Captain Rodgers flew down to within inches of the ground before tapping the afterburner, retracting the flaps and gear, and taking us aloft again. We went back out and switched positions, putting Colonel Kirkland in the lead for an overhead pattern. That is the standard military way of coming in for a landing, maintaining altitude as long as possible in order to avoid fire from the ground in enemy territory. The turns are hard and tight, to keep turning time to a minimum and expedite the descent to the runway. I flew that one, coming in high over the runway, about 1,800 feet, and then performing a maneuver called a pitch out. As we passed above the approach end of the runway, Colonel Kirkland turned into a 60-degree right bank and swept around for a landing. I delayed my turn about four secon spacing and then pitched out 3,000 feet behind him, pulling haps four G's in the process.

When we were walking away the plane, Captain Rodgers said, ing, as if to himself, "You know ways swallow my gum somewhe the flight. I never can reme where, though."

After the T-38, I went on to batic training in the T-34, a navy prop plane. A few months I flew the F-4 Phantom jet, th thing, on simulated bombing mis out in the middle of the Mid One day I was flying along ove cornfields of southern Illinois, very low, and I passed a farmer was out harvesting in his combi was so close that I saw his face long enough to register the an look as I went rumbling overhe 500 knots in afterburner. I had looking down on the panel b right elbow, noticing the switch was all wired up with safety mesh I just happened to read the placar neath it at that moment. It sai CLEAR STORES CONSENT, and suddenly reminded of what tempers pilots—why there is so of the need-for-speed banter o movies or why Air Force pilots c stantly memorize an entire flight before takeoff and then fly it flaw ly. I had asked Captain Rodgers the ever-lurking prospect of tak jet up with orders to kill. "We a hope it won't come to that," he "Of course, every pilot wants t himself against the enemy, t what he's like in combat." As the pyrotechnic beauty of an ex ing bomb, there will always be paradox.

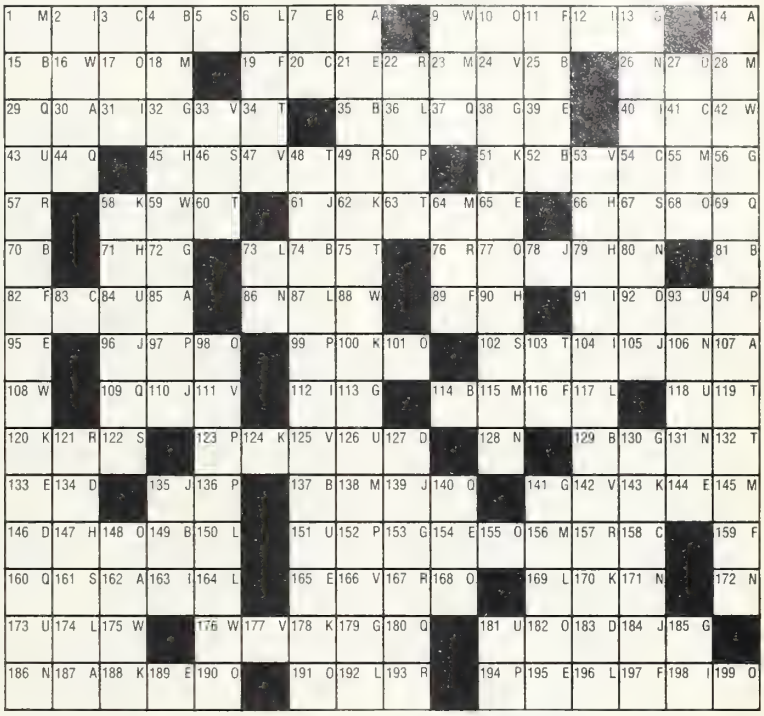
I pitched up and away from farms below, taking the F-4 23,200 feet before rolling off over, upside down. I knew that fa was watching this hosanna of jets back the scalp of the earth as I into the sky. I reached over an the switch for a blast of pure ox directly into my brain. I dropped from the hazy green horizon, t ding across the waves of light l stone skipping off the stratosphe frail and yet so heavy, like the fr air itself.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 80

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 70.



CLUES

A. Handles, controls — 30 107 162 187 14 85 8

B. 1894 George Moore novel (2 wds.) — 149 25 81 74 52 15 129 4 / 114 70 137 35

C. Most pure and simple — 3 20 41 83 158 54

D. Tumult, hubbub — 27 183 134 92 146 127

E. Containers — 195 144 189 7 21 65 154 165 / 39 133 95

F. Sweetbread of a deer — 11 197 159 82 19 116 89

G. To all intents and purposes — 185 113 72 32 56 153 130 141 / 179 38 13

H. In addition (2 wds.) — 79 45 147 90 71 66

I. Affected by sorrow, especially in appearance — 91 2 104 31 198 40 112 12 / 163

J. Blue, risqué (hyph.) — 139 96 61 105 110 184 135 78

K. Perceptive, intuitive — 178 170 120 62 143 100 58 124 / 188 51

L. Fr. astrologer and physician (1503–66), author of *Centuries* — 192 6 150 73 87 174 164 169 / 36 196 117

M. Criterion — 145 156 55 28 115 64 1 138 / 18 23

N. Impedes; places at a disadvantage — 80 86 131 171 106 26 128 172 / 186

O. Begonias; taros (hyph.) — 190 148 17 182 10 77 168 155 / 199 101 191 98 68

P. Highwaymen or robbers who ride shanks' mare — 136 152 97 99 194 123 94 50

Q. Staff officer, assistant to the commanding officer — 160 180 109 29 69 37 44 140

R. Felt contrition for — 167 157 22 57 49 121 76 193

S. Capital of Loire-Atlantique, France — 161 67 46 5 122 102

T. Works, functions; uses — 48 103 75 63 119 132 60 34

U. Banter; sparring — 93 126 151 181 84 118 43 173

V. Region, district — 53 142 33 24 47 125 166 177 / 111

W. Unmindful — 59 42 16 176 108 88 9 175

CLASSIFIED

VACATION RENTALS

Rent a London home. Selected well-furnished homes available for 3 weeks to a year. Britannia Lettings, 19 South End, London W8 5BU, England. (44) 01-938-3755.

Carmel Garden charmer. Two blocks to sea. Three bedrooms, two baths, fireplace. Per week, $800; longer—until January—for less. Agent: (406) 475-3155.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter"—reference guide to unusual cruising, $3. TravL-tips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

TRAVEL AND STUDY IN EUROPE

Can be cheaper than staying home. I met people of all ages during my year abroad who called it "the experience of a lifetime." Send now for detailed guide.

$3.95/SASE, **Guides to the Good Life,** Go to Europe, Box 3346, South Pasadena, CA 91031.

PERSONALS

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Poland, Sweden, Mexico, etc.: worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Asian ladies for pen pals/marriage. Free details and bonus offers. Sapphire International, Box 800, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10159.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure, or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894. Money-back guarantee.

Romance? Marriage? New friends? Interesting, quality people. Lifestyles, 4839 E. Greenway Rd., Suite 229-B8, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85254.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossoms, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone reading. Visa/MC/Amex. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

Beautiful island girls desire lifemates. Free videos, photos. Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

MUSIC

Classical composer seeks commissions. Write: Crystaldew Music, Fayetteville, Ark. 72702-3003.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure $2. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward St., Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

HOTELS

New York Happens All Around Us.

Whatever your business, whatever your pleasure, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York 320 spacious rooms, A/C, room service Meeting/banquet facilities. Reasonable rates.

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th St., NYC 10019
Toll-free-(800) 223-0680
NYS (212) 246-1300

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

HEALTH

Cholesterol-free complete protein miracle meat substitute. Easy instructions, delicious recipes. Send SASE and $3: TJ, 812 E. 31st St., Austin, Tex. 78705.

Improve your health: learn reflexology. McKinley, Box 184, Kingston 11, Jamaica.

Arthritis pain relief. Simple, inex natural formula. Prepare this patent treatment at home. For instruction with formula, send $14.95 to: Painfr ing, Inc., Dept. 1-C, P.O. Box 2(Geneva, Wis. 53147.

MERCHANDISE

Free jazz C.D. catalogue. Low pric service. Write or call: H.W.I. Co., singtón Ave., #501H, Jersey Ci 07304. (201) 451-3795.

JOHN FIELDS
BOW TI
WRITE
FOR CATALOG
P.O. BOX 406D, KENWOOD, CA

ART

Art dealer—buy direct: Erté, D Bateman, and all nationally known Call for information: (800) 333-9AI Rest Art Broker, 8463 Peachland A bastopol, Calif. 95472.

Northwest coast and Ojibwa Indian edition screen prints direct from th workshop. Send $7 for catalogue t Pacific Graphics, 43-560 Johnson S toria, B.C., V8W 3C6, Canada.

Exciting ethnographic art. Cer masks, dance drums, ancestor and ce al figures, lime containers, and can from Papua New Guinea, Africa, In Worldwide Arts, 7497 Tanager, Rap S.D. 57709. (605) 348-8684.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITI

Read books for pay: $100 a title. PASE-GZ4, 161 Lincolnway, North ra, Ill. 60542.

Get paid for mailing letters: Write: I PO2, 161 Lincolnway, North Aur 60542.

Let the government finance your sm ness. Grants/loans to $500,000 year recorded message: (707) 449-8600. (

Repair your credit rating—plus fi bank account with cash. Write: STA Dept. H, 7629 Winchester St., Cha S.C. 29420.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICE

Writing, research, statistics. All Highest quality. Research Servic 48862, Niles, Ill. 60648. (312) 774-

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $1.85 per word; three times, $1.75 per word; six times, $1.65 per word; twelve times, $1.50 p Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $ column inch; three times, $110 per column inch; six times, $105 per column inch; twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified co first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classifi Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Lisa Kay Greissinger, Classified Advertising Man

GOURMET

et Norbert traditional French din- n the provinces. This month: Bur- ASE, $3 for recipe: 904 Silver Spur, olling Hills, Calif. 90274.

ic meals. Recipes for inexpensive rse gourmet dinners. Send SASE '5 to: Guides to the Good Life, Rec- ox 3346, South Pasadena, Calif.

ic Tex-Mex salsa. Easy. Non-trivial end SASE and $3 to: H. Waldron, x 1572, Bloomington, Ill. 61702.

nning scallop and pork recipe, $2, Benefits nonprofit arts magazine. 402 Phoenix, Bloomington, Ill.

EDUCATION

panish in Guatemala. Family living. Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 414) 372-5570.

h papers: 15,207 papers available. emic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page ie. Custom writing also available. n, 11322 Idaho #206HB, Los An- alif. 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Learn Japanese Easily!



Complete interactive computerized language course - disks, manual, pronunciation tape, and script. IBM compatible.

$139.00 Complete MasterCard

Free Brochure!

Traveler's Guild™
5 W. Washington, Dept. H-6
Marquette, MI 49855
r. Orders - (906)228-5030

Chinese at home. Free brochure. AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. 14.

AK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
udy audiocassette courses developed for tate Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call e for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
DIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
th Avenue, Dept.H8 Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

proved university degrees. Econom- ne study for bachelor's, master's, and legrees, fully approved by California ept. of Education. Prestigious faculty ls for independent-study and life- nce credits (5,100 enrolled students, culty). Free information: Richard M.D. (Harvard), President, Colum- ific University, Dept. 2F98, 1415 St., San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 19; in Calif.: (800) 552-5522 or 59-1650.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, #105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, Canada.

LEARN Spanish
French, Italian, German, etc.
Self-study audio-cassette courses developed by US State Dept. Beginning & advanced levels. Call or write for **free catalog. 1-800-635-3446, In CA 213-469-4492**
INTERNATIONAL AMERICAN SCHOOLS
1731 N. Western Ave. • Los Angeles, CA 90027

Off-campus individualized programs for professionals at Somerset lead to American doctoral degrees. For a prospectus, send $8 to the International Administrative Center, Somerset University, Illminster, Somerset TA19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

BOOKS

Seasoned Books. Sidestep the trendy. Reviews and lists of fiction, nonfiction, mysteries, and fantasies published more than 30 years ago and currently still available. No Jackie Collins, Richard Bach here. Six months, six issues, $12. Seasoned Books, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 42615, Portland, Ore. 97242-0615.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Grin- golet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Canadian books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Don't pay retail for any book, video, music or PC product. Save 10–40 percent. Discount buying service: (800) 833-0720.

Out-of-print book finder. 2035 (H) EVERDING, Eureka, Calif. 95501. Send requests.

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1; one year/$4. The *People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details, send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

LITERARY SERVICES

Publish your book. Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. HZT, 11 West 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Ghostwriting. Everything editorial. Professional staff. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Confidential assistance in all writing needs. Cassette transcriptions. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. Send $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 1348, New York, N.Y. 10025.

IT'S FUN! IT'S EXCITING! IT'S JUST RIGHT FOR A VACATION TAKE-ALONG

RUSSIAN ROULETTE
(Русская Рулетка)

THE BOARD GAME THAT PUTS YOU IN THE KREMLIN POWER PICTURE

SEND $24.50 (M.D. RESIDENTS ADD $1)
THE OTHER LEADING BRAND COMPANY
Box H, 6281 Tufted Moss
Columbia, Maryland 21045
OR CHECK YOUR GAMES BOOK STORE

MISCELLANEOUS

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

Emotional pain carries an electrical charge. Relieve the charge, relieve the pain. I am a discharge terminal sent to help relieve the pain. Express your feelings in confidence to: David L. Riddle, 3200 Federal Dept. 120, Pasadena, Tex. 77504. Include $10 donation.

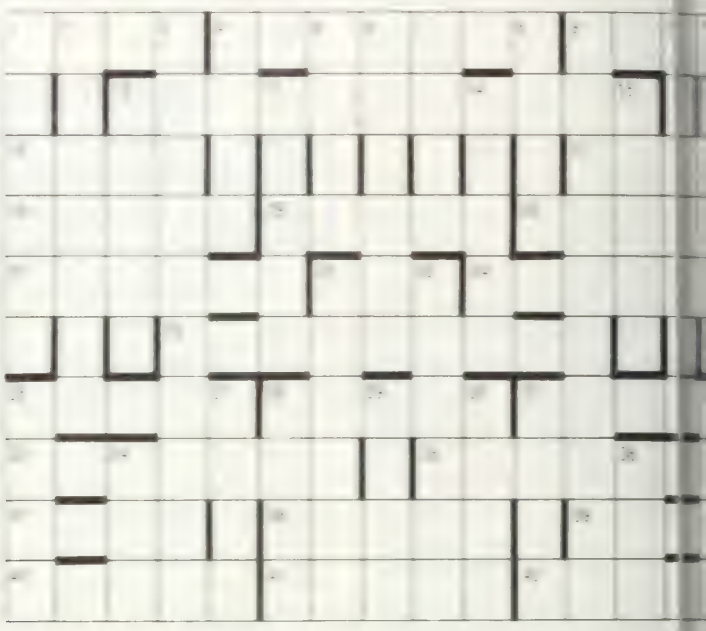
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
CUSTOMER SERVICE



1-800-347-6969

Monday to Friday, 8 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., Eastern Time
Please have your mailing label available.

PUZZLE



Theme & Variations: Lady Fair

by [illegible] and Richard Maltby Jr.

There are eleven unrelated lights in the grid. They consist of three identical theme words, two variations of same and the center and ending of the theme.

Clue answers include five proper names and an uncommon word (9A). (The [illegible] are two words [illegible] on page 37.)

Across

1. Small [illegible] in part on [illegible] (4)
4. Kind of film, one with many stars (5)
8. Many an early American settler's [illegible] with a map or football (4)
11. Confused [illegible] response to [illegible] (5)
14. The first person going around, say, here (4)
15. Part [illegible] of [illegible] (5)
16. The Amazon part more than [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
18. Actor leading [illegible] (4)
19. Unit that's shown the [illegible] (5)
21. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (4)
22. Plug for cash (3)
24. Use [illegible] (4)
25. Variation on Word A (9, one word)
30. Word coughed, starting from the [illegible] (5)
34. Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (4)
36. [illegible] [illegible] (5)
37. [illegible] on Road C (3)
38. [illegible] on Road B (5)
42. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



Consider The News From A Whole New Perspective.

...rney beyond the head-
...to a world of news
...nowledge on National
...c Radio's All Things
...idered.
...ether it's a superpower
...hit or an expedition to
...p of Mount Everest
...e each story something

...that's missing from most
...news broadcasts ... time.
The time we take makes
All Things Considered a
different kind of news
refreshingly intelligent and
insightful . . . with commen-
tary that challenges and
ideas that energize.

Take a journey through
today's news . . .

ALL
THINGS
CONSIDERED

We Think You'll Find The Difference Considerable.

National Public Radio® News

WHO'S LOWEST?
LET'S FINALLY GET TO THE POI



NOW MENTHOL IS LOWEST

Of all soft pack 100's
By U.S. Gov't. testing method.

Competitive tar and nicotine levels reflect the FTC method.

ALL BRAND STYLES ABOVE ARE 100mm. © 1989 R. J. REYNOL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," less than 0.05 mg.
SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
cigarette, SOFT PACK 100's, FILTER: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nic
PACK 100's, MENTHOL: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine, av. pe
by FTC method.

eptember SEPTEMBER 1989

0042 0015 4

HARPER'S







WHO NEEDS THE GREAT WORKS?

A Debate on the Canon, Core Curricula, and Culture

E. D. Hirsch Jr. *Gayatri Spivak* *Roger Shattuck*
Jon Pareles *John Kaliski*

BURLINGAME
AUG 30 1989
LIBRARY

THE QUIET COUP

U.S. v. Morison: A Victory for Secret Government

By Philip Weiss

DEATH TO THE DEATH OF POETRY

A Response to the Elegists

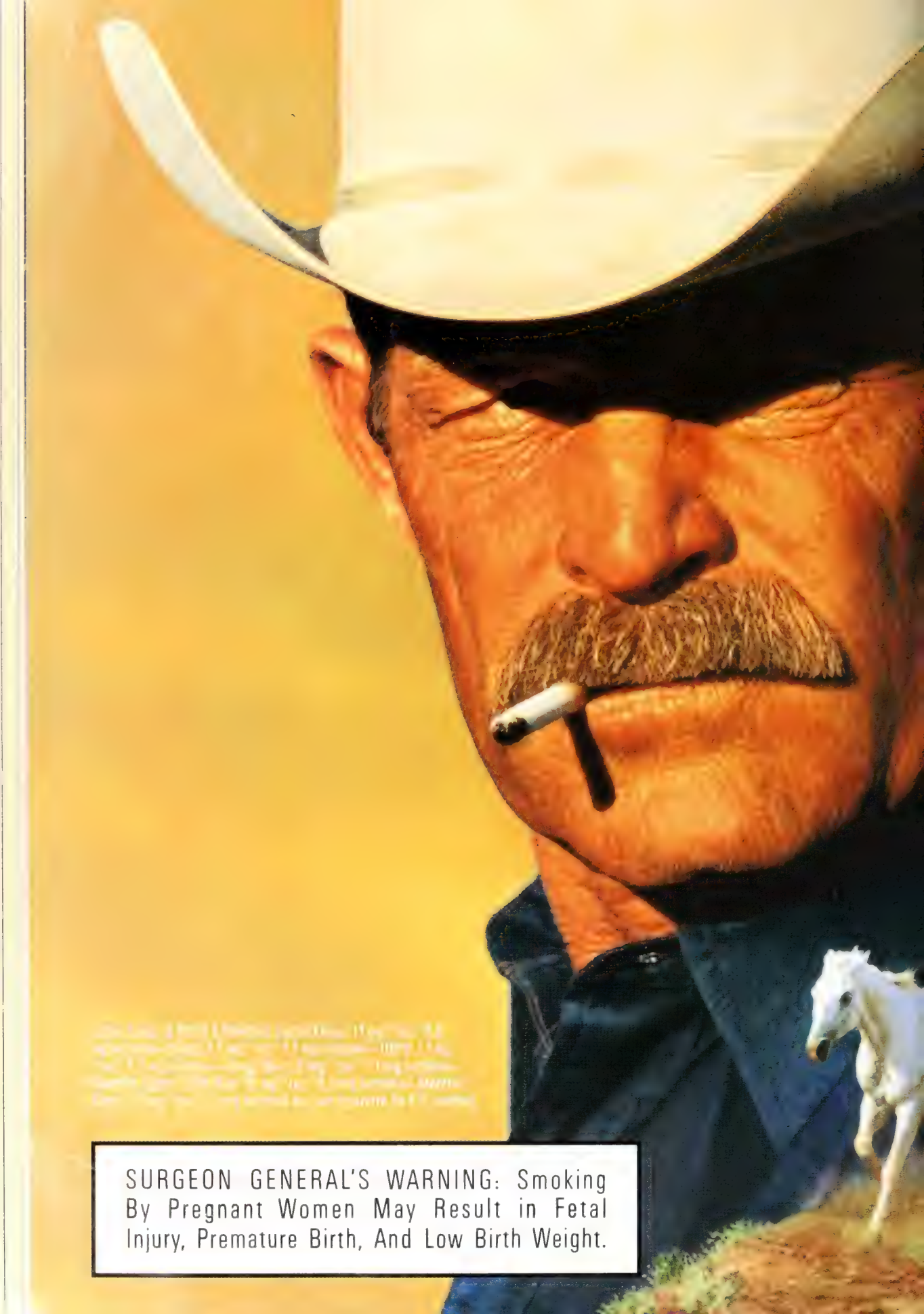
By Donald Hall

SHIP IN A BOTTLE

A story by Annie Dillard

Also *mothy Garton Ash,*
orable consuls

94010
02#16 43
BURLINGAME CA
430 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB
HP BRL7P14B0P099 0 1
#1256 **********-** 5-DIGIT 94010



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.


Marlboro



OCEANS OF GRANDEUR.

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-CHEER-UP.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1988 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 279, NO. 1672
SEPTEMBER 1989

Letters 4 *Michael Parenti, Joe A. Templeton*

Notebook 11
Old Glory *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 15

Readings 16
The Futility of Global Thinking *Wendell Berry*
Nixon Sycophantes *Theodore H. White*
One (Forgetful) Europe *Timothy Garton Ash*
Night of the Broken Clubs *Yossi Sarid*
But Will It Fit Over the Couch? *Lucio Pozzi*
"The Dinner Party" *fiction by Margaret Drabble*
"In Transit" *fiction by Bharati Mukherjee*
And . . . *Baron Wormser, David Foster Wallace,* Executive Strategies

Forum 43
WHO NEEDS THE GREAT WORKS? *E. D. Hirsch Jr., John Kaliski, Jon Pareles, Roger Shattuck, Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Jack Hitt*
A debate on the canon, core curricula, and culture

Report 54
THE QUIET COUP *Philip Weiss*
U.S. v. *Morison:* A victory for secret government

Annotation 66
THE SUM OF THEIR POSSESSIONS *Murray Waas*
Taking the measure of Bush's ambassadors

Story 68
SHIP IN A BOTTLE *Annie Dillard*

Criticism 72
DEATH TO THE DEATH OF POETRY *Donald Hall*
A response to the elegists

Acrostic 77 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Paintings by Fanny Brennan, Courtesy of Coe Kerr Gallery, Inc.

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. John R. MacArthur, President. Copyright ©1989 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–5 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham

Executive Editor
Michael Pollan

Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt

Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush

Art Director
Deborah Rust

Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison

Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Interns
Cheryl Della Pietra, Dorothea Herrey, Andrew Sabl

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Walter Karp, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe

Washington Editors
Christopher Hitchens, Fred Reed

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder

Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart

Jean Ferris, *Circulation Assistant*

Diane Kraft, *Assistant to the Publisher*

Staff
Joseph Malits, Noreen Assing, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Mary Anne Malley, *Detroit Manager*
Peter B. Harckham, Linda McNamara, Lisa Kay Greissinger

LETTERS

Making News

Walter Karp argues in his criticism "All the Congressmen's Men" [July] that the news media define reality largely in ways that are serviceable to officialdom, and that the media's claim to being a free and impartial institution is a myth. He finds that news organizations display a "base servility" toward those who exercise power in the White House and Congress. Were newspeople to act otherwise, Karp notes, they would suffer certain costs, such as a loss of access to government sources and pressures directed at their editors and publishers.

Karp gives us only part of the picture. The media is servile also because there is a structured conservative bias in the pattern of media ownership and in the social order itself. There is a need to produce a daily product—the news—that is acceptable to corporate media owners and big advertisers. More often than not, advertisers threaten to withdraw their accounts not because their particular firms or products have been criticized but because they dislike what they deem to be liberal views creeping into news reports and other programs.

Likewise, network bosses and newspaper publishers have been known to censor stories. (These acts of censorship are themselves not considered newsworthy by the press.) More often, they select program producers and editors whose ideological orientations are mainstream enough so as to make direct intervention a rare necessity. One reason the dia heads are so responsive to House pressure is that they sha same Establishment ideology overall economic interests as who occupy the more formal pos of power.

Thus they favor managemen labor, officialdom over dissi (except in socialist countrie profitable private sector over for-profit public sector, U.S terventionism over Third Worl eration struggles, anticomm over anti-imperialism. Their ance for network commentator syndicated columnists extends the bruising far Rightist to the skittish liberal. Others who ar ther Left and question the basis corporate capitalist system or have an analysis of, say, the N guan revolution that is markedl ferent from the one fed to us b president and the press can about having regular access t mainstream media.

The media kowtow to the W House, then, not only becaus president controls information might voice disapproval but be he represents a whole system o ological and economic interes which the news organizations part.

Imagine, for instance, if a Left ulist, progressive candidate, a Jackson sort, actually won the dency and started to initiate an capitalist Third World foreign p and advocated drastic cuts in the tary budget equal to those the S Union is contemplating. Ima that he or she began to rein in th vate sector and started putting p

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

rk by expanding the production
ods and services in the public sec-
magine that the new president
to expand and diversify access to
ublic news media, so as to break
rocapitalist ideological monopo-
the mainstream press. Are we
to believe that the business-
d media would continue in the
ner described by Karp, with "base
ity"? No, indeed. They would
lessly red-bait and radical-bait
new president, ringing every
and painting all his or her ef-
in the worst possible light. And
nount of White House control
news services would turn them
nd.

short, the press is dutifully sup-
ve of the government only as
as the government is supportive
e corporate interests that make
ress what it is today.

ael Parenti
ington

alter Karp's article serves us well,
what he reveals is scandalous:
the political powers in America
conferred on themselves the
est of political blessings—Gyges'
of invisibility. And they have left
American people more deeply
ed by their own country's politics
any people on earth."

third major political party could
out of the disillusionment of citi-
if enough of them understood
they are being deceived every
lf amoral political campaigners of
likes of Roger Ailes and Lee
ater were ever to exploit such a
tion, a new party might even
ure the White House.

his ugly state of affairs reflects
e elements in a symbiotic rela-
ship and brings to mind John Ad-
who said there had never been a
ocracy that did not commit sui-
These elements suggest that a
onal suicide could occur.

ur major political parties consti-
the first element. They are the
e cannons of our democracy, for
e seems to be little either of them
't do to maintain control. Karp's
le illustrates this point very well.
he second element is an apathetic
he people, so unresponsive that



The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, across from Carnegie Hall, at the crossroads of New York City.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you 320 spacious air conditioned rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accommodations $98-108. Doubles $108-118. Suites $175-310.** Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/banquet facilities are available.

Salisbury
HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019 U.S.A.
For reservations or brochure:
• toll-free (800) 223-0680 • NYC (212) 246-1300
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366

**Taxes and gratuities not included



AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes—featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, Portuguese, Hebrew, Polish, German, Chinese, and more **Learn a foreign language on your own!** Free Catalog

Call toll-free: **1-800-243-1234**

Audio-Forum, Room C925,96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Name

Address Apt. #

City/State/Zip

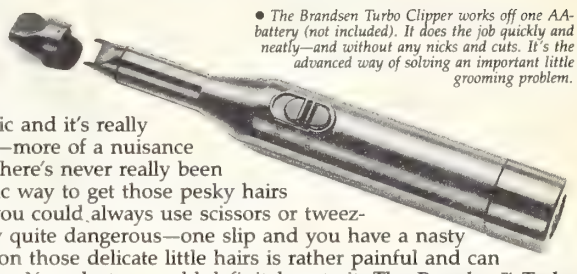
I am interested in the following languages

How to take care of a pesky little problem, with...

Brandsen™ Turbo Clipper

only $12.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *The Brandsen Turbo Clipper works off one AA-battery (not included). It does the job quickly and neatly—and without any nicks and cuts. It's the advanced way of solving an important little grooming problem.*

It's not the greatest topic and it's really not a serious problem—more of a nuisance perhaps, but until now, there's never really been a good, easy and hygienic way to get those pesky hairs out of your nose. Sure, you could always use scissors or tweezers. The former are really quite dangerous—one slip and you have a nasty little injury; and pulling on those delicate little hairs is rather painful and can easily give rise to infection. Your doctor would definitely veto it. The ***Brandsen™ Turbo Clipper*** is essentially a tiny hair trimmer—a mini-version of what your barber uses to trim your neck and shape your sideburns. It works like a charm. And it also does a great job on your ears, on your eyebrows and even to shape your mustache.

We are the exclusive importers of ***Brandsen™*** quality grooming instruments and import the ***Turbo Clipper*** in very large quantities. We can therefore bring it to you at the low price of just $12.95. We use it as a "customer getter," as a means to increase our buyers file by at least 25,000 names per month. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** And we believe so strongly that this will be a revelation to you that we give you this guarantee: If you are not totally delighted, do not return the ***Turbo Clipper***. Drop us a note and say: "I didn't like it, and I've thrown it away." Your refund check will be in the return mail. (Sorry, if you buy three, we'll have to ask you to send two of them back—unused, please!)

This is an offer you can't refuse. There is no risk and no hassle, and you're in for a wonderful surprise. We can accept only mail orders, accompanied by check, with this offer (no phone, no charge). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code A016.**" Tell us how many *Clippers* you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer. You will be delighted! Mail to →

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



If you like public television, you'll love SIGNALS.

SIGNALS is a delightful 40-page catalog filled with hard-to-find videos, audio cassettes, books, prints, clothing, playthings, and special items that celebrate your favorite public television shows. This truly unique assortment of items brings Basil Fawlty, Dr. Who, Big Bird, Norm Abram, Joseph Campbell, and many of your other favorites right into your home! FREE one year subscription. To order, call free

☎ 1-800-669-9696
Ext. 301
or mail in the coupon below.

SIGNALS

☐ Yes, please send my FREE one year subscription to SIGNALS.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: SIGNALS, 274 Filmore Avenue East, Dept. 301, St. Paul, MN 55107
☎ 1-800-669-9696, Ext. 301

half of us don't vote and those of us who do are often simply reacting to increasingly issueless campaigns, run more and more like the entertainments once provided citizens by Roman circuses. Politicians find it easy to lie to us because so few citizens pay attention.

The third element is our "free press," which, as described by Karp, is exercising freedom *from* performing its responsibilities in our democracy.

Responsible oversight of our government is now limited to the ineffectual efforts of the few individuals who still base their behavior on a sense of integrity and the restraining influence of the Constitution.

And here is the core of the problem. The Constitution has also fallen victim to party politics—another event unchronicled by the press and unnoticed by the citizenry. Such politics originate not only on Capitol Hill but also in the White House. Constitutional articles, particularly I and II, that set the duties of Congress and the executive, provide checks and balances, and mandate separation of powers have not been honored for years.

Our government is routinely either *un*constitutional or *non*constitutional. Either way, a legitimate question is raised: Has the time come for another American Revolution, this one against internal forces?

Richard Phenix
Chocorua, N.H.

Walter Karp's heated analysis of what makes the Washington press not work goes a long way toward explaining why we get so much pap and so little juice in the news that comes from our nation's capital.

One issue he did not address, however—an issue that surely affects journalists as well as their bosses—is the big question of what constitutes the journalistic designation "off-the-record." If abused, as it often is, the privilege of going off-the-record provides safe harbor for a whole fleet of stories that never make it *on*-the-record until the politician perishes or the journalist gets gabby in his or her memoirs.

According to some rules of the game established by preceder perpetuated by press tradition, nalists generally abide by an code that distinctly favors thos manipulate the media. The qu arises: Why should *any* inform become unusable simply beca savvy source or member of Co tells a journalist that what he or about to say is not for the reco

It is customary practice, and fects are pernicious. Most jour are walking storehouses of lively tinent, and sometimes critical mation that they have acquir giving pledges of silence. Unt day-to-day deal-making bet sources and journalists comes end, the only people with access the news that's fit to print w those sitting around journalists overhearing off-the-record con tions about what's actually happ in the seats of government.

Edward Claflin
Wayne, Pa.

I'd love to work in Walter K newsroom.

All of the reporters would be a work on "enterprise" stories al time, using authoritative, nonof sources and documents, all found and obtained.

All of the editors would have news instincts, knowing prec what to chase and when to pub

Getting our unimpeach stories through lawyers would b problem, because of our impecc consistent sourcing and docun research.

When officials call to com about our hard-hitting reports, would tell them to pound sanc cause we only publish pure t thus, there can be no argumer debate.

We'd claim sole possessior "Gyges' ring of invisibility," shie from what anyone else in the v thinks, because we alone would access to the truth.

Michael S. Freeman
Philadelphia

Karp's article should be read b Americans concerned with our c

uture. Although it's very hard
e average American to believe,
npleasant truth is that the ruling
n America controls public opin-
much the same way as the rulers
horitarian regimes do using offi-
ensorship.

Burton
ington, N.J.

idn't want to believe Karp's dev-
ng critique of a fawning press
ndent upon handouts from the
rs that be. But then I saw an
ing thing: a room full of Western
ision and news reporters in Bei-
istening to a Chinese army colo-
xplain that the student massacre
iananmen Square had never
rred.
expected these media giants to
out in disgust, to vote with their
or democracy and truth, to prove
they weren't beholden to bald-
lies masquerading as news. But
ne left.
rp is right.

in Hayes
amish, Washington

n This

correct the evil of flag burning,
scussed by the Supreme Court in
forum ["Where Is the Rehnquist
rt Headed?" June], our Constitu-
should be amended to include a
datory punishment to be inflicted
any person who intentionally
crates or disparages the Ameri-
flag, whether out of malice or
hief.
nes, forfeitures, and prison terms
d be the punishments, depend-
upon circumstances. A more ef-
ve and suitable punishment
ld be to deprive the convicted
en permanently of his or her citi-
hip and all the rights and privi-
s that go with citizenship. Such a
victed person would henceforth
ssigned permanently to the status
esident alien. Such punishment
ld be inflicted even if the person
convicted of committing the act
ide the boundaries of the United
es.
ny alien convicted of desecrating

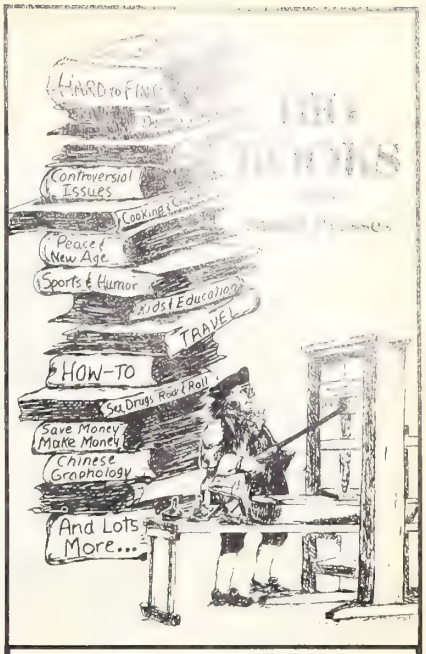
B.A. or M.A.

College... Like You Never Thought It Could Be.

- Alternative degree programs for adults.
- B.A. (short residency).
- M.A. (brief regional meetings).
- Self-directed, self-designed independent study.
- Expert faculty.
- Credit for life experience.
- ACCREDITED, financial aid available.

An academic schedule that fits your schedule!

Vermont College
of Norwich University
Box 606, Montpelier, VT 05602
(802) 223-8701



Big Books from Small Presses
An extraordinary selection of nonfiction books, many of which are hard to find in bookstores.
Free catalog:
1-800-356-9315
Upper Access Publishers
P.O. Box 457, Hinesburg, VT 05461

IMPORTED from the U.S.S.R.



The Russian Army Watch!

Modeled on the rugged timepiece worn by Russian field commanders, our imported Soviet precision quartz watch makes an ironic political fashion statement for men and women.

A genuine anti-status status symbol, its gunmetal case features a twist-off cap that protects the crown and keeps it ticking 90 feet underwater.

Complete with black leather strap and one year guarantee.

A. Red Army Watch. $99 + $3 p/h. (1 Year warranty)

SPECIAL FOR ADDITIONAL WATCHES -- $79 + $3 p/h each!

(As seen in *Newsweek* and *Time*!)

Games Comrades Play—



The irony of playing capitalism's premier board game -- **Monopoly** -- in Russian is simply delicious. Making and breaking fortunes in Moscow adds a dimension that would make even Gorbachev blush.

(We've translated the Moscow street names, property deeds, and Chance and Community Chest cards, to make sense for us capitalists.)

B. Russian Monopoly. $35 + $3 p/h. (Set in Moscow)

CATALOG!

C. Or, send $1 for our **GLASNOST CATALOG** of fun, high quality Russian crafts, clothes, music, and other surprises!

Item (A,B or C) _____ Quantity _____
Total Enclosed: _____
(NY residents please add 8.25% sales tax.)
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE ____ ZIP _____

We donate 10% of our profits to groups working for world peace.

RUSSIAN DRESSING
PO Box 1313-H5
NY, NY 10013
(212) 334-0006

Cricket
the magazine for children

is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations.

children just like yours!



A fine literary magazine for children that consistently has me hearing great. Unfortunate indeed are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET.
BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT ISSUE TRIAL subscription. **Send no money.** We will bill you later. Save over $10.00 off the regular twelve-issue price. Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below!

Name
Address
City State Zip

1-800-435-6850 (in IL, 1-800-892-6831)
CRICKET, Dept. H7
P.O. Box 300, Peru, Illinois 61354

Should individuals be sovereign over their own bodies and minds?

Join a Great Books reading and discussion group

The Great Books Foundation
Uncommon education for a common culture
40 East Huron Street • A40
Chicago, IL 60611-2792

1-800-222-5870
In Illinois, 1-312-332-5870

or disparaging our flag within the boundaries of the United States would be expelled from the country within ten days and never permitted to return.

Gilbert Ryder
Key West, Fla.

While we were reading the Supreme Court's oral arguments in the now widely publicized case of *Texas v. Johnson*, my eleven-year-old daughter, Sharon—who plans to attend Harvard Law School—wondered if Texas law would prohibit a person from wearing if he or she had an American flag painted on their body.

Richard and Sharon Levine
Santa Monica, Calif.

Elevator Man Speaks

I can understand Jerry Herron's preference for the more "narrative" ride of escalators ["Elevate or Escalate," Readings, May] but, as a branch manager for the Otis Elevator Company, I must correct his last sentence. Elevator buttons are not heat sensitive and never have been, though their occasional reluctance to light up when touched may seem "vengeful" to riders.

Jay Barber
San Francisco

Road Trip

What a drag to read Sven Birkerts's Kerouac bashing ["On the Road to Nowhere," July]. The reason Jack Kerouac was so great is that he wrote from his unconscious, whether directly on a roll of teletype paper or not. That's why so much excitement comes through in his writing. These days, most of our authors write like lawyers, always looking to cover their asses. It comes out dead. Kerouac had the balls to write down his "unspeakable visions." The fact that he died puking into a toilet doesn't negate his greatness as a writer.

Of course, it's threatening for all of us fastidious writers with our blocks and careful metaphors to admit that the unconscious is where the energy's at. We, like Birkerts, have lost access to it. And that's what he's really getting in his article, if you ask

Ben Bochner
Eugene, Oreg.

Birkerts slams *On the Road* for leading youth into a pointless movement toward flimsy ideals. Ker never intended to have his nove come a focal point for a genera His book was not written as a "c arms" but simply as an American elogue in the style of Melvil Twain. Those great writers wer tertainers who used words, and ouac never aimed to be anything

John Lane
Baltimore

I'm sorry that Sven Birkerts fo sad upon rereading *On the Ro* 1988. I, like him, first read the as a junior in high school—only I it in 1985, not 1968. (I read about book in my history textbook chapter on the Beat Generation doesn't occur to Birkerts that tw years after 1968 another gener might feel the same way his once It isn't surprising that Kerouac's jectives, including the heavily "wild" and "lyrical," carried "so m of the freight of the inexpressible Birkerts at age sixteen, because year was 1968, when it was hip t hopeful and hormonal. But if I am chanted by those same words then I am considered naive or a st throwback.

Baby boomers, who now consti the dominant age group in this co try, seem to think they are the generation ever to have desire "live differently—more intense than [their] parents had." T weren't the first and won't be the I, for one, hope I don't feel such c cism twenty years from now.

Julie Perlman
Newton, Mass.

Geography Lesson

I very much enjoyed Ron Carls annotation ["Weathering Heigh July], in which he spoofs *USA Tod* obnoxious weather map and the g

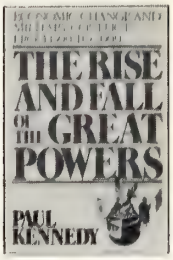
TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

a 4th at the low Member's price.

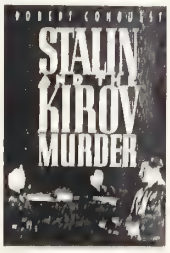
NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.



$19.95/**$17.50**



1644. $24.95/**$17.50**



1198. $16.95/**$14.95**



1594. $39.95/**$18.50**



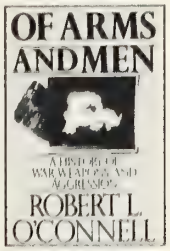
1677. $29.95/**$22.95**



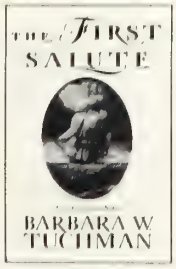
6767. $29.95/**$18.95**



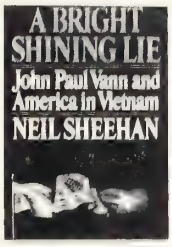
. $14.95/**$10.95**



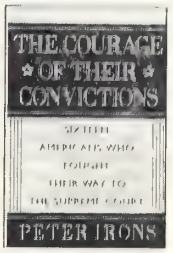
1578. $24.95/**$18.95**



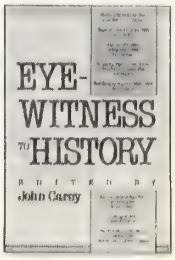
6080. $22.95/**$17.50**



1495. $24.95/**$18.50**



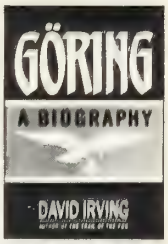
2568. $22.95/**$17.95**



6007. $24.95/**$17.95**



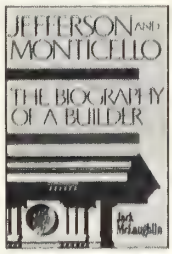
. $17.95/**$15.50**



8615. $22.95/**$19.50**



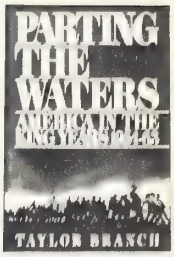
4473. $18.95/**$15.50**



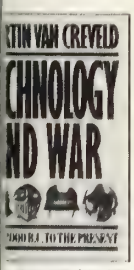
1503. $29.95/**$19.95**



2535. $22.95/**$16.95**



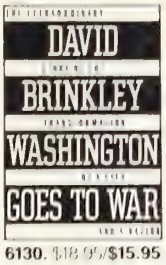
1081. $24.95/**$18.95**



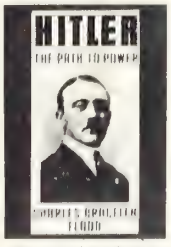
. $22.95/**$17.95**



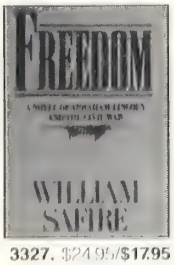
3988. $**.95/**$22.50**



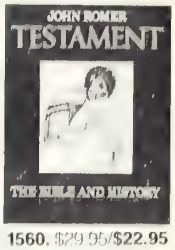
6130. $18.95/**$15.95**



1701. $24.95/**$18.95**



3327. $24.95/**$17.95**



1560. $29.95/**$22.95**

Save on the best recent history titles.

(First price is Publisher's List. **Boldface** is Member's Price.)

matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll hat History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being shed today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

u can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take rth book at the low Member's price—plus shipping and handling. eafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may el membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book y six-month period.

ow the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 s featured each month. History Book Club always offers its bers well-made, long-lasting editions.

u'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year ut every 4 weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing—the book will come matically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the y Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is d to each shipment.

our HBC Guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' ce" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return d pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club® according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at the low Members price—plus shipping and handling. **H067-9-0**

9-93

Name _____
(Please print clearly)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.
© 1989 History Book Club, Inc.



Imagine owning a Rodin from his own mold. You may. The bonded bronze THINKER shown above is handcrafted from one that came from Rodin's own hand. It is 14½" high and costs but $714 ppd. An exceedingly good 10½" bonded marble bronze colored copy..$187 ppd. Unqualified guarantee. Check VISA, MC. **Art-book color catalogue pictures 286 items, unforgetable as Christmas gifts, $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1099
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

The unSuit by DEVA
casual cotton jacket & pants look great together or separately



unDRESS JACKET
$36 ppd
and guaranteed.
The tuxedo tape tapers to one burnt wood button for a classic look. Two patch pockets; one inner breast pocket. Add $5 if you want shoulder pads. State height, weight, hip and bust/chest measurement (up to 45").

unDRESS TROUSERS
$33 ppd
and guaranteed.
Pleated trousers have sharp, sewn-in creases and roomy slash pockets for a slimming look. Elasticized drawcord waist. 34" inseam is easily hemmed. State waist/hip measurements (up to 45").

Both styles in Black, Natural, Navy, Pearl Grey or Turquoise.

VISA/MC orders
call 1-800-222-8024

Send $1 for fabric samples and catalogue of 40 styles (Free with order).

DEVA, a cottage industry
Box HAR
Buckstown, MD 21717

wall that apparently rings our borders. But I found it a little more than surprising to see that *Harper's Magazine* identified the mouth of the Mississippi River between Louisiana and Texas rather than between Louisiana and Mississippi—where I have always assumed it was. Thanks for the geography lesson.

Robert L. Hamm
Lake Oswego, Oreg.

Wrong and Faceless Facts

Erik Larson's piece ["What Sort of CAR-RT-SORT Am I?" July] on the (ab)uses to which consumer information is increasingly subject in the computer age was valuable and thought-provoking. If the information he presents as being easily retrievable from public records is genuine, the article also provides, implicitly, a sobering point not stressed in it.

He called the Maryland Motor Vehicle Administration, which cheerfully produced "the vital statistics of me and my car: I am thirty-five years old, stand six one, and weigh 185 pounds. I drive a 1984 . . . Honda Civic [that] . . . weighs 3,700 pounds."

Honda Civics generally weigh over 1,700 pounds, but I doubt they've ever marketed one as heavy as 2,700, and I'd be surprised if any Honda has ever cleared 3,700. This piece of information of record is so absurd that it seems surprising that the MMVA official who read it to Larson didn't gag.

It's sobering to contemplate how less harmless errors will follow us, shadowlike, skewing computer-generated profiles, and queering our relations with the many faceless organizations that modern life makes it impossible to turn our backs on in disgust.

Mark Drake
Leggett, Calif.

Great Performances

Linda Montano's ideas for works of performance art [Readings, July] are an extreme example of what happens when art becomes disengaged from real life—when it is created for its own sake.

Upon reading Montano's
one thing becomes immediatel
This is a woman whose fi
needs are being cared for. W
could spend a year tied to anoth
son by an eight-foot rope, as sl
or even suggest to someone t
three years reenacting the life
sa of Avila? or have time to list
things they feel guilty about
spend twelve hours singing
these guilts from the top of a t

Don't get me wrong—I'm
freeing gifted people from th
fines of the necessity of supp
themselves if they possess a p
lar talent that will contribute
betterment or cultural enric
of society. However, in Mon
case this situation borders o
dangerous.

Luckily, it is never too late f
rection. I suggest that Montan
one entry under her category
vate Art:

Preparation: Spend one second
ing about something *other* than
self or your *art*.

Event: Then go out, get a job (p
ably not as a bell ringer for the
tion Army), do an honest day's
don't photograph yourself on th
or ask friends to visit you to ob
your art.

Comments: _____

Frank A. Marsico
Los Angeles

The following is a "perform
idea" to help Linda Montano:

Preparation: Become an orderly
mental institution. Drive a
equipped ambulance to the vicin
Linda Montano's residence. Pa
view of entrance and watch for

Event: See Montano emerge. Th
net over her. Lock her in the a
lance and convey her to the asy
Wrap her in cold wet sheets. Ad
ister electroshock. Administer a
of Thorazine. Graciously accep
thanks of her friends and relativ

Comments: _____

Joe A. Templeton
Walla Walla, Wash.

NOTEBOOK

Old Glory

By Lewis H. Lapham

s the health of the state.
—Randolph Bourne

ver since the Soviet Union an-
ced its intention to withdraw
the Cold War, the American
nment has been hard-pressed to
ver or invent a substitute for the
rusade. It isn't only a question
ney, although the money is by
eans paltry—$300 billion per
m watering the desert of the
rican economy; nor is it merely a
er of reaffirming the doctrine of
rican virtue expounded in the
ersities and the news media.
ely and most importantly, it is a
tion of the government's need for
riotic folktale. Under what flags
anners can the government arm
with the powers to which it has
me accustomed during forty years
ntinual crises? What *raison d'état*
provide so useful a compendium
ogans, half-truths, self-justifica-
s, excuses, and moral purposes?
he Cold War supplied both the
omic and iconographic staples of
rican politics, and the belief in
Soviet Union as the Land of Mor-
urnished the cover story for offi-
sleights of hand that otherwise
ıt have been seen as dishonest,
gy, or murderous. If somebody was
enough to ask why the govern-
t set up surveillance of its own
ens, or why the state collected so
h data pertaining to an individ-
s behavior, or why so many
ericans had to go hungry, invari-
the answer turned on the nos-
ı: "Yes, but think how much
se things would be in Russia."
ake down the Wagnerian stage set
he Evil Empire and it's conceiv-
that the American people, free of
melodramatic distraction and no
ger listening to the music of doom,
might remember their right to self-government. They might find other uses for their political energy and imagination. What, then, becomes of the permanent American government that so complacently relied on the guarantee of permanent war?

Together with its dependents, subcontractors, apologists, and friends, the permanent American government now consists of several hundreds of thousands of people searching anxiously for a cause around which they can rally their mutual self-interest. Absent the Russians, who or what can be assigned the part of bestial apparition in the foreign snow?

Judging by what I read in the newspapers, it begins to look as if official Washington has nominated the American people as the enemy of first resort. I draw the inference from three pronouncements issued in different venues on or about the Fourth of July:

1. The Supreme Court decision (*Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*) restricting a woman's access to an abortion;

2. President George Bush's proposal for a Constitutional amendment that would make it a crime to harm the American flag;

3. The sentence (imposed by Judge Gerhard Gesell in federal district court) excusing Lt. Col. Oliver North from a prison term on the grounds that the poor colonel didn't know enough about the art of government.

Taken together, and understood as expressions of the same habit of mind, the three pronouncements confirm what Justice Harry Blackmun, dissenting from the majority opinion in the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision, referred to as "the coercive and brooding influence of the State." The three bulletins also indicate an official preference for a government of men, not laws, as well as an intention to subvert the hope of a coherent or well-organized political opposition.

The Supreme Court decision asserts—arbitrarily, and without the courtesy or pretense of argument—the primacy of the state. Let no American woman make the presumptuous mistake of thinking that she retains, in her own hands, the care of her own destiny. Foolish and misguided woman, says the Court, foolish and disloyal. It is the majesty and authority of the state that the law deems precious, not the life and liberty of the individual citizen.

The Court elaborated its ruling by saying, in effect, that the cost of providing poor women with abortions places on the state an intolerable and unseemly financial burden. The cost of all the abortions performed last year in public hospitals did not amount to even a fraction of the money stolen from HUD by the government's best-beloved clients and friends (to say nothing of the money deployed through the Pentagon in search of the perfect weapons system). But even so small a sum weighed more heavily in the Court's judgment than the lives of the women and children condemned to the misery of the slums.

As with the Court's ruling on abortion, President Bush's defense of the American flag assumes that the interest of the state precedes the right of the individual. The President doesn't condescend to argue. He merely asserts and declares. "Flag burning is wrong," he says. "Dead wrong." Or, more elliptically, "Burning the flag goes too far." Or, in a moment of pious devotion, "The flag is too sacred to be abused. If it is not defended, it is defamed."

None of these statements admits the possibility of error or a difference

Perfect Fit *by Mail*
We *Guarantee* It!



Featuring Wright Arch-Preserver Shoes and other famous brands in *your* size!

Choose from our huge selection of famous Wright Arch-Preservers® and other top-quality dress shoes, casual shoes, boots, and athletic footwear *in sizes 6 to 16, AAA to EEE.*

Walk-Over® • Chippewa® • New Balance® • Sebago®



FREE COLOR CATALOG

Famous Brands in Your Size! 6 to 16, AAA to EEE!

Executive Shoes, Dept. 369, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Are you "hard to fit"? ☐ Yes ☐ No

LIABILITY

When you have to call a lawyer, it's usually too late.

New audiocassettes lay out the law of liability in two hours, in PLAIN ENGLISH.

For details, mail this to
FINN, Suite B
940 North Avenue
Waukegan, IL 60085

Name 4

Address **Apt.**

City **State** **Zip**

of opinion. Mr. Bush defines the flag as a sacred icon emblematic of the presumably sacred state. As President of that state he reserves to himself the right to draw the boundary between the orthodox near and the heretical far.

Never mind that the state repeatedly has proved itself ignoble and corrupt; never mind that the flag can be read as a symbol for the fatuous cruelty of the Vietnam War, or the systematic lying synonymous with a White House press release. Never mind that Mr. Bush, as a presidential candidate, trailed the flag through the mud of a notably vicious political campaign.

The President doesn't accept alternate readings of the symbol. Anybody who fails to agree with his interpretation commits the crime of blasphemy. By preferring idolatry to argument, Mr. Bush denies the principle, implicit in the First Amendment, that a republic always stands in need of as much disagreement and as many doubts as its citizens have the courage to muster, and that the most offensive forms of political speech (*cf.* the life and works of Samuel Adams and Thomas Paine) tend to be the ones most in need of protection. Freedom of thought brings societies the unwelcome news that they are in trouble, but because all societies, like all individuals, are almost always in trouble, the news doesn't cause them to perish. They die instead from the fear of thought and from the paralysis that accompanies the silencing of opinions that contradict the official wisdom.

The ritual almost certainly would be welcomed by Oliver North. Like Mr. Bush, the colonel assigns to the state the right to do as it pleases without reference to the rule of law, the will of Congress, or the objection of any common citizen uninitiated in the mysteries of the national security. During the entire seventy-three days of his trial, the colonel never wavered in his spaniel's devotion to whatever he could construe as a *raison d'état.* Assuming that the state was all-powerful, the colonel assumed that it was all-wise; because he had done what he had done in the service of so solemn an idol, he assumed that his actions were both good and just. Yes, he said, he had made mistakes, and yes, he was sorry about the trouble th had brought upon his innocent and children. But he made the takes and brought the trouble be he believed that the state was "t cred to be abused," and therefo didn't deserve to be punished for thing other than an excess of p tism. The colonel's earnest plea accompanied by his maudlin meration of the countless prayers he had placed on the altar of his righteousness, wouldn't have vinced the judges at Nuremberg in Washington, D.C., on Jul 1989, Judge Gesell found the de persuasive. He didn't doubt Colonel North, whom he de as a "low-ranking subordinate," obeyed the orders of "higher (among them President Reagan the then vice president, Ge Bush), but because the colonel's s riors couldn't be punished (for fe casting the shadow of impeachm on the smiling majesty of the p dency), the colonel could not be severely reprimanded for doing w he was told to do. He was, after serving the national interest, what merely secular court could ir fere with the ecclesiastical imp tives of the state? Thus, the ju upheld the notion that the Un States is governed by men, not l and he imposed on Colonel Nor random and whimsical sentence $150,000 fine and 1,200 hours work as a role model for inner- youth—in keeping with the ran and whimsical nature of both *Webster* decision and President Bu proposed Constitutional amendm

Two centuries ago, the men w wrote the Bill of Rights would h regarded these three pronounceme as an assault on their liberties. T understood that their newly foun republic always would stand expo to subversion and attack, not so m by foreign enemies but by th among their own number relentle pursuing their own interests—by pride of the rich and the envy the poor, by anybody and everyb (oligarch, bureaucrat, or demagog who could bribe a congressm smudge a regulation, or incite a m Knowing that they had embarked an enterprise committed to the ce

ruggle between the wishes of the i.e., the permanent government ts allies) and the hopes of the (i.e., everybody else), they care to arm the many with the s to resist the depredations of ew.

e Bill of Rights still retains its , most especially the Ninth ndment ("The enumeration in Constitution, of certain rights, not be construed to deny or dis- e others retained by the peo- . And so, as always, it is a ion of whether enough people se to exercise those rights. The nment makes the choice more ult by casting into the debate the ional and divisive issues of abor- and the flag. If the two issues can me the passions of the moment, e everybody will forget to talk t anything else. The tactic is as iar as it is cynical (*cf.* Bush's use cial hatred and the Pledge of Al- nce in last year's presidential paign), and the government has eason to expect that it will fail.

The American political conversation has been so moribund for so long that it is hard to imagine a revival of popular interest in any topic that cannot be resolved in fifteen minutes of discussion on *Nightline*. For eight years President Reagan comforted the television audience with his telling and retelling of America's best-loved myths and fables, and neither the media nor the voters raised much of an objection.

Still, with any luck and a few more displays of contempt on the part of the government that mocks the people in whose name it governs, American politics might recover a sense of urgency and meaning. It's even possible that the Democratic party might think of something to say other than "Please" and "Thank you" and "How much will you pay me for my vote?" Not likely, of course, but conceivable.

If a democracy is about people doing different things and a nation-state is about people doing the same thing, then somebody, usually somebody in uniform, has to [illegible] and reconcile the contradictions. With the Americans, this has never been easy to do. The Bill of Rights guarantees the freedom of expression and encourages behaviors that under a monarchy or a despot would be seen as dangerous, eccentric, selfish, or disloyal. The Americans sum up those attitudes under the rubric of individualism. Only in the twentieth century did the United States acquire a theory of national unity, but it has always been a grudging and synthetic thing, cutting against the American grain and constantly in need of being pasted together by wars and threats of war.

The American idea also expresses the will to organize the freedom of mind against the tyranny of privilege, superstition, wealth, and force. In Philadelphia in 1789, the framers of the Constitution understood that America was rising as a power in the world because it defined liberty not as the freedom to conquer and exploit but as the freedom to make and think and build. ■



When you spend 2,922 days
ellowing in an oak barrel, you're
ery, very sociable once
ou get out.



WILD TURKEY
8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.

© 1988



Smith Corona introduces the world's first laptop word processor.

Facts are facts, and the sad fact is that over 70% of the people who go to all the expense of buying computers and all the aggravation of trying to figure them out end up using their computers mainly for word processing and spreadsheets—nothing more.

To put it simply, the last thing most people need for their word processing is a computer. What they do need is something that can make writing reports, drafting letters and creating spreadsheets easier and less expensive than any computer ever could—a Smith Corona Laptop Word Processor.

To call the Laptop Word Processor user-friendly is an understatement. If you can use a typewriter, you already have all the skills you need. In fact, you don't even need an electrical outlet. With the optional Rechargeable Power Pack, you ca write anywhere for hours.

Of course, when it comes to features, this is one laptop that's tops. There's a 16 line by 80 character display, the amazing Smith Corona Grammar-Right System,® a separat letter-quality Daisy Wheel Printer, our optional CoronaCa Spreadsheet program, Sheet Feeder and Carry Case, plus much more.

All of which, we think you'll agree, make the Smith Co Laptop Word Processor not just an intelligent alternative to the personal computer, but a rather distinct improvement.

SMITH CORON
PERSONAL WORD PROCESS
THE INTELLIGENT ALTERNATIVE TO TH

For more information on this product, write to Smith Corona Corporation, 65 Locust Avenue, New Canaan, CT 06840 or Smith Corona Canada, 440 Tapscott Road, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1Y4

HARPER'S INDEX

Change, since 1987, in the total number of manufacturing jobs in the United States : +379,000
hange, since 1987, in the number of manufacturing jobs in the United States held by union members : −175,000
erage change, in 1988, in the top executive's salary at companies that laid off at least 1,000 workers : +$174,000
Percentage increase, since 1982, in the number of fines imposed for child-labor-law violations in the U.S. : 105
Chances that a victim of a violent crime is under the age of 20 : 4 in 5
Chances that an illegal-drug user is white : 4 in 5
Percentage of Americans who say they run no risk of getting AIDS : 75
Ratio of male to female AIDS cases in Africa : 1:1
Estimated number of Egyptians who are living in Cairo's mausoleums : 500,000
Portion of the world's refugees that are Afghani : 1/2
Number of heads Saeed Al-Sayyaf, a Saudi Arabian executioner, has chopped off since he was hired in 1954 : 600
Number of hands : 60
Estimated number of government executions performed in China since 1983 : 30,000
Amount the Chinese government charges next of kin for each bullet used in an execution : 13¢
Percentage of Chinese teenagers who can correctly identify the size of the world's population : 85
Percentage of American adults who can : 35
Percentage of American colleges that do not require an American history course for graduation : 80
rice of a flame-retardant American flag from the Freedom Writer group of Great Barrington, Massachusetts : $10
Percentage of American adults who say they would like to be president : 11
Percentage who say they would like their child to be president : 41
Amount Cleveland public high school students receive toward college tuition for every A grade they earn : $40
Percentage of college students who say "the higher the tuition, the better the quality of the education" : 27
Percentage of new U.S. public school teachers who say they plan to quit the profession within 5 years : 34
Ratio of the average salary of an American CEO to that of an American public school teacher in 1960 : 38:1
In 1988 : 72:1
Percentage of CEOs who say they would "hesitate" to promote a homosexual to an executive position : 66
Percentage of the U.S. Marines discharged last year for homosexuality who were women : 35
Percentage of U.S. Marines last year who were women : 5
Percentage of U.S. counties in which no doctor's offices, clinics, or hospitals perform abortions : 82
Portion of Supreme Court opinions this year that have been decided by 5-to-4 votes : 1/4
ercentage increase, since 1959, in the number of Supreme Court cases that involve the separation of powers : 224
Percentage of Americans who can correctly name the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court : 9
Percentage who can correctly name the judge on *The People's Court* : 54
Number of last year's network TV pilots that were about police officers : 5
Number of this year's that are : 12
mount Los Angeles rapid transit spent last year on pocketless uniforms to discourage stealing by workers : $10,528
Percentage of fast-food restaurant employees who say they have stolen food or money from their employer : 62
Estimated amount of grease New Orleans restaurants disposed of last year, in gallons : 2,000,000
Number of U.S. universities that have a Taco Bell Distinguished Professorship of Fast Service : 1

Figures cited are the latest available as of July 1989. Sources are listed on page 76.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

READINGS

[Commencement Address]

THE FUTILITY OF GLOBAL THINKING

Adapted from "Word and Flesh," a commencement address given by Wendell Berry in June at the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine. Berry's essay about race, The Hidden Wound, was recently reissued by North Point Press. He lives in Port Royal, Kentucky.

It is conventional at graduation exercises to congratulate the graduates. Though my good wishes for your future could not be more fervent, I think I will refrain from congratulations. This, after all, is your commencement, and a beginning is the wrong time for congratulations. What I want to attempt instead is to say something useful about the problems and the opportunities that lie ahead of your generation and mine.

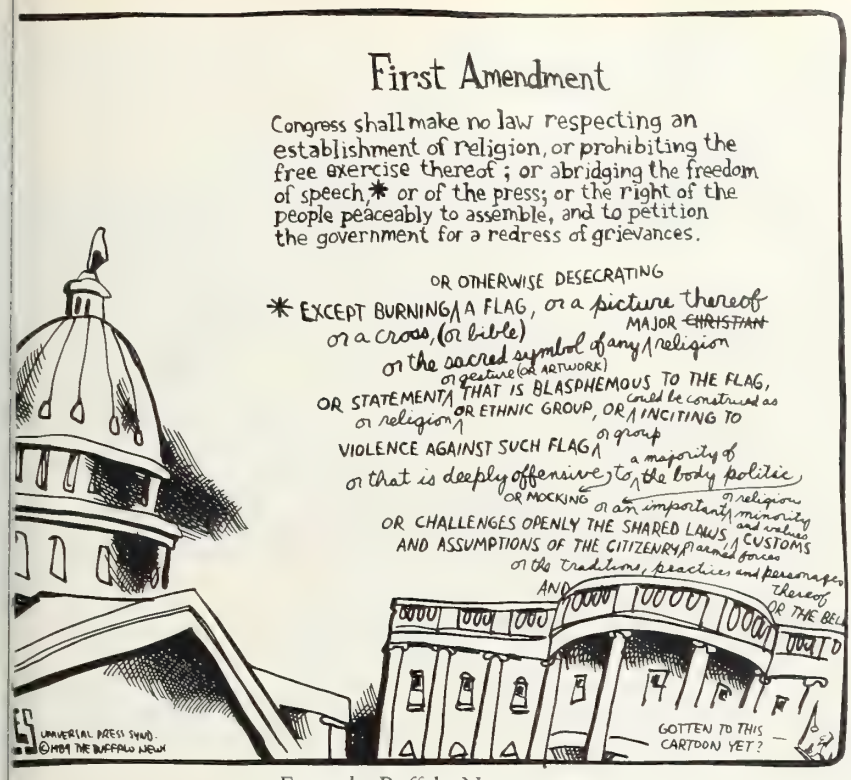
Toward the end of *As You Like It*, Orlando says: "I can live no longer by thinking." He is ready to marry Rosalind. It is time for incarnation. Having thought too much, he is at one of the limits of human experience, or of human sanity. If his love does put on flesh, we know he must sooner or later arrive at the opposite limit, at which he will say, "I can live no longer without thinking." Thought—even consciousness—seems to live between these limits: the abstract and the particular, the word and the flesh.

All public movements of thought quickly produce a language that works as a code, useless to the extent that it is abstract. It is readily evident, for example, that you can't conduct a relationship with another person in terms of the rhetoric of the civil rights movement or the women's movement—as useful as those rhetorics may initially have been to personal relationships.

The same is true of the environment movement. The favorite adjective of this movement now seems to be *planetary*. This word is used, properly enough, to refer to the interdependence of places, and to the recognition, which is desirable and growing, that no place on the earth can be completely healthy until all places are.

But the word *planetary* also refers to an abstract anxiety or an abstract passion that is desperate and useless exactly to the extent that it is abstract. How, after all, can anybody—any particular body—do anything to heal a planet? Nobody can do anything to heal a planet. The suggestion that anybody could do so is preposterous. The heroes of abstraction keep galloping in on their white horses to save the planet—and they keep falling off in front of the grandstand.

What we need, obviously, is a more intelligent—which is to say, a more accurate—description of the problem. The description of a problem as planetary arouses a motivation for which, of necessity, there is no employment. The adjective *planetary* describes a problem in such a way that it cannot be solved. In fact, though we now have serious problems nearly everywhere on the planet, we have no problem that can accurately be described as planetary. And, short of the total annihilation of the hu-



From the Buffalo News.

man race, there is no planetary solution.

There are also no national, state, or county problems, and no national, state, or county solutions. That will-o'-the-wisp, the large-scale solution to the large-scale problem, which is so dear to governments, universities, and corporations, serves mostly to distract people from the small, private problems that they may, in fact, have the power to solve.

The problems, if we describe them accurately, are all private and small. Or they are so initially.

The problems are our lives. In the "developed" countries, at least, the large problems occur because all of us are living either partly wrong or almost entirely wrong. It was not just the greed of corporate shareholders and the hubris of corporate executives that put the fate of Prince William Sound into one ship; it was also our demand that energy be cheap and plentiful.

The economies of our communities and households are wrong. The answers to the human problems of ecology are to be found in economy. And the answers to the problems of economy are to be found in culture and in character. To fail to see this is to go on dividing the world falsely between guilty producers and innocent consumers.

The planetary versions—the heroic versions—of our problems have attracted great intelligence. Our problems, as they are caused and suffered in our lives, our households, and our communities, have attracted very little intelligence.

There are some notable exceptions. A few people have learned to do a few things better. But it is discouraging to reflect that, though we have been talking about most of our problems for decades, we are still mainly *talking* about them. The civil rights movement has not given us better communities. The women's movement has not given us better marriages or better households. The environment movement has not changed our parasitic relationship to nature.

We have failed to produce new examples of good home and community economies, and we have nearly completed the destruction of the examples we once had. Without examples, we are left with theory and the bureaucracy and the meddling that come with theory. We change our principles, our thoughts, and our words, but these are changes made in the air. Our lives go on unchanged.

For the most part, the subcultures, the countercultures, the dissenters, and the opponents continue mindlessly—or perhaps just

helplessly—to follow the pattern of the dominant society in its extravagance, its wastefulness, its dependencies, and its addictions. The old problem remains: How do you get intelligence *out* of an institution or an organization?

My small community in Kentucky has lived and dwindled for a century at least under the influence of four kinds of organizations: governments, corporations, schools, and churches —all of which are distant (either actually or in interest), centralized, and consequently abstract in their concerns.

Governments and corporations (except for employees) have no presence in our community at all, which is perhaps fortunate for us, but we nevertheless feel the indifference or the contempt of governments and corporations for communities such as ours.

We have had no school of our own for nearly thirty years. The school system takes our young people, prepares them for "the world of tomorrow," which it does not expect to take place in any rural area, and gives back expert (that is, extremely generalized) ideas.

The church is present in the town. We have two churches. But both have been used by their denominations, for almost a century, to provide training and income for student ministers, who do not stay long enough even to become disillusioned.

For a long time, then, the minds that have most influenced our town have not been *of* the town and so have not tried even to perceive, much less to honor, the good possibilities that are there. They have not wondered on what terms a good and conserving life might be lived there. In this, my community is not unique but is like almost every other neighborhood in our country and in the "developed" world.

The question that *must* be addressed, therefore, is not how to care for the planet but how to care for each of the planet's millions of human and natural neighborhoods, each of its millions of small pieces and parcels of land, each one of which is in some precious way different from all the others. Our understandable wish to preserve the planet must somehow be reduced to the scale of our competence—that is, to the wish to preserve all of its humble households and neighborhoods.

What can accomplish this reduction? I will say again, without overweening hope but with certainty nonetheless, that only love can do it. Only love can bring intelligence out of the institutions and organizations, where it aggrandizes itself, into the presence of the work that must be done.

Love is never abstract. It does not adhere to the universe or the planet or the nation or the institution or the profession but to the singular sparrows of the street, the lilies of the field, "the least of these my brethren." Love is not, by its own desire, heroic. It is heroic only when compelled to be. It exists by its willingness to be anonymous, humble, and unrewarded.

The older love becomes, the more clearly it understands its involvement in partiality, imperfection, suffering, and mortality. Even so, it longs for incarnation. It can live no longer by thinking.

And yet to put on flesh and do the flesh's work, it must think.

In his essay on Kipling, George Orwell wrote: "All left-wing parties in the highly industrialized countries are at bottom a sham, because they make it their business to fight against something which they do not really wish to destroy. They have internationalist aims, and at the same time they struggle to keep up a standard of life with which those aims are incompatible. We all live by robbing Asiatic coolies, and those of us who are 'enlightened' all maintain that those coolies ought to be set free; but our standard of living, and hence our 'enlightenment,' demands that the robbery shall continue."

This statement of Orwell's is clearly applicable to our situation now; all we need to do is



From Los Angeles *magazine.*



Post-Bulletins Practicing at Graham Park, Rochester, Minnesota," a photograph by David Graham. From rican Beauty, *an exhibition of Graham's work at the College Art Gallery at the State University of New York* ge at New Paltz, *through September 12.*

change a few nouns. The religion and the environmentalism of the highly industrialized countries are at bottom a sham, because they make it their business to fight against something that they do not really wish to destroy. We all live by robbing nature, but our standard of living demands that the robbery shall continue.

We must achieve the character and acquire the skills to live much poorer than we do. We must waste less. We must do more for ourselves and each other. It is either that or continue merely to think and talk about changes that we are inviting catastrophe to make.

The great obstacle is simply this: the conviction that we cannot change because we are dependent upon what is wrong. But that is the addict's excuse, and we know that it will not do.

How dependent, in fact, are we? How dependent are our neighborhoods and communities? How might our dependences be reduced? To answer these questions will require better thoughts and better deeds than we have been capable of so far.

We must have the sense and the courage, for example, to see that the ability to transport food for hundreds or thousands of miles does not necessarily mean that we are well off. It means that the food supply is more vulnerable and more costly than a local food supply would be. It means that consumers do not control or influence the healthfulness of their food supply and that they are at the mercy of the people who have the control and influence. It means that, in eating, people are using large quantities of petroleum that other people in another time are almost certain to need.

I am trying not to mislead you, or myself, about our situation. I think that we have hardly begun to realize the gravity of the mess we are in.

Our most serious problem, perhaps, is that we have become a nation of fantasists. We believe, apparently, in the infinite availability of finite resources. We persist in land-use methods that reduce the potentially infinite power of soil fertility to a finite quantity, which we then proceed to waste as if it were an infinite quantity. We have an economy that depends not upon the quality and quantity of necessary goods and services but on the behavior of a few stockbrokers. We believe that democratic freedom can be preserved by people ignorant of the history of

A salute t
one unpretentious kn

Under a hot Southern sun, the 150-day miracle begins anew. A sprout struggles up, grows strong, shows a few brash buds, then a bloom or two, and at long last, the soft white puffs we recognize as cotton.

All the while, the plants are nurtured, worried over by the early-rising people for whom cotton is a way of life. The growers themselves, or people like Texas entomologist B. Bruce Snider, who scouts the plants for the boll weevils that can destroy them.



B. Bruce Snider

Or there, up in the sky, daredevil cropdusting pilots like Roy Lee Morrow and Robert Allen Rhodes. Tough way to make a living!

(It is here, in the land of cotton, that our Lands' End Mesh Knit Shirt is born.)

Harvesting time comes, and big lumbering "strippers" pick the fields clean, leaving huge chunks of cotton—sometimes 20,000 pounds worth—awaiting the trip to the gin.

At the gin, the cotton fibers part



Roy Lee Morrow and Robert Allen Rhodes

company with their seeds (which become the oil you sprinkle on your salad, or the feed for your livestock). The fibers are graded, then compacted into bales and shipped off to the mills.

(Only the better grades of long-staple cotton fibers qualify for the Lands' End Mesh Knit Shirt. And it takes over half a pound of raw cotton to make each one.)

The folks at the mills may be a trifle paler than those in the fields, but they get up just about as early.

Just ask Ralph Breeden, who divides his time between a lapper and a comber at Cherokee Mill in Sevierville, Tennessee. The lapper cards the cotton, the comber combs it so it's softer, stronger.

(All the cotton in our Lands' End Mesh Knit Shirt is 100% combed cotton, so it just naturally kind of nuzzles up next to your skin.)

Or, strike up a conversation with Ralph's Cherokee comrade, Stella Caughron, who deftly works a "warper."

It's the last step for the cotton war yarns before they join with fill yar create—voila!—cotton fabric.

(There are all kinds of ways t make a cotton fabric. For ou Mesh Knit—also called a piq knit by some fashion types—v choose a knit that's nicely ventilated, to keep you cool e under a blazing Southern sun

From the mill, the fresh new cott fabrics are trucked off to the manufacturing plants, where the machines get smaller and the wor gets, maybe, more personal. Here hum of the sewing machine is the music you hear. And the cotton fa start turning into all those familia sunny-colored shirts and trousers sweaters.

(Our Lands' End Mesh Knit S is a marvel of tailoring. We gi you the lowdown at right.)



Ralph Breeden

Where would we be without cotto and the hardworking people who b it to us?

At Lands' End, we would be in trouble. Because as a natural fiber

he land of cotton and hirt that grows there.



Stella Caughron

y, we would not be able to offer lreds of cotton items that have successful.
e our Mesh Knit Shirt, maybe luct in our catalog that best all that is good and true about

soft. Cool. Constructed with kill the craftspeople in of cotton can muster. And we solely on its own humble without the lure of a cute little r insignia, for only $16.
nething very American about eems to us. Something that the n the land of cotton might ate.
hope they do, anyway. Because appreciate them. And we know too.
next time you slip into one of ne cotton shirts or sweaters, s that make you feel so good, urray!" for the people in the land n.
l, if you're a little short of hirts and sweaters—like, for e, nice cool Mesh Knit Shirts—vrite for a free catalog in which, tably, cotton is King.



Examine the tailoring of the Lands' End Mesh Knit Shirt...

1 The collar is a single-lock type that resists curling. It is taped to prevent annoying "rip-outs."

2 The placket is neatly finished, inside and out. Buttons are cross-stitched so they won't pull off.

3 Shoulder seams are neatly single-needle stitched, and taped for sturdy reinforcement.

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1989, Lands' End, Inc.



Save postage—just call our toll-free number for free catalog:

1-800-356-4444

Or write:
Lands' End, Inc. Dept. XX-26
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

democracy and indifferent to the responsibilities of freedom.

Our leaders have been for many years as oblivious to the realities and dangers of their time as were George III and Lord North. They believe that the difference between war and peace is still the overriding political difference—when, in fact, the difference has diminished to the point of insignificance. How would you describe the difference between modern war and modern industry—between, say, bombing and strip mining, or between chemical warfare and chemical manufacturing? The difference seems to be only that in war the victimization of humans is directly intentional and in industry it is "accepted" as a "trade-off."

Were the catastrophes of Love Canal, Bhopal, Chernobyl, and the *Exxon Valdez* episodes of war or of peace? They were, in fact, peacetime acts of aggression, intentional to the extent that the risks were known and ignored.

We are involved unremittingly in a war not against "foreign enemies" but against the world, against our freedom, and indeed against our existence. Our so-called industrial accidents should be looked upon as revenges of Nature. We forget that Nature is necessarily party to all our enterprises and that she imposes conditions of her own.

Now she is plainly saying to us: "If you put the fates of whole communities or cities or regions or ecosystems at risk in single ships or factories or power plants, then I will furnish the drunk or the fool or the imbecile who will make the necessary small mistake."

And so, graduates, my advice to you is simply my hope for us all:

Beware the justice of Nature.

Understand that there can be no successful human economy apart from Nature or in defiance of Nature.

Understand that no amount of education can overcome the innate limits of human intelligence and responsibility. We are not smart enough or conscious enough or alert enough to work responsibly on a gigantic scale.

In making things always bigger and more centralized, we make them both more vulnerable in themselves and more dangerous to everything else. Learn, therefore, to prefer small-scale elegance and generosity to large-scale greed, crudity, and glamour.

Make a home. Help to make a community. Be loyal to what you have made.

Put the interest of the community first.

Love your neighbors—not the neighbors you pick out, but the ones you have.

Love this miraculous world that we did not make, that is a gift to us.

As far as you are able make your lives dependent upon your local place, neighborhood, and household—which thrive by care and generosity—and independent of the industrial economy, which thrives by damage.

Find work, if you can, that does no damage. Enjoy your work. Work well.

[Editorial]

FREE THE HACKER TWO

From "Hackers in Jail," by Eric Corley, in the Spring issue of 2600, the "hacker quarterly." The magazine is published in Setauket, New York. In July, Kevin Mitnick, one of the hackers discussed in this editorial, was sentenced to a year in prison.

By now you've probably all heard about Kevin Mitnick. Mitnick, twenty-five, is an overweight, bespectacled computer junkie known as a "dark-side" hacker for his willingness to use a computer as a weapon. He allegedly used a computer to break into Defense Department computer systems, sabotage business computers, and electronically harass anyone—including a probation officer and FBI agents—who got in his way. He was arrested late last year, after being turned in by a friend who said Mitnick was "a menace to society."

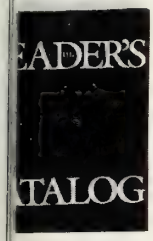
Mitnick has an amazing history, to say the least. He and a friend logged into a North American Air Defense Command computer in Colorado Springs in 1979. The friend said they did not interfere with any defense operation. They just "got in, looked around, and got out."

Investigators believe that Mitnick also may have disseminated a false report, carried by a news service in April 1988, that Security Pacific National Bank lost $400 million. The report appeared four days after Mitnick had been turned down for a job at Security Pacific. He also learned how to disrupt telephone-company operations and disconnected the phones of celebrities such as Kristy McNichol.

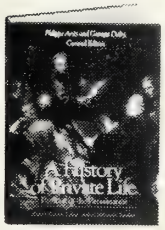
Last February, Herbert Zinn Jr., an eighteen-year-old hacker who broke into U.S. military and AT&T computers, was sentenced to nine months in federal prison. A dropout from Mather High School in Chicago, Zinn (a.k.a. "Shadow Hawk") was sixteen at the time he committed the intrusions, using his home computer and a modem. Zinn penetrated a Bell Labs computer in Naperville, Illinois, an AT&T computer in Burlington, North Carolina, and another AT&T computer at Robbins Air Force base in Georgia. He copied fifty-five programs,

Take any 3 books for just $1 each —and save up to $116.00!—

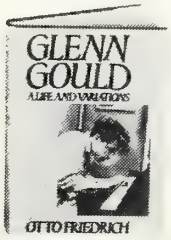
s your introduction to The Readers' Subscription



4685. THE READER'S CATALOG. An Annotated Selection of More Than 40,000 of the Best Books in Print in 208 Categories. The most ambitious mail-order catalog ever conceived. Edited by Geoffrey O'Brien, with Stephen Wasserstein and Helen Morris. Softcover. Publisher's price: $24.95.



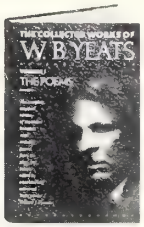
4648. A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE. Volume III: Passions of the Renaissance. Edited by Roger Chartier. Publisher's price: $39.50.



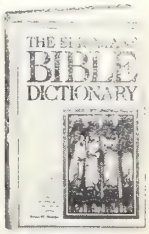
4667. GLENN GOULD A Life and Variations Otto Friedrich. Publisher's price: $22.50.



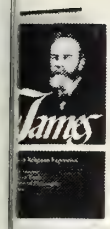
4659 OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE. Second Edition. Edited by M.C. Howatson. Publisher's price: $39.95.



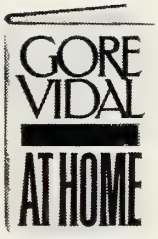
4683 THE COLLECTED WORKS OF W.B. YEATS. Vol. 1: The Poems. Edited by Richard J. Finnerman. Publisher's price $32.50



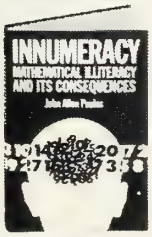
4670. THE EERDMANS BIBLE DICTIONARY. Revision edited by Allen C. Myers. Publisher's price: $29.95.



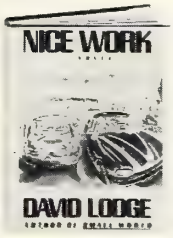
LIBRARY OF
WILLIAM
ed by Bruce
blisher's
).



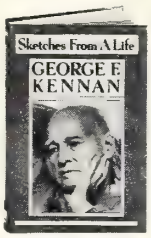
4637. AT HOME: ESSAYS. 1982-1988. Gore Vidal Publisher's price: $18.95.



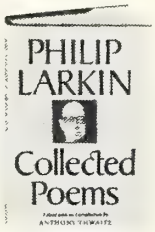
4657 INNUMERACY. Mathematical Illiteracy and its Consequences. John Allen Paulos. Publisher's price: $16.95.



4680. NICE WORK. David Lodge. Publisher's price: $18.95.



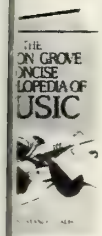
4674. SKETCHES FROM A LIFE. George E. Kennan. Publisher's price: $22.95.



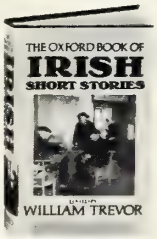
4661. THE COLLECTED POEMS OF PHILIP LARKIN. Edited by Anthony Thwaite. Publisher's price: $22.50.



4669 BYZANTIUM. The Early Centuries John Julius Norwich. Publisher's price $29.95.



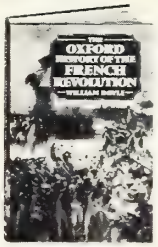
E NORTON/GROVE
ENCYCLOPEDIA
Edited by
ie.
price: $40.00.



4676. THE OXFORD BOOK OF IRISH SHORT STORIES. Edited by William Trevor. Publisher's price: $24.95.



4679. THE OXFORD AUTHORS: OSCAR WILDE. Edited by Isobel Murray. Publisher's price: $39.95



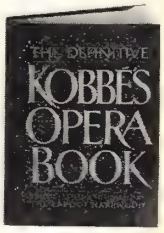
4672. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION William Doyle. Publisher's price: $29.95.



4675. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE IN THE WORLD. Witold Rybczynski. Publisher's price: $18.95.



4640. LABYRINTHS OF REASON. Paradox, Puzzles and the Frailty of Knowledge. William Poundstone. Publisher's price: $18.95.



4529 THE DEFINITIVE KOBBE'S OPERA BOOK. Newly revised by the Earl of Harewood Publisher's price: $35.00.

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION:
Books for the permanent library of the serious reader.

n The Readers' Subscription, the book club serious readers, and we'll send you any three hese fine books for just $1 each—you'll save to $116.00 right away, and once you're a mber your savings will continue to grow ng with your library.

Every month, The Readers' Subscription ngs its members the best available editions the classics, including *all* of the volumes in superb Library of America series, along h the best new books: from the magnificent *e Art of Photography* to the newly publish- *Chez Panisse Cooking*, to Stephen Hawk- 's astonishing *Brief History of Time*. thoritative reference books, splendid art oks, fiction, biography, cookbooks—all of se books come at discounts as high as 30% the publishers' prices. So join us today!

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS: Thirteen times a year we'll send you our club catalogue, along with a reply card. If you want the main selection, do nothing and you'll get it automatically. If you prefer alternate selections, or none at all, complete the reply card and return it to us by the specified date. Should you ever receive the main selection without having had 10 days to return the reply card, you may return the selection at our expense. You agree to buy 4 additional selections during your first year of membership. After that there is no obligation whatever and every book you buy earns one or more bonus credits. (Four credits entitle you to choose a bonus book.) Unless you prepay, you will be billed for postage and handling on all orders.

Please enroll me as a member of The Readers' Subscription and send me the three books I've indicated by number for $1 each, just $3 total:

I've enclosed my check or money order;
or bill my credit card as follows:
☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Please return coupon to:
The Readers' Subscription
Membership Service Dept.
250 West 57th Street
New York, NY 10107

Card Number _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

This offer good for new members only.
The Club reserves the right of membership approval. Readers' Garden, Inc. HPR1

including complex software relating to computer design and artificial intelligence. Although no classified material was involved, the government claims that the programs he copied from a NATO computer linked with the U.S. missile command are "highly sensitive."

During his trial in January, Zinn spoke in his own defense, saying that he copied the programs to educate himself and not to sell them or share them. Zinn is still in jail.

When people actually start going to jail for playing with computers, it's time to ask some very serious questions.

Let's start with Mitnick. Here we have what appears to be a nasty, vindictive human being. But is this reason enough to lock him up without bail? In normal times in almost any democratic society, the answer would be a resounding *no*. But there are special circumstances here: computers. Doing nasty things with computers is considered infinitely worse than doing nasty things without computers. As a result, Mitnick had less success seeking bail than he would if he had been charged with murder. Prison authorities wouldn't even let him use the phone for fear of what he might do.

Pretend for a moment that computers don't exist. Mitnick disconnects Kristy McNichol's phone using wire clippers. That's vandalism, maybe trespassing, good for a fine of maybe $100. He and a friend walk into the North American Air Defense Command Center one day. They don't break anything and they soon leave. Had they been caught, they would have been thrown off the grounds or, at worst, arrested for trespassing and held overnight. (The person who left the door unlocked would be fired.)

In our society such a person would be classified as a mischief-maker. Such people exist everywhere. But because Mitnick used computers to perform his mischief, he's treated as though he's another John Hinckley.

Society is indeed endangered by what's happening here, but that's not Mitnick's fault. He simply demonstrated how vulnerable our information—and our way of life—has become. If one person can cause such chaos, then clearly the system is falling apart at the seams.

The Zinn case is equally deplorable. A bright kid is languishing in prison because he didn't know when to curb his intellectual curiosity. The newspapers accused Zinn of stealing software, but all he did was *copy* some programs. If these programs were so valuable, why in hell was he able to download them over the phone lines?

The message here is that some of our nation's brightest kids are being imprisoned for being a little too inquisitive, and that's frightening. Much can be learned from what hackers uncover. Hackers may not be knights in shining armor, but the notion that they are dangerous criminals could not be further from the truth. These are kids doing what kids have always

[Newspaper Column]

THE DANGERS OF FLAG WAVING

From a column by Roland Blais in the July 2 Record, a daily newspaper published in Troy, New York.

The recent Supreme Court decision that declared as unconstitutional laws forbidding the desecration of the flag hit me squarely in the gut.

I am of the generation that believes strongly in the sanctity of the American flag. As youngsters, we were taught to respect our flag and the truths it represents.

However, there is a more personal reason I feel an even stronger attachment to Old Glory than many others: Love of the flag was bred in me.

You see, I never knew my grandfather Blais. He died before I was born. He died of injuries he received while carrying the American flag in a Fourth of July parade in Fall River, Massachusetts.

George Blais, though born in Canada, was an American through and through. He would not use the usual leather flag-holder, preferring to hold it instead in his two hands so he could wave it as he marched. When his arms grew tired, he rested it on his groin.

During one five-mile march, George got a strangulated hernia. He died a short time after. Some more cynical relatives said he was dumb. He should never have tried to carry the flag that way on such a long march. But he was a tough old farmer who thought he had the strength of ten men.

I say he was a brave man, a man who loved his adopted country and could not do too much for her.

I hate to think of what would happen to any flag burner that George Blais encountered. The desecrater wouldn't have had to worry about First Amendment rights after George got through with him.

he ultimate in sound... he ultimate in savings...



GET 8 COMPACT DISCS for the price of 1

...with nothing more to buy ever!


00596



101068



100933

M.: Green • Pop Song Orange Crush etc. ner Bros. **100715**

& The Mechanics: Living Years • Title , others. Atlantic **10**

Orbison: Mystery • You Got It, Isurfer, The Only One. n **100842**

Def Leppard: Hysteria Rocket, Women, Animal, Love Bites, etc. Mercury **100927**

Cocktail: Original Soundtrack • Bobby McFerrin, etc. Elektra **100459**

Pops In Space • The Boston Pops/Williams. Superman, others. Philips **105392**

Madonna: Like A Prayer 101029



00711



100789



101006

by Brown: Don't Be el • My Prerogative, etc. **100621**

Age Bach—The dberg Variations gelman, synthesizer. -West **100488**

bama: Southern Star g Of The South, She , more. RCA **100914**

yboy Junkies: The ity Session • Sweet e, etc. RCA **101043**

le Midler: Beaches/ ginal Soundtrack ow You By Heart, more. ntic **100793**

la: The Great Radio ntroversy • Hang gh. Geffen **100839**

Cult: Sonic Temple Woman. Sire **101015**

INXS: Kick • Need You Tonight, Devil Inside, New Sensation, Wild Life many more. Atlantic **153606**

Vangelis: Direct • The Motion Of The Stars, more. Arista **100470**

Barbara Cook: The Disney Album • When You Wish Upon A Star, etc. MCA **100854**

Classic Marches, • St. Louis Sym./Slatkin, Wedding March, more. RCA **100996**

Randy Travis: Old 8X10 Honky Tonk Moon, Deeper Than The Holler, etc. Warner Bros. **100008**

Kenny G.: Silhouette Tradewinds, Pastel, Let Go, I'll Be Alright. Arista **100603**

Dion: Yo Frankie Arista **100825**

Milli Vanilli: Girl You Know It's True • Title song, etc. Arista **101048**

Phoebe Snow: Something Real • Mr. Wondering, others. Elektra **101101**

Replacements: Don't Tell A Soul • I'll Be You, many more. Sire **101024**

Tone-Lòc: Lòc-Ed After Dark • Wild Thing, more. Delicious Vinyl/Island **101033**

Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; more. • Chicago Sym./Solti. London **125179**

Steve Winwood: Roll With It • Holding On, others. Virgin **154633**

The Original Recordings Of Charlie Parker. • Verve **101044**

Jody Watley: Larger Than Life • Real Love, Friends, many more. MCA **101104**

Beethoven, Sym. No 7, more. • Royal Phil./Previn, RCA **153621**

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: American Dream Atlantic **100714**



100827



115436


100516

Winger • Madalaine, Purple Haze, Seventeen, more. Atlantic **100830**

1969/Original Motion Picture Soundtrack Original '60s hits! Polydor **100724**

Van Halen: OU812 • When It's Love, more. Warner Bros. **150913**

Andrés Segovia Plays Rodrigo, Ponce and Torroba. • Guitar Classics. MCA **163579**

Metallica: And Justice For All • One, many more. Elektra **200478**

Dirty Dancing/Original Soundtrack • Hungry Eyes, more. RCA **182522**

Richard Marx: Repeat Offender • Satisfied, Angelia. EMI **101118**

Karyn White • The Way You Love Me, etc. Warner Bros. **100832**



170348



201026



201086

"Greatest Hits" On CD!

Fleetwood Mac: Greatest Hits	100796
20 Years Of Jethro Tull	200817
Dave Grusin: Collection	100929
R.E.M.: Eponymous (Greatest Hits)	100701
Decade: The Best Of Steely Dan	154135
Elvis Presley: 18 #1 Hits	172190
Kiss: Smashes, Thrashes & Hits	100736
Eric Clapton: Time Pieces	123385
The Beach Boys: Endless Summer	223559
The Judds: Greatest Hits	144578
The Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing	100713
20 Million Dollar Memories	120773
Supertramp Classics (14 Hits)	104891
Rod Stewart: Sing It Again Rod	100942



00586



173233



101041



200790

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN

Unlike other clubs, you get 50%-off Bonus Savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices, effective with *your first* full-price purchase!

RT NOW WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS!

ick any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just one tion at regular Club prices (usually $14.98–$15.98)...and take one full year to do it. Then, you can choose another 3 CDs Free! 8 compact discs for the price of 1 and there's nothing more to ever! (Shipping & handling added to each shipment.)

V THE CLUB OPERATES

elect from hundreds of exciting compact discs described in the s magazine and mailed to you approximately every 3 weeks (19 a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your rred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the ured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card sed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified e card. You will have at least 10 days to decide, or you may n your Featured Selection at our expense for full credit. Cancel membership at any time after completing your membership ement, simply by writing to us.

E 10-DAY TRIAL

n to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not fied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money so complete the coupon and mail it today.

Compact Disc Club
30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194

CD624A

COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO

YOUR SAVINGS START HERE

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club/
P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send me the four Compact Discs I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which, I can choose another 3 CDs FREE! That's 8 for the price of 1...with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs (Indicate by number):

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I may always feel free to choose from any (check one only):
1 ☐ **EASY LISTENING** (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)
2 ☐ **COUNTRY** 3 ☐ **HARD ROCK**
4 ☐ **POP/SOFT ROCK** 5 ☐ **CLASSICAL**

☐ MR.
☐ MRS.
☐ MISS First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

Telephone (Area Code)

Signature

Limited to new members, continental USA only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

YJT26 (AS)

done. The only difference is that they've learned how to use a tool that most people have ignored. And until more of us know how to use that tool, there will be many more abuses—not just abuses *of* the tool but abuses *by* the tool. That's where the real danger lies.

Hacking is not wrong. Hacking is healthy. Hacking is *not* the same as stealing. Hacking uncovers design flaws and security deficiencies. Above all, hacking proves that the ingenuity of a single mind is still the most powerful tool of all.

We are hackers. We always will be. Our spirits will not be crushed by these horrible events. Call us co-conspirators, fellow anarchists, whatever you want. We intend to keep learning. To suppress this desire is contrary to everything that is human.

Like the authors who rose to defend Salman Rushdie from the long arm of hysteria, we must rise to defend those endangered by the hacker witch-hunts. After all, they can't lock us *all* up. And unless they do, hacking is here to stay.

[Computer Letter]

BERLITZ FROM HELL

From a letter sent recently to various direct-mail list brokers in the United States by Dr. Michel Furter of Palodos Anstalt, a medical-research firm in Bessines, France. The letter was translated from the French by a computer.

My objective is to address a mail to the differents medecins of your country. For that, I must know the number:

—of all the medecins of the country;

—of those which exert in a center hospital or administrative;

—of those which exert the homeopathy;

—of those which exert the chiropracty, etc;

—of those which exert standart medecine.

I do not know the differentes medecines pratiquees in your country. You have can be headings which I am unaware of, without forgetting the medecines who do not enter in the traditional profile. It is necessary which I know the profile therapeutic and administrative of the medecins practising various medecines in order to adress them a mail adapted.

Which are the differentes possibilites of listing? Preferably, I am more interested by a listing on etiquettes sticking. Which are your prices?

I have two wishes have to formulate you if possible of me answer in french language and more quickly possible. I thank you in advance and receive, my sinceres regards.

Dr. Michel Furter

P.S. This letter has translated by computer, want to excuse the possible errors.

[Letter]

NIXON SYCOPHANTES

This letter, sent by the late journalist Theodore H. White to Richard Nixon upon the publication of The Making of the President: 1968, *appeared in a column by Christopher Hitchens in the June 5 issue of* The Nation. *Hitchens obtained the document from a journalist who found it while doing research at the Nixon archives in Washington, D.C.*

Dear Mr. President:

Herewith the first run off the press of a book called *The Making of the President: 1968*, whose hero is Richard M. Nixon.

There will, of course, later be another suitably bound special edition for the President of the United States. But the words will be the same; and I want this first day's run in your hands as soon as possible.

The book goes to you with my great thanks for your help. I have had few somersaults of emotion greater than in the years 1967–1968. My previous reporting of Richard Nixon must, I know, have hurt. I felt that way then. If I feel differently now it is not that there is a new Richard Nixon or a new Teddy White, but that slowly truths force their way on all of us. The campaign that this book tries to describe was the campaign of a man of courage and of conscience; and the respect it wrung from me—which I hope is evident—surprised me week by week as I went along.

I hope I have not abused your confidences. Much of our conversations I have left out, hoping that I can use them later, when the edge of immediacy is off, in the campaign of Richard Nixon in 1972. I so much want to start the next book with our talk in Indianapolis, as you began to describe the administration you wanted to create and the style you wanted to give it; then run through the conversations at the Pierre Hotel and the White House as you were shaping the administration; and finally, in 1972, describe a campaign in a country which the President has brought to peace and in which he has stilled hates.

There's so much difference between being a

reporter and being a citizen. A reporter owes a duty to the "public" and tells it as he sees it, which sometimes hurts. But a citizen owes a duty to the country; and the President describes the duty. I am both a reporter and a citizen. And this President can also call on me as a friend.

Sincerely yours,
Teddy White

[Guidelines]

KISSING IN THE BOARDROOM

From the April 4 issue of Executive Strategies, *a bimonthly newsletter published by the National Institute of Business Management in New York City. The guidelines were written by Peggy Schmidt with the assistance of Elizabeth L. Post, a director of the Emily Post Institute.*

A handshake used to be the accepted greeting among clients, colleagues, and associates in business settings. But with more women in front offices these days, kisses are being planted on corporate cheeks with increasing frequency.

These interactions all look casual, but be advised that one misstep can cost you points. Here are some guidelines on what's appropriate—and what's not.

☐ *Don't kiss someone you don't know well.* The person's reaction may be one of surprise, embarrassment, or even resistance. In general, the longer you've known a person and the more established your social and business relationship, the more appropriate a friendly peck on the cheek is likely to be.

☐ *Take the occasion and setting into consideration.* Kisses exchanged during business gatherings that are social in nature—an annual meeting, awards banquet, or convention—may be acceptable. However, those exchanged in strictly business settings, such as offices, conference rooms, and lunch meetings at restaurants, are usually inappropriate.

☐ *Avoid kissing up or down the ranks.* If you're the more junior person, bestowing a peck on the cheek of a senior-level executive may be interpreted as currying favor. Kissing a more junior person can suggest that you're taking advantage of your higher position to make inappropriate advances toward a subordinate.

☐ *Don't let yourself be kissed unless you want to be.* To avoid unwanted kisses, your best bet is to extend your hand before the kisser has a chance to get too close. Another way is to step back or turn your face slightly. If "Fast Lips" gets to you anyway, it may be best to ignore the gesture unless it is overly aggressive or intimate. If others are present, you might get your point across with humor or sarcasm, depending on whether you can afford to offend "Fast Lips." Women,

[Form Letters]

THE BRIEF DEATH OF ROMEO BOUSQUET

From letters mailed to a group of Allstate Insurance Company policyholders last April.

Dear Policyholder,

As you may know, our company lost a valuable employee when your Allstate agent, Romeo F. Bousquet, recently passed away.

We wish to thank you for your confidence in Allstate and let you know that we are prepared to keep on providing you with the highest quality professional service.

While any Allstate location nationwide can service your account, we find it helps to have one sales location receive and maintain current information. We need your help to make certain your account is reassigned to a location that is convenient to you.

Please take a moment to complete the attached form.

Again, we appreciate your business and thank you for helping us to better serve your insurance needs.

Sincerely,
Richard C. Morrissey
Regional Vice President

Dear Policyholder,

You recently received a letter informing you, in error, that your agent, Romeo Bousquet, passed away. Our processing department made a gross error in generating this letter.

Mr. Bousquet will continue as your agent, serving your many insurance needs with the same professionalism, loyalty, and caring he has always shown in his many years of working with you.

Sincerely,
Richard C. Morrissey
Regional Vice President

GREAT BOOKS AND SO MUCH MORE!

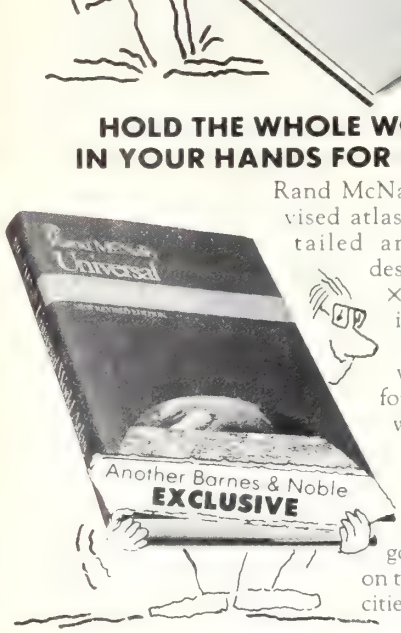
START WITH WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED FOR $19.95

For less than the price of most abridged dictionaries, you can get Webster's New Universal *Unabridged* Dictionary. Unlike other dictionaries of this size, Webster's is thumb-indexed for simple reference and features easy-to-read type. Whether you're looking for a common word or an obscure one, you'll find it among the 320,000 words defined here. There are words from science, technology and medicine, as well as words used centuries ago and words that reflect the changes in American speech. Plus, you'll find 19 supplements with over 150 pages of specialized information making this the ideal reference for home or office.

#0262709. Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary.
Originally $79.95.
Now Only **$19.95**
($3.00)



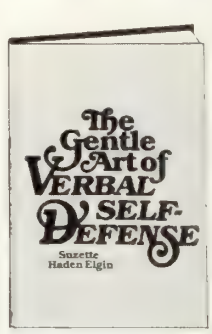
HOLD THE WHOLE WORLD IN YOUR HANDS FOR $19.95



Rand McNally's newest revised atlas is expertly detailed and beautifully designed in an 11″ × 14″ format. It includes over 120 full page maps with shaded relief for a 3D effect, as well as up-to-date political information, including population, capitals, forms of government, data on the world's largest cities and more.

#1491661. Rand McNally New Universal Atlas,
Now at 55%off! Only **$19.95** ($2.50)

HOW TO BECOME A "BLACK BELT IN VERBAL SELF DEFENSE



Knowing what to say in crucial situations is critical for success in any relationship. *The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* shows how a few well-chosen words can stop an adversary in his or her tracks.

Book includes • 8 types of verbal attacks • 4 principles verbal self defense • 5 personalities and how they communicate, plus much, much more. In just one reading you'll learn how to use honesty, agreement, humor, flattery, and distraction to your advantage.

#1295690. The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense
Originally $12.95. **Now $6.95** ($1.00)

GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN A CANVAS BAG AND MORE

Go ahead. Stuff it. Measuring 14½″ across, 11″ deep, and 4″ wide, the Scandia can take it. Unzip the 4″ expandable panel for even more room. Plus, there are six handy pockets inside and two big 6″ × 7″ pockets outside. The Scandia is made of high-quality canvas that's water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. The heavy duty zippers, piping, snaps and comfortable 2″ wide strap are made for durability. Thousands sold at $29.95.

Scandia Bag,
Now Only **$19.95**
($2.00)

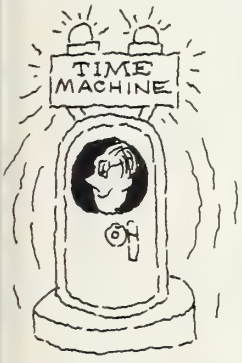


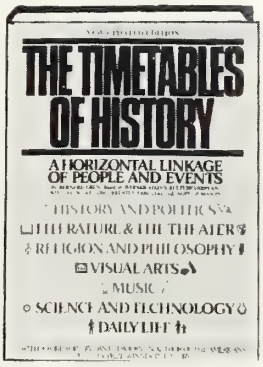


Gray	Black	Brown	Khaki	Dark Blue	Burgun
#1377019	#1377027	#1377035	#1377043	#1377068	#13770

TAKE A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

The Timetables of History is an encyclopedic work that shows how singular events and great movements have affected the rest of history for the people of one small country or for millions around the globe. Theodore H. White calls it "a distinguished work of scholarship."
#1088871. The Timetables of History
Originally $29.95. Now **16.95** ($1.75)





YOU CAN LIGHT UP THE WORLD FOR ONLY $[illegible]

The educational Mercury Illuminated Globe is a up-to-date model of the world. Flick on the light and international boundaries come to life in eight vivid colors. Turn it off to see land and ocean topography. The globe is easy to read and includes over 3600 place names, longitudes, latitudes, and more. It stands 18" high and comes with a 25-watt bulb and 6-foot cord. UL listed.
#1430917. Mercury Illuminated Globe. Suggested Price $[illegible].95, Now Only **$29.95** ($3.00)



SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE LIKE A NATIVE

) a Language/30 tape into a cassette player and repeat foreign phrases. Soon you'll know the words needed greetings, introductions, and general conversation. ch time you play the tapes, your speaking fluency and ening comprehension will improve. Take your lessons erever you go. Two 45-minute tapes come with a pful phrase book and fit into a compact 6"x7" terproof case. See how easy learning a foreign language ı be. Whether you're veling for business or asure, for a few days a long stay, you'll d that Language/30 ı make the time oyable.

nguage/30 Tapes, ıly **$14.95** each. ..75)

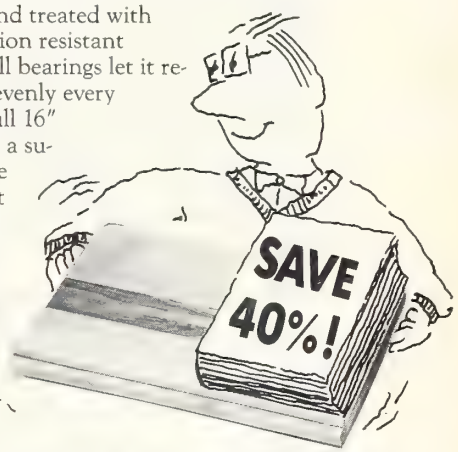


ıoose from 31 ŋguages:

2628. Arabic
2636. Chinese
2644. Danish
2651. Dutch
6665. Finnish
2669. French
2677. German
2685. Greek
2693. Hebrew
2701. Hindi
2719. Indonesian
9232. Irish
2727. Italian
2735. Japanese
2743. Korean
9224. Latin
2750. Norwegian
2768. Persian
0375. Polish
2776. Portuguese
2784. Russian
2792. Serbo-Croatian
2800. Spanish
2818. Swahili
2826. Swedish
2834. Tagalog (Filipino)
3316. Thai
2842. Turkish
2859. Vietnamese
6541. Yiddish
2867. English for ınish Speakers

READING TAKES A TURN FOR THE BETTER!

What a handy addition to your library, kitchen, living room or computer station. This durable bookstand is handcrafted beechwood and treated with a moisture and abrasion resistant finish. Sixty eight ball bearings let it revolve smoothly and evenly every time. It measures a full 16" wide by 9" high with a super strong ½" tongue and groove ledge that holds books securely in place. ***#1605599. The Swivel Bookstand,*** sold elsewhere for $34.95. Now ony **$19.95** ($3.00).



TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE OR MAIL COUPON BELOW.

1-800-242-6657

BARNES & NOBLE BOOKSTORES, INC.

Dept. R500
126 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10011

Please Print

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # ____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

$15 MINIMUM ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS
☐ Check ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard
☐ VISA

Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date month/year ____

Signature _____

Thank you for your order!

ITEM NUMBER	NAME OF ITEM	QTY	TOTAL PRICE

Shipping and insurance: Please add shipping and insurance charges per item as shown in parentheses ( ) following price

Need more room? Please attach a separate sheet.

Total
Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)
Shipping & Insurance
ORDER TOTAL

please note: If you're alone with "Fast Lips," firmly but politely tell the too-aggressive kisser that his overture was out of place and that he should keep his distance.

■ *Don't worry if your kiss isn't reciprocated.* The person may have been taken off guard and may not have known what to do. But make a mental note of his or her behavior so you know whether a future kiss is likely to be regarded unfavorably. If you kiss someone and the person reacts negatively—through body language or a comment—simply say, if you're alone, "I didn't mean to offend you." If others are present, wait for a private moment to apologize.

■ *Don't worry about misses.* When a brush on the cheek is the intention but a lip-to-lip kiss occurs, it's best just to laugh it off.

[Speech]

ONE (FORGETFUL) EUROPE

From "A Few Ideas . . . Nothing New!" in The Uses of Adversity, *by Timothy Garton Ash, to be published this month by Random House. Garton Ash delivered this speech at a symposium on writing and culture organized by the International Helsinki Federation for Human Rights, held in Hungary in 1985. Garton Ash lives in Oxford, England.*

When I return from Budapest to Oxford, my neighbors will say that I have "got back from Europe." Britain is one of two European countries where people talk about Europe as a foreign land. The other is Russia. Now it is patently absurd to exclude all English literature from our definition of European culture, just as it is absurd for Milan Kundera to exclude the whole of Russian literature from his definition of Europe, confusing Tolstoy with a T-42 tank. Yet there is a real sense in which Britain, even more than Russia, sits at an angle to Europe. Phrases that sound so natural in German—*Wir sagen ja zu Europa; Europa ist auf dem Wege zu sich selbst*—sound faintly ludicrous in English, as if someone were to remark: "We say yes to the North Pole"; or, "London is on the way to itself." The waves of European rhetoric that have swept the Continent in recent years have largely passed us by. We have observed how French, German, Polish, Russian, and Hungarian politicians and intellectuals have all declared their loyalty to Europe—but all meaning something rather different by it, and most of them meaning, in the first place, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, and Hungary. When even representatives of the Soviet military start telling us that "we Europeans must stick together," we feel a strong temptation to stick apart. So I hope you will forgive me some initial notes of skepticism.

It seems to me obvious that European culture—in the sense of what European artists and intellectuals do—is still overwhelmingly a matter of national cultures. National, as defined not by the frontiers of the nation-state but by the frontiers of linguistic, historical, and still also ethnic communities. This is almost a tautology. For historically, our sense of nationhood has been inextricably bound up with the sense of cultural community: German has the word *Kulturnation*—and the thing still exists on both sides of the Berlin Wall, just as it does on both sides of the Hungarian state frontiers. To be sure, the sources of each writer's creative work are peculiar, individual, and mysterious. There is no set of political conditions or state arrangements that is of itself conducive to the production of good writing, though there is for good reading. But for the vast majority of writers, their first reference group, the earth they cultivate and the air they breathe, their subject and their audience, remains their own people, their nation.

It seems to me equally obvious that this European culture of national cultures is in a profound crisis, a crisis that it has brought upon itself. After two world wars begun by Europeans, after the genocides of Stalinism and Nazism, after the Holocaust—above all, after the Holocaust—after everything that educated Europeans have done to educate Europeans, we are compelled to question our most fundamental ideas about what it is to be a civilized man or woman. Our studies in the so-called humanities have not only humanized, they have also dehumanized. Our culture—or cult—of nationhood has led to the extermination of nations. In our time, it is quite as meaningful to talk of European barbarism as it is to talk of European civilization.

That is why I am appalled by the easy arrogance with which many people in Western Europe—and particularly, in my experience, in West Germany—now habitually contrast "European" values and behavior with the allegedly naive, inferior, and even (I have heard it said) "primitive" values, behavior, and culture of the United States. Here we are again in what Kundera has called the kingdom of forgetting, but it is a more insidious and dangerous kind of forgetting, because it is not imposed from above (by the President of Forgetting Gustav Husák) but grows, as it were, naturally and voluntarily from below. *Am Europäischen Wesen soll die Welt genesen* [with Europeanness the world should convalesce] is not a refrain in which I wish to join. I

think we are barely capable of healing ourselves.

Out of this experience of European barbarism there has emerged the demand—indeed, the necessity—for an explicit, public, common definition of the basic values and standards of civilized behavior. In Britain we have come to a similar point in our own national life and culture, although through much less traumatic experience. For three centuries the fabric of civilized life in Britain has been preserved by habits, traditions, and manners rather than ideas, principles, or rules. We had no written constitution or bill of rights. We just had this peculiar habit of somehow rubbing along together. Now the fabric is torn, the habits broken. We need ideas and explicit principles again: We need a bill of rights.

How much more does all of Europe need such a charter. I would like to read the Helsinki Final Act, and what has followed it, as such a charter: a charter that Europe has given itself, for itself, but also against itself—not against American values, not even primarily against Soviet values, but against the perverted values of European nationalism and European barbarism. But inevitably, such an agreement between states with different political systems stops precisely where it is most important to go on. It names those basic human rights and freedoms, but it does not go on to spell out what they mean, specifically, concretely, for each individual man and woman in each country. Where it leaves off, our task begins.

Moreover, by its very nature, no international charter can solve the problem of language. Historically, many of the most important words have meant very different things in different tongues: the word *Europe,* for example, and the word *culture.* And for many of the most important things, we have no words. What emerges most vividly from Claude Lanzmann's extraordinary film about the Holocaust, *Shoah,* is the fact that the German executive executioners—the *Schreibtischtäter*—whom he interviews simply do not have the words to describe what they did. It is not just that they want to forget, to dissimulate, nor merely that they recall the bureaucratic euphemisms in which the Final Solution was originally wrapped: It is that they are, so to speak, physically incapable of finding the true words and attaching them to the deeds, as a paralyzed man cannot tie his tie or lift a pen. If there is a specifically European task for writers, perhaps it is to find those true words and attach them with indissoluble glue to the deeds, to be not only, as Amos Oz has said, a smoke detector but also an air conditioner—not merely sounding the alarm at the smoke of false meanings but also pumping the fresh air of true meanings into our separate national and linguistic rooms.

[Newspaper Column]

NIGHT OF THE BROKEN CLUBS

From "The Bottom Line," a weekly column by Yossi Sarid, in the May 4 issue of Ha'aretz, *an Israeli daily newpaper. Sarid, a member of the Knesset, is a representative of the Citizen's Rights Movement party. Sarid's article was the first published account of this incident; after its publication, Lieutenant Colonel M was dismissed from the military.*

The following is a harsh story that can no longer be ignored, since it will haunt us forever. From this story, it is evident that what Israel has been it no longer is. It is a different state now, just as the Israel Defense Force (IDF) is a different army. And in this New Israel any act of atrocity is possible.

I have changed the names and some identifying details of those who participated in this incident. (After all, this could have happened to any of us.) The rest of the details are complete and accurate.

The following took place during the second month of the *intifadeh,* at the end of January 1988:

On the morning of January 29, Captain A, a commander of the supplemental unit of one of the most famous battalions, was summoned to



From Punch.

headquarters for a briefing by Lieutenant Colonel M, the officer in charge of the Nablus area, and his commanding officer. The lieutenant colonel gave specific orders about the procedure for making arrests in the village of Hawwara, near Nablus. Upon hearing the orders, Captain A protested, telling his commander that, in his opinion, such orders could not be reconciled with army ethics, and would be detrimental to the harmony and peace of the region. The lieutenant colonel replied that this was a new policy, dictated from above, and that it had to be carried out.

Several other officers, of different ranks, were present in the room when Lieutenant Colonel M issued the orders; none of them commented or intervened. Extremely agitated, Captain A demanded to know whether he was being directly *ordered* to carry out this mission. If so, he said, he would do it despite his conscientious objection.

That afternoon, Captain A was summoned to the office of Colonel Z for an informal chat on how the orders might affect the company's morale. Captain A thought that a personal talk between Colonel Z and the company might be beneficial. A talk was then scheduled for the next day—the day *after* the night action in Hawwara was to take place.

The company, forty soldiers and four officers, gathered at a civilian bus and were joined by three more officers in two jeeps. One of the officers, Major G, complained that he needed this raid like he needed a hole in the head and that it would probably destroy the relationship he had established with the *mukhtar*, the village leader.

The bus and jeeps arrived in Hawwara at approximately 11 P.M. Major G proposed that, instead of the soldiers conducting a house-to-house search, he would order the *mukhtar* to gather the wanted men. He then went to the *mukhtar* and handed him the names of twelve men. Within a short time, and with no apparent difficulties, the men were brought to the village's central square. They offered no resistance.

The soldiers shackled the prisoners' hands behind their backs and led them to the bus. Major G left. Shortly after, the bus pulled up to an orchard some 300 yards from the village. The "locals" [army jargon for Palestinians] were taken off the bus and were led into the orchard in groups of three (four groups in all, each accompanied by an officer). Captain A found he was emotionally incapable of participating directly in the act but made sure from afar that it was carried out in accordance with army orders.

In the darkness, inside the orchard, the soldiers tied the legs of the shackled Hawwarans and laid them on the ground. An officer urged the soldiers to "get it over with quickly, so we can leave and forget." Then the soldiers stuffed flannelette [cloth Israeli soldiers use for cleaning their guns] into the mouths of the Arabs to keep them from crying out. The bus driver gunned the engine in order to muffle the noise.

The soldiers then meticulously proceeded to carry out the orders they had been given:

☐ Use clubs to break both hands and both legs of Arabs;

☐ Do not hit the head area;

☐ After breaking hands and legs, untie the wounded and abandon them;

☐ Leave the legs of one of the locals unbroken, so he can run to the village and get help.

The mission was carried out in full. Most clubs were broken in the process. Soldiers who adamantly refused to take part in the beating were allowed to remain on the bus to guard the prisoners.

Three and a half months later, at the beginning of May, the International Red Cross lodged a complaint with the military police about the IDF's abuse of the Hawwarans. An army investigation followed, and some of its findings are recorded below. Had the Red Cross not complained, the entire affair would have remained buried in the orchard.

One cannot even take solace in the thought that this was a unique event, an "irregularity," as the army would say. An identical action took place two days earlier in Beita.

The army investigators gathered testimony from twenty-nine soldiers and all of the officers involved:

The commanding officer, Colonel Z, claimed he heard nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing (although other testimony placed him in discussions with the company before and after the Hawwara action).

The commander of Israeli forces on the West Bank [General Amram Mitzna] claimed he heard nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing.

The commanding officer in charge of the Nablus area, Lieutenant Colonel M, refused to testify, either in writing or verbally.

Captain A reported that immediately after the action he had gathered his confused soldiers and promised them he was going to Colonel Z to demand that "we are never again ordered to carry out such a mission." He concluded his testimony by emphasizing that "this episode was one of the things that led me to leave the IDF."

The investigation report states that, according to the evidence gathered and according to Captain A's testimony, "Lieutenant Colonel M had exceeded his authority by ordering the soldiers to beat the locals." No charges were filed.



Lois Gibbs, Executive Director — Citizen's Clearinghouse for Hazardous Wastes

"If you don't like the way the world is, you change it..."

For people like Lois Gibbs, changing the world starts right in your own backyard. That's why ten years ago she mobilized her Love Canal neighbors — and later the entire nation — in a citizen's campaign against toxic waste.

It's also why she carries the Working Assets VISA® card. The socially responsible credit card that helps you change the world without even leaving the neighborhood.

Join Lois as a cardholder, and we'll contribute $2 to time-tested groups working for peace, human rights and a cleaner environment.* Plus five cents more every time you use your card. All at no cost to you.

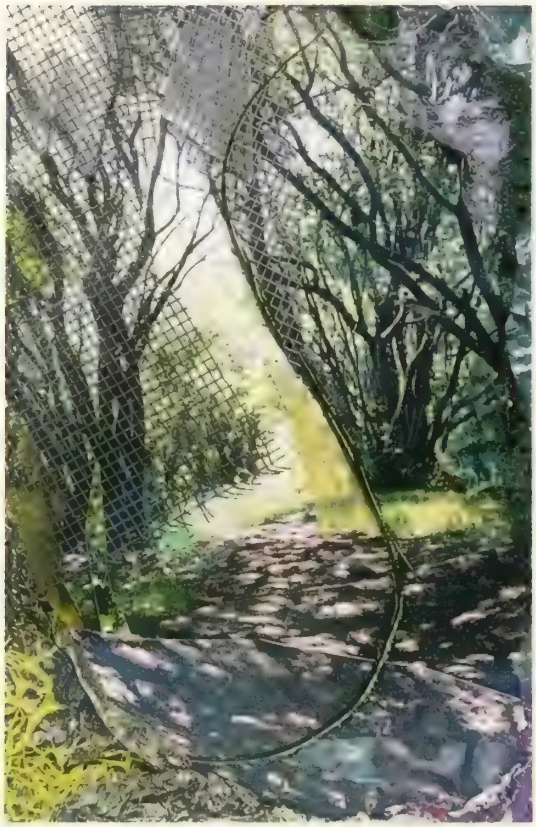
Which means that every day you and more than 100,000 other concerned cardholders will be helping people like Lois Gibbs build a better world.

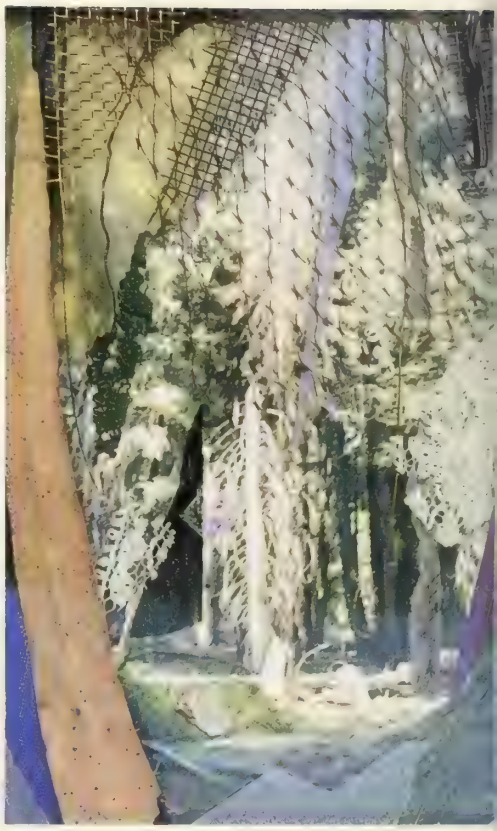
CALL 1-800-522-7759

WORKING ASSETS VISA
Tools for Practical Idealists™



st of organizations supported by Working Assets cardmembers, including the Citizen's Clearinghouse for Hazardous Wastes, please write us at fornia St., San Francisco, CA 94111.





"Path" and "View With Light," collages by Susan Hendrix. From an exhibition of her work this summer at the Harris gallery in New York City. Among the materials Hendrix uses are photographs, window screens, plastic, n twigs, mirrors, ribbon, wire, lace, seaweed, insects, and Mylar. Hendrix lives in Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

[Poem]

PIGEONS

By Baron Wormser. From Atoms, Soul Music and Other Poems, *a collection of Wormser's poetry published by Paris Review Editions/British American Publishing. Wormser's poem "Dropping Acid at Aunt Bea and Uncle Harry's 40th Wedding Anniversary Celebration" appeared in the August 1987 issue of* Harper's Magazine. *He lives in Mercer, Maine.*

Even naturalists are uninterested in the pigeons
Who loiter everywhere in the cities,
Birds who have sullied themselves
By learning to live with man.
They prosper amid degradation;
They are solicitous and indifferent, unanxious;
They feel they will live another day.
Their instincts are attuned
To the current extent of prodigal carelessness.

Kernels of whimsical saintliness
Fall from the hands of old men and women
Dipping into paper bags full
Of peanuts, bread crusts, fruit peels, seeds.
Like myths, pigeons eat everything.
They are impolite, refuse to be beautiful.
Often they are parti-colored in invariably
unattractive ways.
Old people fondle them with words,
Gurgles, gestures, litanies.
The pigeons congregate like gangs,
Strut like overweight soldiers, shit, and make
An officious mockery of flight.

Their tamed birdiness calls to our humanness.
They offer odd sounds, caricatures, the riches of
self-absorption.

Listen to their vague digestion,
To their thoughts that are tiny as silica.
Adroit as settlers,
Neither romantics nor classicists,
The pigeons cover corporate plazas, benches,
curbs, walkways,
Unconcerned with agony,
Grinding corn, investigating the wonders of
gum.

[Spec Sheet]

BUT WILL IT FIT OVER THE COUCH?

From an advertisement for a custom-made painting by Lucio Pozzi in the Spring 1989 issue of Bomb, *an arts magazine published quarterly in New York City. Pozzi has previously circulated this form privately and received two commissions; he welcomes its use by other artists. Pozzi's paintings sell for between $2,000 and $75,000; he lives in New York City.*

The Painter will hold two discussions with the Client, regarding the painting. By signing this order the Client accepts that the Painter reserves the right, at his/her discretion, without explanation and with no obligation to any party whatsoever, to interpret the Client's instructions in any ways s/he finds necessary.

SIZE

height _____ width _____

SHAPE

☐ square ☐ triangle ☐ odd shape (to be discussed with Client)
☐ circle ☐ rectangle

☐ single panel
☐ multipanel (specify number)_____

(odd subdivisions will be discussed with Client)

notes:_____

BASE MATERIAL

☐ cotton canvas stretched on wooden stretcher
☐ linen canvas stretched on wooden stretcher
☐ cotton canvas stretched on plywood or other hard surface
☐ linen canvas stretched on plywood or other hard surface
☐ plywood
☐ aluminum
☐ paper mounted on canvas
☐ paper to be framed
☐ other (specify): _____

SURFACE

☐ flat ☐ relief ☐ assemblage

Client may require the inclusion of a cherished photograph or object, or request that the photograph be reproduced, or that the object be cast for inclusion in the painting (specify):_____

PAINT

☐ acrylic ☐ gouache ☐ watercolor
☐ oil ☐ tempera ☐ fresco

☐ other (specify): _____

COLOR

	alone	*mixed*
☐ blue	☐	☐
☐ red	☐	☐
☐ yellow	☐	☐
☐ black	☐	☐
☐ white	☐	☐
☐ purple	☐	☐
☐ orange	☐	☐
☐ green	☐	☐

☐ close color values
☐ moderate contrast
☐ sharp contrast

IMAGE

abstract (specify percent) _____

☐ euclidean geometry
☐ biomorphic
☐ other (specify): _____

realistic (specify percent) _____

☐ allusive rendering
☐ recognizable rendering
☐ landscape
☐ figure ☐ many ☐ few ☐ one ☐ female ☐ male ☐ child
☐ clothed ☐ nude ☐ fully ☐ partially

☐ still life
☐ other imagery

(Painter reserves the right to use other imagery indicated): _____

DISTRIBUTION

☐ full / crowded
☐ empty
☐ up front (close-up cropping)
☐ illusionistic space (long view)

☐ horizon ☐ above ☐ below ☐ right ☐ left

percent of sky:

☐ 10 percent ☐ 30 percent ☐ 50 percent ☐ 75 percent

☐ sky contains images
☐ sky is empty

OTHER

specify: _____

NOTES

Client may add a description, in a few words, of any metaphor or mood s/he wishes this painting to address. Of course, it must be understood that the Painter's interpretation of such wishes might achieve results different from that which the Client originally envisioned.

This order is ☐ is not ☐ accepted by the Painter:

Signature _____ Date _____

[Story]

EVERYTHING IS GREEN

By David Foster Wallace. From Girl With Curious Hair, *a collection of his stories published by Norton.*

She says I do not care if you believe me or not, it is the truth, go on and believe what you want to. So it is for sure that she is lying, when it is the truth she will go crazy trying to get you to believe her. So I feel like I know.

She lights up and looks off away from me, looking sly with her cigarette in light through a wet window, and I can not feel what to say.

I say Mayfly I can not feel what to do or say or believe you any more. But there is things I know. I know I am older and you are not. And I give to you all I got to give you, with my hands and my heart both. Every thing that is inside me I have gave you. I have been keeping it together and working steady every day. I have made you the reason I got for what I always do. I have tried to make a home to give to you, for you to be in, and for it to be nice.

I light up myself then I throw the match in the sink with other matches and dishes and a sponge and such things.

I say Mayfly my heart has been down the road and back for you but I am forty eight years old. It is time I have got to not let things just carry me by any more. I got to use some time that is still mine to try to make every thing feel right. I got to try to feel how I need to. In me there is needs which you can not even see any more, because there is too many needs in you in the way.

She does not say any thing and I look at her window and I can feel that she knows I know about it, and she shifts her self on my sofa lounger. She brings her legs up underneath her in some shorts.

I say it really does not matter what I seen or what I think I seen. That is not it any more. I know I am older and you are not. But now I am feeling like there is all of me going out to you and nothing of you coming back any more.

Her hair is up with a barret and pins and her chin is in her hand, it's early, she looks like she is dreaming out at the clean light through the wet window over my sofa lounger.

Every thing is green she says. Look how green it all is Mitch. How can you say the things you say you feel like when every thing outside is green like it is.

The window over the sink of my kitchenet is cleaned off from the hard rain last night, and it is a morning with sun, it is still early, and there is a mess of green out. The trees are green and some grass out past the speed bumps is green and slicked down. But every thing is not green. The other trailers are not green, and my card table out with puddles in lines and beer cans and butts floating in the ash trays is not green, or my truck, or the gravel of the lot, or the big wheel toy that is on its side under a clothes line without no clothes on it by the next trailer, where the guy has got him some kids.

Every thing is green she is saying. She is whispering it and the whisper is not to me no more I know.

I chuck my smoke and turn hard from the morning outside with the taste of something true in my mouth. I turn hard toward her in the light on the sofa lounger.

She is looking outside, from where she is sitting, and I look at her, and there is something in me that can not close up, in that looking. Mayfly has a body. And she is my morning. Say her name.

[Fiction]

THE DINNER PARTY

From A Natural Curiosity, *by Margaret Drabble, published this month by Viking. "Drabble's article "Killing Time: A Visit to a Cambodian Refugee Camp" appeared in the April issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Ancient crimes. Clive and Susie Enderby contemplated them over a glass of sherry. Separately, together, a whole assortment of them. They were both in a state of mild shock, though neither would have admitted it. The new year had begun badly. This evening, Susie had put on her new mustard-colored layered coordinates to cheer herself up, but they hadn't made her feel all that cheerful. She kept glancing at herself in the carefully angled mirror over the fake marble mantelshelf, to keep up morale. And this was supposed to be a good year, a prosperous year, with Enderby & Enderby in its glittering new premises in Dean Street and Clive in the running to become the youngest ever president of the Chamber of Commerce. A pity it had started off on such an odd note. They should never have gone to Janice's. It was Janice's fault. But the mustard was a good shade. And a good dry silky rustly texture too. She stroked her own sleeve. Amber. Amber would look good on the mustard. The false gas fire glowed.

Domestic tranquillity. The children were playing upstairs, already in their nightclothes, model children. The table was laid in the dining room, with cloth and candles, for a rare quiet



How to solve the energy crisis.

If you're like a lot of people energy crisis has nothing to do n oil embargos and solar power.

You're suffering from a per- al energy shortage. You know, no , no get-up-and-go, no spunk.

The reason for this phenom- n? Lack of exercise.

Exercise equals energy.

Research has proven that ople who exercise on a regular is have more stamina and feel ter about themselves.

And health and fitness ex- ts agree that no form of exercise ore efficient and effective than ss-country skiing. Not walking, ning, rowing, or biking.

NordicTrack® gets you back on the right track.

NordicTrack simply duplicates cross-country skiing motion, you don't have to know how to cross-country ski to use it.

This no-impact, total body workout provides a better cardio- vascular workout than exercise bikes, rowers, and treadmills.

You burn more calories. You have more energy.

With NordicTrack, you can burn more calories in a 20-minute workout than with any other type of exercise machine.

Plus, you'll feel stronger, more alert, and less stressed-out.

Why NordicTracks never show up at garage sales.

People love their Nordic- Tracks. In fact, 7 out of 10 owners are still using their machines more than 3 times a week, 5 years after purchasing one.

So call NordicTrack.

But do it soon. Before you run out of gas for good.

Free Brochure & Video.
Call Toll Free 1-800-328-5888.
In Canada 1-800-433-9582.

☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone ( )_____
NordicTrack 141 Jonathan Blvd. N. Chaska, MN 55318
20019

NordicTrack
A CML COMPANY



meal together. Susie had looked forward to this evening, had hoped that it might be a small occasion for celebration, for self-congratulation, for closeness. Not that she had consciously thought that she and Clive were growing apart, no, but he was so busy these days, so preoccupied—as indeed he was now, but at least it was by something that she knew about, something that she understood. Susie did not understand Regional Development Grants and European Investment Strategies and Incentive Zones, but she understood all too well what had happened the night before, at Janice's, and could feel herself, despite herself, drawn toward dragging it up again. Clive couldn't just go on sitting there, saying nothing, sipping his sherry. And why was he having a sherry anyway? He usually had a gin and tonic. Was it meant to be some kind of comment or something?

The silence was irritable, painful. It was all Janice's fault.

"What an evening," said Susie, at last, irresistibly. "I'm never going to try to make you go to Janice's again."

"No need to assume responsibility," said Clive. "She's my sister-in-law, not yours."

"But I was at school with her," said Susie.

"That's hardly *your* fault," said dynamic, thirty-eight-year-old Clive Enderby, with a shade of his usual briskness.

"Though as a matter of fact," said Susie, ominously changing position in the corner of the settee, "though as a matter of *fact*, I don't quite see *why* we were all so upset. By what Janice said. After all, it was probably true."

Clive gazed at his bouncy, chestnut-haired wife in alarm. She couldn't want to talk about it, could she? He couldn't face it. No, he couldn't face it. There are some things one just can't talk about. Janice had cheated. She had broken the rules. Was every wife in Hansborough, Breasborough, and Northam, was every wife in Yorkshire, about to start cheating too?

Susie smiled, edgily.

"Actually, *I* blame Edward," she said.

"I don't see why we have to blame anyone," said Clive. "It's not Edward's fault that he's married to a neurotic bitch on the verge of a nervous breakdown."

"How do you know it isn't?" asked Susie.

Feminism had reached South Yorkshire with a vengeance in the 1980s. Or at least that is one interpretation of the scene at Edward Enderby's on New Year's Day, and of Susie's reaction to that scene.

I suppose, thought Clive, we may live to find it funny. But it hadn't been funny at the time. And Susie was right, the whole thing was probably Edward's fault. Edward had always been a bully, with a sadistic sense of humor; where he got it from, his younger brother Clive couldn't imagine. Early ill health, perhaps. Quick-tempered Edward, always ready to put people down. Thin, even gaunt now, in his early forties. Pushing and pushing. Teasing beyond the limit. Ambition disappointed. He'd always taken it out on Clive, but Clive, so brightly prosperous, had learned to fight back amiably, without hurting, without being hurt. Why quarrel with one's one-and-only brother? That had been Clive's attitude.

But last night had been over the top. Right over the top. Drink, was it? Edward never seemed to drink much, to be drunk, but you could never tell. He'd started at the beginning of dinner, teasing Susie about her new hair color, teasing Clive about his posh new premises, asking uncomfortable questions of Derek and Alice Newton about their son who'd dropped out of the sixth form at King Henry's, embarking on a whole run of risky jokes about AIDS. Janice had looked uncomfortable through a lot of this, though whether that was because she didn't like the chat or because her mind was elsewhere you couldn't really tell. She was a very nervous hostess, was Janice, a bit of a perfectionist who managed to make everyone feel slightly uncomfortable as she dished up not-quite-perfect meals. She kept apologizing because the beef was a little overdone. They all assured her they liked it overdone. And anyway, in Clive's view it wasn't overdone at all, it was practically raw, so what was the woman talking about? Not that he minded, he liked it red, himself, he really didn't like it overdone. He caught Susie's eye and smiled as he tucked in. He hated cringing and apologies. He liked people to be sure of themselves. Like Susie.

It was over the second helpings of beef (second helpings they all felt obliged to accept) that Edward really got going. Reminiscing about meals of the past, cooked by their mother. Not a very good topic, in Clive's view, as the Newtons were new to the district and had never met the colorful, quaint old Mrs. Enderby, but less dangerous, it proved, than reminiscences about Janice's early days of cooking. "And you'd never believe this, from this *excellent* meal we've just eaten tonight," said Edward Enderby, smiling a little manically, gesticulating with the carving knife, "but Janice, when I first met her, was an *atrocious* cook. *Atrocious*. Couldn't boil an egg, could you, darling?" Janice stared at her husband with loathing, while the others politely laughed. "You remember that first chicken you cooked, when my mother came round? Left the giblets inside in a little plastic bag, didn't you? Cooked the little plastic bag and all? Didn't you, my darling?"

"That wasn't for your mother," said Janice, in

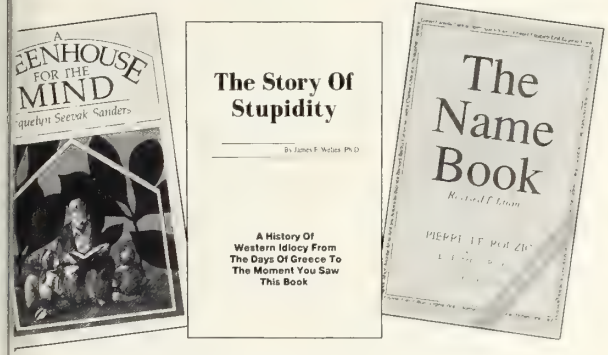
FURTHER **READINGS**

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO *HARPER'S* READERS

PRIMAL WHIMPER: More Readings from the Journal of morphous Perversity, edited by Glenn C. Ellenbogen, Ph.D. "A n! Not only hilarious but deliciously irreverent, and often profound, poi- and insightful...."—Arnold A. Lazarus, Ph.D. The sequel to the hilarious eller *Oral Sadism and the Vegetarian Personality, The Primal Whimper* pre- atirical spoofs that parody psychology journal articles. If you've ever seen mor in psychology (and who hasn't?), then this volume is for you. 197 Pages. $17.95. The Guilford Press.

E-LEGGED HORSE, a novel by Ann Hood. The critically acclaimed au- f *Somewhere off the Coast of Maine* and *Waiting to Vanish* weaves a poi- tale as a young woman starts a new life of her own after the breakup of her ge and her band, Three-Legged Horse. "Poised between two generations, food is a shrewd chronicler of both."—*Vanity Fair.* Paper: $7.95. Bantam

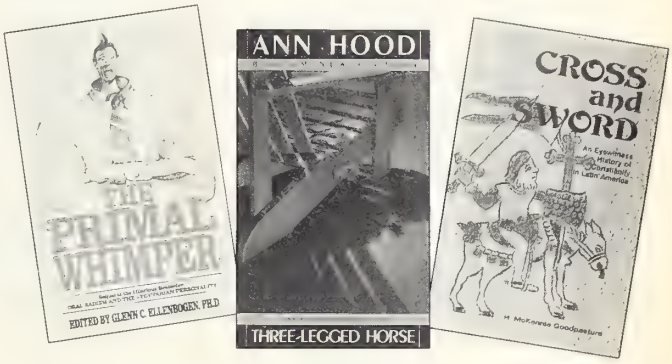
EENHOUSE FOR THE MIND, by Jacquelyn Seevak Sanders. Sanders, or of the Orthogenic School at the University of Chicago, describes how the l has carried forward Bruno Bettelheim's philosophy in educating emotion- isturbed children. "Written in a warm, clear, anecdotal style....Nearly ev- ng she says is just as applicable to 'normal' as to 'disturbed' children."— *ington Post Book World.* Cloth: $19.95.



STORY OF STUPIDITY. From before Greece to after Chernobyl, the of idiocy in Western history is examined. Special attention is given to the, action of beliefs systems and behavior, with emphasis in each age reflecting ominant issues of the time. This book is essential to those who wish to break gh the taboo that surrounds stupidity, so we can learn about, understand, perhaps reduce it. $8.95. Mount Pleasant Press.

LACE K. HARRISON, by Victoria Newhouse. This fascinating cultural ry explores the working relationship between millionaire Nelson Rockefeller d architect Wallace K. Harrison, documenting their colossal projects, such as efeller Center, the United Nations, Lincoln Center, and the Albany Mall. The or chronicles Harrison's remarkable achievement and the high drama of the er brokers and politicians whose schemes for real estate development in the es, forties, and fifties paved the way for the New York we know today. Cloth: Paper: $29.95. Rizzoli International Publications.

CROSS AND SWORD: An Eyewitness History of Christianity in Latin America, by H. McKennie Goodpasture. This epic eyewitness history gives flesh and blood to 500 years of Christianity in Latin America. From the Spanish encounter with natives through the contemporary church's identification with the poor, we hear voices from all sides, vividly engaging us with the lights and shadows of the past and bringing us closer to understanding the place of Christianity in Latin America today. Illustrated. Cloth: $29.95. Paper: $12.95. Orbis Books.



THE NAME BOOK, by Pierre Le Rouzic. Of all the sounds you will hear in your lifetime, the most frequent and meaningful will be your own name. This remarkable book, which is based on more than forty years of research by Le Rouzic, a French scientist, reveals the influence of names on personality traits. It has sold over one million copies in Europe. Dr. Bradley, founder of the "Bradley Method" of natural childbirth, recommends *The Name Book* to parents who are choosing "a name for a lifetime." Paper: $14.95. Topos Press.

IN THE AGE OF MANKIND: A Smithsonian Book of Human Evolution, by Roger Lewin. "An excellent synopsis of current thinking on how and why we came to be what we are."—*Science Books and Films.* "[Lewin's] gift for piecing together many sides of an argument sets a standard for science journalism....A thoroughly satisfying account, a delight to the eye and the mind."—*American Scientist.* New in Paper! Lavishly illustrated, with superb color photographs. Smithsonian Books. $19.95



ies of all books advertised in "Further Readings" may be purchased at the following bookstores: **Berkeley:** Cody's Books, 2454 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, CA '04. **Chicago:** Barbara's Bookstore, Oak Park, Chicago, IL 60610. **Denver:** Tattered Cover Bookstore, 2955 East First Ave., Denver, CO 80206. **NYC:** Saint k's Bookshop, 12 Saint Mark's Place, New York, NY 10003. **Albuquerque:** Salt of the Earth Books, 2128 Central S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87106. **Buffalo:** ing Leaves, 3144 Main St., Buffalo, NY 14214. **Washington:** Chapters, A Literary Bookstore, 1613 Eye St., N.W., Washington DC 20006. **Flint, MI:** Young & shans, Somerset Towne Center, 4270 Miller Rd., Flint, MI 48507. **St. Paul, MN.:** Odegard Books Saint Paul, 857 Grand Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105. **Nashville:** is-Kidd Booksellers, 4007 Hillsboro Rd., Nashville, TN 37215. **Knoxville:** Davis-Kidd Booksellers, 2104 Cumberland Ave., Knoxville, TN 37916. **Memphis:** is-Kidd Booksellers, 397 Perkins Rd., Extended, Memphis, TN 38117. **Toledo:** Thackeray's Books, Westgate Village Shopping Center, 3301 W. Central Ave., do, OH 43606. **Portage, MI:** John W. Rollins Bookseller, 6414 S. Westnedge, Portage, MI 49002. **Grand Rapids:** Schuler Books, 2975 28th St., Grand Rapids, 49508. **Lexington, KY:** Joseph-Beth Booksellers, Mall at Lexington Green, 3199 Nicholasville Rd., Lexington, KY 40503. **Ann Arbor:** Borders Book Shop, 303 th State St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104. **Atlanta:** Borders Book Shop, 3655 Roswell Rd., Atlanta, GA 30342. **Louisville, KY:** Hawley-Cooke Booksellers, 27 lbyville Rd. Plaza, Louisville, KY 40207. **Indianapolis, IN:** Borders Book Shop, 5612 Castleton Corner Lane, Indianapolis, IN 46250.

a reasonably equable tone. "I remember it well. It was for Kate and Bill Amies. It *was* embarrassing."

So far, so good. They all sat round and munched the red flesh.

"No, no," said Edward, his gray eyes glinting, "it was definitely for my mother. I remember it well."

"No," said Janice, firmly but with a note of slight (and to Clive quite understandable) distress creeping into her manner. "No, it wasn't for your mother, it was for Kate and Bill Amies. I remember it well."

"A little of the gravy?" asked Clive, desperately, passing the new fashionable Christmas present *gras et maigre* sauceboat along the table to Janice. It ran with thin red blood. No *gras*, no alleviating emollient *gras*.

"No, no, for my *mother*," repeated Edward. "We did laugh. Yes, you've learned a thing or two since then, Janice. You've learned a thing or two about cooking since then."

"It was Kate and Bill, and we'd only been married a fortnight," said Janice. "It was the first time we ever had anyone round."

"My mother," said Edward, helping himself to another roast potato. "Yes, you've improved since those days." And he laughed, heartily, from his thin asthmatic chest.

"Yes, we'd only been married a fortnight," said Janice, staring straight across the table at Edward. "I didn't know much about cooking. And as I remember, you didn't know much about fucking, in those days. We weren't much good, either of us. At cooking or fucking."

Edward's face was, Clive had to admit to himself, a study. He turned dark red (which for so pale and gray a man was astonishing), and a vein stood up terribly in his forehead.

One didn't use words like fucking, over dinner, like that, in 1987, in Yorkshire, in the presence of strangers. It wasn't done. Or certainly not done to use such a word seriously. As Janice Enderby had done.

A terrible silence fell over the gravy. Susie coughed, nervously. Edward twitched. The Newtons looked at their plates. The unspeakable had been said. Three sexual initiations, three wedding nights, three honeymoons, played themselves in mental images for the three couples around the table. Clive and Susie guessed that their memories were the least disagreeable, as they were the ones to find their tongues first.

"Well, we all learn as we get older," said Susie, platitudinously but boldly; and, simultaneously, Clive volunteered, "Well, I know I shouldn't say so, but *I* think Janice's beef is much better than Ma's ever was, she always overcooked it, and her Yorkshire puddings were like soggy dollops of wet cement."

"I *like* soggy Yorkshire," said Alice, gamely, and the conversation staggered on. But Janice and Edward said nothing more all evening. They had done one another in, they had murdered one another.

[Fiction]

IN TRANSIT

From Jasmine, *a novel by Bharati Mukherjee, published this month by Grove Press. Mukherjee, who was born in India, lives in New York City. Her last book,* The Middleman and Other Stories, *won the 1988 National Book Critics Circle Award.*

There are national airlines flying the world that do not appear in any directory. There are charters who've lost their way and now just fly, improvising crews and destinations. They serve no food, no beverages. Their crews often look abused. There is a shadow world of aircraft permanently aloft that share air lanes and radio frequencies with Pan Am and British Air and Air-India, portaging people who coexist with tourists and businessmen. But we are refugees and mercenaries and guest workers; you see us sleeping in airport lounges; you watch us unwrapping the last of our native foods, unrolling our prayer rugs, reading our holy books, taking out for the hundredth time an aerogram promising a job or space to sleep, a newspaper in our language, a photo of happier times, a passport, a visa, a *laissez-passer*.

We are the outcasts and deportees, strange pilgrims visiting outlandish shrines, landing at the end of tarmacs, ferried in old army trucks where we are roughly handled and taken to roped-off corners of waiting rooms where surly, barely wakened customs guards await their bribe. We are dressed in shreds of national costumes, out of season, the wilted plumage of intercontinental vagabondage. We ask only one thing: to be allowed to land; to pass through; to continue. We sneak a look at the big departure board, the one the tourists use. Our cities are there, too, our destinations are so close! But not yet, not so directly. We must sneak in, land by night on little-used strips. For us, back behind the rope in the corner of the waiting room, there is only a slate and someone who remembers to write in chalk, DELAYED, or TO BE ANNOUNCED, or OUT OF SERVICE. We take another of our precious dollars or Swiss francs and give it to a trustworthy-looking boy and say, "Bring me tea, an orange, bread."



'a II," a composite Polaroid photograph by Muriel Ehrman-Mandel. From Cura-Choice, *a group show at New York City's Lieberman & Saul Gallery this sum-The show was sponsored by the Center for Photography at Woodstock.*

What country? What continent? We pass through wars, through plagues. I am hungry for news, but the discarded papers are in characters or languages I cannot read.

The zigzag route is straightest.

I phantom my way through three continents. The small airports in the Middle East lit by oil fires and gas flares, the waiting rooms in Sudan with locusts banging on the glass, landing always in the smaller cities, the disused airfields.

On the first leg of my odyssey, I sit between a Filipina nurse and a Tamil auto mechanic both on their way to Bahrain. I walk my swollen feet up and down the aisles of our 747. Whole peoples are on the move! The Filipina says, "The pay's great but I wish Bahrainis weren't Muslims." She shows me her St. Christopher medal on a blue sodality ribbon under her blouse. The Sri Lankan Tamil likes Muslims; he's not much taken with Buddhists and Christians. I keep my sandalwood Ganpati hidden in my purse, a god with an elephant trunk to uproot anything in my path.

I sit with missionaries, with the deported, with Australian students who've fallen somehow into the same loop of desperation, which is for them adventure. "Look," says one, "you'd love Owstrylia. Perth's just the plyce for you. Whatchu sye?" Hollow-eyed Muslim men in fur caps and woolen jackets, faces unshaven, make long-winded advances in Farsi and Pashto, elegant ghazels learned for the occasion, ripe with moons and figs and spurting fountains, then try out their broken Urdu when they guess I'm Indian.

In the soundproofed and windowless back room of an *Indische Speishalle* in Hamburg I watch on a tiny color television set, with cheering Arabs and Africans, the first of many wonders in the West—the Hamburg Hummels cream the opposition. A Ugandan lifts his Mickey Mouse T-shirt to show off his flesh wounds. "When the American visa bastards turned me down, I tried to kill myself." Later, in suburban Blankenese, the *Polizei* pull the Ugandan and me off a train and ask to see our travel documents. I hand over my forged, expensive passport. The *Polizei* scrutinize my inscrutables, then let me go. The Ugandan twitches and stammers. The flesh wound bleeds into Mickey Mouse as he scuffles. On the train I weep at the beauty of the visa stamps Hari-prar has bought me. I feel renewed, the recipient of an organ transplant. ■

How can you make your vacation money go further?



○ *Stay with friends.*

○ *Stay on the beach until the stores close.*

○ *Use AT&T and your AT&T Card to save from public phones.*

Call after call, AT&T is the best value around. For the facts about prices, call 1 800 225-7466 Ext. 1

AT&T
The right choic

© 1989 AT&T

WHO NEEDS THE GREAT WORKS?

Last year, an academic dispute about which books college freshmen should read unexpectedly touched off a passionate national debate. The argument turned on the expansion of what professors call the "canon" to include not only the masterpieces of Plato, Dante, and Shakespeare but also works representative of other traditions. Although larger issues were at stake—America's identity, the interpretation of our past—the debate quickly degenerated into a war of book lists and, eventually, name-calling. Students at Stanford chanted, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western Civ has got to go"; and novelist Saul Bellow sneered, "When the Zulus have a Tolstoy, we will read him."

This ferocity itself suggests that other, more serious questions have gone unasked. What is a canon, and how does a society create or revise one? What do we want students to learn from such works? And why would Americans suddenly become so concerned about college courses designed to pass on the legacy of the past? To answer these questions, *Harper's Magazine* asked five critics from the fields of literature, music, and architecture to consider what lessons should be learned—both from this battle and from the great works we choose to teach.

The following forum is based on a discussion held at the Old Town Inn in Alexandria, Virginia. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT

is a senior editor of Harper's Magazine.

E. D. HIRSCH JR.

is the Kenan Professor of English at the University of Virginia and president of the Cultural Literacy Foundation. He is the author of the book Cultural Literacy.

JOHN KALISKI

is the principal architect for the Community Redevelopment Agency of Los Angeles and teaches urban-design theory at the Southern California Institute of Architecture.

JON PARELES

is the chief pop-music critic at the New York Times *and is coeditor of* The Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock and Roll.

ROGER SHATTUCK

teaches at Boston University and received, in 1975, the National Book Award for his critical work Marcel Proust. *His pamphlet "Perplexing Dreams: Is There a Core Tradition in the Humanities?" was published by the American Council of Learned Societies.*

GAYATRI CHAKRAVORTY SPIVAK

is the Andrew W. Mellon Professor of English and Cultural Studies at the University of Pittsburgh. Her book Master Discourse, Native Informant: Deconstruction in the Service of Reading *will be published next year by Harvard University Press.*

I.

JACK HITT: Let us suppose that in response to the continuing crisis in education, an experimental grade school has opened. It has about a hundred students and six teachers. We are those teachers. Let's elevate this discussion to the lofty level of a faculty meeting and discuss a course entitled Introduction to Culture. This course is the first formal contact these young minds will have with great works. Does anyone object to the existence of such a course?

JON PARELES: Why separate culture from the rest of what the school is teaching—math, science, history? Our problem with trying to give people culture is that they get the idea that it is separate from daily life—that music is something in a concert hall listened to in silence, or that art is something you see in a museum.

GAYATRI SPIVAK: Is studying culture a specific way of studying, studying the *real*? You can say that physics is or that history is. For a chemist there is universal unity in the structure of a molecule. But culture is something you swim in, like a fish. You cannot presume an analogy between an Introduction to Mathematics and an Introduction to Culture.

E. D. HIRSCH: But you can't assume that culture will just grow, like a seed into a tree. Culture is something that is directed, and school is the main place now in modern life where this culture is transmitted. What we should agree on is a school-based culture.

ROGER SHATTUCK: There are three approaches to the syllabus of this course, Jack. The first is to teach themes or ideas. The second is to teach "approaches to knowledge," a view that holds that people think differently in various disci-

plines, which is hogwash. The third is the most traditional, the one under attack today, the teaching of great works. We will never decide what great ideas or what approaches to knowledge are, but we can *choose* great works—for example, *Hamlet*, *Don Quixote*, Tocqueville on America, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—and agree on those as a core.

HIRSCH: Yes, that makes sense at a university level, Roger, but we are in grade school now.

SHATTUCK: It can make sense at this level. Great works can be fairy tales, nursery rhymes, or folk songs.

SPIVAK: I like Don Hirsch's idea of a school-based culture, but it is a political question. We must accept that we are producing a person who will be the "we" of "we the people." Rather than talk about teaching great works, we should talk about teaching ideas such as pluralism.

But even teaching a "school-based culture" is a constraint on a young mind when the child does not come from the dominant group. So we must repeatedly compare what we teach with what is available to those children in their ethnic and social surroundings. In this way, we can prepare minds for *critical* thinking even at this young age. We can teach the students *something* and then teach them that that *something* fences in certain kinds of knowledge and fences out other kinds of knowledge.

PARELES: You have to realize that we are not in the age of the little red schoolhouse, the age of a single culture. Kids are getting acculturated by movies and by some three or four hours of television a day. That's a kind of culture. The school-based culture should be different from that and should teach students how to think critically, how to sort out truth from fiction. We have a reality problem in that this generation thinks this television culture is real. Our educational system must help them sort out images from reality, surfaces from substance.

JOHN KALISKI: Can we assume only one national culture in a country this large? Is it even desirable?

HIRSCH: Assumption and desirability are two different issues. By teaching a core, I don't mean that the entire curriculum should be the same all over the country. But can we agree that 50 percent of what the kids learn in first grade is the core—that there will be some similarity all over the country so that students can learn a common culture?

SPIVAK: I'm not arguing for the fabrication of a national culture or suggesting that there is one. We should teach the young American to recognize that this is a multiracial, multicultured country. But when, say, a black woman enters that "we" of "we the people," she must not be identified only as a member of a national community. If one internalizes only the virtues of citizenship, one does not learn that resistance—in the name of, say, blackness or of femininity or of both—can be silenced by manipulating those same virtues.

SHATTUCK: I keep hearing that we want to teach our children to think critically about values and the hierarchies they have been taught. The trouble is, we have not *taught* them the values and hierarchies we want them to think critically about.

So I propose that the first thing we do is teach the pieties, to use the worst word. Having achieved that, then surely those pieties should be questioned, even attacked.

SPIVAK: What are the pieties, Roger?

SHATTUCK: The pieties are found, I think, in the Bible, in nursery rhymes, in songs, and by learning certain parts of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution by heart—in fact, learning quite a bit by heart.

PARELES: So we *are* in the little red schoolhouse.

HIRSCH: Except, remember, one of the current pieties is diversity, along with tolerance of that diversity.

PARELES: I'm bothered by these pieties. Is our education simply indoctrination? Don't we want to instill a "habit of thinking"? You can stuff their little heads full of every fact in the universe, but they're not going to be able to do anything with them.

SPIVAK: The teaching in this school-based culture, the teaching of a "multiculturalism," should not be used in the service of some old-fashioned pieties but as something that can work as a critical force underlying our general culture.

HIRSCH: I call that the *moderate* multicultural position! So, Gayatri, isn't it logically possible to say that everybody should be aware of and tolerant of all these different cultures in the country and to say that such differences can exist along-

A ROOSEVELT-ERA CANON

The following works formed the 1937–38 Freshman Book List, required reading in the humanities at Columbia University.

Homer, *Iliad*
Aeschylus, *Oresteia*
Sophocles, *Oedipus the King*
Sophocles, *Antigone*
Euripides, *Electra*
Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*
Euripides, *Medea*
Aristophanes, *The Frogs*
Plato, *Apology*
Plato, *Symposium*
Plato, *Republic*
Aristotle, *Ethics*
Aristotle, *Poetics*
Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*
Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*
Virgil, *Aeneid*

St. Augustine, *Confessions*
Dante, *Inferno*
Machiavelli, *The Prince*
Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*
Montaigne, *Essays*
Shakespeare, *Henry IV, Parts I and II*
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*
Shakespeare, *King Lear*
Cervantes, *Don Quixote*
Milton, *Paradise Lost*
Spinoza, *Ethics*
Molière, *Le Tartuffe*
Molière, *Le Misanthrope*
Molière, *The Physician in Spite of Himself*
Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*
Fielding, *Tom Jones*
Rousseau, *Confessions*
Voltaire, *Candide*
Goethe, *Faust*

side the idea of a core? If everybody teaches diversity, then diversity *is* part of the core.

SPIVAK: When you say everybody, aren't you assuming a certain kind of everybody?

PARELES: This is what Lenny Bruce called "what 'we,' white man?"

HIRSCH: Why interpret it that way?

SPIVAK: Tolerance doesn't work both ways, Don. The rich and the poor are not equally free to sleep under the bridges of Paris. Tolerance is a loaded virtue, because you have to have a base of power to practice it. You cannot ask certain people to "tolerate" a culture that has historically ignored them at the same time that their children are being indoctrinated into it.

A BUSH-ERA CANON

The following works form the 1988–89 reading list for one of eight "Culture, Ideas, Values" survey courses offered at Stanford University. This one is entitled "Europe and the Americas."

St. Augustine, *Confessions*
Left Handed, *Son of Old Man Hat*
Freud, *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*
Weber, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*
Marx, *The Communist Manifesto*
Melville, "Bartleby the Scrivener"
The Bible: Genesis and Revelation
Zora Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God*
Americo Paredes, *With His Pistol in His Hand*
Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*
Juan Rulfo, *The Burning Plain and Other Stories*
***Popol Vuh*, a Maya creation myth**
I...Rigoberta Menchu
Sandra Cisneros, *The House on Mango Street*

Ruth Benedict, *Patterns of Culture*
Paul Radin, *The Trickster*
M. J. and F. S. Herskovits, *Dahomean Narrative*
African Myths and Tales
Homeric Hymn to Hermes
Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*
Shakespeare, *The Tempest*
Aimé Césaire, *A Tempest*
C. L. R. James, *Black Jacobins*
Alejo Carpentier, *The Kingdom of This World*
Alfred Metraux, *Voodoo in Haiti*
Zora Hurston, *Tell My Horse*
Euripides, *Bacchae*
Jean Rhys, *Wide Sargasso Sea*
Jamaica Kincaid, *Annie John*
Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*
Euripides, *Medea*
Derek Walcott, *Collected Poems*
Aimé Césaire, *Return to My Native Land*

Sir John Mandeville, *Travels*
Columbus, *Letters* from 1st, 3rd, & 4th voyages
Clarice Lispector, "The Smallest Woman in the World"
Fray Bernardo de Sahagún, *The Conquest of Mexico*
Carmen Tafolla, "La Malinche"
Bernal Diaz del Castillo, *The Conquest of New Spain*
Bartolome de Las Casas, *In Defense of the Indians*
James Clifford, "Identity among the Mashpee"
Garcilaso de la Vega, *Royal Commentaries*
Felipe Guamán Poma de Ayala, *New Chronicle and Good Government*
Documents from the Tupac Amaru rebellion
José María Arguedas, "Ode to the Jet Plane," "Hymn to Our Father Tupac Amaru"
Rousseau, *Discourse on Inequality, The Social Contract*
Declaration of the Rights of Man (France, 1789)
Declaration of Independence (U.S., 1776)
Universal Declaration of Human Rights (U.N., 1948)
Freedom Charter (South Africa, 1956)
Mary Wollstonecraft, *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*
Frederick Douglass, *Autobiography*
Esteban Echeverría, "The Slaughterhouse"
Juana Manuela Gorriti, "He who does evil should expect no good"
Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*
Frank Lloyd Wright, *The Living City*
Umberto Eco, *Travels in Hyperreality*
Maxine Hong Kingston, *The Woman Warrior*

II.

HITT: Let us assume that we have inherited a syllabus at our school. The previous teachers went through a discussion similar to this one, talking about whether the canon or the core should pass along values, teach a critical approach, inculcate hierarchies and norms, or create a cultural vocabulary. But they chose these texts: a TV commercial, a Supreme Court opinion, the number-one book from the mass-market best-seller list, a bus stop for architecture, and thirty minutes of random AM radio for music. Their pedagogical theory held that all texts are interchangeable, that there is as much critical understanding to be gleaned from a newspaper as from Virgil. Anyone want to alter this?

SPIVAK: Could we teach a Mayan text—perhaps the *Popol Vuh*—instead of, say, Sophocles?

HIRSCH: Sure, absolutely.

SHATTUCK: As part of a sociology course, Gayatri, fine. But there is nothing in this course of song, nothing of poetry, nothing of adventure. You want to teach critical thinking, pluralism, habits of mind—all of which are parlous subjects. Just because the teaching of the classics, the masterpieces, has been done for a long time doesn't mean that this old system is faulty. If the students are young, teach them folktales—ours, Irish, African. If they are a little older, then one of the most wonderful books is Charles Lindbergh's *We*, an incredible adventure. Helen Keller's *Story of My Life*, always forgotten by feminists, is a better lesson than Anne Frank's diary, and a book out of which gradually emerges what I am willing to call pieties.

SPIVAK: Keller and Lindbergh are good examples of our ignoring great works by relying on the old canon.

SHATTUCK: Gayatri, there is no old canon. You are assuming there is a list somewhere, and there isn't. There are only curricula.

SPIVAK: Okay, I won't say "old canon." But there are those "great works," and some of them have been elevated to that status at the expense of shutting a lot of people up.

PARELES: My problem with your syllabus, Jack, is that it's too contemporary. Where is the history?

HITT: All right. I'll put in it a dime western from the 1880s or the story of Daniel Boone. Satisfied?

PARELES: That wouldn't be bad. I was hoping for a Navaho epic.

SHATTUCK: Where is the Bible? Where is Homer? Where are the Greek tragedies?

HIRSCH: Roger, I don't see any greater inherent merit to the Bible. I could argue for the Bible, in some abstract way, over the Koran. But I'm not inclined to do that. School-based culture should teach content—the values—whether a work is selected because it's great or because it's just habitually *there*. *The Wizard of Oz* is in the ken of most Americans not because it is a great work but because it is a popular movie. Teachers should ask: What moral attitudes get encouraged by such stories? There are many stories from many cultures that inculcate noble attitudes.

KALISKI: At a certain point, *The Wizard of Oz* enters a canon—possibly not *the* canon. The difficulty of establishing a canon today is the speed

of change. People who argue on behalf of a canon feel that change occurs at a glacial pace. My suspicion is that *that* has changed. Change occurs very rapidly. At one level you have to figure out what endures and teach that, but at another level you must take some risks and be willing to open up new areas of discovery. Perhaps what should characterize *any* American canon is our willingness constantly to open it, to admit new works into it, and simultaneously to question it. The process by which the canon is formed should be discussed alongside the canon itself.

SPIVAK: Let me open it up, John, by introducing two ugly words. We must think of this issue not only in terms of old Europe or an old canon or the great works but also in terms of the roles played by slavery and genocide—those are the two ugly words: the history of Africans and Native Americans. We talk about the classical foundation of Western culture, but we might—in a completely benevolent and good-natured way—talk about those who were suppressed in order to create a Western culture. Let us talk about the chattel slaves who, in spite of incredible domination, brought and injected something into the polity. That's why I want to teach the *Popol Vuh*, so that the piety learned, to quote someone dead a long time, might be that "every document of culture is also a document of barbarism." And there is no harm in acknowledging that; it gives humans a sense of humility.

HITT: The purpose of this canon seems very utilitarian. It reminds me of Tocqueville's observation that education in America is little more than vocational self-improvement. Why should the students actually read a book at all? Why *read* Locke? Why not read a summary, the Cliff's Notes, if only the extracted values, the disembodied ideas, matter? Is there anything to be gained by reading or listening or walking into a building?

KALISKI: The texts do matter. But, to get back to Jack's original question, I think it's possible to teach "a bus stop" as long as it's a really good bus stop. All those elements—whatever ideas, themes, stories you want to impart—can be drawn out of a discussion of such an edifice. While a bus stop is simply a *utilitarian* object, in confronting the bus stop as a work of architecture you might inspire people to question why so many of the edifices around them are so lacking in beauty.



"PERHAPS WHAT SHOULD CHARACTERIZE ANY AMERICAN CANON IS OUR WILLINGNESS TO OPEN IT, TO ADMIT NEW WORKS INTO IT AND SIMULTANEOUSLY TO QUESTION IT."

HITT: But can we canonize certain works because they are endowed with what I will call, for lack of a better word, greatness?

SPIVAK: I know nothing of greatness. It seems we wish constantly to adjudicate greatness, and it constantly escapes us. Yet we must assume it exists. We cannot have a straight answer about greatness, and that is the good thing about it.

SHATTUCK: Greatness is a little like pornography: You know it when you see it. I mean that seriously. Don, you suggested, when you mentioned *The Wizard of Oz*, that greatness is not found in the works themselves but somehow in the ideas they present, which can be detached from those books. I can't agree with that or with

graphs from *American Classroom: Photographs by Catherine Wagner*, Aperture.

your comparison of the Bible and the Koran. I know you well enough to ask you: Have you read the Koran?

HIRSCH: No.

SHATTUCK: Well, you would never have said what you did if you had read it. I've read it now three times in two different languages. Gayatri, have you read it?

SPIVAK: No.

SHATTUCK: Okay. Look at what you find in the Bible and in the Koran. As classics, these books are not moral equivalents or literary equivalents or equivalents in greatness. We would like to assume they are. Finally, you have to go and read. The story of Adam and Eve is told twice in the Koran in a highly abridged version. Cain and Abel appear once, but too briefly for the story to come to life. Abraham is mentioned countless times, but few readers can assemble these references into a coherent account. It is very tough going. The Bible is superior for our purposes not only because we have a tradition going back through the Puritans and all of Europe to the Near East but also for literary reasons.

SPIVAK: I think it is highly dangerous, speaking of values, to teach young American minds the superiority of the Bible.

SHATTUCK: As a literary work? I am not talking about religion.

SPIVAK: I don't believe in proving the superiority of anything.

SHATTUCK: Proving, no. But we are a committee trying to construct a curriculum.

HIRSCH: Roger, I might have my opinions about which book is inherently better, but there is a political problem. If the Bible and the Koran came up at all, it would be Bible, yes, Koran, no. We can argue in the abstract, but if you want to reform education in order to enfranchise everybody, you've got to do what's politically feasible.



"BY THE GENETIC CODE THEY CONTAIN, GONADS REPRESENT OUR BIOLOGICAL CONTINUITY — THAT SET OF CHROMOSOMAL CONSTANTS. EDUCATION EMBODIES THE GONADS OF CULTURE."

III.

HITT: John, if you were going to teach something called an American canon of architecture, may I assume you would include that building we can see out this window, the Capitol?

KALISKI: Of course. If you're teaching greatness in terms of American architectural culture, then you must make comparisons and refer to the antecedents of the Capitol. But that is only one part of teaching such architecture. Consider the mall stretched out in front of the Capitol. You don't just teach students about L'Enfant. You also teach them about the civil rights movement. The mall's architectural role in American history changed forever when a million people stood on it for the political purpose of joining in solidarity with Dr. King. Then it became a very powerful space. If you only talk about abstract forms or about layout or about whether this is a beautiful Doric column, you will never get to an understanding of the cultural meaning of architecture.

HITT: Would you talk about form at all?

KALISKI: Yes, but I don't think you want to separate

it from that other conversation.

PARELES: The question you have to ask is, Why is the Capitol not shaped like a tepee?

HITT: In teaching the Capitol, there are those who would say that it comes at the end of a centuries-old tradition of Western architecture. In teaching these other elements—that the civil rights movement culminated on the mall, or that Native American architecture made almost no contribution to the Capitol—would you weigh those influences equally?

KALISKI: These issues were present at the beginning. Whether they were dealt with satisfactorily or not is another question. But if you look at the details of the Capitol—the emblems of tobacco, the corn columns—they are based on concepts of Native American provenance. It is sublimated, but it is there.

HITT: It's true. Corn and other aspects of Native American culture are represented, but they have been enfolded into an architecture that is essentially European. Let's face it, that corn is represented in a stylized form common to Roman architecture. The Native American culture you find in the building is subordinated to the Western tradition that embraced it. Do you teach those elements as having the same kind of influence or as being artistically equivalent?

KALISKI: It's not a question of equivalency. It's a question of revealing what is actually there. In this conversation, I hear the common assumption that the Capitol is Roman. But you can't find that style or scale in Roman architecture.

SPIVAK: But there is the choice of things that can be *recognized* as reminiscent of Roman and used as a political signifier.

KALISKI: So precisely what becomes important for teaching the Capitol is the choice of and then the deviation from Roman architecture. It's the deviation that educates us.

HIRSCH: I like the example of the gathering of a million people when King made his "I have a dream" speech. The characteristic American attitude that runs through so much of everything in this country is the highly Jeffersonian notion that you don't assume that the pieties endure. Jefferson wanted to change the Constitution periodically. The Jeffersonian instinct is correct: not talking about immutable principles for all time but evolving a culture, changing and adapting it, making our culture better.

IV.

HITT: To change tack a bit, what little canon exists at this point in the conversation seems entirely dependent on education. Can a canon exist outside of pedagogy?

PARELES: I think outside the academy you don't have a canon, you have a mess, which is not a bad thing.

SPIVAK: I love messes. But you must realize that culture is basically conservative and must in the broad sense canonize. Culture is not just in the classroom. Culture gives primacy to certain things by excluding others. This is the way in which we feed our experiences so that we can call anything "good." But to confuse that with imposing a canon is cultural imperialism.

How we *choose* a canon is a decision that is essentially collective, and, therefore, how it is made is a bit mysterious. But I think the decision regarding a canon must always imply fallibility. There must always be an assumption that something has been left out. The critical process—through repeated comparisons with what is non-canonical—must accompany the canon.

SHATTUCK: I don't think the word *canon* belongs in this discussion; it's a misnomer. In forty years of working in publishing and teaching, I've never heard the word *canon* except in theology, and then only to describe the authority of books in the Bible or canon law. The word has been introduced in the past ten years by those who consider themselves the enemies of a traditional curriculum. It is a term of opprobrium, suggesting something imposed, authoritative, reactionary.

SPIVAK: I don't buy that. Culture is incessantly changing, constantly recoding and reterritorializing our world. Yet from time to time you must fix on something: a canon. And I am very interested in revising the canon. You trivialize us, because you think we are enemies of the canon. We think the canon is useful. We know we cannot teach without it.

SHATTUCK: Fine. Yet it's odd that, today, the farther away you move from the university, from the presiding institution, the more you find people who are willing to recognize the "historical continuity"—the endurance—of certain works, something Jack has been calling greatness, which is the reason certain works are taught generation after generation. I think analogies are the best way to talk about this phenomenon. So let me introduce the analogy of gonads.

SPIVAK: Did you say "gonads"?

SHATTUCK: Yes, gonads. The essence of the function that we could best assign to education is that of the gonads. By the genetic code they contain, gonads represent our biological conti-

nuity—that set of chromosomal constants—which will not change rapidly despite superficial influences. Education embodies the gonads of culture.

SPIVAK: But, Roger, we must acknowledge that certain groups have not had access to the strange area where greatness is adjudicated, to the realm of the gonads. We don't understand that the strongest historical continuity in the institutional history of the world is the sustaining work, generally associated with women in the production of the family. This work is not recognized with monuments of greatness. Maybe there are two kinds of historical continuity: One is the repeated work of sustaining, the other is that collection of totemic objects that last as "culture."

PARELES: This era, though, has thrown into question the traditional thinking about historical continuity and greatness. Look at what happened to physics some fifty years ago: Scientists recognized uncertainty as a fundamental principle. Ask a contemporary physicist, "Are you here?" and he will say, "Probably." Now, in academe, with semiotics and deconstruction, the same kind of uncertainty plagues canonical debates. In reaction, there is a longing for certainty. People are feeling unmoored, nothing can be depended on, all is phony. Linda Ellerbee's doing coffee ads. This longing for certainty makes people want to come back to a solution. It makes people reach for the *Norton Anthology of Literature*, the old canon. Or it makes people desire a bookshelf of great works that tell them everything they need to know, and it makes people buy copies of *Cultural Literacy*. They want a solution, a solid thing. I think people have to learn to make their own way through the mess, through the information barrage, to see from *Rambo* to Rimbaud. We'll never have certainty again. We know too much about history and what's been left out.

Another point is that greatness, to use a Western European analogy, can be procrustean. You can't canonize, for example, an African griot song. Griots sing about history and politics; the songs rhyme and have rhythms I can't figure out. These songs will never be written down, and they are never the same twice. They do not exist in the way the *Iliad* (which they are related to) exists. Do we say that griot songs are not as great as the *Iliad*? There may be other criteria.

HIRSCH: Are you saying that there might be different kinds of standards for canon making?

PARELES: I am dubious about a single canon. The question of the canon is who's on the bus, who's off the bus, to use a sixties analogy. I say: Let's build a bigger bus.

SHATTUCK: This conversation has me convinced that anyone in this room, myself excluded perhaps, could use the construction crane that we can see outside that window to teach not only Western civilization but all of world civilization as well. But if that were the case, we wouldn't be here. Most teachers are poor teachers; therefore we try to list a suggestion of works from which they can teach and which will go beyond their capacities to explain what's around them.

Let me pick *Walden*. A case can be made that a great deal of *Walden* comes out of Chinese and Buddhist philosophy. Wouldn't this be a superb opportunity to teach a work that opens up our culture. I would like to include this book in our curriculum for stylistic reasons, because it belongs to our cultural heritage, and because I think it has qualities we might call greatness.

HIRSCH: I will accept that and Jon's vision of uncertainty. I am all for a posteriori rather than a priori thinking. But I want to differentiate where we teach these things. I agree with the philosopher Richard Rorty, who said that there is a principal difference between grade school and college in the amount of opening up and critiquing or uncertainty you want to introduce to students. In grade school we must teach a core, and then, later, we can introduce such concepts as uncertainty.

SHATTUCK: We are absolutely hooked, in this country, on a system that assumes everyone will go to college. This is a major conflict of interest, because we are comforted into thinking that there is this other place where students will get the *rest* of their education. This downgrades and paralyzes what goes on in high school. Until the high school degree can be really considered a worthwhile terminal diploma that qualifies students to work at most jobs and to vote intelligently, we go nowhere. Everything is going to wait until it comes to college, and college is too late. Lower education will improve when we reduce, not expand, higher education.

SPIVAK: Here's a story about *Walden* that has stuck in my mind. In the sixties, I taught it to a class of sophomores. We read about Thoreau growing his beans, inscribing on the virgin earth. Some of the women in that embattled class said, "We don't like this guy, doing his thing on the virgin earth." I pointed out that in that very passage about Thoreau as the first man on that soil, there is a mention of a "red man." So how is Thoreau the first man on that soil? Of course, it was a more complex conversation than that. But the point is not that Thoreau is sexist or racist but to acknowledge that he's as human as we are, touched by history.

SHATTUCK: I agree with you entirely. And there are many more things for which you can criticize Thoreau. But students have to read the work before you can hold the conversation you want.

HITT: In preparing for this conversation, I came across the story of Madame de Staël. In 1810, when she got the galleys of a book she had written in praise of certain German writers, she received a message from the Paris chief of police under Napoleon, saying, "It is apparent to me that you do not find the atmosphere of this country agreeable, and we don't yet view ourselves as reduced to searching for models among the people you admire." She was arguing on behalf of Goethe and, for this, was told to leave the country within twenty-four hours. Now, it seems, cultures are again bumping up against one another and the outsiders want access to the canon, thereby confirming their cultures' values. Is that why the country is embroiled in this debate now?

SHATTUCK: Madame de Staël was herself great enough to recognize the greatness of the authors she wrote about. That stupid chief of police and Napoleon's imperialist ambitions are now seen as foolish. The story is a good one, because it reveals that some people have more vision than others.

PARELES: The question, though, is, Should we pull up the drawbridge on the canon?

SHATTUCK: I don't think we should, even if we could.

HIRSCH: But take John's job. He has to understand how to remove some buildings if he's going to put up new ones. So the question is, Will you tear down Los Angeles's Union Station?

HITT: Or, Will you tear down Union Station to preserve the very first McDonald's?

KALISKI: There are standard methods of evaluation. The process of evaluation is largely defined by the federal government, through criteria established by the Department of the Interior.

HITT: It seems that architecture has arrived. The government is deciding.

KALISKI: Yes and no. The criteria articulate distinctions between aesthetics and culture, and then, from the facts collected or a mix of them, we determine "significance." Personally, to answer your question, I would want to save the first McDonald's. But we have to realize that these decisions are made within a physical and political context and that the context is as much the subject as the building you are examining.

Take the controversy over the Manassas battlefield: There was a proposal to turn it into a shopping mall. The decision to save it was, in the end, as much a process of consensus building as a process of individuals deciding good and bad. Often I think it is a self-selected group that makes these decisions. Even in Don's book *Cultural Literacy,* he said he relied on a hundred of his best friends.

HIRSCH: And I started a foundation. Now there are thousands of people in every state going over the list. Frankly, I don't really care what they come up with. What I want is consensus.

HITT: So it doesn't matter what the canon is as long



"I THINK THAT PEOPLE HAVE TO LEARN TO MAKE THEIR OWN WAY THROUGH THE MESS, THROUGH THE INFORMATION BARRAGE, TO SEE FROM *RAMBO* TO RIMBAUD."

as everybody teaches the same one.

HIRSCH: Essentially. But I am relying on a certain amount of common sense to get to consensus.

SHATTUCK: In architecture you have to raze buildings, so we shouldn't use that analogy. Architecture is the exception in the arts, since we are not making any more land.

SPIVAK: To give students one list of books to work from is comparable to demolishing buildings. The business of consensus making and how the mulch is made can be deceptive. For example, at the Pompidou Center in Paris there was a well-intentioned exhibition called *Magiciens de la Terre,* with many countries represented alongside European modernism. Except the way the curators chose the other countries' works—groups of pots and collections of Afro-Brazilian religious objects, chiefly artisan work, *tribal* work—implied that the rest of the world's history is static while the traditions of the West are dynamic. In creating such standards, we predetermine what will stand and what will fall.

KALISKI: This is the realm of naked politics.

HITT: I will tell you what I find so grim about this argument that greatness is a matter of politics. It makes literature or art seem so small and insignificant. I'll make one strange comparison. Mortimer Adler wrote a book in which he proved philosophically and convincingly that God exists. But by the time I got to the end, to this proven God, I met a withered, small, untranscendent deity scarcely worth having any faith in or inspiring anyone to either great good or great evil. Asserting that politics—not greatness—is the reason we create a canon or elevate one work above another makes me wish I had studied organic chemistry.

HIRSCH: But the political discussion is all about greatness.

HITT: In Gayatri's example of the Paris exhibition, the aesthetic arguments were merely tools to overpower some other group.

PARELES: The politics have always been there. What's going on now is that people are opening the back of the pocket watch and seeing the little gears moving. Politics have always been involved in deciding what's cherished and what isn't.

HITT: Well, supposedly Samuel Johnson selected the poets to include in *Lives of the Poets* by watching what sold best at the bookstalls.

KALISKI: A canon based purely on aesthetics is difficult. When I teach, I cannot bring myself to hold a conversation about the architectonic merits of Albert Speer's work outside the concepts of National Socialism. There are certain lines you draw for yourself.

PARELES: Canonicity builds walls, and I want to see what's over them. When we talk about canons, we talk about hierarchy. I think we should be talking about plurality. Teachers worry about *a* canon. I want to put an *s* on it: canons.

HITT: Yet then you violate the first principle of having a canon.

PARELES: I say: Let it grow.

HITT: But there goes your common frame of reference, which I thought was the purpose.

PARELES: A common frame of reference is not something you look *at* but something you see *through.*

SHATTUCK: The common frame of reference is not a canon but many different curricula. The works offered to us by previous generations are what we have to choose from. Some of those works may be recent, some ancient. These decisions are constantly made by school boards, committees, and individual professors trying to teach courses. Finally, in my experience, these curricula *do* work.

SPIVAK: This legacy of the past, this story of humanism, Roger, is the story of the straight, white, Christian man of property. And that story *must* be shared with students—without taking anything away from it, without wanting to destroy it, benevolently. But the gift of the legacy itself covers up another story, a long unacknowledged power play. There is no harm in recognizing that that's how this legacy has come to us. That's what I think Jon was saying when he spoke of a frame of reference as something you see through.

SHATTUCK: And it's all there, Gayatri, from the very beginning, and always has been. The legacy, the story, the play of power. It's in the story of Adam and Eve, vividly. And when Milton retells it in *Paradise Lost,* you cannot miss the politics of freedom as well as the power of love. If you want to "see through" the "straight" values that trouble you, there are no better books to read than the classics. *Antigone* still challenges us, and *Faust* is damn near subversive. A good curriculum—even a good canon, if we must have the word—incorporates its own best criticism. It's in the books.

HIRSCH: That's right, and that's why when I hear talk of pluralism and multiculturalism and hierarchical arrangements, I say that in the end we still must find a consensus. And that means we must make some kind of choice—hierarchical, pluralistic, or whatever. ■

Boycott Pepsi!

The Exxon of The Soft Drinks Industry

by Richard Yao, Esq.

On March 24, the Exxon oil tanker *Valdez,* manned by an alcoholic captain, spilled over 10 million gallons of oil into the waters of Prince William Sound, Alaska, wreaking incalculable damage to the surrounding marine life and ecosystem.

But a week or so earlier, Pepsi was guilty of something just as reprehensible. Surrendering to blatant Fundamentalist censorship pressure, Pepsi pulled Madonna's TV ad. Just as Exxon did not think much about destroying our ecosystem, Pepsi did not think twice about selling our First Amendment birthright. This needs to be condemned just as strongly as Exxon's giant oil spill.

Surprise. Wayne Calloway, Pepsi's chairman, is also on Exxon's Board. And Exxon's previous Chairman and CEO is on Pepsi's all-powerful Executive Committee. Mr. Exxon himself is one of the people who really run Pepsi.



"Saturday Night Live." "Married...with Children." The TV movie "Roe v. Wade." TV advertisers have pulled out of these and other programs because of threats from militant Fundamentalists who want to control what you watch in the privacy of your own home. In this context, Pepsi's surrender is as chilling as that of the giant bookstore chains succumbing to the threats of the Ayatollah Khomeini in the Salman Rushdie controversy.

This is why we have called for a grassroots boycott of Pepsi. We need to send corporations like Pepsi a clear message: profits and expediency must not have priority over our First Amendment birthright. So while you're tearing up your Exxon credit card, remember to boycott Pepsi! You can help us by *immediately* sending out the coupons below.

To: Pepsico, Inc./Chairman Wayne Calloway
Purchase, N.Y. 10577 [and call: (914) 253-2000]

☐ I'm boycotting Pepsi to protest your surrender to Fundamentalist extremists on the Madonna ad.

Signature _____

To: Richard Yao, FA Anti-Censorship Project
P.O. Box 20324, Greeley Sq. Station
New York, N.Y. 10001-9994

☐ I agree with you. We need to send Pepsi—and the Fundamentalist censors—a message!

☐ To help pay for this ad, here's my tax-deductible gift of:

_____ $50 _____ $100 _____ $250 _____ $500 _____ (other).

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Richard Yao *is the Director of the FA Anti-Censorship Project which has fought censorship attempts against Scorsese's "Last Temptation of Christ" and Rushdie's "Satanic Verses." Yao has been described by Martin Scorsese as being "in the forefront of the fight against censorship." His call for a boycott against Pepsi has been featured by the Wall Street Journal, L.A. Times, Liz Smith, MTV and scores of radio stations around the country.*

THE QUIET COUP

U.S. v. *Morison:* A victory for secret government

By Philip Weiss

To keep great principles alive, society must continually tell itself stories about them. The freedom to immigrate, for instance, is nourished by the accounts of high school valedictorians who came here from Vietnam, while freedom of the press is sustained by heroic narratives such as *All the President's Men.* Those who want to limit the press are quick to seize on characters like Janet Cooke, the *Washington Post* fabulist, or Larry Flynt, the scabrous pornographer, but newspapers can counter with stories about crusading reporters or Pulitzer Prize winners. Whose version wins out—whose principles are upheld—has a lot to do with who has power, who controls the narrative.

The story of the government leaker is more complex. This is the person on whom the press and the public often depend to learn the secrets of executive power, to keep government honest. The story of the leaker embodies an important principle, but usually there is no character in his or her narrative. A condition of the leaker's agreement to question authority is anonymity. Leakers can't afford to leave fingerprints.

The rare occasion when a leaker steps out from the shadows can be operatic, catalyzing our politics. When I recently mentioned to Daniel Ellsberg, for instance, that the actress Faye Dunaway had been among those who raised money for his defense after he leaked Pentagon Papers to the *New York Times* in 1 and was then charged with espionage, Ells couldn't remember. At first I thought he wa ing coy, but after all, 25,000 people contrib to Ellsberg's defense, and to this day he h the mark of someone who was so fussed over applauded at a crucial time in his life that glamorous actresses must have seemed tr points of reference on his mental landscap

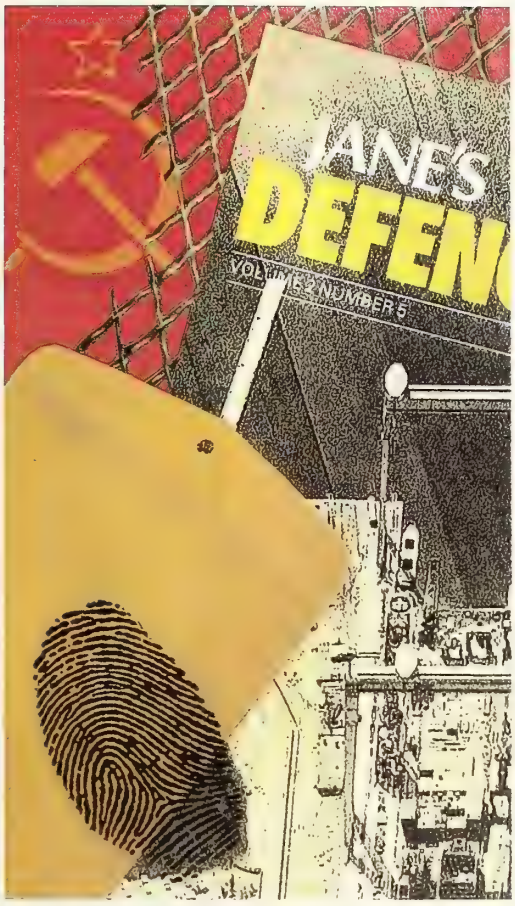
For at least a little while, Ellsberg was a g figure. Having gone to Vietnam and t turned against the war, he had, as a for Rand Corporation employee with governm security clearance, willingly put himself in grasp of the law to help expose government ception. He influenced history. It was a t when those who questioned authority were ten granted heroic status. Walter Cronkite w to interview Ellsberg in a secret location, giv wide publicity to his notions of "martyr Third World countries. He was profiled adm ingly in the pages of the *New York Times,* wh he talked about the President's "lies." In Wa ington power was on the run, and, recogni Ellsberg's challenge, Nixon's flunkies broke i his psychiatrist's office and tapped Ellsbe phone to try and discredit him. When this t conduct caused the judge in the case to thr out the charges against Ellsberg, a *New Y Times* reporter wrote—in a news story, less—that the "truth is an army too many hold back."

The reason Ellsberg and I were talking that his story had come up again; it had b

Philip Weiss is a Harper's Magazine *contributing editor. His last article for the magazine, "The Cultural Contradictions of the G.O.P.," appeared in the January 1988 issue.*

g in Washington. is time the other executive power, n control of the ive. The principle ake in Ellsberg's the freedom of an dual with govern- secrets to chal- the government, stake again. Ac- , it had already ost, and this time o drama at all, in , *United States* v. *n,* that had got- ry little attention nally, one in defense the front of the *New York* and Faye Dun- had not been en- The action that rg had, without ing a day in jail, noble and princi- ad this time been red scurrilous and teful. The govern- had told the story ding to its own and, maybe be- the narrative hadn't fit the mold Ellsberg r us, no one had come over to the side of iple—or had done so only fitfully. As a re- without anybody taking much notice, the e House had succeeded in establishing a le- recedent that makes it a criminal act to classified secrets to the press.

e government had been incredibly patient. It had just been waiting for the right character to come along.



muel Loring Morison picked me up one st spring at a metro station not far from his ban Washington home in what I immedi- recognized as the car court papers had ified as his only asset: a chocolate brown with a burn mark on the front seat, valued 84 at $3,500. Morison, who is forty-four, is man, well over six feet tall, with a broad e face and a slightly aloof manner. He had khaki shirt that looked like a prison shirt, hen I asked him if that was so, he said it t. Morison had recently been paroled, g served nearly eight months of a two-year nce for espionage and theft.

e went back to his apartment, which he s with a cat named Baby. Morison is in ways eccentric. He speaks in little blurts, he stammers when he is uncomfortable, which is often, and he observes stylized codes of behavior that he seems to think adhere among honorable men but that come off as slightly Chaplinesque. He is the grandson of the great naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison, whose wartime diaries crowd a shelf in the apartment and whose medals line a glass chest in the living room. Samuel Loring Morison has put his own Navy medals in there, too.

In the study, we looked through Morison's giant collection of boat photographs, the largest in the world, he said. Then he pulled down a binder of the 1984 issues of the British military journal *Jane's Defence Weekly* and without a word turned to the August 11 issue. These were the photos that had been his undoing. On the cover and inside were three American spy-satellite pictures of a Soviet nuclear-powered aircraft carrier, their first, that was being built on the Black Sea. The photos were of such interest that one or another of them had been reprinted in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times.*

KH-11 satellite photography is rarely published, and the U.S. government took the leak seriously. One report had it that then–Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger was angered because he had planned to cite the photographs at a NATO meeting. He wanted to demonstrate that the Soviets were further along than had been known in their effort to build a modern carrier of the sort that could accommodate high-performance jet fighters (as opposed to only vertical-takeoff planes). Now here was the prize evidence showing up in the press.

At the time, in 1984, Morison worked for the Naval Intelligence Support Center in Suitland, Maryland, as an analyst of Soviet amphibious ships and mine warfare, and the FBI investigation of the leak focused on his section—the surface-ship division—of NISC. Suspicion naturally came to rest on Morison. He'd told his bosses he was hoping to get a job with the *Week-*

The government had been incredibly patient. It had just been waiting for the right character to come along

tions by Victoria Kann

When investigators asked Morison about the leaked photographs, he fingered two other analysts

ly. He already worked for Jane's Publishing Company part-time, at $5,000 a year, as editor of the American section of the then eighty-six-year-old reference *Jane's Fighting Ships*. Jane's is a conservative publisher whose works emphasize the Soviet threat and the need for Western preparedness. The Navy approved of Morison's relationship with the publisher and permitted him to do *Jane's* work at his desk.

When, in September 1984, investigators asked Morison about the leak, he fingered two other analysts as likely sources. Shortly before that, the $30,000-a-year GS-11 had written a florid memo to his boss offering it as his "duty" to try to recover the photos from *Jane's* during a trip he was planning to England. "I wish to make it crystal clear," Morison wrote, "that in volunteering to try and repossess the photos, it should in no way whatsoever be inferred I was the person who sent them to *Jane's Defence Weekly* in the first place."

But it was already clear to the investigators that Morison *had* sent the photos. One day near the end of July 1984 he had seen them on a neighbor's desk and picked them up. Then, after cutting off the margins containing the "Secret" classification marks and stuffing them in a burn bag, he slid the photos into an envelope for *Jane's*. As he did so his thumb came down hard on a smokestack in one of the images, leaving print ridges and an island that even weeks later could be discerned.

Morison had also made the mistake of trusting his secret to a publication that was accustomed to operating under an official secrets act, as the British press does. When the American government put pressure on *Jane's* (through British intelligence) to cough up the photos, Jane's executives didn't agonize very long before selling out their loyal employee, identifying him as their source in recorded testimony.

The American government could count on the cooperation of Jane's executives. Holding out on Morison's behalf would have imperiled their friendly, and indispensable, relationship with the Navy. "They are so close to the U.S. Navy," said Michael Schatzow, the former assistant U.S. Attorney who worked on the case. "If these guys couldn't come to those formal [Naval] parties a couple of times a year, they wouldn't know what to do—half the information that Jane's gets [about] the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Navy gives them." Jane's may also have feared prosecution under Britain's Official Secrets Act, for the United States had shared the satellite photos with British intelligence. They were British secrets, too.

And so, a few weeks after the publication of the photos, a motorcycle courier sped from *Jane's* office in Horley, just south of London, to the British intelligence offices carrying [illegible] packet. Sometime later, *Jane's* stated pu[illegible] that it would never knowingly print clas[illegible] information, a claim that brought how[illegible] derision from students of the intelligence [illegible] munity, where *Jane's* is seen as a chann[illegible] propagandistic Pentagon leaking.

The fingerprinted photo was probab[illegible] the evidence the U.S. government would[illegible] need to prosecute Morison. But the govern[illegible] was not sure just what to do with him, a[illegible] waited several weeks after it had evidence[illegible] Morison was responsible before arresting [illegible] For the case preyed on a longtime ambiva[illegible] within the executive branch on[illegible] to deal with leakers.

Presidents had time and again asked Cor[illegible] to pass laws making it a crime to disclose c[illegible] fied information, but Congress had refused [illegible] so. Such legislation would come very close [illegible] official secrets act of the sort Britain had[illegible] since 1911, and we have always liked to thi[illegible] ourselves as living in a more open society [illegible] the British, one with a tradition of mistru[illegible] concentrations of power. Over the years [illegible] gress had agreed to criminalize leaking on[illegible] narrow instances: There were laws barring[illegible] publication of communications intellig[illegible] (ship movements and that sort of thing)[illegible] also a law barring the press from naming a[illegible] telligence agent.

But gaping behind these specific laws was[illegible] of the black holes of the criminal code, Tit[illegible] of the U.S. Code, Section 793—the Espio[illegible] Act of 1917. This law plainly applied to cl[illegible] spying, the disclosure of national security[illegible] formation to foreigners. But it did so in[illegible] broadest terms, prohibiting revelations of[illegible] document "relating to the national defense[illegible] those "not entitled to receive it." Do those [illegible] entitled" include reporters? congressional s[illegible] And does "relating to the national defe[illegible] refer to everything covered by the presid[illegible] system of classifying official documents? [illegible] imprecision of these words reflects how m[illegible] constituencies, from the press to the presi[illegible] to Congress, had battled over the act durin[illegible] passage. Senate sponsors had insisted that[illegible] act was intended to cover spies, not disclos[illegible] to the press or to lawmakers. One said that[illegible] law should not be used "to punish a citizen [illegible] is doing a patriotic thing in proclaiming tha[illegible] country is undefended, and pointing out wh[illegible] her defenses should be strengthened." Still, [illegible] der pressure from President Woodrow Wils[illegible] Congress had left the language open-ended, [illegible] some in government have always conten[illegible] that Section 793 truly did criminalize leak[illegible] But the point had never been tested. In 19[illegible]

g had been indicted under 793, but the uestion was thrown out of court as a result government's misconduct.

ce then, two general attitudes about the y of leaking had come to coexist within ecutive branch. One, the more narrow retation, held that Congress had not in- l the law to cover leaking, or, at least, ne language of the statute was unclear on oint. If 793 applied to leaking, there had "for the last sixty years an absolutely un- lented crime wave," in the words of An- Lapham, general counsel to the CIA the Carter administration, testifying to ress in 1979. He said the law was "so vague paque as to be virtually worthless." For its the Justice Department argued that the age of the statute plainly did apply to while acknowledging it was hard to make . This disagreement continued in the Rea- lministration but, until Morison, was nev- to a test. On several occasions, leakers of ied information were identified by the nment, but each time the Justice Depart- chose not to prosecute.

e government was probably reluctant to the issue because another Ellsberg fiasco have established once and for all that g classified information to the press was he same as espionage. But there was, no , another, larger concern: How was gov- ent to function without leaks? Leaking on because officials needed it to go on, and sticated policymakers did not want to give ne of their most useful bureaucratic imple- s. "The executive branch doesn't want to tself in a straitjacket [by criminalizing ," L. Britt Snider, former head of counter- igence at the Defense Department, ex- ed to me recently. Cabinet members who ad their policy ideas blocked often leaked in order to bypass the bureaucracy and al public opinion. Henry Kissinger, for ple, frequently had leaked classified infor- on to advance his positions, and even the CIA director William Casey—between ful- tions about leakers—had apparently given fied information to Bob Woodward of the *ington Post.* Leaks were efficacious and ssary.

en there was the question of whom to pros- , the leaker or the reporter who published eak. From time to time the Reagan admin- ion had threatened to go after the press. press' freedom to publish classified informa- was, like the legality of leaking, not a set- question. The Supreme Court's decision in of the *New York Times* in the Pentagon Pa- case, regarded as a great victory for the , included an ominous, oft-cited holding by Justice Byron R. White that the government legally could have prosecuted the *New York Times* under the Espionage Act (instead of seeking prior restraint on publication, as it did). But the government had never applied 793 to reporters, and though William Casey used to huff and puff about indicting the press for publishing national security information, the Justice Department pointedly ignored his counsel. A fight with the establishment press almost always made the government look ridiculous.

And anyway, the press and the Reagan administration had worked out a modus vivendi. Much of the press had allowed the President's popularity to master its critical impulses. On several occasions, major newspapers and reporters had shared stories involving national security with the administration before publication and had sometimes been persuaded to hold an article, as when Dale Van Atta, Jack Anderson's partner, was persuaded by the administration in December 1985 not to break the story of the arms-for-hostages deal with Iran.

The context in which the Morison prosecution evolved was not the war with the press—by now a boozy truce—but the war on government employees. The Cold War had intensified, and the administration, citing national security, instituted a series of measures to restrict sharply the flow of information and so ensure that it got to tell stories its way, without fear of contradiction from government workers. Early on, President Reagan had removed the factor of "the public's interest" from the list of considerations government employees were to weigh when classifying material. Security clearances now required a lifetime secrecy pledge, under which a government employee with security clearance had to submit all books and articles for approval prior to publication. On top of this came a Kafkaesque directive stating that government employees could be disciplined for revealing "classifiable" information. Since this included material with no secrecy designation at all, it appeared to bar any communication with the press. (Ultimately, Congress forced the administration to remove the ban on "classifiable" information.)

The administration was attacking a reporter's principal means of getting to the bottom of things, according to Scott Armstrong, director of the National Security Archives in Washington: the reporter's access to "the conservative, staid, down-to-earth career military person or career civilian who simply doesn't want the wrong story to be out there, [who says], 'You can't quote me by name but, by God, that's an outrageous lie.'" For all his quirks, Samuel Morison stood firmly in this tradition.

By successfully prosecuting Morison, the ad-

The context in which the Morison prosecution evolved was not the war with the press but the war on government employees

The last thing the Justice Department needed was another Daniel Ellsberg. This time the government was making sure to deliver a skulking self-seeker

ministration hoped to establish as law the theory that violating the classification system was a crime, that government workers with information had a lesser First Amendment right than ordinary citizens. Michael Schatzow, one of Morison's prosecutors, said the point of the prosecution was to get "a handle on the government employees." More generally, what the administration hoped to do was secure as a weapon in its arsenal a potentially powerful law that had been derided for years.

Yet even with the incriminating photographs in hand, there was argument within the Justice Department about whether or not to indict Morison. The Espionage Act was untested, officials reasoned, so the test case had better be very good indeed. Schatzow said he was cautioned by his superiors to be sure everything was there. William Bradford Reynolds, the New Right ideologue who served as assistant attorney general in charge of the civil rights division, told me he recalls serious debate over the decision to prosecute Morison—"controversy, not a donnybrook." Stephen Trott, a federal judge in Idaho who in 1984 was assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division of the Justice Department, oversaw the case. He said that the department was concerned lest it "put training wheels on a sensitive statute and let it run into the gutter." A poor test case—or one that too greatly aroused the press, for that matter—would risk the loss of this potentially powerful weapon.

And then there was the uncomfortable issue of "judicial activism." To use the courts to create statutory law—wasn't this the very action conservatives so often decried in liberals?

The decision to proceed, which was made at the highest levels of the administration, was, finally, an opportunistic one. Morison was in many ways a perfect case, a rare chance for the government to make an important ideological and legal point at one individual's expense. A right-wing eccentric, Morison was someone the media would be hard-pressed to portray as a hero. The facts of the case were almost too good to be true. The evidence was dramatic. As for the secrets involved, the KH-11 satellite was old technology, due to be replaced; this meant that the Justice Department could count on the intelligence agencies to appear in court without worrying about national security disclosures.

But one element in the case made it especially attractive. Indeed, without this element the prosecution surely would not have been brought. This was the idea that Morison was in it for profit. Legally, this was not an issue—"It doesn't matter whether he was motivated to do it because he was a super patriot or was motivated to do it because he was a Russian spy," John Douglass, one of the prosecutors, said at t
al. But the Reagan administration kn
wasn't conducting this case in an arena of
ciple as much as in one of power and po
And from the standpoint of politics, motiv
was everything. The last thing the Justic
partment needed was another Ellsberg, a
vard golden boy baring his breast to fe
spear—Ellsberg, who had Xeroxed thousa
pages of documents and mailed them
boxes without seeking a penny. No, this
the government was making sure to deli
skulking self-seeker. For although Morison
er received money for the photographs, h
on other occasions been paid by *Jane's*,
case could be made that, by giving *Jane'*
photos, he was helping his chances of beir
fered a job. "Morison wasn't able to cast hi
as some kind of martyr to government op
sion," Daniel Silver, a former general coun
the CIA, explained to me. "Had it beer
same case but without the motivation, I
think they would have touched
case with a ten-foot pole."

Samuel Morison has only three vices in
he says: boats, Coca-Cola, and "my
friend." It was the lady friend who chiefly
pied him on the night of October 1, 1984, v
he arrived at Dulles Airport. He was flyir
England with her for a week, a long-postp
vacation during which he planned both to
a permanent position with Jane's and to t
recover the photographs. But as he was lea
the airport cocktail lounge, the game e
abruptly as a group of federal agents swar
around and arrested him. The FBI write-u
Morison's arrest quotes one of his character
grace notes: "This had better be good; I hav
had a vacation in five years."

The chipper facade soon gave way to fri
An attorney who was a longtime friend of M
son's got a frantic call from the airport
night, but all he could make out from his st
mering friend was the word *espionage*. Then
line went dead. Later that night Morison
fered his first epileptic seizure in many years
keeled over in the police car even as
authorities were rifling his apartment,
ing away the file cabinets filled with
photographs.

Morison did not confess that night until
interrogator hit on the one subject calculate
get him to blurt: boats. Deciphering his t
writer ribbon, which they'd taken from his
fice in August, investigators had come upo
letter to *Jane's* in which Morison wrote, "If
American people knew what the Soviets
doing, they would increase the defense budg
As I became aware during my visit to Moris

to Western mili-
ower, his apart-
this sort of talk is
theme with him.
hawk, a Reagan-
o felt the Carter
istration had left
ıvy with a "ragged
' a Tom Clancy
c who was out-
when politicians
ed the *Iowa*-class
ship reactivation
ım on what he
ed were foolish
ds, such as that
k of armor on the
bottom made it
able to torpedoes
torpedoes ever
up out of the wa-
t such a sharp
).

at night the inter-
r went into this
of boat talk in
. He made a
n, concluding with
dea that sending
photographs had
Morison's way of
; to educate Amer-
about how the new nuclear-powered carrier
l transform Soviet capabilities.

rison looked up and said, "You hit it."

is rationale was not reflected in press cov-
of the arrest. PHOTO SALE, the *Washington*
aid in its headline the next day, echoing
BI assertion, and an anonymous source
ly tied to the government told the *New*
Times, "This isn't a leak case, this is a guy
in it for the dough." These statements
inaccurate, but they were calculated and
y persuasive.

ıe government did other things to divorce
son from Ellsberg's noble narrative. Within
ıple of days of Morison's arrest, the Justice
rtment announced two other espionage
, including the indictment of an FBI agent
was having an affair with a Soviet agent.
son looked like one more serpent in the
of spies. Add to this (possible) coincidence
lastardly implication of the airport arrest—
the stammering analyst were on his way to
ia. This neat plot twist was reinforced at
son's bail hearing when prosecutor Michael
tzow asked for $500,000 bail because
rison] is subject to being approached and
npted to be exploited by some foreign
try. . . . [There exists] a likelihood of some-



one being able to convince him that his future may be better off elsewhere."

Anyone who has met Morison realizes that this portrait is an outright distortion. He had given much to his country: He'd been in combat in Vietnam and served sixteen years with the Navy. Asked by his attorneys for a statement about his patriotism, he responded in a florid but touching manner: "If I for one instance [*sic*] thought I had hurt this country in any conceivable way, I wouldn't be writing this now because I would be dead by my own hand." As a Defense Department analyst, he had shared the Pentagon's institutional values. He was a right-wing boat nut whose expertise made him disdainful of the political people who came and went. He wrote liberal senators angry letters when they maintained that the United States was somehow keeping up with the Soviets because we were building more frigates than the Soviets were building destroyers—as if you could compare frigates to destroyers, Morison said to me with a sneer.

The case could be made that Morison was a whistle-blower. Yet that wasn't the whole story; he had also been trying to get a job at *Jane's*. In the spring of 1984, at a time when he was feeling persecuted by his boss, Morison wrote to Derek Wood, *Jane's* editor, that his Navy job was "a pit." He went on: "I feel more loyalty to Jane's than here. . . . You can have me at the drop of a hat and you won't regret it." There were no spots open. In the meantime he performed all kinds of services for Jane's, picking up people at the airport, looking after a new employee. In June 1984, at Wood's urging, he filed a long memo regarding an explosion at a Soviet naval base. This became a story, in the *Weekly,* not unlike many others in the American press that were based on classified leaks, about the Severomorsk explosion. And Wood had sent Morison a check for $300 to cover this and various other services to Jane's.

The fact that Morison himself was not talking

The case could be made that Morison was a whistle-blower. Yet that wasn't the whole story; he had also been trying to get a job with Jane's

Morison's attorneys adopted the classic civil-liberties position of defending the principle rather than the personality

only made it easier for the government's version of the story to take hold. His attorneys, surely fearing that their client would only hurt his case by speaking out, rejected numerous requests for interviews from big news organizations.

Meeting Morison made it plain to me why they had made this decision. He's not articulate or natural; he's a bubbling pot of kooky punctilio, with the business about lady friends and duty and the famous grandfather who he says had made his childhood "ecstatic." Morison is a loner and brings some of the loner's crust to his social dealings, especially in matters having to do with boats. When I asked him why he had blamed two others for lifting the photos, he said of one of the men that he was "the most incompetent son of a bitch I had ever seen in my entire life as an analyst; . . . he once came up to me, he couldn't figure out what was the bow and what was the stern of a Chinese frigate. . . . I always like to help people, and I sometimes have to lower myself several planes."

Morison can also be quite impressive, making spirited arguments in favor of increased Western sea power. But forced by his attorneys to remain under his rock, he never got to make his arguments to the press. He didn't get to say that the nuclear-powered carrier would allow the Soviets to build a naval force of a kind they had never had before. No, Morison had to keep his boat-nut expostulations to himself. His attorneys adopted the classic civil-liberties position of defending the principle rather than the personality, so they kept their man out of the limelight. The only problem with this strategy was that, in reality, the case would not be fought on the grounds of constitutional principle.

The trial of Samuel Morison took place in the federal courthouse in Baltimore over a week in October 1985. National security fanatics turned out in force, because real spooks would be testifying about American capabilities. Morison told his mother and his lady friend not to come. Most other members of his famous family, which prosecutor Michael Schatzow described as an "aristocracy," stayed away, although the trustees of his grandfather's estate had agreed after the arrest to give Morison a modest stipend to tide him over: $1,000 a month.

From the defense's standpoint, the highlight of the trial was the appearance of Roland S. Inlow, a former CIA official who had headed the intelligence agencies' committee that directed how U.S. spy satellites were to be used. The defense found Inlow only three days before the trial began, and he at first wanted nothing to do with the case; "I had no sympathy for Samuel Morison," he later wrote. But after he over the photos, he agreed to testify. For could not see how the country was hurt disclosure. The KH-11 system, whose ca ties the carrier shots revealed, had repe been compromised in the past. In 1978 t viets had managed to obtain a copy system's manual. In 1980 the Iranians ha lished a number of satellite photograph had recovered from the aborted U.S. miss rescue the hostages. In 1981 *Aviation We* printed a KH-11 photograph of a Russia strip (for which no one was fired, let charged with a crime). As for the claim Morison had compromised American in gence by revealing to the Soviets what we looking at, this was absurd; the only con able surprise for the Soviets would have learning that the United States was *not* p graphing the shipyard.

"The damage in terms of the technical acteristics [of the imaging system], I come t conclusion, . . . is zero," Inlow testified. "I opinion the operational detail that is refle in the fact of the photography is zero. . zero plus zero equals zero. That is the sim way that I can put it; and I say that having d erated a great deal about it."

Inlow's testimony set off some panic on government's side. Two officials—one CIA's associate deputy director for intelli —were summoned to rebut his claim. In terms this was not difficult to do, since Judg seph H. Young had ruled that the governm only had to show that the disclosures were tentially" damaging to the national defe "Maybe all [the leak] does is tell [the Sovi that yes, in 1984, things haven't changed' the capabilities of the satellite, prosecutor J Douglass argued. Obviously, this slim test damage might cover any leak at all; it mi even cover the fact, mentioned earlier in article, that the Navy shared the photos w British intelligence, a fact I know to be cla fied information, barred from release during trial.

The other bit of suspense at the trial whether Morison would take the stand. "T was going to be the speech of my life," he t me.

He didn't get to give it, and even years la Mark H. Lynch, one of Morison's attorne won't say why. "That's a tactical decision tha can't discuss. And it goes to the heart of thinking about the case. I'm just not going talk about it."

Part of Lynch's reasoning surely had to with the court's interpretation of one word the law: "willfully." The defense argued that show the communication was willful the g

it had to show Morison had "an evil :" to harm the United States. This inter- on of the law, which other federal cases o support, would have created an oppor- for Morison to use a Paul Revere defense, v what a patriot he was. But Judge Young llow it. He ruled that all the government do was prove that Morison had deliber- iolated Navy prohibitions. "Proof of the udable motives, or any motive at all, is ant under the statute," he said.

the more compelling reason to keep n off the stand was Schatzow, the fero- prosecutor. "I would have eaten his " Schatzow said when I asked him why n didn't testify. "I could probably have xamined him for twenty minutes just on t that he blamed two other people for do- is." By trial's end, Schatzow's only con- as that the jury might start feeling sorry rison as a sad sack, a pathetic figure who t merit the full weight of the govern- attack. Schatzow sought to remove that thy by characterizing Morison as "petty, arrogant."

e defense was hard-pressed to respond. rosecution had offered a portrait of Mori- a lying, fingering, eccentric leaker, and fense had not been able to do much to de- im otherwise. Robert Muse, another of on's attorneys, had even conceded in his g argument that maybe it was good that ent had lost his job for what he'd done. "It rong. . . . I'm not asking you to applaud I'm not saying he did the right thing. I'm aying it is ennobling."

e jury deliberated for six hours before returning guilty verdicts on all four counts.

ne of the key moments in Morison's trial when two reporters from CBS and UPI al- testified in his defense but did not. They going to say that the information about the romorsk explosion that Morison had given ne's, and which had brought its own espio- count, was information they too had got- rom administration sources. The point was if Morison was a criminal, then so were a f others. But because they refused to identi- eir sources, the judge wouldn't allow their nony.

ne nonappearance of the reporters seemed g, because the media had been deeply un- fortable with Morison all along and did not r his case in depth. The idea that his ac- s had a public purpose was never advanced any force to readers or viewers. This was rkable, because the press had such a strong est in the principle of the case. But here, too, the politics of the case proved decisive. The press embraced Morison only once, long after his trial was over, and soon after doing so it again turned its back on him.

ought to distance itself from Morison

From the start, the press sought to distance itself from Morison. Soon after his arrest the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press expressed doubt that his was a First Amendment case, a view supported by the noted First Amendment attorney Floyd Abrams. "I don't think there's a powerful First Amendment argument that can be made in support of a right to leak," he said in a recent interview. Seymour Hersh, the investigative journalist, told me that the pictures Morison leaked served no great public purpose and that therefore the government may have had a right to "censor" him (though he added that the use of the espionage statute was "nuts").

The American Civil Liberties Union, which was helping to represent Morison, pushed the press for more support by suggesting that the government's case threw a shadow over the press itself. For one thing, if Morison were convicted, then anytime the executive branch was angered by publication of a secret, it could assert that a crime had been committed and haul the reporter before a grand jury and seek to compel testimony about the source. The Supreme Court in 1972 had sharply limited a reporter's right to remain silent about sources when a crime has taken place.

Or the press itself might be charged with Morison's crimes, espionage and theft. The theft charge in particular had frightening implications. Morison was charged with theft, not only for taking the photos but also for the possession in his home of a copy of a secret Navy document on which he had based his account of the Severomorsk explosion. Reporters were often in possession of copies of secret documents. According to the government's theory, a Xerox in a briefcase could make a reporter a criminal.

Then there was the espionage statute, whose language is so capacious that if a government worker can be stuffed inside, so can a reporter. The point was made succinctly at Morison's bail hearing, when Jacob Stein, one of his attorneys, said, "Under this statute, the person who uses the information that [Morison] allegedly gave is also guilty. The *Washington Post* is guilty, the *Baltimore Sun* is guilty."

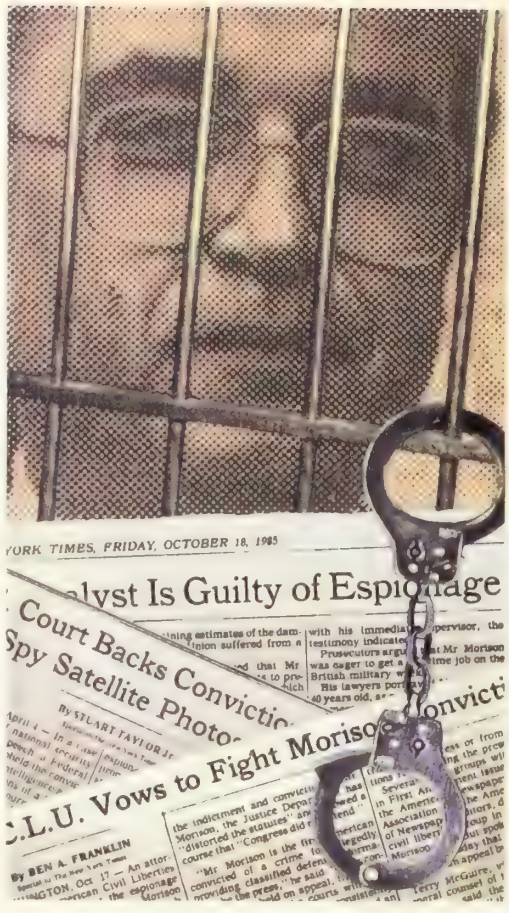
"I hope you'll take appropriate action," Judge Young said to Schatzow.

What follows on the audiotape of the proceedings is the sound of somebody scoffing.

It was that scoff, symbolically, that the press heard. Not long after the bail hearing, a high Justice Department official met with troubled representatives of the press to assure them that

'Are we defending a traitor? And did this guy jeopardize the government's security? Don't let your First Amendment sentiments overcome you'

they had little cause for concern. The target of the prosecution was the government employee; the government believed that the First Amendment protected publishing, but not leaking. Legally speaking, this was small comfort. The Justice Department never took such a position officially—for instance, by having the attorney general testify to that effect. Why should he? In the Pentagon Papers case, at least three Supreme Court justices had been willing to grant the executive branch Section 793 as a legal weapon against the press. One never knew when this might be useful. Securing legal grounds for the prosecution of the press was probably not a primary goal of the prosecution, but it had to be seen as a bonus.


YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1985

...alyst Is Guilty of Espionage

Court Backs Convictio... Convicti...

Spy Satellite Photo...

...Vows to Fight Moriso...

"The danger is that you'll have a very hot story, you'll go to the White House, and there's a possibility that you'll hear the attorney general say, 'Well, if you print that story we'll indict you under 793, and if you don't believe it ask your attorneys about the Morison case,'" Morton Halperin, director of the Washington office of the ACLU, explained to me recently.

But Halperin was talking legal principles. The press establishment preferred to regard the Morison case from the standpoint of pragmatic politics. This perspective offered the following comfort: The government is unlikely to use the Morison precedent to go after us because of the uproar we'd unleash. (Or, as Schatzow put it, "The Justice Department doesn't have the balls, they don't want to get in a fight with the press... they don't want to haul the reporter from the *New York Times* [before] a grand jury, have him refuse to answer, have him held in contempt, have him sit in jail.") Also, by keeping our distance from Morison, we journalists make ourselves look like patriots.

It was (and is) an age when the press was tailoring itself to a conservative model. The most respected outlets, Ted Koppel's *Nightline*, the *Washington Post*, and the *New York Times*, were tilting to the right, echoing the administration's concerns about na... security. When it ... to Morison, press ... ple were often elo... in taking up the a... istration's case. W... Burleigh, a senio... president at S... Howard who led ... cussion of the ... within the Am... Society of News... Editors, recalled, "... was rousing debate ... we defending a tr... And did this guy je... dize the governm... security? Don't let ... First Amendment s... ments overcome ... George Freeman, s... attorney for the ... *York Times*, told ... "Publishers don't ... to be labeled the... things that Mor... was being called. ... want to show they ... about national se... ty." Bruce Sanfor... lawyer who represe... the Society of Pr... sional Journalists, went further: "We're f... with a judiciary and members of the public ... public officials who think of the press as a ... whiny crybaby.... We have to do everyt... we can to dispel that challenge to ... credibility."

Political expedience yielded to principle ... once, when Morison appealed his convictio... the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals in R... mond, Virginia. News organizations dith... over whether to file a friend-of-the-court b... but the newspaper that best understood the ... sequences of squelching sources—the *Wash... ton Post*, in the person of its counsel, Boisfeu... Jones Jr.—mobilized the media. A brief ... written arguing that the espionage statute ... terrifyingly, unconstitutionally broad, and ... muzzling a leaker violated the First Am... ment. The language of the brief was caref... crafted to get a lot of names under the tent, ... eryone from ABC to CBS to NBC to the ... *Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, and the ... *ami Herald*—thirty-one organizations in all, ... cluding the conservative American Newsp... Publishers Association, whose president, a ... mer Pentagon spokesman, was comforted ... line added to the brief stating that Moris... case was "unique and unsympathetic."

leaker "is engaged in activity at the core First Amendment's protection," the brief A source's motives "may be honorable or norable . . . but the overall effect of public ures concerning the affairs of government nhance the people's ability to understand government and to control their own y."

e as they were in coming, these words had t. In April 1988 three judges on the Circuit Court of Appeals upheld Mori- conviction, 3–0, with a majority opinion n by Judge Donald S. Russell holding that on was trying to "prostitute" the First dment into a "warrant for thievery." But o other judges wrote concurring opinions wledging that the case's First Amendment ons were real and substantial. The effect rison's disclosure, Judge J. Harvie Wilkin- I argued, "was to enhance public knowl- nd interest in the projection of Soviet sea ." Wilkinson said the espionage statute's ering breadth" troubled him. He was d by Judge J. Dickson Phillips Jr., who the law "unwieldy and imprecise"; he on Congress to step in and define it.

arly Wilkinson and Phillips were uneasy the case. But who wasn't? The press was led by it, Congress was troubled by it, even people in the executive branch were led by it. Yet in every instance those in a on to affect its progress were passive; Wil- n and Phillips were only the latest ("judi- utlessness," said defense attorney Mark n). Their vision of executive power was ening and naive. "The judicial role must deferential one," Wilkinson wrote. He eded that the court was granting the presi- a powerful weapon to stifle public discourse tionalized this by repeating what the press old itself: that political realities would re- the executive.

ming from a federal appeals court judge, vas a curious twist on the notion of checks alances. If the government ever tried to go "those who truly expose governmental and misconduct," Wilkinson wrote, the tical firestorm that would follow prosecu- would make the case untenable. Yet at level Morison was a whistle-blower, and sort of uproar had followed his suffocation? ter the appeals court decision, Morison's ers asked the press to prepare another d-of-the-court brief urging the Supreme t to hear the case. But the press made a cal- ed judgment that the Supreme Court was good place for the issue to land, not with ison's story anyway. The Supreme Court it uphold the executive branch's power over ch in matters of national security, which would make things even worse.

"There aren't five votes [on the Supreme Court] that'll hold their nose and decide on the principle of the thing," an attorney close to the press effort told me. "If they think the guy's a schmuck, they'll find a way to decide against him." Kevin T. Baine, a partner at the Washington firm of Williams & Connolly who helped draft the press' brief, says it was time to cut losses. "We got language in that [Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals] opinion that's going to make the Justice Department think long and hard before taking on the press. Was it a total victory? No. The press' interests were undermined by the conviction of the leaker. That decision was one that we would like to see overruled someday. . . . But this was not a pure case. . . . If you are trying to get a vehicle to get the highest court in the land to rule on [this law], you'd probably be able to find a case more attractive than Morison."

For his part, Morison tried to hold out against going to prison. His attorneys argued to the trial judge that other inmates might persecute him, possibly to the point of death. They said that Morison had suffered enough, with the damage done to the family name.

But a year ago last spring Morison was ordered to begin his two-year sentence. Over Memorial Day weekend he checked into a hospital—a heart condition, he thought, to go along with his epilepsy, as well as his thyroiditis and a bad back from a war injury—but two weeks later he showed up at the Danbury, Connecticut, prison gates on time. Once again he cut a Chaplinesque figure, for he carried two bags, as if he were checking into a hotel. The warden had to explain that he could bring in only the clothes he had on.

showed up at Danbury prison carrying two bags, as if he were checking into a hotel

The day I saw Morison last spring, we spent most of the time disputing ground rules for an interview. His attorneys, true to their long-held strategy, had advised him not to talk, but Morison and I had begun a dialogue without their knowledge. The interchange had been brokered by the one member of the press who had been devoted to Morison's case all along: Craig Klugman, editor of the *Fort Wayne* (Indiana) *Journal-Gazette*. It was Klugman who had driven Morison to prison and picked him up.

It was obvious that Morison wanted to talk. He was dying to talk. But when I showed up he had drafted a formal document with his conditions for our interview, including a stipulation he stuck to that he would refuse to discuss intelligence sources and methods. It seemed a rough parody of all the restrictions others had placed on Morison's speech.

The tussling over rules took hours, during

Morison talked for a while, grateful for the chance to justify himself. I got the feeling he has never really figured out why he did it

which we waited for calls from my editor and Morison sipped his beloved Cokes and talked about life after prison. It was plain that he was sinking happily back into a career as a military analyst. He was editing his grandfather's diaries for publication and was about to take a job as an assistant editor of a defense-affairs magazine.

Sometime after lunch we were redrafting the interview agreement yet again when Morison could restrain himself no longer and, gesturing at my tape recorder, began talking.

"Justification," he said, speaking telegraphically about his motivation. "Purely to alert the people. Stop bickering over the defense budgets."

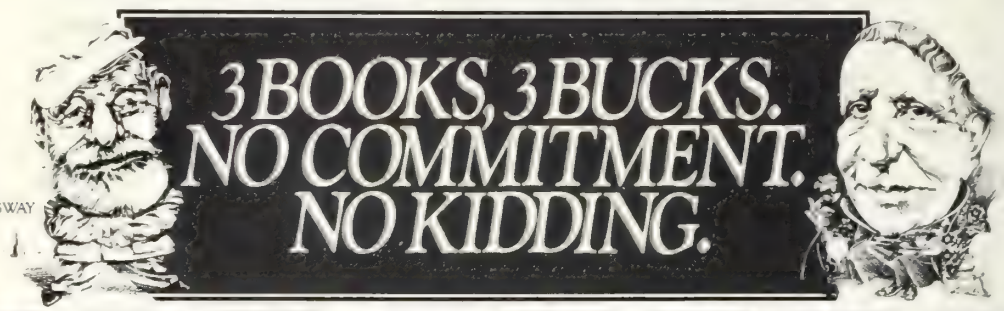
He talked for a while, grateful for the chance to justify himself. But he threw out so many ideas I had the feeling he has never really figured out just why he did it.

Morison had arrived at many sorts of justification. He said his grandfather would have approved. "That's why I sent them," he said suddenly, noting that his grandfather had regarded the Navy as all that stood between us and Europe, where the Soviets are. "Like I did in Vietnam, I did what I had to do." Later he suggested that the photos had been the "higher cause" he was looking for in order to lose his job and get out from under a boss he'd come like. As for his repeated denials and ev he said that he had intended to "fess up" investigators as soon as he'd recover photographs.

The conviction was a wedge in his min military man in him accepted the verdict will of his government. But as someon opinions to express that he thought were national interest, he could never acc Lofty themes—loyalty, virtue, death- swirling through his speech.

"Let me digress a second. One of the that disturbed me—I thought that when I wouldn't have a military funeral. I g American flag for that reason. When I wa in the coffin, I wanted to have a flag o When I was dead." He looked up at me to sure I had gotten his drift. "I'd just give [his lady friend] or somebody 'Make sure that this goes on t

Samuel Morison had been in prison months when, last October, the Supreme declined to hear his case. This meant tha government position was now the law f five states of the Fourth Circuit, but legal s ars said that, as the reigning interpretati the espionage statute, it would have a nat

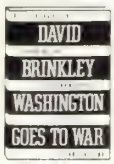




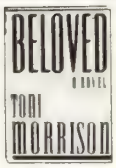
*793. A definitive one-volume collection including seven previously unpublished tales
Hardcover $22.50
QPB: $10.95



*112. A fascinating account of the remarkable range and depth of Indian achievements
Hardcover $17.95
QPB: $9.50



547. Brinkley recreates the electrifying climate of Washington, DC during WWII
Hardcover $18.95
QPB: $9.50



155. Toni Morrison's Pulitzer prize-winner. Extraordinary. N.Y. Times
Hardcover $18.95
QPB: $7.95



*716. From the pages of Rolling Stone, a fascinating look at the past 20 years
Hardcover $24.95
QPB: $12.95



*330. An award-winning cookbook author offers more than
Hardcover $19.95
QPB: $9.95

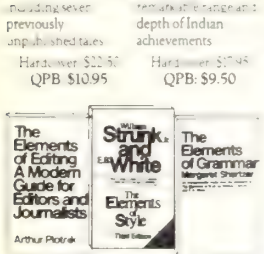


169. Fast-paced creepy fun from the author of the best-selling Vampire Lestat
QPB: $9.95

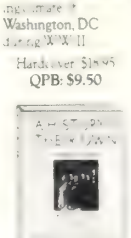


601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated
Hardcover $29.95
QPB: $12.95


495. Biting, hilarious essays from the crown prince of gonzo journalism
Hardcover $19.95
QPB: $8.95



109. A special QPB trio: The Elements of Style, The Elements of Grammar, The Elements of Editing
3-volume set
QPB: $10.95


147. European history from the woman's perspective
Hardcover $27.50
QPB: $11.95


360. Treat yourself to the adventures of a six-year-old and his stuffed-tiger alter ego
QPB: $10.95



*559. A best-selling novel set in the New Mexico desert
Hardcover $15.95
QPB: $7.95



423. A scholar on mythology tells how myths have shaped our lives
Hardcover $27.50
QPB: $15.95



453. Fascinating facts about the origins of such things as Velcro
Hardcover $19.95
QPB: $8.95



267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format
Hardcover $29.95
QPB: $15.95



143. An Oxford professor explores the creative role of solitude.
Hardcover $17.95
QPB: $8.95

The government had done what it had nable to do for seventy years: assign a l penalty to the classification system. It ned an official secrets law. And though ernment had yet to assert this part of its it might even be a crime to publish a se- he Court's refusal to hear the case was covered by the press. The *New York* gave it 13 inches; the *Washington Post,* : networks ignored the story entirely. itely, a lot of people were disturbed by rison conviction. Newspaper publishers vas a terrible decision. Some members of ss were said to regard it as miserable law. I asked three staffers on a relevant con- nal committee why Congress had not the Fourth Circuit's mandate to say : means by the espionage statute, they d. Congress wouldn't go near it unless ne forced it to. Congress wasn't about to stand against national security. The re- aw might turn out worse: It might be xplicit about official secrets and the press' bligation. Anyway, neither the press nor vil liberties community was forcing the

ny hasn't the dog barked?" one congres- staffer remarked, contemptuously. dog wasn't barking because people had decided to think of the case as an aberration. "Two prosecutions in fifty years isn't bad for the press' interests" was the rationalization I heard more than once. The Morison case was a freak prosecution at a time of heightened concern about national security. Once again, the principle in the case yielded to a judgment about its unsavory politics. Morison was so unpleasant. The swiftness with which his cause had been dropped brought to mind the drug crisis, and the reports of train engineers smoking pot and pilots snorting cocaine. A few stories like that, and suddenly the country was prepared to sacrifice the Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable search and seizure and demand urine testing of employees. When the right crisis came along, and the right story, it was easy to trash a principle.

The one constituency that did not think of the case as an aberration was the administration itself. The Morison victory meant a great deal to the White House, and it was generally agreed that if anyone did try to rewrite the espionage law, the Justice Department would be on Capitol Hill fighting to hold on to what it had won. In the dark of night, with little check or balance and scarcely a growl from the watchdogs, the executive had seized a weapon. Who knew when it would prove useful. ■

The government had done what it had been unable to do for seventy years. It had gained an official secrets law



*498. 1989 edition of What to write, how to write it, where to sell it
Hardcover $27.50
QPB: $13.50



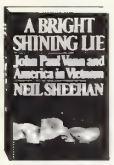
*319. Fascinating techniques on overcoming "presentation anxiety" in all business encounters.
Hardcover: $15.95
QPB: $7.95



*321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



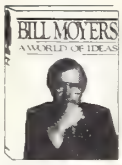
472. A new filled-to-bursting collection of over 500 hysterical "Far Side" cartoons.
QPB: $8.95



*309. A disturbing biography of an army officer who personified America's presence in Vietnam.
Hardcover $24.95
QPB: $12.95



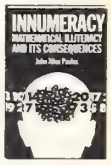
270. The Batman of the '90's battles crime, corruption and even his very soul
Hardcover: $12.95
QPB: $8.95



182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science with notable individuals.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



*165. The story of an artist who must confront the troubling memories of her childhood.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $9.50



*335. What happens when well-educated people are ignorant of basic mathematics.
Hardcover: $16.95
QPB: $8.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

igs: QPB books are books in hardcover sizes, bound and printed on fine t they are priced up to 60% their hardcover arts.

iew: You'll receive the *ew* 15 times a year (about weeks). Each issue reviews ection, plus scores of other you want the Selection do It will be shipped to you cally. If you want one or he other books—or no ll—indicate your decision ply Form always enclosed n it by the date specified. A and handling charge is each shipment.

rivilege: If the *QPB* delayed and you receive the without having had 10 otify us, you may return it

Bonus books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

QPB® Quality Paperback Book Club®

Let's Try Each Other for 6 Months.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804


COLETTE

Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

Indicate by number your 3 choices. [ ] [ ] [ ]

Name _____ 9-16
(Please print clearly) QB067-9
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Publishers Clearing House Canada • 1989 Quality Paperback Book Club

THE SUM OF

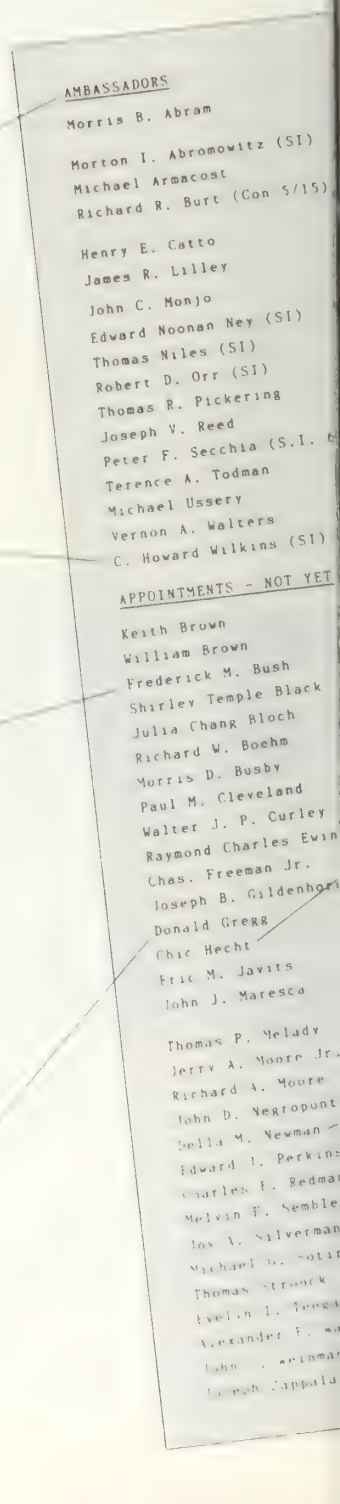
Taking the measure

You will not find the name Maxwell Gluck on this State Department list of Bush administration ambassadors, but he is here in spirit. Gluck, whom foreign service officers still speak of, was Eisenhower's nominee in 1957 to be ambassador to Ceylon, but he might have been a creation of Evelyn Waugh. He could not name Ceylon's prime minister. Asked to characterize U.S. relations with Ceylon, he responded: "I think they are a people who are friendly and unfriendly." Owner of a chain of women's-apparel stores, Gluck believed he had proved he could serve the President the previous fall, when he'd contributed $30,000 to his campaign. Alas, the Senate thought otherwise and sent him home. That was then; this is now: President Bush and a pliant Senate eager to appear "bipartisan" have seen to it that one "Gluck" after another has been hurriedly posted to this or that country—a corps that may be the least qualified (and most oleaginous) in recent history. To name a few:

C. Howard Wilkins. Foreign service experience: none. Contribution to Republican party, 1988: $100,000.

Frederick M. Bush. Not related to the President but, politically speaking, real family: He's been (G.) Bush's top political fund-raiser for the past ten years. Speaks neither French nor German nor Letzeburgesch but apparently has a grasp of Luxembourg's tourist-driven economy: He listed among his qualifications that he is "an avid squash and tennis player." Caribbean would seem to have been more appropriate area for posting: (F.) Bush, according to investigators into the HUD scandal, was paid a $160,000 "consulting fee" for a rehab project in Puerto Rico. Fact that he admitted never having actually visited the site may have ruled out island posting.

Donald Gregg. National Security Adviser to V.P. Bush, valued for his golden silence. Has close ties to Felix Rodriguez—the ex-CIA agent recruited by Oliver North to serve as liaison between the Salvadoran Air Force and private American crews involved in the Contra resupply effort—and in January '85 brought Bush and Rodriguez together for a meeting. Yet maintained throughout '88 campaign—and during his confirmation hearing—that Bush knew nothing of illegal (because of Boland Amendment) resupply. Previous Asian experience: CIA officer, Vietnam.


AMBASSADORS

Morris B. Abram

Morton I. Abromowitz (SI)
Michael Armacost
Richard R. Burt (Con 5/15)

Henry E. Catto
James R. Lilley
John C. Monjo
Edward Noonan Ney (SI)
Thomas Niles (SI)
Robert D. Orr (SI)
Thomas R. Pickering
Joseph V. Reed
Peter F. Secchia (S.I. 6
Terence A. Todman
Michael Ussery
Vernon A. Walters
C. Howard Wilkins (SI)

APPOINTMENTS - NOT YET

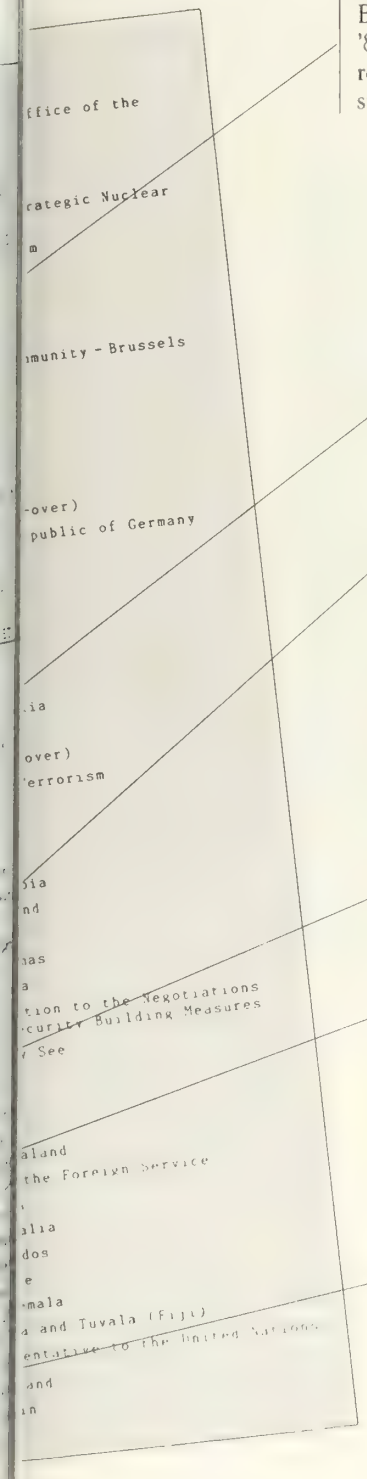
Keith Brown
William Brown
Frederick M. Bush
Shirley Temple Black
Julia Chang Bloch
Richard W. Boehm
Morris D. Busby
Paul M. Cleveland
Walter J. P. Curley
Raymond Charles Ewin
Chas. Freeman Jr.
Joseph B. Gildenhorn
Donald GreGR
Chic Hecht
Eric M. Javits
John J. Maresca

Thomas P. Melady
Jerry A. Moore Jr.
Richard A. Moore
John D. Negroponte
Della M. Newman
Edward L. Perkins
Charles F. Redma
Melvin F. Semble
Jon L. Silverman
Michael G. Sotir
Thomas Stroock
Evelyn L. Trego
Alexander F. wa
John [illegible]
Joseph Zappala

Murray Waas writes on politics for The Village Voice, The Nation, *and the* Boston Herald.

POSSESSIONS

dors, *by Murray Waas*



Peter F. Secchia. Lumber tycoon who engineered Bush's crucial Michigan caucus victory in January '88. Perhaps expects to find in Rome what he told a reporter for this magazine he was looking for at '87 state Republican conference: "a big-titted woman."

Chic Hecht. No friend of Bush's but a friend of Bob Dole's; appointment a fence-mending gesture. Hecht, a one-term Nevada senator, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "I am sure I will feel at home in the Bahamas. I've been involved in gambling in Nevada and I've been involved in banking." Reflecting, perhaps, an understanding of job's postcolonial *cultural* dimension, he added: "I love golf and they have a lot of nice golf courses."

John D. Negroponte. Reagan ambassador to Honduras. May or may not have played a key role in Iran-Contra "quid pro quo" (the deal in which U.S. gave aid to Honduras in exchange for Honduran aid to the Contras) that Bush may or may not have played a key role in. This may or may not mean that Bush owes Negroponte. (*See* Gregg, "golden silence.")

Della M. Newman. Seattle real estate broker who chaired Bush campaign in Washington State. In interview, noted she has no particular interest in foreign affairs. Could not name New Zealand's prime minister (David Lange) when asked by a reporter to do so. Later maintained she *did* know his name but kept mum because she didn't know the correct—New Zealandish?—pronunciation.

Melvin F. Sembler. Foreign service experience: none. Contribution to Republican party, 1988: $100,000.

Joseph Zappala. His $100,000 contribution had nothing to do with it! Because there is both real estate and drug abuse in Spain, the Bush administration has been quick to point out that Zappala's work as a developer and as a cofounder (with Melvin Sembler) of Straight, Inc., a drug-rehab program, qualifies him for this post. Curiously, officials have failed to mention that inspectors for Florida's Department of Health and Rehabilitative Services found that Straight incarcerated adults and children against their will and abused them. In '83, Fred Collins, nineteen, was awarded a $220,000 judgment against Straight after a federal jury found that he had been falsely imprisoned by Straight for 130 days.

SHIP IN A BOTTLE

By Annie Dillard

On the bay side of Cape Cod, my husband and I own half of a summer cottage and a seventeen-foot Thistle. A Thistle is an old class boat, a racing sloop; it is open, so you can pile in families for picnics.

A year ago July we were embarked upon such a picnic when I found the extraordinary ship in the bottle. We had sailed into fog. The pale bluffs of Wellfleet's Great Island—our destination—seemed lower as we approached them. Then we saw the bluffs blur in fog and vanish. When the fog covered our boat, the wind died back and the children began to gripe. "Look—," my husband started to say to distract them, but there was nothing to see. Beyond the boat the air in every direction glowed. We could see each other in sharp focus—this friend scrambling for a jacket, that friend with a white strip of zinc oxide on his nose. And we could see a circle of waves, dark and crisp around our hull. We heard the boat move through the water.

We sailed in a moat of clarity, a floating island like a flat galaxy of matter in a void. When a corked bottle floated by, I reached over the side and let it slide into my palm. It seemed something was in it, something hanging in shreds like torn cloth. It was a ship in a bottle; we all could see when I brought it aboard. The children, predictably, were not interested.

The bottle was sixteen inches long, blown of glass green at its base. It could have held thirty-six ounces of rum, say, or molasses. Its cork was tight. Someone had cunningly fashioned a ship inside it: a three-master, classic ship-rigged, beamy and round-hulled, and heavy-decked. The ship's intricate ratlines looked to be varnished black carpet thread. Her maker had so brilliantly miniaturized the rest of her hull, deck, and rigging, and each glowing canvas sail, that no one could guess its origin; you could see the ship only in its whole perfection and imagine a real ship shrunk. Every detail of her rail was carved walnut, it looked like, and her masts were spruces the size of matchsticks. Even the weave of the billowing canvas sails was in scale, so those furled on the yards did not bulge; even the grain of wood on the decks was in scale, as if lumbered from bonsai trees. O transom, brass letters spelled *FR* This perfect ship floated, as it we a crude blob of plaster painted l

I trust you have seen ships in tles. I mention this one and its enance only because it proved unusual six months later, long a had forgotten about it.

Our summer cottage has no in tion; we close it every fall and We draw the curtains and drain pipes. The cottage abuts Blac Creek, an estuary that empties Wellfleet Bay. The mean tide ran ten feet; twice a day our moored tle careens itself on a mud flat, twice a day it floats in the basin o ter the tide brings. We have heard that ice piles up on the tide in winter—we have seen snapsho muddy, spongy ice lining the b below our cottage—but neither had ever seen it until winter.

Last winter, my travels took to the Cape in January. It was o short jog to visit our empty cotta was alone. Daylight was fading w got there. On the windy beach the shore ice heaped in broken sl

Annie Dillard's most recent book is The Writing Life, *a memoir about writing, to be published this month by Harper & Row.*

e was out, but the yard smelled
, not mud flat. I entered the
and stumbled into the porch
e heaped inside. Because the
as no warmer than the yard, it
colder. The familiar paintings
walls, the red end tables, the
couch, the junky lamps—all of
ings looked haunted and dear,
loved objects people put in
with corpses, to accompany

ened the front curtains. My
ll on the ship in the bottle,
lay mounted on the
vsill. My husband had
for the bottle a wood-
nd. We had bored
all that August with
tle's small story, what
w of it: We found it
g in the bay, in a fog.
, standing at the win-
, I saw something I
ot forget or ever ex-
The bottle's blue wa-
l frozen to white ice.
e ice were many men
ogs; they lived and
. I could make them
the bottle's dim blue
The yellowish Samo-
ught on their tethers;
dressed in fur parkas
l the dogs and faced
ther, gesturing, with
expressions and open
s as if talking on an
ry occasion. Wooden
s—on the ship's in-
ly small scale—lay
about the ice, as did
s, a potbellied iron
and debris too small to
ize. The ship listed on the ice,
naged. All her rigging was bare;
vas was in sight. A rough gang-
bridged her deck and the ice.
men alone interested me. I
l at them and hazarded a wave.
stood in twilight, unseeing. I re-
barely, the impulse to knock
eir bottle—only because I re-
ered chastening public aquar-
igns to the effect that it drives
imals and fish mad if you knock
eir glass, which is so precisely
I want to do that it seems almost
it. Down on the white ice in
ttle, one man beat his gray mit-

tens together. He was talking, apparently, with two bareheaded men, both brown-haired, with iced-up beards. I could see their breaths. I could see my own breath, too; it was an effort to keep it from fogging on the bottle. The men, ship, and spars cast no shadows; it was too dark.

Two men—glistening fur parkas, dark leggings, high fur boots—stood at one edge of the ice and simultaneously tore off running to the other edge. When they reached it, they both fell on their backs and laughed. I could see the startling cuts of white that their teeth made in their opened beards. A cloud of white vapor appeared over each tiny face. The two men stood and made their way up the gangplank and into the ship; one of them opened a hatch on deck and walked into it. The other man followed, and so did everyone else; the men were clearing the ice. They climbed the gangplank, ducked into the ship, and vanished; I watched the last fur boot step over the hatchway, and watched the hatch close. The ship did not twitch. The ice held it fast.

Now it was [illegible]. The chunks of shore ice on our familiar Cape Cod beach held the last light like clouds. In the cottage, behind me I could see only a black heap I knew was porch furniture. My hands were cold. I looked from the window again and saw Jupiter north of Orion's bare shoulder.

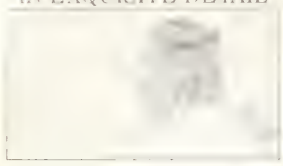
Inside the dark bottle, over the ship, in the bottle's sky, dimly, a fabric of dark colors hung and moved. I could see stars through its spread. The lights waved and billowed across the sky; their low edge curved like a hem.

A little snow was blowing across the wooden ship; it blew across the wood cartons and iron stove on the ice. The dogs lay fanned out at the end of their traces, each curled, each facing the wind, each with its nose under its tail. A stovepipe on the ship's deck let out a thread of white smoke, and the wind took it.

Last week—in mid-May—when my husband, daughter, and I opened the summer cottage together, I walked in first and spread the living

on by David Johnson

ALASKA MAP
IN EXQUISITE DETAIL



This full color shaded-relief wall map measures 63½"×35". $45 laminated or $20 paper. $4.00 shipping UPS. Request our **free** brochure of western state wall maps. Order by phone or mail today:
1-800-237-0798.
Raven Maps & Images

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!



. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM08, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

INTRODUCTORY OFFER:



Wild West Gold Coins
Authentic U.S. Eagle Gold Piece From The 1800s In Brilliant Uncirculated MS-60+ Condition

ONLY $330 A COIN

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Two Coin Maximum Per Order
Prices subject to change.

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-877-7633

BLANCHARD

FREE
with every order:
A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO COIN INVESTMENT

OFFER #HO7

room curtains. On the windowsill the ship in the bottle looked just as it had when we first found it, just as it had last August: a wooden ship bearing many bright square sails. Its round hull rested on a blob of plaster painted blue.

We settled into our summer routines. Last night I was reading on the couch beside the windowsill, as is my habit. My husband was out, my daughter asleep. I finished a book (*Great Heart,* the story of a Labrador canoe expedition) I enjoyed so much that when it ended in my hands and I looked back through it and studied the maps and read the beginning again, I put it down in sorrow, and, rather than rise and find another book so betrayingly soon, I picked up the ship in a bottle.

As I had so often during this past week, I turned the bottle over in my hands. I searched the ship's wooden deck for a sign of the hatch that led belowdecks. Again I sought in the rigging for men, and tried at the wheel, and the rail, and the peak. I searched the blue plaster sea. I looked under the sea, even—between the plaster and the glass, as if for bodies. But it was on the surface of the sea that I saw something new, a cylinder the size of a splinter. It was too regular for a splinter, however; both ends were flat. The cylinder tumbled when I turned the bottle.

It was with pliers, finally, that I uncorked the bottle. The cylinder slid into my palm. It was a log of cork; age or water had blackened it. A seam circumscribed it. With care I pulled both ends; the cork parted at the seam and revealed a wooden cylinder within. This inner cylinder was the size of a chocolate jimmie, the sort children sprinkle on ice cream. In the scale of the ship in the bottle, the cork log was the size of a hand telescope and the inner cylinder the size of a cigar case. I saw with something akin to disgust that this small cylinder was itself a case; a seam disclosed its wooden cap. I have no patience with small things and, frankly, no interest in them. Close views of forest moss or leaves bore me to exasperation, sewing frightens me, tiny dolls appall me—I like volleyball, I like to slam the ball.

Still, having come this far, I had to open the wooden case. Two of tweezers did the trick. Inside case I found two sheets of yel paper curled lengthwise. W on the papers was a text.

I have just spent the morning ing this wretched text unc microscope, with my husband transcribing it. I keep my only n scope at the Cape Cod cottage; cent years I have looked throu only at sand. I laid the papers s side on a glass slide and covered with another glass slide. My hu and daughter stood by my study interested and eager to the po hopping, both of them. I note their hopping shook the floor. my neck wearied of this sore however, and my husband to over, I hopped too; the words out so slowly. The words did n plain in any way what the ship the *Fram* was doing in the bottle the ice. In fact, there is no clear ence—given the peculiar natu this bottle—that the cork case from the ship. The cork case a broken text could have floated the vicinity of the *Fram* on the s of the great intermingled sea all share. (Except, of course, tha bottle's sea is a pouring of p corked off on a windowsill. Ever ory has problems.)

Under the microscope I saw a smooth script—brown ink or lowed paper. I expected a b grain to the magnified handwr because magnified ordinary writ print shatters under magnific and reveals flaws. But in this magnification merely restored document's original scale. I make out eleven or twelve lin script at the same time, before I h nudge the slide.

> 12th. There was so much vis last week on the 8th [it began] t bottled some in flasks and stor flasks, tightly stoppered, in one forward holds. Today, our first no visibility, a day of blinding f made our experiment. The capta naled me, and I signaled the ma walked forward into the bows corked the first flask, held it in a stretched arm, and released its co into the air.

once blue sky streaked from the
and ripped across the fog. It was a
er of clarity, and it floated. In it, I
l see a petrel dashing along the top
e water, and I could see calm seas
ıe horizon. I sat on the rail and
ed down. Through the banner of
y I could see several inches into
water, which was green and filled
jellyfish.
ıe banner-shaped patch of visibil-
as ten feet long and as narrow as
lask's neck. As our ship drew along
ly (for there is rarely great wind in a
all aboard realized that we should
lose the visibility over our stern.
captain gave an order, and a man,
en, on the afterdeck reached out
a belaying pin and snagged it. He
ed it with care, rolling the pin until
center of the clear patch wrapped
nd it. He lowered it from the air,
erly pinched it at a corner, and,
ng it from his fingers like a China-
's kite, carried it to the captain.
'e were hard-pressed to keep the
from feeling of it, for we suspected,
rightly, that touching it would
ar the visibility with finger
dges, or, worse, tear it. According-
ıe captain held it by the same cor-
Larsen had used, and waved the
away. Slowly he brought a shred of
fore his eyes. He looked through it
ghtfully, out to sea. He passed the
ing thing, as if it were an angel, to
sailmaker, who sat and brought his
ed needles to bear on its corners.
ashioned delicate grommets there,
whipped their edges with cod line.
n the mate lashed the visibility to
lee bow between forestay and
ud. There it cut a slash of clear and
red vision in the fog. It revealed
sea and the sky, far and near in their
ıer colors. The pale fog lay all
nd the slash like a limed wall.
'e sent a man forward for another
. The ship possessed altogether two
en flasks of visibility. The captain
decide how many we might use
', and where he will hang them. We
e to sight Spitsbergen after dawn.

e pages ended here, at one pa-
ower edge. My tale ends here,
as my story converges on the
it and finds me at my desk. I
stored the small papers in the
case between two glass slides
l together, so the papers do not
away. This cottage is old and
y made. Even here at my desk I
mud at low tide; the west wind
s it. ■

You deserve a factual look at . . .

The Israeli Peace Initiative

Can it restore peace and tranquility to this troubled area?

During his recent visit to Washington, Prime Minister Shamir of Israel proposed a comprehensive Peace Initiative to the U.S. Government, to the world, and especially to the Palestinian Arabs and to the Arab states. This Initiative has been endorsed by the Israel government and the Knesset, by the U.S. State Department, by a bi-partisan group of 95 U.S. Senators, and 233 members of the House. Many western governments have expressed their agreement with elements of the proposal. The PLO and the Arab states have so far rejected the Initiative. What is Mr. Shamir's proposal, and can it indeed lead to peace in this troubled part of the world?

What are the facts?

■ In order properly to assess the political realities in the Middle East, it is important to realize that the conflict between Palestinian Jews (Israelis) and Palestinian Arabs is not the core of the Arab/Israel problem. It is only a side issue. The main event, the core of the problem, is the unrelenting effort on the part of some Arab states to defeat Israel militarily, to dismantle (what they call) the "Zionist entity." That effort has been unceasing since the creation of Israel in 1948, and has given rise to five major wars. With the exception of Egypt, which finally concluded peace with Israel in the Camp David Accords, most other Arab states are still in a state of war with Israel. All Arab states are participants in the world-wide boycott of Israel, which has as its purpose the economic strangulation of that country. The Covenant of the PLO, which cannot be voided by a casual word by its chairman, makes the "liberation of all of Palestine"—and that, of course, includes the state of Israel—its primary goal and ultimate purpose.

■ Since the beginning of the so-called "intifada," Israel has spared no effort to control and appease that uprising, with as little loss of life and injury as possible. It is likely that this very concern for human life is the reason that the situation is not yet under control. One cannot help but compare the Israeli way of handling civil disturbance with the "effective and efficient" method of the Chinese, who watched *their* dissenters for a week and then restored "order" by ruthlessly killing several thousand citizens; or with the Syrians, who when the citizens of Hama defied the regime of President Assad, killed about 20,000 of their own people in one quick operation; or with the Iraqis, who poison-gassed 4,000 of their own Kurdish citizens, whom they suspected of "disloyalty" and chased over 10,000 survivors over the frontier into Turkey and Iran. Israel is prepared to make far-ranging concessions to meet the legitimate aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs. Such accommodations, however, can only be made after order has been restored. Also, a final settlement could only take place in the context of peace—not just with the Palestinian Arabs, but with the Arab states themselves, especially, the so-called "confrontation states"—Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia and Libya.

■ Unfortunately, while there is constant clamor for Israel to make "sacrifices for peace," no such requests are being made of any of the Arab countries. Nor has any Arab country come forward offering to change its stance toward Israel, even if the Palestinian conflict were settled. A good beginning, for instance, could be made by the Arab states denouncing and rejecting the infamous equation that "Zionism=Racism," by rescinding the economic boycott against Israel, and by public declaration that peace negotiations with Israel could start simultaneously with the effort to address and resolve the Palestinian problem. Any cessation of territory or even of administrative control over the territories would fatally weaken the already precarious military situation of Israel—unless it were in the context of a comprehensive peace settlement with all of the Arab countries.

■ In spite of these difficulties, and in spite of the unrelenting hostility of the Arab states, Mr. Shamir, Prime Minister of Israel, has presented a comprehensive Peace Initiative. The peace with Egypt, based on the Camp David Accords, should serve as the cornerstone for this Initiative, enlarging the circle of peace in the region. It calls for the extension of that peace through continued consultation. Israel, in its Initiative, calls for an international endeavor to resolve the problems of the residents of the Arab refugee camps—slums that have been perpetuated for over 40 years. Israel wishes to improve the living conditions of these people and to rehabilitate them. It wishes to be an active partner in this humanitarian enterprise. The most important step of this Initiative, are full and democratic elections in the territories, so that the inhabitants of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), and of the Gaza district can elect representatives with whom negotiations for a 5-year transitional period can be held. During this period, options for a permanent solution will be examined and peace between Israel and Jordan will be achieved. Negotiations for such permanent solution shall begin as soon as possible, but not later than the third year of the transitional period.

The above is of course, only the barest outline of Israel's Peace Initiative. It is the first viable peace plan ever offered. It is the expression of the yearning for peace of the people of Israel and of its desire to make peace with its neighbors, to build a Jewish homeland without the ever-present specter of war, and in the hope of being able to play its role in the development of the entire region. In order to begin with the first phase—free democratic elections in the territories—it is obvious that tranquility has first to be restored. The Israelis, unwilling of course to use Chinese, Syrian or Iraqi methods of "restoring order," have so far been unable to do it. But the Arab governments, by expressing *their* desire for peace and by supporting Israel's Peace Initiative could do so practically overnight. And the Arab states could further signal *their* desire for peace by declaring their willingness to enter peace negotiations with Israel, by renouncing and rejecting the slanderous equation that "Zionism=Racism," and by ending the economic boycott against Israel. Thus, Israel's Peace Initiative, being accepted by the Palestinian Arabs and finding echo with the Arab governments, could be the first step toward a just and permanent peace in an area of the world that hasn't known it for decades.

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$_____. H/23

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

DEATH TO THE DEATH OF POETRY

A response to the elegists

By Donald Hall

Some days, when you read the newspaper, it seems clear that the United States is a country devoted to poetry. You can delude yourself reading the sports pages. After finding two references to "poetry in motion," apropos of figure skating and the Kentucky Derby, you read that a shortstop is the poet of his position and that sailboats raced under blue skies that were sheer poetry. On the funny pages, Zippy praises Zerbina's outfit: "You're a poem in polyester." A funeral director, in an advertisement, muses on the necessity for poetry in our daily lives. It's hard to figure out just what he's talking about, but it becomes clear that this *poetry* has nothing to do with *poems;* it sounds more like taking naps.

Poetry, then, appears to be (1) a vacuous synonym for excellence or unconsciousness.

What else is common to the public perception of poetry?

2. It is universally agreed that no one reads it.

3. It is universally agreed that the nonreading of poetry is (a) contemporary and (b) progressive. From (a) it follows that sometime back (a wandering date, like "olden times" for a six-year-old) our ancestors read poems, and poets were rich and famous. From (b) it follows that every year fewer people read poems (or buy books or go to poetry readings) than the year before.

Other pieces of common knowledge:

4. Only poets read poetry.

5. Poets themselves are to blame because "poetry has lost its audience."

6. Everybody today knows that poetry is "useless and completely out of date"—as Flaubert put it in *Bouvard and Pécuchet* a century ago.

For expansion on and repetition of these well-known facts, look in volumes of *Time* magazine, in Edmund Wilson's "Is Verse a Dying Technique?", in current newspapers everywhere, in interviews with publishers, in book reviews by poets, and in the August 1988 issue of *Commentary,* where the essayist Joseph Epstein assembled every cliché about poetry, common for two centuries, under the title "Who Killed Poetry?"

Time, which reported *The Waste Land* as a hoax in 1922, canonized T. S. Eliot in a cover story in 1950. Certainly *Time*'s writers and editors altered over thirty years, but they also stayed the same: Always the Giants grow old and die, leaving the P[o]
behind. After the age of Eliot,
Stevens, Moore, and William
wee survivors were Lowell, Berr
Jarrell, and Bishop. When the
vors died, younger elegiac jour
revealed that the dead Pygmi
been Giants all along—and *no*
young poets were dwarfs. Dou
obituaries lauding Allen Ginsb
already written; does anyone re
ber *Life* on the Beat Generation
ty years ago?

"Is Verse a Dying Technique
mund Wilson answered yes in 19
is not one of the maestro's bett
says. Wilson's long view make
point that doctors and physicis
longer use poetry when they
about medicine and the univ
Yes, Lucretius is dead. And,
Coleridge had a notion of poetry
er different from Horace's. But
son also announced in 1928
poetry had collapsed because
the Sandburg-Pound generati
new development in verse has
place. The sharpness and the e
disappear; the beat gives way to
moralized weariness." (He speak
course, in the heyday of Moore
Williams, Frost, H.D., Stevens
Eliot; in 1948 he added a para
nervously acknowledging Au
whom he had put down twenty
before.) He goes on, amazingly,

Donald Hall's most recent book, The One Day: A Poem in Three Parts *(Ticknor & Fields), won this year's National Book Critics Circle Award. This essay, in somewhat different form, will serve as the introduction to* The Best American Poetry, 1989, *which Hall edited and which will be published next month by Collier.*

ne problem's source: "The trou-
hat no verse technique is more
e today than blank verse. The
ibic pentameters have no long-
relation whatever to the tempo
nguage of our lives. Yeats was
t who could write them."
Yeats wrote *no* blank verse of
nterest; as it happens, two
cans of Wilson's time wrote su-
lank verse. Frost, starting from
worth, made an idiomatic
can blank verse, especially in
matic monologues, possibly the
odern example of that form;
s, starting from Ten-
made blank verse as
us as "Tithonus."
Frost's "Home Buri-
d Stevens's "Sunday
ng" and then tell me
ank verse was obsolete
8.
try was never Wilson's
suit. It is worthwhile
nember that Wilson
Edna St. Vincent Mil-
e great poet of her
better than Robert
Marianne Moore,
Eliot, Ezra Pound,
ce Stevens, and Wil-
Carlos Williams. In a
lf-interview by Wilson
e *New Yorker*, he re-
l that among contem-
poets only Robert
l was worth reading. It
a lot of time, not need-
check out Elizabeth
p, John Ashbery, Gal-
innell, Louis Simpson, Adri-
enne Rich, Sylvia Plath,
John Berryman...

ty years after Edmund Wilson
s that verse was dying, Joseph
n in *Commentary* revealed that
murdered. Of course, Epstein's
n age—Stevens, Frost, Wil-
—is Wilson's time of "demoral-
veariness." Everything changes
verything stays the same. Poetry
lways in good shape twenty or
years ago; *now* it has always
to hell. I have heard this lamen-
n for forty years, not only from
guished critics and essayists but
professors and journalists who
viewing our culture with alarm.



Repetition of a formula, under changed circumstances with different particulars, does not make a formulaic complaint invalid; it suggests that the formula represents something besides its surface.

In asking "Who Killed Poetry?" Joseph Epstein begins by insisting that he does *not* dislike it. "I was taught that poetry was itself an exalted thing." He admits his "quasi-religious language" and asserts that "it was during the 1950s that poetry last had this religious aura." Did Epstein go to school "during the 1950s"? If he attended poetry readings in 1989 with unblinkered eyes, he would watch twenty-year-olds undergoing quasi-religious emotions—one of whom, almost certainly, will write an essay in the 2020s telling the world that poetry is moldering in its grave.

Worship is not love. People who at the age of fifty deplore the death of poetry are the same people who in their twenties were "taught to exalt it." The middle-aged poetry detractor is the student who hyperventilated at poetry readings thirty years earlier—during Wilson's "Pound-Sandburg era" or Epstein's aura-era of "T. S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost and William Carlos Williams." After college many people stop reading contemporary poetry. Why not? They become involved in journalism or scholarship, essay writing or editing, brokerage or solid waste; they backslide from the undergraduate Church of Poetry. Years later, glancing belatedly at the poetic scene, they tell us that poetry is dead. They left poetry; therefore they blame poetry for leaving them. Really, they lament their own aging. Don't we all? But some of us do not blame the poets.

Epstein localizes his attack on two poets, unnamed but ethnically specified: "One of the two was a Hawaiian of Japanese ancestry, the other was middle-class Jewish." He speaks disparagingly of them, with his ironic mosquito whine, and calls their poems "heavily preening, and not distinguished enough in language or subtlety of thought to be memorable." Pure blurbtalk. He does not quote a line by either poet he dismisses. As with Wilson, Epstein saves time by remaining ignorant of the art he disparages.

Dubious elegies on the death of poetry shouldn't need answers. A frequently reported lie, however, can turn into a fact. Epstein reports that "last year the *Los Angeles Times* announced it would no longer review books of poems." In the *Washington Post*, Jonathan Yardley referred to the same event, which never happened, and then applauded what never happened.

The editor of *The Los Angeles Times Book Review* merely announced that his paper would review *fewer* books; instead, the *Review* would print a whole poem in a box every week, with a note on the poet. In the two years since instituting this policy, *LATBR* has continued to review poetry—more than *The New York Times Book Review* has done—and in addition has printed an ongoing anthology of contemporary American verse. The *Los Angeles Times* probably pays more attention to poetry than any other newspaper in the country. Yet when it announced the new policy,

tion by Barry Blitt

poets picketed the newspaper. We poets love to parade as victims; we love the romance of alienation and insult.

More than a thousand poetry books appear in this country each year. More people write poetry in this country—publish it, hear it, and presumably read it—than ever before. Let us quickly and loudly admit that no poet sells like Stephen King, that poetry is not as popular as professional wrestling, and that fewer people attend poetry readings in the United States than in Soviet Russia. Snore, snore. More people read poetry now in the United States than ever did before.

When I was in school in the forties, there were few poetry readings; only Frost did many. If we consult biographies of Stevens and Williams, we understand that for them a poetry reading was an unusual event. The magazine *Poetry* printed on its back cover Walt Whitman's claim that "to have great poets there must be great audiences too"; it seemed an idle notion. Then readings picked up in the late fifties, avalanched in the sixties, and continue unabated as we approach the nineties.

Readings sell books. When trade publishers in 1950 issued a third book by a moderately prominent poet, they printed 750 hardbound copies, possibly a thousand. If the edition sold out in three or four years, everybody was happy. The same trade publisher in 1989 would likely print the same poet in an edition of four to five thousand, hard and soft—and the book would stand a good chance of being reprinted. Recently, a dozen or more American poets have sold at least some of their books by the tens of thousands: Adrienne Rich, Robert Bly, Allen Ginsberg, John Ashbery, Galway Kinnell, Robert Creeley, Gary Snyder, Denise Levertov, Carolyn Forché; doubtless others. Last I knew, Galway Kinnell had approached 50,000 with his 1971 *Book of Nightmares*.

It is not only the sales of books that one can adduce to support the notion that poetry's audience has grown tenfold in the last thirty years. If poetry readings provide the largest new audience, there are also more poetry magazines, and those magazines sell more copies. In 1955 no one would have believed you if you had suggested that two or three decades hence the United States would support a bimonthly poetry tabloid with a circulation of twenty thousand copies available on newsstands from coast to coast. Everybody complains about the *American Poetry Review*; nobody acknowledges how remarkable it is that it exists.

A few years back, a journal of the publishing industry printed a list of all-time trade-paperback best-sellers, beginning with *The Joy of Sex*, which sold millions, on down to books that had sold 250,000. It happened that I read the chart shortly after learning that Lawrence Ferlinghetti's *Coney Island of the Mind*, a trade paperback, had sold more than a million copies. Because the book was poetry, the journal understood that its sales did not count.

When I make these points, I encounter fierce resistance. No one wants to believe me. If ever I convince people that these numbers are correct, they come up with excuses: Bly sells because he's a showman; Ginsberg is notorious; Rich sells because of feminist politics. People come up with excuses for these numbers because notions of poetry's disfavor are important—to poetry's detractors and to its supporters. Why does almost everyone connected with poetry claim that poetry's audience has diminished? Doubtless the pursuit of failure and humiliation is part of it. There is also a source that is lovable if unobservant: Some of us love poetry so dearly that its absence from *everybody's* life seems an outrage. Exaggerating out of foiled passion, we claim that "nobody reads poetry."

When I contradict such notions, at first I insist merely on numbers. If everybody artistic loathes statistics, everybody artistic still tells us that "nobody reads poetry," which is a numerical notion—and untrue.

But I also need to insist: I believe in the quality of contemporary poetry at its best; I believe that the best American poetry of our day makes a considerable literature. *America After Lowell*—an anthology hundred pages limited, say, t and men born from the 1920s the 1940s—could collect a la of diverse, intelligent, b moving work that will endur you, it would limit itself to hundredth of 1 percent of th published. If you write abou Now, you must acknowled *most* of the poetry is terrible poetry of any moment is ter you write an article claimi poetry is in terrible shape, yo ways right: Therefore you ar fatuous.

Our trouble is not with po with the public perception of Although we have more poetry we have less poetry reviewing tional journals. Both *Harper's zine* and *The Atlantic* have aban quarterly surveys of poetry. *Th York Times Book Review* never s much interest, but as poetry creased in popularity the *Times* minished its attention. *The Ne Review of Books*, always more p than poetical, gives poetry less every year. The greatest fallin at *The New Yorker*. *The New* once regularly published Loui gan's essays on "Verse." Lately, the magazine touches on poetry en Vendler seems more inclin write about a translation or a poet safely dead. Men or wome Louise Bogan, Conrad Aiken Malcolm Cowley practiced li journalism to make their li Their successors now meet MWF. People with tenure don't to write book reviews.

It is poetry's loss, and the reader's—for we need a cadre viewers to sift through the grea ume of material. The weig numbers discourages readers fro ing to keep up. More poetry ever: How do we discriminate? do we find or identify beautifu work? When there are sufficie viewers, who occupy continual boxes and promote develo standards, they provide sensors port from the confusing plentitu the field.

Beside the weight of number other perennial source of confus

nship. When I was in my twen-
l writing iambic stanzas, Allen
rg's *Howl* was a living re-
For a while I denigrated Al-
he's right, I must be wrong."
n either/or is silly and com-
ice: Restrictions are impover-
ts. In the 1920s one was not
l to admire both T. S. Eliot
omas Hardy; it was difficult for
tuals who admired Wallace
s and his bric-a-brac to find
oom for Robert Frost and his
s. Looking back at the long
of modern poetry, removed by
om partisanship, we can ad-
ne era's virtuosity, the *various*
nces of these disparate charac-
n in the 1870s and 1880s, who
ach other and wrote as if they
What foursome could be more
dissimilar than Moore, Wil-
liams, Stevens, and Frost?

Maybe a foursome now. Maybe
as rich and various now as we
hen. Today, if we allow our-
eclecticism or even ecumen-
ve can enjoy great variety.
ng ourselves to recent work by
sh poets, we can enjoy new
ve poetry (Robert McDowell's
ure story of early aviation,
Money"; Wesley McNair's
of No), dazzle ourselves by the
language poetry (Bob Perel-
Captive Audience), quicken to
Peacock's energy (*Take Heart*),
ce pleasure in Elizabeth Spires's
finishes (*Annonciade*).
re are a thousand ways to love a
The best poets make up new
and mostly the new ways take
g used to. The poetry reading
toward understanding (which
ns how poetry thrives without
reviewing), because the poet's
and gesture provide entrance to
etry: a way in, a hand at the el-
The poetry reading helps—but
bstitute for reviewing, it is inef-
. And it is hard to know wheth-
cherish the poem or its per-
nce.
least there are many poets,
readings—and there *is* an audi-
For someone like me, born in
'20s—which produced great po-
nd neglected to read it; Knopf
ndered Wallace Stevens's *Har-*

A GREAT GIFT FOR KIDS!

The literary magazine by children—
now in our 18th year of publication



"*The New Yorker of the 4 to 12 set.*" MS. MAGAZINE

"*Astonishingly high quality.*" PARENTING

"*Inspirational for children.*" CHICAGO TRIBUNE

- Stories and poems by children on themes drawn from their own experiences
- Children's art from around the world—printed in full color
- Activity Guide in every issue encourages children to read, write, and draw

Published 5 times a year, every 2 months from September to June

☐ 1 yr $20 ☐ 2 yrs $35 ☐ 3 yrs $48

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Gift card from _____

Send a check, or call toll free to charge

1-800-447-4569

STONE SOUP, Dept. H
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063



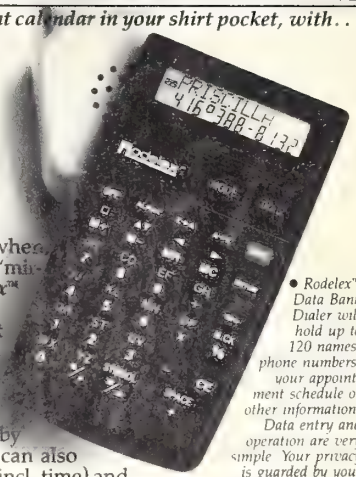
Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year get news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals. 1 year $18 (writers listed in our Directory: $16) 2 years $32 (writers listed in our Directory: $28) Please send check or money order in U.S. dollars. For foreign subscriptions add (per year): Canada/Mexico $8.40; Europe/N. Africa $17.75; all others $22.50. Please allow 8 weeks to fill subscriptions or change addresses. Poets & Writers, Inc., Dept. H, 72 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-3586.

Carry a telephone dialing system and appointment calendar in your shirt pocket, with. . .

Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer

only $49.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer will hold up to 120 names/phone numbers, your appointment schedule or other information. Data entry and operation are very simple. Your privacy is guarded by your personal secret access code. Works on one standard mercury cell (installed).*

Even at this stage of the electronic revolution when, somewhat jadedly, we have begun to take "miracles" for granted, the performance of the ***Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer*** is nothing less than startling. It's not much larger than a business card, but it holds up to 120 names and telephone numbers (addresses or other info if you wish). Hold it to the phone, press the "dial" button and you will immediately be connected with your party. Names are retrieved instantly by "scrolling" or by pushing one or two identification buttons. You can also use the ***Data Bank*** for scheduling appointments (incl. time) and for storing other information. Naturally (those things are now taken for granted), the ***Data Bank Dialer*** is also a full-function calculator, performing all 'standard' operations, including per cent, memory, etc.

We are the exclusive importers of Rodelex™ superior electronic products in the United States and can bring you the ***Data Bank Dialer*** —probably the most advanced instrument of its kind—for just $49.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Throw those cluttered address books, those clumsy desk files away. They are strictly from 'yesterday.' Get smart, get organized and get efficient. Get the ***Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer*** today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4064 A015** for *Rodelex™ Data Bank Dialer*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS / insurance: $5.95 for one and $6.95 for three ***Dialers***. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cubic feet (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments caused by industrial pollution, automobile exhaust, central air conditioning and heating, smoke, dust, pollen, animal fur... removes microscopic pollution particles not removed by any other method of air purification.

EnergAire was rated **Number One** for removal of cigarette smoke by the leading consumer protection magazine.

EnergAire works the way nature cleans the air during a thunderstorm. Like lightning, it produces a concentration of negative ions which attach themselves to pollution particles in the air causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. It has no noisy fan, costly filter, and requires no maintenance.

EnergAire produces 450,000 or more negative ions cc. sec. (at one meter). Uses less than 2 watts. 9" high, 3" dia., 1 lb. Plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. Complete instructions included. Manufactured by Monadnock in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE... 12 MONTH MANUFACTURER'S WARRANTY

TO ORDER: Send $69.95 plus $4.00 each shipping and handling (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date to **MONADNOCK SALES COMPANY, Dept. 408,** 201 Common St., **P.O. Box 189, Dedham, MA 02026,** or Call **TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854, Extension 651.** (for information, call 617-326-8675.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 408.** 201 Common St. is not a local retail location.

Your invitation to preview a unique lifestyle.

LET YOURSELF BE FREE!



"Let Yourself be Free" is a visually stunning award winning video shot on locations in North America. The video offers a magnificent vista of contemporary nudism. Through a series of candid interviews, nudists extol the virtues of family nudism.

$29.95 plus $3 shipping and handling. VISA and MasterCard accepted.

THE AMERICAN SUNBATHING ASSOCIATION, INC., HR
1703 North Main St.
Kissimmee, FL
34744-9988
(407) 933-2064

SOLUTION TO THE AUGUST PUZZLE

B	O	O	T	A	C	E	T	A	T	E	H	I	K	E
O	B	C	H	R	O	M	O	S	O	M	A	L	I	Y
M	E	R	E	G	R	M	U	T	U	U	N	A	P	E
B	R	A	V	O	L	A	P	I	N	S	K	I	L	L
E	L	P	A	S	O	P	E	G	C	O	O	T	I	E
R	I	S	M	A	P	L	E	L	E	A	F	Y	N	T
S	N	I	P	E	S	A	B	O	T	S	H	A	G	S
P	E	R	I	W	I	G	O	V	I	T	A	M	I	N
A	F	A	R	E	T	U	N	E	D	O	I	O	T	A
T	I	G	E	R	S	E	E	D	Y	W	R	O	N	G

NOTES FOR "THEME & VARIATIONS: LADY FAIR"

In "The Vampire" Kipling wrote, "A fool there was and he made his prayer (Even as you and I!)/ To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair/(We called her the woman who did not care)/But the fool he called her his lady fair—(Even as you and I!)." ACROSS: 1. BOOT(h); 4. ACE-TA(s)TE; 9. HI(K. . .)E; 12. CHROM(O)SOMAL, anagram; 16. M(ER)E; 17. NAPE(ry); 18. B(RAV. . .)O; 19. LA/P/IN; 20. (cat)SKILL; 21. EL PASO, anagram; 22. PEG, two meanings; 24. COOT-IE; 26. SNIPE, hidden in reverse; 28. SA(BO)T; 31. SHAGS, two meanings; 37. (s)AFAR(i); 38. TU(r)NED; 39. (b)IOTA; 41. SEEDY, "CD"; 42. WRONG, hidden & Lit. DOWN: 2. O-BERLIN; 4. (c)ARGO; 5. EM(reversal)-MA; 7. A-S(. . .T)I; 8. E-(M. . .)US; 11. (h)EY-(m)EL-(b)ET; 12. C-RAPS; 13. O(. . .R)LOP, anagram; 14. (p)OUNCE; 15. LAITY, angram; 22. PLA(reversal)-GUE(sts); 23. G(irl)-LOVED; 26. SPAT, reversal; 27. E(W)ER; 28. (depo)SITS; 30. TID-. . .Y; 31. S(T. . .)OW; 32. S(N)AG; 36. O-OM, reversed.

SOLUTION TO AUGUST DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 80). M(ARGARET) E. MURIE: TWO IN THE FAR NORTH. Tomatoes, shiny green peppers, cucumbers, small green onions, lettuce. . .the first taste of the earth. There are no words for the special joy of this taste, after a winter of root vegetables, potatoes, canned corn and peas, dried apple sauce and prunes.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 81, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the October issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 79 are B. J. Bono, Lancaster, Kansas; Barbara Wolf, Falmouth Foreside, Maine; and Kurt Loeb, Downsview, Ontario.

monium—our poetic momen
spiriting. As I grew up, from th
to the 1950s, poets seldom rea
and felt lucky to sell a th
copies. As we enter the ninet
American climate for poetry
nitely more generous. In the
the rows of listeners, even in th
down the road, I find gener
sponse. I find it in magazines
rows of listeners in Pocatello,
Florence (S.C.), and Quartz
tain (Okla.). I find it in boo
lished and in extraordinary s
many books.

While most readers and poe
that "nobody reads poetry"—
warm ourselves by the gregari
of our solitary art—a multitud
bodies begins to assemble the
audience Whitman looked for

September Index Sources

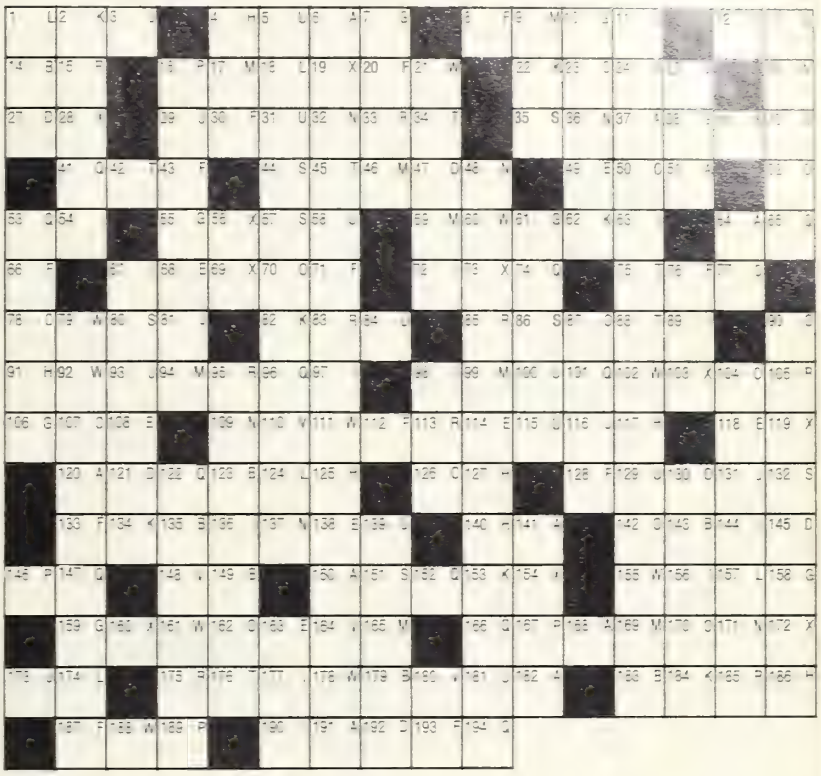
1,2 U.S. Dept. of Labor; **3** New H
Equity Institute (Cambridge, Ma
U.S. Dept. of Labor; **5** U.S. Dept
tice; **6** National Institute on Drug
(Rockville, Md.); **7** National Ce
Health Statistics (Hyattsville, M
World Health Organization (Gen
Wall Street Journal (Cairo); **10** A
stan Information Center (N.Y.C.)
Al-Medina (Jeddah, Saudi Arab
Amnesty International (Washi
14 CBS News (N.Y.C.); **15** J. M
Stycos, Cornell University (
N.Y.); **16** Louis Harris and Ass
(N.Y.C.)-Planned Parenthood (N
17 National Endowment for the H
ities (Washington); **18** Freedom
(Great Barrington, Mass.); **19,20**
General (Richmond)-Associated
(N.Y.C.); **21** Greater Cleveland
table; **22** Gallup Organization (
ton, N.J.); **23** Metropolitan
(N.Y.C.); **24,25** *Business Week* (N
National Education Association
ington); **26** *Wall Street Journa*
(N.Y.C.); **27,28** U.S. Dept. of D
29 Alan Guttmacher Institute (N.
30 Linda Greenhouse, *New York*
(Washington); **31** Geoffrey Mille
versity of Chicago Law School;
Washington Post poll; **34,35** Saat
Saatchi Advertising (N.Y.C.); **36**
ern California Rapid Transit Distri
Angeles); **37** London House Inc.
Ridge, Ill.); **38** Dennis Butler, Je
Parish Sewage (Harahan, La.); **3**
Bell (Irvine, Calif.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 81

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



CLUES

WORDS

Hastily made of bad materials (two wds.)

Stubbornness, hardheartedness

Toasts

Floating, swimming

Superficial

Not valid, not in good usage

Fr. composer (1842–1912, Manon)

Plant of the mint family, also called Spanish thyme

Mean, petty, hunted (two wds.)

Radio and TV series that starred Jack Webb

Extended musical composition, usually religious

Lily-livered, chicken

M. Examine thoroughly, as for repair, revision, etc.

N. Shadow, offense

O. Dirty, untidy woman

P. Hymn of praise

Q. Lessening, palliating

R. Admission, acknowledgment, sum periodically enacted

S. "No man ____ of his sepulchre unto this day" (Deut. 34:6)

T. Home circle

U. Definitely, without fail

V. House and land occupied by a parson

W. Exceeding in importance

Y. Pertaining to all, as advertisement appeals etc.

CLASSIFIED

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure $2. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward St., Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

GOURMET

Romantic meals. Recipes for inexpensive four-course gourmet dinners. Send SASE and $3.95 to: Guides to the Good Life, Recipes, Box 3346, South Pasadena, Calif. 91031.

Serve epicurean lasagna, scrumptious chocolate-chip drop cookies. Send $2: California Gourmand, Ltd., 7840 Blue Lake Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92119.

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. The *People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

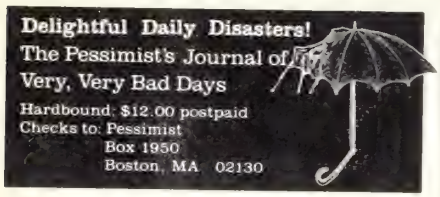
Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details, send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Vocabulary Magazine—not for neophytes. Four-issue trial, $5. Box 226, Rowley, Mass. 01969. (800) 678-5491.

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Seasoned Books. Sidestep the trendy. Reviews and lists of fiction, nonfiction, mysteries, and fantasies published more than 30 years ago and currently still available. No Jackie Collins, Richard Bach here. Six months, six issues, $12. Seasoned Books, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 42615, Portland, Ore. 97242-0615.



Out-of-print bookfinder. Send wants: 2035 (HA) EVERDING, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

How to achieve total success. Psycho-cybernetics—powerful books to help you achieve success, happiness, wealth. Free catalog. Cedar Tree Books, 14 Cedar St., Johnston, R.I. 02919.

Book out of print? Free search service. Montara Mountain Books, Box 2628. Santa Cruz, Calif. 95063-2628.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

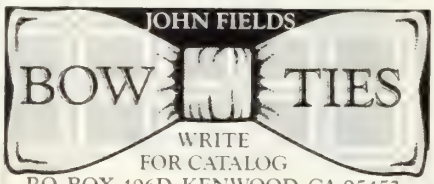
Canadian books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Out-of-print books located. No obligation. Whitted Books, Box 603-H, Fairmont, N.C. 28340.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Grin-golet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

MERCHANDISE

Wall mural world map—decorative, educational. Ideal for home, office, or apartment. Washable surface, 8′8″ by 13′, fun for children's room or den. Send $69.95 (includes shipping) to: The World, P.O. Box 21761-J, Charleston, S.C. 29413-1761.



Seized cars, trucks, boats, four-wheelers, motor homes by the FBI, IRS, DEA. Available in your area now. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. C-1410.

Free jazz C.D. catalogue. Low prices, quick service. Write or call: H.W.I. Co., 25 Kensington Ave., #501H, Jersey City, N.J. 07304. (201) 451-3795.

VACATION RENTALS

Carmel Garden charmer. Two blocks to sea. Three bedrooms, two baths, fireplace. Per week, $800; longer—until January—for less. Agent: (406) 475-3155.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″ × 35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. Send $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 1348, New York, N.Y. 10025.

MUSIC

Classical composer seeks commissions. Write: Crystaldew Music, Fayetteville, Ark. 72702-3003.

HEALTH

Improve your health: learn reflexology. McKinley, Box 184, Kingston 11, Jamaica.

ART

Art dealer—buy direct: Erté, [illegible] Bateman, and all nationally kno[illegible] Call for information: (800) 333-9[illegible] Rest Art Broker, 8463 Peachland[illegible] bastopol, Calif. 95472.

Art collectors/investors. Now [illegible] novice can collect quality art with[illegible] tion potential safely. All purchase[illegible] cent guaranteed for one year. IFE[illegible] investment-quality art, updates o[illegible] ists, a market to sell your art if or [illegible] wish, etc. For no-obligation inf[illegible] write: International Fine Arts [illegible] Inc., P.O. Box 174-A, Hunlock [illegible] 18621.

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. [illegible] colleges offering nonresidential d[illegible] grams through independent home [illegible] credited, economical, accelerated [illegible] Credit given for prior accomplishm[illegible] work experience. Free detailed [illegible] Write: Doctor John Bear, 862 Sou[illegible] Rd., Suite 102-H, Benicia, Calif.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LA[illegible]
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS
Self-study audiocassette courses deve[illegible] U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to** [illegible] or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-63**[illegible]
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTIT
516 Fifth Avenue. Dept H9 Suite 507, NY, N[illegible]

Learn Spanish in Guatemala. Fami[illegible] CASA, Box 11264, Milwauke[illegible] 53211. (414) 372-5570.

Research papers: 15,207 papers a[illegible] All academic subjects. Rush $2 for [illegible] catalogue. Custom writing also a[illegible] Research, 11322 Idaho #206HB, [illegible] geles, Calif. 90025. (213) 477-822[illegible]

Study Chinese at home. Free b[illegible] Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles[illegible] W. Va. 25414.

Fully approved university degrees. E[illegible] ical home study for bachelor's, maste[illegible] Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by C[illegible] State Dept. of Education. Prestigiou[illegible] counsels for independent-study a[illegible] experience credits (5,100 enrolled st[illegible] 500 faculty). Free information: [illegible] Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, [illegible] bia Pacific University, Dept. 2F9[illegible] Third St., San Rafael, Calif. 94901 [illegible] 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5[illegible] (415) 459-1650.

Nicaragua. Intensive Spanish, politi[illegible] cultural seminars, family living and c[illegible] nity involvement. NICA, P.O. Box 1[illegible] Cambridge, Mass. 02238. (617) 497-[illegible]

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $1.85 per word; three times, $1.75 per word, six times, $1.65 per word, twelve times, $1.50 p[illegible] Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $[illegible] column inch, three times, $110 per column inch, six times, $105 per column inch, twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified cop[illegible] first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classifi[illegible] Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Lisa Kay Greissinger, Classified Advertising Ma[illegible]

rning. Triple learning speed nusic. Languages, data. Maximize otentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, . Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, , Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5,

us individualized programs for als at Somerset lead to American legrees. For a prospectus, send $8 ernational Administrative Center, University, Illminster, Somerset Q, England. (44) 0460-57255.

k a Foreign Language Like a Diplomat!

our own with audio-cassette courses used ate Dept. Programmed for easy learning, ges in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for og. 1-800-243-1234 Dept. 537, IO-FORUM® Guilford, CT 06437

LITERARY SERVICES

our book. Join our successful au- subjects invited. Publicity, adver- autiful books. Send for fact-filled nd free manuscript report. Carlton pt. HZU, 11 West 32nd St., New Y. 10001.

for a publisher? Learn how you can r book published, promoted, and d. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Press, 516 W. 34th St., New York, 01.

tial assistance in all writing needs. transcriptions. Marye Myers, Box . Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

REAL ESTATE

sed VA and HUD homes available ernment from $1 without credit u repair. Also tax-delinquent fore- Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, ist in your area.

ecticut Yankee in San Diego can locate your best real-estate value— a La Jolla condo or in a North retirement community. Call ex- resident, now a licensed California Mrs. Anne Robison (collect): (619)

ESTATE PLANNING

ing TAXES WITH TRUSTS

How to Save on Estate Taxes.

ly informative video by William G. Post, ally recognized estate planning lawyer, u how to give your estate to your heirs, he government. Concise, thorough and ly understandable explanation of basic anning concepts from probate avoidance ings. 48 minutes. VHS or Beta. $49.95, $3.00 800-726-7678. Post Enterprises, Box 101, 444 n St., Burlington, VT 05401. MC/VISA.

USINESS OPPORTUNITIES

al independence/total freedom. You n a powerful income with Multi- aranteed finest quality water filters. exploding. Benefit now. (800) 334- ct. 127.

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Write: PASE-GY7, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Get paid for mailing letters: Write: PAASE-PH6, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

TRAVEL

A winter's journey to King Arthur's Britain. Attend the wedding of Sir Gawain and the Winter Hag. Push up the sun, heal the Earth through ritual, mummery, and folklore. Join a master storyteller on quest when Britain is tourist-free and amazingly green. December 26 through January 4, 1990. Write to: Joan Bodger, 37 Cecil Street, Toronto, Ontario M5T 1N3, Canada. (416) 977-5591.

TRAVEL AND STUDY IN EUROPE

Can be cheaper than staying home. I met people of all ages during my year abroad who called it "the experience of a lifetime." Send now for detailed guide.

$3.95/SASE, **Guides to the Good Life,** Go to Europe, Box 3346, South Pasadena, CA 91031.

"Roam the World by Freighter"—reference guide to unusual cruising, $3. TravLtips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

World Home Exchange Network is a network of people interested in traveling by trading homes with others all over the world for the most inexpensive, convenient, and educational vacation possible. Special offer: 18 months for the price of 12—$35. Call (800) SAY-WHEN, or write: 878 30th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94121.

HOTELS

New York Happens All Around Us.

Whatever your business, whatever your pleasure, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York. 320 spacious rooms. A/C, room service. Meeting/banquet facilities. Reasonable rates.

Salisbury HOTEL 123 West 57th St., NYC 10019 Toll-free-(800) 223-0680 NYS (212) 246-1300

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

STAMPS

Assorted rare, foreign, and domestic. Guaranteed. Send $3: Doug Bell, 107 Kenner, Nashville, Tenn. 37205.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE NATIONAL HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

Acrosticians. Send name and address for details about an acrostic club for solvers and constructors. MOCK, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

Emotional pain carries an electrical charge. Relieve the charge, relieve the pain. I am a discharge terminal sent to help relieve the pain. Express your feelings in confidence to: David L. Riddle, 3200 Federal Dept. 120, Pasadena, Tex. 77504. Include $10 donation.

PERSONALS

Attractive Oriental women. Free details. Enclose six 25¢ stamps. Anticipations, Box 2307-AA, Makati, Philippines.

Charming overseas Asian ladies seek cultured gentlemen for commitment, happiness. Dignity and privacy assured. (800) 421-4686. Caring. Selective.

Art Lovers' Exchange—linking single lovers of the arts. Nationwide. ALX, Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020. (800) 342-5250.

Beautiful Asian women seek correspondence, marriage. Free videos, photos: Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Poland, Sweden, Mexico, etc.: worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Asian ladies for pen pals/marriage. Free details and bonus offers. Sapphire International, Box 800, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10159.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894. Money-back guarantee.

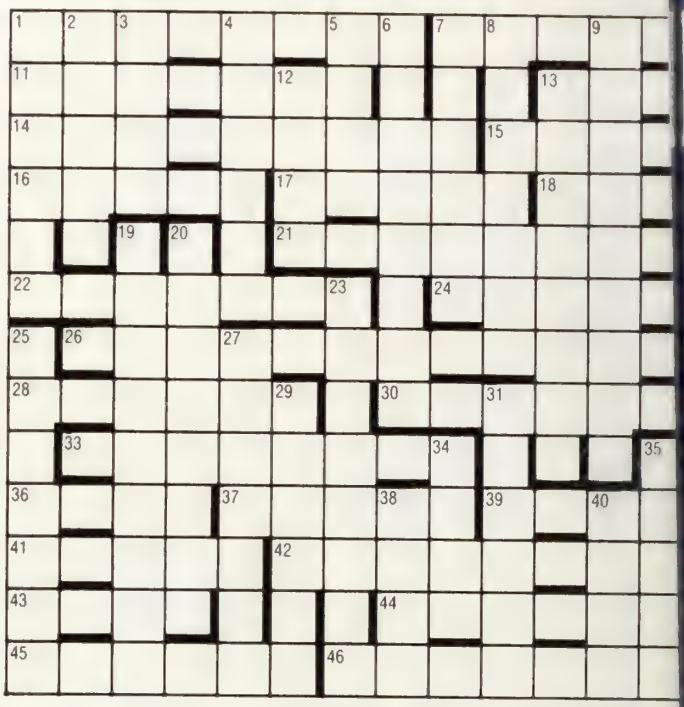
Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossoms, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

PUZZLE



Neologia

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twelve of the clue answers are too short to fit in the diagram. Using them, the solver must coin entries of sufficient length. One of them is a two-word phrase.

Clue answers include two proper names, three uncommon words (11A, 19D, 29D), and a British spelling. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.

Across

1. Half of our military leadership shut up (4)
7. Plain jail decorated (6)
11. Loss of the final sound, somewhat musically, in copy (7)
13. Partially scared off . . . change the scheme (4)
14. Functions as an expensive car, by the sound of it (5)
15. Disorganized spoils system ignoring last of graft (5)
16. Ruckus is disrupted in beginning out of necessity (5)
17. A shopping center's backing animal trained to carry loads (5)
18. Dispense with an expression of the flesh (4)
21. Johnny Rotten holds back famous kid in jazz (3)
22. Instrument for music or dancing (select one) (7)
24. Box with inmate, concealing skill (6)
26. He lifts weights, but could become fatter around fifty (6)
28. Cast, or cast off (6)
30. This, i.e., could be what sovereign does! (7)
33. Crowd is stuffing (5)
36. I'm jerked around and about, in brief . . . (4)
37. . . . cause could be booze (5)
39. Space agency left protective piece on helmet (5)
41. Solo more than once, as air is turbulent (5)
42. Good tuna chopped up, revealing bones (5)
43. Half of fuse is glowing stuff (4)
44. Pilsner's marginal, and there's a tie-up in port (4)
45. Essay draws conclusions from arrant rumor and hearsay (3)
46. Depend on Spanish king to suppress Latin (4)

Down

1. Indication of range in space traveling! (6)
2. Manage to get up . . . hard with age (5)
3. Moron tees off Dot and pet (4)
4. Strolls like cowboys? Yes, and some almost stumbling (6)
5. She served the second Charles left, after Leonard returned (4)
6. Gradient's awkward for walking (8)
7. It's funny, taking in mass is covering much more tha earthly matters (6)
8. Local man, a CPA, conceals source of astronomical data (7)
9. Red steer's roaming with mavericks (9)
10. One who gets a gift of money almost spent (4)
12. In this ball game, ward heeler gets nothing (4)
13. What Thatcher needs is some breeding (4)
19. Latin, upon recollection, is hellish (9)
20. Note medical examiner has a regular procedure (4)
23. Is he the royal mailman? It's a rumor spread around b the queen (8)
25. Set up swindle, and squealer surfaces in the airport (
27. Wild spree's boxer's last . . . could he be a contender? (7)
29. Girls flipped over heartless guy, showing the waste resulting from refinement (6)
31. Public auction for Five-and-Ten, losing capital and in arrears (6)
32. Passionate, agitated, lusty, swallowing resistance (6)
34. $1,000, some say, lifted in game of chance (4)
35. Quietly, Neal rigged jury (5)
38. Stake out, for example (4)
40. Courtship upset you and me at one time (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Neologia," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Barhopping," are Marilyn Loy, Enhaut, Pennsylvania; Weston Williams, Honolulu, Hawaii; and N. L. Barret, Brossard, Quebec, Canada.

"Carlton. It's lowest in tar and nicotine."



"And the taste is right for me."



1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

merican Tobacco Co. 1989.

DEWAR'S PROFILE



DAN RIZZIE

HOME: Dallas, Texas.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Artist.

HOBBY: Cooking and eating. "I go to Ita every summer but not for art's sake; I go for the food. I've got my priorities straigl

LAST BOOK READ: *The De-Definition Art*, Harold Rosenberg.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Four o man shows in the past year. In New Orlea Dallas, LA and New York.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "More than any thing else because I can't imagine not doin

QUOTE: "If I keep pressing, I'll get a real strange art form that's all mine. Which w either be very interesting. Or unbearable You tell me."

PROFILE: Witty and open-minded. "Artistic types are supposed to live in Ne York, right? Wrong. Living in Dallas lets me do two things: Work. And leave the infighting to the experts."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label" and water. "Cocktail hour is my favorite hour of the day. Really. You can look it up."

October OCTOBER 1989

9042 02209267 7

HARPER'S



IN PURSUIT OF PURE HORROR
Four Heirs to Poe Show How They Play to Our Fears
Robert Bloch *Harlan Ellison*
Suzy McKee Charnas *Gahan Wilson*

CONTEMPT FOR THE LITTLE COLONY
How Barry and Bush Run Washington
By Christopher Hitchens

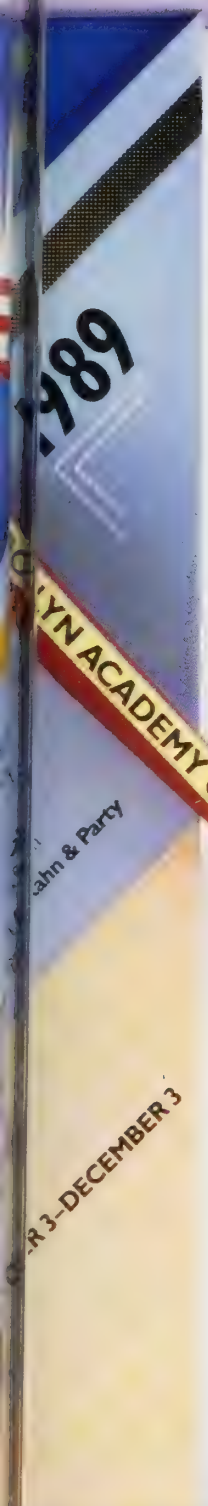
NEVER AGAIN?
Cambodia: Still Haunted by the Khmer Rouge
By Alan Berlow

BURLINGAME
SEP 15 1989
LIBRARY

JUMP
A story by Nadine Gordimer

Oliver North,
the Reagan years

© Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1989 Photographs from top left by Alan Sirvan, Inge Greenfield, Marco Kampes, Y. Monnier, G. Weigelt



THE WAILING OF QAWWALI, ROLLER SKATERS, MEGA-DECIBEL MACHINE MUSIC, LIVE CHICKENS... AND LET US NOT FORGET THE GOAT.

THIS IS ART?

You betcha! This is the Next Wave Festival. The next frontier of the visual and performing arts.

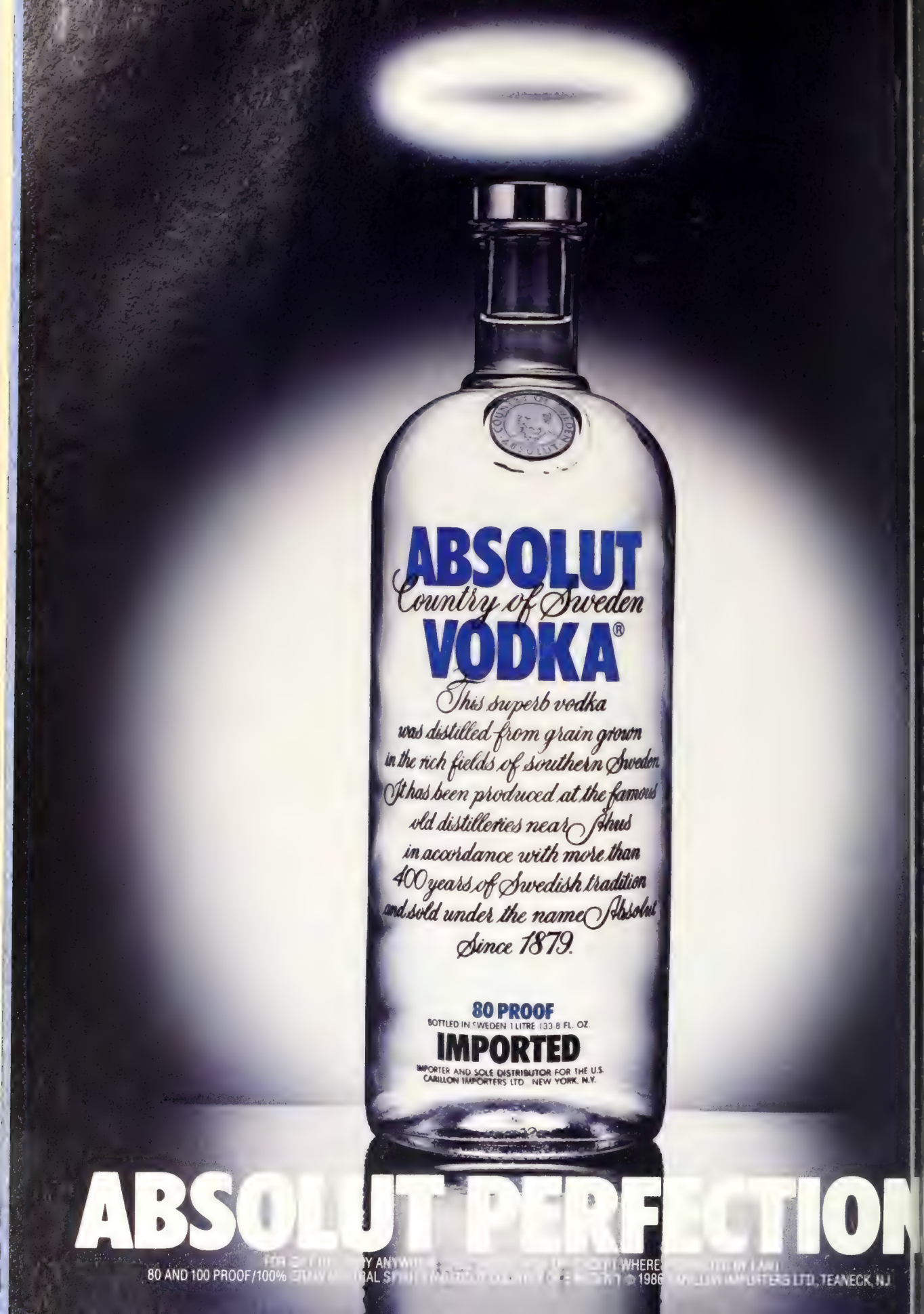
This is a window to Tomorrow. Dazzling. Exhilarating. Controversial. Perhaps even incendiary. (Has there ever been a significant new movement in the arts that hasn't driven traditionalists stark, staring mad?)

It happens at the Brooklyn Academy of Music from October 3 through December 3. Joined with the Festival this year for the first time is New Music America, a 69-concert celebration of contemporary music at theaters, halls, clubs, and lofts throughout the city of New York.

If the Next Wave Festival should start minds ricocheting at new angles...if its ferment inspires one single man or woman to break through into the as-yet-unknown...then there will be quiet rejoicing at all the Philip Morris companies, whose people light creative fires in many fields. In Enterprise as well as the Arts.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

Philip Morris USA • Philip Morris International Inc.
Kraft General Foods • Miller Brewing Company
Mission Viejo Company


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sweden.
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition
and sold under the name Absolut
Since 1879.
80 PROOF
BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1 LITRE 33.8 FL. OZ.
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD. NEW YORK, N.Y.
ABSOLUT PERFECTION
80 AND 100 PROOF/100%

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 279, NO. 1673
OCTOBER 1989

Letters 4 *Louis E. V. Nevaer, Richard Ford*

Notebook 8
Walter Karp (1934–1989) *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 15

Readings 17
True Confession? *Tom F. Sawyer, Detectives Dean and Fire*
Howls *poetry by Oliver North*
A Brief History of the Reagan Years *Paul Slansky*
De-Stalinizing the Soviet Past *Yuri Afanasyev*
"Dr. Ordinary" *a story by Padgett Powell*
On the Wing *photographs by Kjell Sandved*
And . . . *Sallie Tisdale, Donald Trump, Society for American Baseball Research*

Forum 45
IN PURSUIT OF PURE HORROR *Robert Bloch, Suzy McKee Charnas, Harlan Ellison, Gahan Wilson, Jack Hitt*
Four heirs to Poe show how they play to our fears

Story 55
JUMP *Nadine Gordimer*

Report 62
NEVER AGAIN? *Alan Berlow*
Cambodia: Still haunted by the Khmer Rouge

Capital Letter 70
CONTEMPT FOR THE LITTLE COLONY *Christopher Hitchens*
How Barry and Bush run Washington

Acrostic 77 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Courtesy of the Robert Lesser Collection

arper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. John R. MacArthur, President. Copyright 1989 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark wned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second-ass postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance otice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, H 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969, Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M. – 30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *arper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. nsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham

Executive Editor
Michael Pollan

Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt

Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush

Art Director
Deborah Rust

Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison

Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough

Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern

Interns
Cheryl Della Pietra, Dorothea Herrey, Andrew Sabl

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Fred Reed, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe

Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder

Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart

Jean Ferris, *Circulation Assistant*

Diane Kraft, *Assistant to the Publisher*

Staff
Joseph Malits, Noreen Assing, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Mary Anne Malley, *Detroit Manager*
Peter B. Hackham, Lisa Kay Cressinger
Andrew Walko, *Advertising Assistant*

LETTERS

The Gringo's Burden

So "the gods want us all to be tourists," Bob Shacochis concludes in his report ["In Deepest *Gringolandia,*" July] from the beaches of Huatulco, the immense new tourist resort being built by the Mexican government.

How wrong he is! Not all of us welcome efforts to make Mexico a world-class theme park. Years ago, we made native people into factory workers; today, it's hotel bellhops.

Shacochis alludes to this but fails to mention the two most important reasons why a tourism-development policy is presently favored: economics and politics. Economists—those present-day gods—teach us that tourist resorts are accompanied by spillover effects that stimulate local and regional economies. Politically, too, Mexican presidents face tremendous pressure to address a problem Shacochis never mentions: Mexico suffers a trade deficit in tourism with the United States. One reason Mexico "invites an invasion from the north" is that Mexican tourists spend more in the United States (often purchasing consumer and electronic goods) than American tourists spend in Mexico; this is especially noteworthy when one considers there are three times as many Americans visiting Mexico as the Mexicans visiting the United S

Speaking of the States, how fabricated culture of Huatulco ent from that found at Epcot in Florida? The mariachis and and restaurants at both places ar ficial, the difference being that tire of "Mexico" at Epcot, a stroll will take you to "Italy." what is the difference between being bused to the resort of Can perform for tourists and Semin dians wrestling alligators in F while tourists play bingo and sh discount liquor? That Mexico coming Americanized in this f is troubling. Before we know i too, will be as authentic as New City's South Street Seaport.

But there is hope that *Gringo* will *not* come to pass. Why? S economics. In theory, the de ment of such resorts stimulates economies. In practice, how things are different. The sad t that all that emerges are "e economies"; about seventy-five of every dollar spent in Cancú example, finds its way back t United States. And the relianc single industry is risky: A year Hurricane Gilbert, Cancún is st pressed, with a hotel occupanc of only 40 percent and shops an taurants going bankrupt.

There are also philosophical tions to Mexican designs. Th resorts created for tourism have ist, insidious raison d'être: Ame

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

to visit exotic, tropical resorts
ut having to deal with short,
kinned aliens. That's why Club
s so successful; it's Mexico with-
ıe Mexicans. And so are resorts
d by Mexico's state tourism
y, Fonatur.
acochis asks, "Who, if anyone,
blame?" but never offers an an-
The answer, though, is simple:
the West who worship material-
ıd export these values to the rest
world. Examine the vital statis-
ompiled by international bodies
as the World Bank and the Unit-
ations and they always measure
ımption: per capita number of
TVs, laxatives, etc. No one
ures hours spent with family,
happy people consider them-
s to be, how rewarding are peo-
lives. It's not surprising, then,
most native people want to be
lone; the West has nothing to of-
ıem except Big Macs and K-tel
eless ashtrays.

E. V. Nevaer
da, Mexico

acochis's piece on the gringo's
en had me feeling mighty guilty
t vacationing down here in the
cs until I recalled an experience I
is a Peace Corps volunteer in Ja-
a. A Jamaican friend and I were
ying a beach full of tourists when
oted the irony of their respective
ns: the tourists'—to come to his
try and baste themselves with
nut oil—and his—to go to their
try and work for a better life. I
l him what he'd do if he were to
ze his dream of a job in the Unit-
tates, more money, and paid va-
ns. A smile spread over his face
e replied, "Vacation in Jamaica,
!"

ard Boucher
cún, Mexico

ourism has been called the indus-
ithout chimneys. It is true, as im-
l, that tourism does not cause
ical pollution, but it does have an
esirable social impact. The tour-
nasses come preprogrammed to
ıd, and they become a magnet for
erately poor but honest work-

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Israel and the Media

Are current events in Israel getting fair coverage?

In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israel conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that . . .during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of teenage boys throwing rocks at Israeli soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. T.V. interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unremitting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. 1/22

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

*Vivid, poignant, pathetic, hilarious, and downright beautiful**

CHOOSE ME



PORTRAITS OF A PRESIDENTIAL RACE

Noted *Newsweek* photographer **Arthur Grace**, ABC journalists **Sam Donaldson** and **Jim Wooten**, and Corcoran Gallery curator **Jane Livingston** collaborate in a rare backstage look at the fifteen aspiring candidates in 1988.

A Newsweek book 103 photos $19.95 paper | $34.00 cloth | *At bookstore*



**A starkly real portrait of a decidedly unreal process.* — FRANK VAN RIPER

A fascinating glimpse of reality. — SAM DONALDSON

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF
New England
800-421-1561

ing people. But they also attract—indeed, they induce—a riffraff of hangers-on eager to sell the tourist anything he wants, including their sisters. Some degree of corruption and cultural distortion comes with the territory, as Shacochis describes. But Mexico—with 762,000 square miles and 83,000,000 inhabitants—is too big to be swamped by the fewer than 50,000 tourists who, on the average, are in the country on any given day.

Shacochis writes, "Today, tourism may be Mexico's last best hope. . . . Mexico now looks to *Gringolandia* for economic salvation." He exaggerates. The yearly $2.5 billion income from foreign tourism is a lot of loot and very welcome, but it constitutes only a small portion of Mexico's total foreign-exchange income, which is some $37 billion a year.

Adrian Lajous
Mexico City

Most Americans who will vacation at Huatulco are not interested in the contemporary culture of Mexico any more than they are interested in such culture in Hawaii. The trappings of a colorful native culture will suffice, and undoubtedly these will be provided through the "soul engineering" of Dr. Ricardo Ferré, the regional director of Fonatur. Shacochis actually found the real Mexico in the nearby working town of La Crucecita. It's just a bus ride away—if vacationers are interested.

One aspect of the Mexican tourist plan that Shacochis did not discuss is perhaps the most disquieting of all. A vacation to the Yucatán peninsula—or Mayaland, as travel agents call it without the hint of a smile—allows one to visit the ruins of the cities of the Mayan people. I recall in 1975 talking to a Mayan worker at sunrise on the steps of one of the great temples at Uxmal, as he installed electrical conduits to allow lighting of the temple at night. His sadness and resignation were palpable as he explained the need to create a "sight and sound" experience for tourists during the cool hours of the evening. I believe that he perceived his own involvement in the desecration of these structures as also his best opportunity for gainful employment in a long while. Gr*landia* is a veneer on the contemp culture of Mexico, which, w scratched, reveals not the Mexi our dreams but the difficult liv proud people.

Richard Fenske
Highland Park, N.J.

Restoring Orwell

In his essay on run-down n rooms ["Heartbreak Motels," R ings, August], Richard Ford w "'Any struggle against the abu language,' [George] Orwell wrot a sentimental archaism.' But civilization is decadent, he also and our language must inevit share in the general collapse."

The citation is from the first p graph of Orwell's great essay "Po and the English Language," w was published in 1946. The ess justly famous and is widely repri It appears in almost every co freshman composition reader. S surprised that your editors and editors of *Money* magazine, w Ford's essay first appeared, did no tice that he completely misstate well's meaning.

Orwell did write these words, he prefaces them by saying that generally assumed" that these th are so. He then proceeds to *refute* general assumption at some len Orwell's thesis is just the opposite argues that if one can get rid of ce bad habits in language, "one think more clearly, and to think clearly is a necessary first step to political regeneration; so that fight against bad English is not f lous and is not the exclusive con of professional writers."

Patricia Stoll
Chicago

Richard Ford replies:

Patricia Stoll is exactly right when says that Orwell didn't believe th struggle against bad language was o "sentimental archaism." Far from should have quoted more or written ter to avoid this misunderstanding. preciate Ms. Stoll's vigilance in a cause.

ROCKIN' USA

JOIN THE COAST TO COAST TOUR OF ROCK'S GREATEST HITS FOR JUST $9.98

Plus shipping and handling.



Los Angeles Rock–The '60s
California Girls–The Beach Boys
Young Girl–Gary Puckett & The Union Gap
Surf City–Jan & Dean
Never My Love–The Association
(You're My) Soul and Inspiration–
The Righteous Brothers
Hey Little Cobra–The Rip Chords
Daydream Believer–The Monkees
Mr. Tamborine Man–The Byrds
California Dreamin'–
The Mamas & The Papas
Up, Up And Away–The 5th Dimension
Plus 12 more!

re's your chance to rock n' roll the way it created–exploding city ty, region by region. From s catchy surfing safaris to York's rhythmic doo-wop nonies. From Detroit to phis to New ans to Philania, you can hear n Rockin' USA The Columbia c Collection. rder now and take ntage of a special ductory offer. The album, "Los eles Rock–The ," is yours for only $9.98 (plus $2.50 ping and handling) for your choice of double-length CD or cassette, or two record set. Preview this exciting volume for ten days risk free.

If you're not completely satisfied, return it for a full refund.

Keep it, and other volumes will follow, one about every four to six weeks at the regular price of $14.98 for double-length cassette or two record set. $16.98 for double-length CD. (Plus $2.50 shipping and handling.) Keep only those you want. Cancel anytime.

So be a part of the greatest coast to coast rock tour ever. Tear off and mail the attached ticket to join Rockin' USA today!

New York Rock–The '60s
Boy From New York City–The Ad-Libs
On The Roof–The Drifters
So Fine–The Chiffons
You Love Me Tomorrow–The Shirelles
mmer In The City–The Lovin' Spoonful
Locomotion–Little Eva
naround Sue–Dion
Plus 15 more!

The Motown Sound–The '60s
hop Around–The Miracles
Please, Mr. Postman–The Marvelettes
Dancing In The Street–Martha Reeves & The Vandellas
Stop! In The Name Of Love–Diana Ross & The Supremes
Can't Help Myself–The Four Tops
Heard It Through The Grapevine–Marvin Gaye
My Girl–The Temptations
Plus 15 more!

The Memphis Sound–The '50s
at Balls Of Fire–Jerry Lee Lewis
by Dooby–Roy Orbison
e Suede Shoes–Carl Perkins
alk The Line–Johnny Cash
nely Weekends–Charlie Rich
na Lisa–Carl Mann
gedy–Thomas Wayne
Plus 15 more!

Choose from double-length CD. Or chromium dioxide double-length cassette. Or two record set.

Columbia Music Collection
Rockin' USA-Dept. S-32
P.O. Box 1134, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

Please send me "Los Angeles Rock–The '60s" on a 10-day risk-free basis at the special introductory price of only $9.98 plus $2.50 shipping and handling (a total of $12.48). Also send me future albums under the terms described in this ad.

Check one: ☐ Records ☐ Cassette ☐ CD 7780192

Please check how paying: ☐ My check is enclosed. MB 1B

☐ Charge my introductory album and future purchases to:
☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Visa BT GA

Account number_____

Expiration date_____ Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Phone( )

Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any subscription. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

NOTEBOOK

Walter Karp (1934–1989)

By Lewis H. Lapham

The world is given to those whom the world can trust.

—Walter Bagehot

Walter Karp died on July 19—at the age of fifty-five, without prior notice, quite possibly as the result of a hospital's error or neglect—and it was as if a steady and familiar light had been blown away in a sudden wind. Karp had been a contributing editor of *Harper's Magazine* for eleven years, and because I admired him both as a writer and as a man, his death seems to me a grievous loss. I know that I have lost a friend in whose presence I invariably found myself added unto, and I don't think it too much to say that the American public has lost a vigilant and courageous advocate of its civil liberties. Karp's was a voice of dissent—often angry, sometimes comic, always impassioned.

He was a stormy petrel of a man, small and excitable, delighting in the rush of his words and the energy of his ideas, loyal to his convictions, indifferent to his material circumstances, trembling with a furious intensity that was both moral and intellectual, remorseless in his pursuit of what he thought was the truth. I remember him as being somehow constantly in motion, barely able to contain himself, quick to doubt and to question, never satisfied with what he called "the official version of things."

His passion was politics, and his precepts were simple and few. He believed that in America it is the people who have rights, not the state, and that the working of a democratic republic requires a raucous assembly of citizens unafraid to speak their minds. He thought that if only enough people had the courage to say what they meant, then all would be well. His reading of American history (especially the writings of Jefferson, and Madison, and Adams) taught him that the boon of liberty never could be taken lightly or for granted and that the American Constitution assumed a ceaseless and bitter struggle between the interests of the few and the hopes of the many, between those who would limit and those who would extend the authority of the people.

Karp enlisted himself in the ranks of the many, and the articles and essays that he published in *Harper's Magazine* (seventeen of them between September 1978 and July 1989) mostly had to do with what he called "the wanton abuse of power" on the part of government officials, both elected and appointed, who minted the currency of the public trust into the base coin of their own petty ambitions. His method was one of investigative reading, and he approached his study of politics as a historian less interested in the news of scandal (which he accepted as a constant) than in what John Adams once called "that most dreaded and envied kind of knowledge" about the character and conduct of the nation's rulers.

Karp thought that the meaning of political events revealed itself more plainly in the reading room of a public library than in a White House press conference or in private conversations with well-placed government officials, who, as Karp well knew, entertained their respondents with welcome and self-serving lies. Once embarked on a line of inquiry, he read everything pertinent to the composition of a reliable record—newspapers, documents, journals, congressional testimony—and with his facts in hand could measure the distance between what politicians said and what they did. He described his method as "simply a matter of paying attention to public deeds that have been largely ignored or made light of"; and the dismantling of the grandiose fictions behind which "the lying pantaloons Washington concealed the sha ness of their acts moved him to and derisive outbursts of sard glee. He liked the old and stra forward words that were synony with American political writin the late eighteenth century—" garchy," "tyranny," "elective potism"—and he wrote his e in a language bright with t eloquence.

Karp had little use for the cus ary reduction of political disco into the vocabulary of decorous straction. He understood politics series of not very difficult answer the not very difficult questions of does what to whom, for how long, at what cost to the common g Nothing so moved him to mock and scorn as the assumption that sequence of historical events coul assigned to the "unseen working indeterminate forces" or that the of political chicane could be attri ed to the paltry desire of money.

I remember arguing the point w him on more than one afternoon downtown café, and I can still see glaring at me across the table and nouncing me as a fool too e caught in the net of facile cant. " hardest way to make a million lars," he said, "is to become a Un States senator. Any vicious, im dent, brazen, shrewd, gifted per can think of an infinite numbe better ways to become rich than to come a crooked politician."

Not that Karp didn't think most politicians weren't brazen o pudent or crooked, but he unders that they savored the sweet and pa ble pleasures of exercising power, I can still hear him laughing at "absurd notion—very popular in news media and the universities that somehow political power wa no interest to the people who h

Choose one of these fine works and save over $[illegible]

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next 2 years.

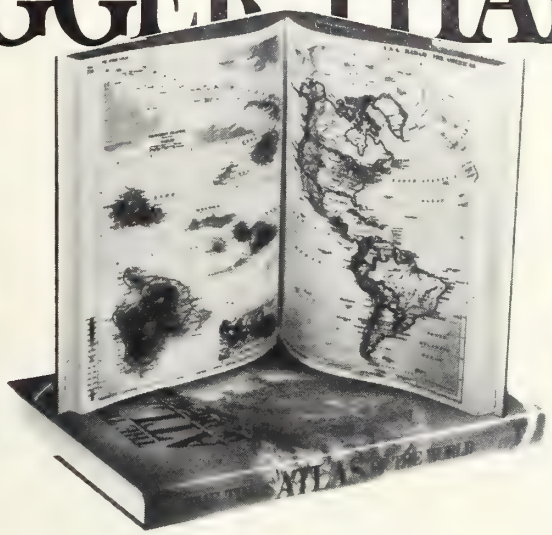
BARGAINS DON'T GET NY BIGGER THAN THIS.



ıe Compact Edition of ıe)xford English Dictionary

ır **$27.95** (Pub. price $195)

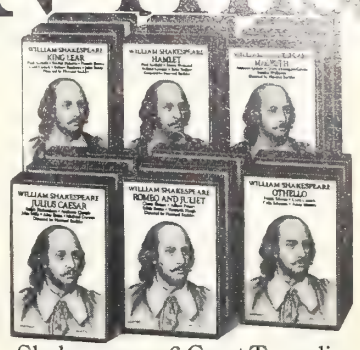
ıt complete, most scholarly dictio- of e English language"—*The Christian ıc Monitor.* Through photoreduction, ırial 13-volume set has been repro- d ıis two-volume *Compact Edition.* A c Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Times Atlas of the World Seventh Comprehensive Edition

for **$29.95** (Pub. price $149.95)

"The best atlas now available in English"—*The New York Times.* The only atlas printed in 8 colors for clear reading of geographic and political features. This volume contains 292 pages of color maps and a 277-page index with over 200,000 entries which include longitude and latitude—a feature not offered in other atlases. Size: 18" x 12." Pages: 520.



Shakespeare: 6 Great Tragedies

for **$19.95** (List prices total $179.60)

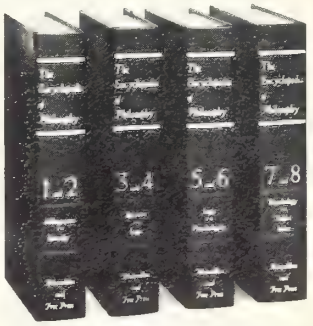
Book-of-the-Month is proud to present 6 of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies: *Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Caesar.* Paul Scofield, Ralph Richardson, Albert Finney, Dame Edith Evans, Claire Bloom, John Mills and many more of England's most gifted Shakespearean actors perform memorably in complete readings of each play. 17 cassettes in all.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $335.45)

ıst half a century Will and Ariel Durant e continuity of world history—the reli- philosophies, the political and economic : arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **$24.95** (Pub. price $225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source.

© 1989 BOMC

out Membership. As a member you will receive *-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about ½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and n 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by rs. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be to you automatically. If you want one or more oks—or no book at all—indicate your decision on y Form and return it by the specified date. *Return :* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the without having had 10 days to notify us, you may for credit. *Cancellations:* Membership may be ued, either by you or by the Club, at any time have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With nd choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is ok lovers belong.

K-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 A067-10-0

Check one box only.

- ☐ 923. Shakespeare (17 cassettes) $19.95
- ☐ 905. Compact OED $27.95
- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World $29.95
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. $29.95
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy $24.95

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ 9 64
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher.
All orders subject to approval.

A GREAT GIFT FOR KIDS!

The literary magazine by children—now in our 18th year of publication



"The New Yorker of the 4 to 12 set." MS MAGAZINE

"Astonishingly high quality." PARENTING

"Inspirational for children." CHICAGO TRIBUNE

- Stories and poems by children drawn from their own fantasies and experiences
- Children's art from around the world—printed in full color
- Activity Guide in every issue encourages children to read, write, and draw

Published 5 times a year, every 2 months from September to June

☐ 1 yr $20 ☐ 2 yrs $35 ☐ 3 yrs $48

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Gift card from _____

Send a check, or call toll free to charge

1-800-447-4569

STONE SOUP, Dept. H
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063



Home for the holidays

Celebrate the season at The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, the crossroads of New York.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, what better place to usher in good cheer than at The Salisbury, right in the heart of New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you spacious rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accommodations $98-108. Doubles $108-118. Suites $175-310.* Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/banquet facilities are available

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York 10019 U.S.A.

For reservations or brochure
• toll-free (800) 223-0680
NYC (212) 246-1300 • NYS (800) 446-4560
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366

*Taxes and Gratuities Not Included

and enjoyed that power.

Following Madison, Karp believed that popular government without adequate information, or the means to acquire it, was "prologue to a farce," and he was habitually wary of official attempts to stifle or suppress the informed debate on which a democratic republic relies for the knowledge of itself. During President Reagan's two terms in office, the government mounted a systematic assault on precisely those habits of free expression that Walter Karp deemed inestimably precious. In defense of what he construed as the fundamental American premise, Karp wrote first an essay, "Liberty Under Siege" [*Harper's Magazine*, November 1985], and then a book of the same title [Henry Holt, 1988] in which he announced, in grand and noble prose, his grand remonstrance. He began, as always, with a summary of the facts, setting forth the record of an administration that over a period of five short years (in the name of efficiency, thrift, or national security) had asserted the government's "right to confidentiality"; authorized the CIA to question American citizens; withheld documents from Congress under the rubric "executive privilege"; subjected academic and scientific research to the government's "review and oversight"; attempted to eliminate postal subsidies for schools, libraries, and the blind; obliged government functionaries with access to "sensitive information" to sign agreements saying that they never would write or speak about what they had heard or seen without prior permission; restricted the circulation of published books and journals; excluded the press from the invasion of Grenada; defined reporters (in the words of Secretary of State George Shultz) as being "always against us"; defined press leaks (in the words of Assistant Attorney General Richard Willard) as "consensual crimes"; set up an Official Secrets Act; attacked not only the accuracy but also the legitimacy of the press.

At the end of his essay Karp allowed himself a peroration, which I ask the reader's pardon to quote at length because it so well expresses the spirit of the man.

"Imagine a venerable republic hope of the world, where the its of freedom are besieged, w self-government is assailed, w the vigilant are blinded, the informed gagged, the press hour the courts weakened, the govern exalted, the electorate degraded Constitution mocked, and law duced to a sham so that, in the ness of time, corporate enterpris regain the paltry commercial fre to endanger the well-being of the ulace. Imagine a base-hearted p cal establishment, 'liberal' as w 'conservative,' Democratic as w Republican, watching with si protective approval this lunati sault on popular government. I ine a soft-spoken demagogue, fa to nothing except his own faction ing given a free hand to turn A cans into the enemies of their ancient liberties."

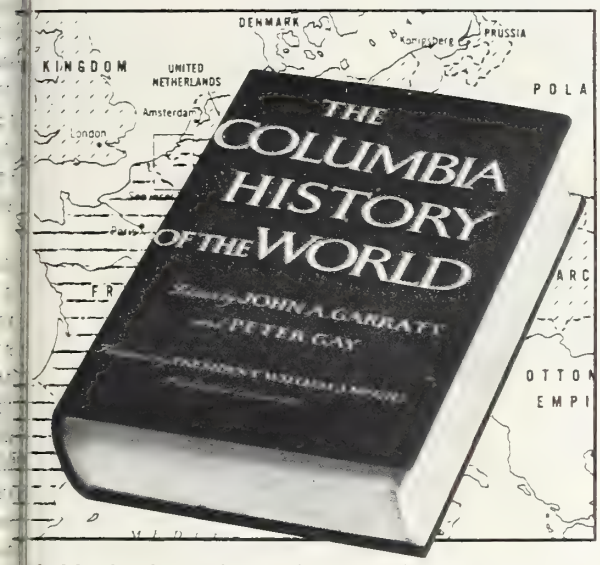
Karp's methods and convictior say nothing of his language, put at odds with the rules of deporti and the canons of taste that reg the tone of contemporary Ame journalism. He published eight b and countless magazine articles never was generally acknowledg an important writer; he never ea more than $30,000 in any one and he received few of the ornam honors, subsidies, and flatterin views that the journalistic profes bestows upon the virtues of sol orthodoxy. Karp's enemies, who many and envious, dismissed hi "cranky," "old-fashioned," "too l ary," "too historical."

The world didn't trust Walter and rewarded him with nothing gift. I doubt that he expected ot wise. I think he would have bee sulted if he had been offered a Pul Prize. He would have thought tha had said something too easy, too c ous, too polite. Mainstream An can journalism was a profession he held in contempt, because he derstood that the press, by and l takes its prompts from the gov ment, that it repeats what it is tol official sources (the Congress, White House, the Defense Dep ment), that it is in the business o fending the interests of the against the hopes of the many.

Columbia University Presents

The History of the World in One Brilliant Volume!

s classic work represents the best efforts of Columniversity's most renowned scholars. Its scope is montal, covering all aspects of our history from the beginof the universe to the modern age. Add to this its



rkable depth, quality and balanced vision, and the is a volume of unrivaled scholarship and authority.

he Story Behind the *Columbia History*

e creation of the *Columbia History* was among the important scholarly projects of recent years. A team Columbia professors collaborated on it, including rians, economists, political scientists, sociologists, bios and astronomers. Each scholar contributed sections s subject or period of expertise. Editors Peter Gay and A. Garraty, both eminent historians and writers, inve the material into a cogent narrative of the world's ry.

ook of Permanent Value—for Only $9.95

ılike most books today, the *Columbia History* has gh reading material for several lifetimes of reading. the years, you'll turn to the *Columbia History* to exnew areas of interest and reread the sections that have s fascinated you. You will have an ever-growing unanding of Western civilization's origins and progress, an expanding awareness of non-Western history and re. *The Columbia History* is a perfect addition to ne's library because it is both a well-written historical narrative and an authoritative reference work.

Most books of this scope, size, and permanent value sell for exorbitant prices, but thanks to Barnes & Noble's 60% discount, the *Columbia History* costs only *$9.95*. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a life-long investment in learning and a reference you'll turn to often.

Why Everyone Needs a World History

Let's face it—most of us, whatever our educational credentials, have large gaps in our knowledge of history. There are whole eras and countries we know nothing about; even in familiar subjects, we're sometimes a bit hazy on the sequence of events. A book of world history, particularly an excellent one like the *Columbia*, can fill the gaps in our learning and give us a solid chronological framework. Nearly 100 distinctively drawn and rigorously reasearched maps visually document the world as it evolved from the ancient past to the brooding present. 1,237pp.

SPECIAL OFFER
60% Discount
Published at $25.00
NOW ONLY $9.95

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. C210
126 FIFTH AVE.
NY, NY 10011

1041631. Please rush me _____ copies of the **Columbia History of the World** at your special sale price of $9.95 (plus $1.75 postage and handling). Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA. & CA (6%).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check / VISA Mastercard / American Express Expiration Date Month/Year

Credit Card Number

Signature _____

Cricket
the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .
children just like yours!



A fine literary magazine for children, this monthly has no living peers . . . Unfortunate, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET.
–BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. **Send no money.** We will bill you later. Save over $10.00 off the regular twelve-issue price. Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below!

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

1-800-435-6850 (in IL, 1-800-892-6831)
CRICKET, Dept. H8
P.O. Box 300, Peru, Illinois 61354



OF WRITERS BY WRITERS FOR WRITERS

Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year get news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals. 1 year $18 (writers listed in our Directory: $16) 2 years $32 (writers listed in our Directory: $28) Please send check or money order in U.S. dollars. For foreign subscriptions add (per year): Canada/Mexico $8.40; Europe/N. Africa $17.75; all others $22.50. Please allow 8 weeks to fill subscriptions or change addresses. Poets & Writers, Inc., Dept. H, 72 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-3586.

It has always been this way with the mapmakers. From their first scratches on the cave wall to show the migration patterns of the herds, they have traced lines and lived inside them.

Cartographies

MAYA SONENBERG

WINNER OF THE
1989 DRUE HEINZ
LITERATURE PRIZE
SELECTED BY ROBERT COOVER

"This is prose of the highest order: tender, provocative, penetratingly intense."
—Robert Coover

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS
Pittsburgh, PA 15260
$17.95

Karp's mind the media were passi
nature and subservient by habit
cepting "leaks" and "handouts"
they were gratuities offered to a b
or a gamekeeper.

Because Karp didn't court
grace-and-favor of those in offic
didn't depend for his opinions o
whispers and rumors current ar
the best people on the Sunday m
ing talk shows. He had the cou
to think for himself, a writer c
the American grain who could c
among his antecedents spirits as
less and various as Ambrose Bierce
bert Jay Nock, and H. L. Mencl

Despite his mocking pessimis
was never cynical, and he retaine
faith in the energy and imagin
of the American people. Confro
with another proof of mindless fo
the day's newspapers, he was for
citing Jefferson's dictum that "w
never permitted to despair of the
monwealth."

Even so, I think Karp was surp
by the lack of public objection t
Reagan administration's assault o
beloved habits of freedom, an as
that continues unabated under
Bush administration. The gov
ment effectively stuffed the mout
any and all public officials who
tasted of the forbidden fruit of s
tive information, and yet, except
few squeaks of ceremonial alar
the nominally liberal sectors o
Congress and the news media, th
cree was received as amiably as th
port of yesterday's stock prices.

Across the whole spectrum o
political debate the silence has
come almost audible, and I sorely
Walter Karp's passionate dissent,
as I miss his sardonic wit and his
improvisations on the themes o
garchy and elective despotism.
was a historian of the best kind-
excited amateur who didn't allov
weight of footnotes or the fear of
ulty committee to impede the li
his argument or the enthusiasm
thought. I took courage from hi
ample, and I thought of him as o
the magazine's principal voices
only of dissent but also of
science—restless, uncomfortable,
cowed, prodding me to eschew
to remember the uses as well a
right of free speech, to do better



EURAILPASS PRICES ARE FALLING THIS FALL

Now's a great time to buy a 15-day Eurailpass because we've just lowered the price. With a Eurail Saverpass, 2 or more people travelling together can enjoy unlimited first-class train travel through 17 European countries for only $230* per person. Send for our free brochure and start planning your trip today.





EURAILPASS

A FIRST CLASS VIEW OF EUROPE

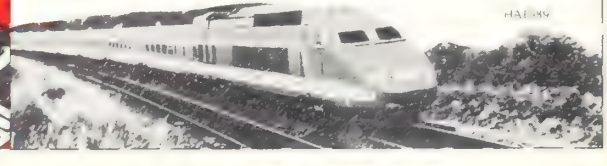
Please rush me a free Eurailpass color brochure.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Mail today to: Eurailpass, P.O. Box 10383, Stamford, CT 06904



lable 10/1/89-12/31/89
er person 1/1/90-3/31/90



"Used to be that an American car in Switzerland was something of a rarity.

Not anymore. GM sells a lot of cars over here these days–good cars at good value. Which is nice for me–I'm the local dealer."

Fact: GM exports more cars around the world from North America than any other car manufacturer.

GM

MARK OF EXCE

Chevrolet Beretta

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of Democratic officeholders who have become Republicans this year : 130

umber of the 3 clubs from which Lloyd Bentsen resigned during the 1988 campaign that he has since rejoined : 3

Number of states in which there are at least as many registered black voters as registered white voters : 6

Percentage decrease, since June 1985, in funds raised by the Democratic National Committee : 14

Percentage decrease in funds raised by the Republican National Committee : 21

Estimated number of speeches Oliver North would have to give to earn the $150,000 he was fined in July : 6

Estimated number of times Salman Rushdie has moved since February : 56

Portion of the population of Lebanon that has left the country since 1975 : 1/3

Ratio of Soviet arms sales to Third World countries to U.S. arms sales to Third World countries in 1986 : 4:1

Ratio today : 1:1

atio of per capita Nicaraguan war casualties since 1979 to per capita American war casualties in Vietnam : 33:1

Percentage of Brazil's eligible voters who have never cast a ballot for president : 75

Portion of the trading on the Mexican stock exchange that consists of government-debt securities : 3/4

Percentage of job applicants to the Houston Police Department who say they have used marijuana : 50

Tons of marijuana that must be seized in Miami before the U.S. Justice Department will prosecute : 2.5

Chances that a post-office employee in New York City has failed a drug test during the last year : 1 in 3

Rank of AIDS, among the leading causes of death of children between the ages of 1 and 4 in New York City : 1

Percentage of New Yorkers who say they have no opinion of Mayor Ed Koch : 1

Percentage of Los Angelinos who voted for Mayor Tom Bradley in this year's election : 5

Number of bystanders shot in Los Angeles in 1986 : 10

In 1988 : 77

Minimum fine for carrying dummy passengers in car-pool lanes on Virginia highways : $50

Airfare for a corpse on an American Airlines flight from New York City to Los Angeles, one way : $630

Airfare for a live person, round trip : $398

Total number of frequent-flier miles U.S. airlines owe their passengers: 600,000,000,000

mount the U.S. Postal Service spent last year to maintain mules to deliver mail in the Grand Canyon : $100,000

Average number of mail carriers that are bitten by dogs each day : 9

Percentage of supermarket prices that end in the digit 9 or 5 : 80

Grams of saturated fat in 3 ounces of Nature Valley Granola : 11.8

In 3 ounces of Ben & Jerry's vanilla ice cream : 7.5

Change, since 1986, in the number of Americans who are dieting : –17,000,000

Veight of the Bridgeport, Connecticut, woman who killed her husband in July by sitting on him, in pounds : 500

Estimated total value of the candy distributed last Halloween : $1,000,000,000

mount paid at auction last year for the hat worn by the Wicked Witch of the West in *The Wizard of Oz* : $33,000

Number of bat houses sold since 1986 by Bat Conservation International of Austin, Texas : 6,086

stimated number of ash trees used to supply major league baseball teams with Louisville Sluggers this year : 6,600

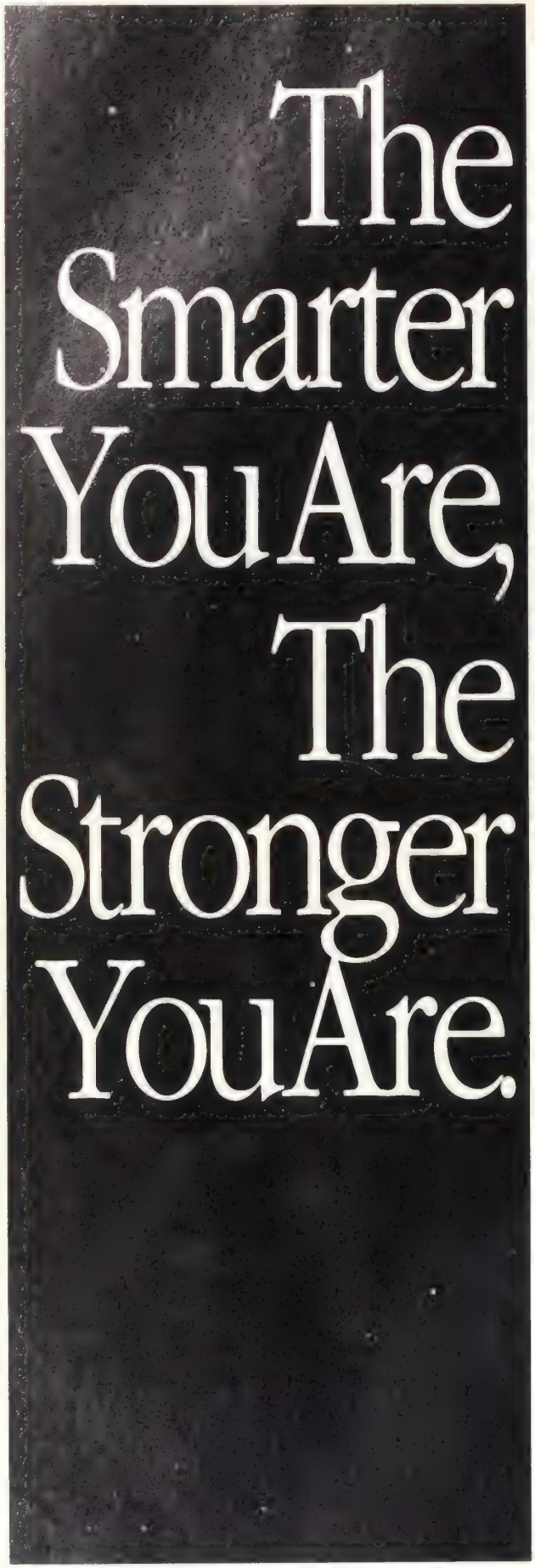
Number of weeks the Ken Griffey Jr. candy bar has been on the market : 16

Number of weeks Ken Griffey Jr. has been playing major league baseball : 21

Estimated amount of glucose used by an adult human brain each day, expressed in M&M's : 250

Estimated number of seconds that humans perceive "the present" to last : 3

Figures cited are the latest available as of August 1989. Sources are listed on page 76
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.



It's a simple fact recognized by nations around the globe: The greater the educational investment, the greater the ability to compete in an increasingly complex world.

But just how great is America's investment compared to the investment other countries make?

Sweden spends more money per person on education.

The Soviet Union's investment in education has created a higher literacy rate.

And Japan's investment in education is producing more scientists and engineers.

Right now, eight nations invest more money per person on education than we do. Their governments know that in global competition, the smarter you are, the stronger you are.

Here in America, the challenge is clear. If our government makes education a main concern, we can once again be a leader in the world economy.

But the commitment is not the government's alone.

As a nation, we must all get involved and make education our top priority.

Get Smart, America.
Invest In Education.

nea
national education association

1201 16th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
202/822-7200

READINGS

[Transcript]

TRUE CONFESSION?

Below is an excerpt from a 292-page transcript of the police interrogation of Tom F. Sawyer, a suspect in a murder that took place in Clearwater, Florida, in 1986. Sawyer, a thirty-six-year-old groundskeeper at a local golf course, was brought in for questioning after his neighbor, twenty-five-year-old Janet L. Staschak, was found strangled in her bed, naked. After sixteen hours of questioning, Sawyer, who is a recovering alcoholic, confessed to the rape and murder of the woman. He spent fourteen months in jail before Judge Gerard J. O'Brien Jr. released him pending a pretrial hearing on the validity of the confession. In the summer of 1988, O'Brien threw out the confession, ruling that the detectives' interrogation methods—which included sleep deprivation, leading questions, and inadequate Miranda *warnings—had deprived the suspect of his right against self-incrimination. The judge's ruling left the state with no evidence against Sawyer; blood and hair samples taken from Staschak's body and bedclothes did not match his; also, subsequent forensic analysis found no evidence of the rape he had confessed to. The prosecutors have appealed O'Brien's ruling to the state supreme court. The interrogation, which began at 4 P.M. on November 6, 1986, had been under way several hours when this excerpt begins.*

DETECTIVE JOHN DEAN: Let me ask you something. I think you're a pretty sharp guy. I think you watch a lot of cop shows. You don't read books, right? Cop books? You know, I read Agatha Christie for a while and some—Do you read magazines?

TOM F. SAWYER: I don't really read anything.

DEAN: Okay. Well, you seem pretty sharp, pretty observant. Okay, you got a young girl. She's not bad looking. You know, I only know by pictures. Everybody likes her that she works with.

SAWYER: Uh-huh.

DEAN: She don't have a boyfriend. She turns up dead in her apartment.

SAWYER: Uh-huh.

DEAN: What do you think? Given those sets of circumstances, what do you think? Let me tell you something. We do 120 cases a month, each. Not homicides, obviously, or this would be Dodge City. But most of our cases, solving cases, [we get help] from the outside. Somebody calls up and says try this or do that, or a lot of times I use my girlfriend. Run this by her and she'll say, Didn't you ever think of this? Given that set of circumstances, what would you look for?

SAWYER: What did she die of? You can't tell me that?

DETECTIVE PETER FIRE: You tell me what you think. You be a homicide investigator.

DEAN: Some theory.

FIRE: Give *us* your theory. . . .

SAWYER: At first I figured it has to be someone that knows her.

FIRE: Okay. Why do you say that? It's a good theory. Why do you say that?

SAWYER: 'Cause I didn't think that she'd be the kind of girl just—bring anybody home. 'Cause I never seen her dates stay over.

FIRE: Good, you're giving us input that we don't have knowledge of, and this is good.

SAWYER: But see, I might have a whole wrong opinion of her.

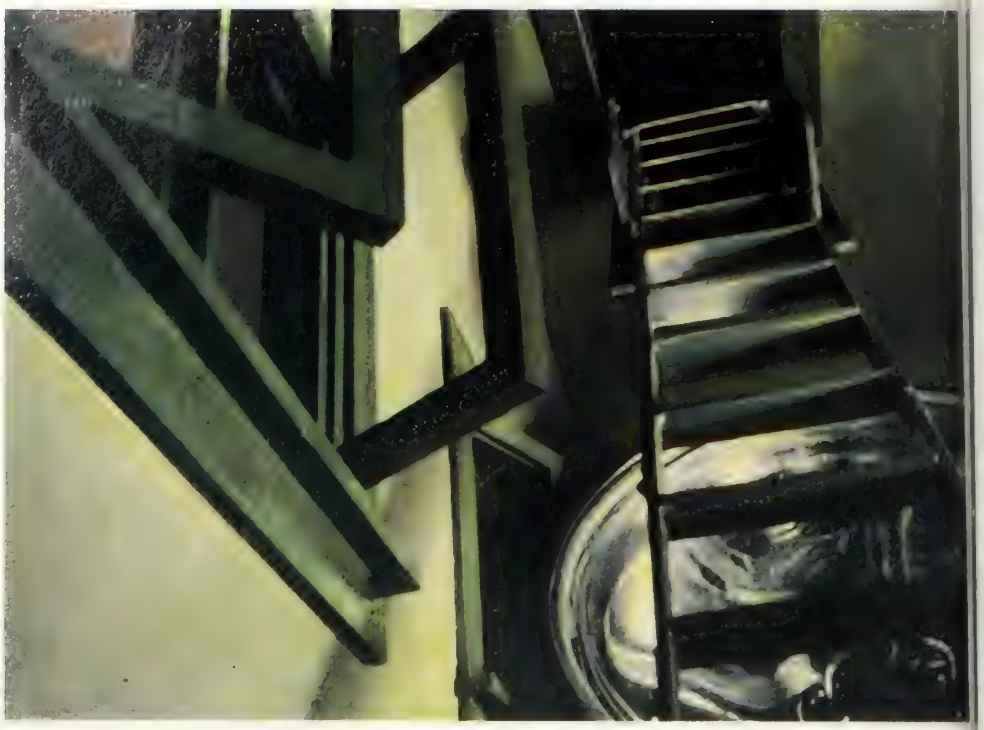
FIRE: Okay. Fine. This is good.

DEAN: Better than what we got. We don't even know the girl, right? When you think about it, right?

SAWYER: But you got all these other people's opinions too, so you should be able to know her by now.

DEAN: But you know what? Aren't you different at work than you are at home?

SAWYER: No. [*laughing*]



A hand-colored silver print by Gloria DeFilipps Brush. Her work will appear next month in Object as Subject, *an exhibition of photographs at the Turman Gallery at Indiana State University in Terre Haute. Brush lives in Du Minnesota.*

DEAN: Same guy, huh?

SAWYER: Pretty much. Oh, I bullshit a lot more at work.

FIRE: Everybody does. We're talking to all those people, they're all her friends. And they're giving us a biased opinion really, favoring her. They're not going to tell us if she did have any bad sides to her. . . .

SAWYER: Well, I might be biased, too, because of the fact that I was attracted to her.

FIRE: All right. Fine.

SAWYER: And so I don't want [you] to think [she was] an angel because I was attracted to her. That's a stupid, sick thought to me because people ain't angels, but I mean—

FIRE: Well we all got our ups and downs and problems—

DEAN: Who's perfect?

FIRE: Who's perfect? That's why we're on earth. [*laughing*] All right, look.

SAWYER: At first I thought it was probably somebody that knew her, just because I wouldn't imagine that she'd bring somebody home that she didn't know.

FIRE: Okay. Good. Thank you. That's good.

SAWYER: Okay. The other part I heard from Mary or them girls was that she had a date, or that they went out Friday night, and she wanted to go to another place and they didn't, so maybe she did. She went to [see] a rock 'n' roll band. Hard-rock band. Maybe she met a guy there, right? She gets a date with him, Saturday night. . . .

FIRE: Okay.

SAWYER: Okay. This is *really* stupid.

FIRE: No it's not. It's interesting.

DEAN: It's never stupid.

FIRE: It's never stupid. We wouldn't be talking to you.

SAWYER: Well, as many people come as go in Florida—

FIRE: It's a transient state. We all know that.

SAWYER: Yeah, this guy could have been from any state. . . . He *might* have went back to her place with her—

FIRE: Okay.

SAWYER: He *might* have killed her and took her car to the airport and split.

FIRE: That's good. That's good thinking.

SAWYER: I think it's stupid. [*laughing*]

DEAN: Why?

SAWYER: 'Cause that's something you'd see in the goddamn movies, you know.

FIRE: Why would you think it's stupid?

DEAN: You know what? The movies— Some of them ain't bad because they got ex-cops as

technical advisers.

FIRE: They use some of them, they're actual cases.

DEAN: Right. You watch *Quincy*. That guy didn't talk mumbo jumbo. If you sat there with an encyclopedia of medical terms—

SAWYER: That's right, yeah.

FIRE: He was on the money. All right, so—What do *you* think happened in the house? Opinion again. Let us know.

SAWYER: I think she wouldn't fuck him. [*laughing*] He killed her and left. [*laughing*]

FIRE: Okay. How? Why? What is your opinion of what happened? That's good. Very good. Probably so. What do you think happened?

SAWYER: What do I think happened? How he killed her?

FIRE: However. Whatever you think. I don't—You know.

SAWYER: I don't know how he'd kill her. 'Cause you wouldn't have sex with a girl and then kill her unless you were crazy. . . .

FIRE: Well it's not nutty. Maybe he's upset. That's all.

SAWYER: Yeah, he's probably pissed off.

FIRE: That's right. He doesn't have to be nutty. She could set him off wrong, you know. Don't have to be *his* fault.

SAWYER: Yeah, right, yeah.

FIRE: Right? She could have caused the problem.

DEAN: There have been several women in the past that have been known to piss off guys.

SAWYER: Yeah, okay. He's got the attitude I'm gonna get this bitch, right?

FIRE: Because he's been rejected.

SAWYER: Right.

FIRE: Okay. Then what?

SAWYER: So then he rapes her, but he's got to kill her now or he's gonna get put in court for rape.

FIRE: Right.

SAWYER: But he likes her, so how could he kill her? Oh well.

FIRE: Well, it was an accident.

SAWYER: Yeah, right. Okay.

DEAN: Maybe it happened while he was raping her. He was just trying to hold her still and—

FIRE: You're saying he strangles her, right? How does he strangle her? From the front, behind, or what?

SAWYER: Front. . . .

FIRE: So what would he use? One hand or two hands? What would be *your* theory?

SAWYER: Two.

FIRE: Two hands? Okay. What is she doing in the meantime?

SAWYER: Probably trying to claw his eyes out. [*laughing*]

FIRE: All right.

DEAN: Now what do you do with that?

FIRE: Yeah. How would he deal with that?

SAWYER: He'd have to use one arm and try to hold her back or something.

FIRE: Okay.

DEAN: He's holding her from hitting him with one hand— And he's choking her with the other? Is that what you're telling me?

SAWYER: Uh-huh.

FIRE: And then what happened?

DEAN: What if she kicks him?

FIRE: Tries to kick him in the balls?

SAWYER: You got to knock her out!

[Editors' Note]

FILET OF FOOD CRITIC

From an Editors' Note in the May 22 New York Times.

A review of Patsy's restaurant in Manhattan on March 24 gave it a rating of "Satisfactory" and discussed both the food and the decor, including celebrity photographs. The review said, in part: "Where do all these black-and-white glossies come from? Are they actually tokens of gratitude from stage and screen stars, or does some photo lab simply churn them out and peddle them by mail?"

In a letter dated May 11, the owners of Patsy's complained that the passage implied that their photos were inauthentic. No such suggestion was intended; the comments, which should have been phrased specifically rather than ironically, were intended only to remark on the sameness of such restaurant decor.

The letter also pointed out several inaccuracies, including a reference to wallpaper (it is a mural), the colors of the upstairs dining room (pink and red), the type of mirrors (plain, not speckled), and staff uniforms (waiters, not captains, wear steward jackets).

The restaurant reports that it does not serve stuffed peppers or potato fritters, as the review stated, that its clams casino do not contain bread crumbs, and that it does not serve swordfish in white wine and garlic (the critic's notes indicate it was served that way as a daily special, on two occasions).

The critic's rating was based on three visits and the sampling of more than thirty dishes.

FIRE: Okay.
SAWYER: He's got to knock her out somehow.
FIRE: He's got to knock her out because she's resisting.
SAWYER: Right.
FIRE: I think so. I think you're right. So he picks something up and what does he do?
SAWYER: He hits her over the head.
FIRE: Okay. And then what happens? Where are they at now?
SAWYER: They're in the living room.
FIRE: Okay. They're in the living room. And then what happens?
SAWYER: She's dead.
DEAN: Okay.
FIRE: All right.
SAWYER: And then he realizes what he's done and takes her upstairs.
FIRE: Okay, okay. Takes her upstairs. Where does he bring her?
SAWYER: To the bed.
FIRE: Okay. What's he do?
SAWYER: What's he do?
FIRE: Uh-huh. When he puts her— Does he put her on the bed? Does he put her on the floor?
SAWYER: Puts her on the bed.
DEAN: What else?
SAWYER: Takes her clothes off and puts the covers over her.
DEAN: Anything else?
FIRE: And he would put her in the bed how? Like she's doing what?
SAWYER: Sleeping.
FIRE: Okay. What— What would you put her on? Her—
SAWYER: On her back.
FIRE: Put her on her back?
SAWYER: In bed?
FIRE: Yeah. No. When you put her in bed, where would you put her? How?
SAWYER: I'd lay her down?
FIRE: Where?
SAWYER: Where?
FIRE: Yeah. On her side sleeping? Put her on her side like she's sleeping.
SAWYER: I'd put her on her back sleeping.
FIRE: Put her on her back sleeping?
SAWYER: Don't you sleep on your back?
FIRE: No.
SAWYER: Don't you?
FIRE: No.
SAWYER: I don't sleep on my side.
FIRE: Well, what other way could you put her?
SAWYER: Face down.
FIRE: Okay. Face down.
DEAN: What do you think he would do? Up? Do you think he would want to be looking at her? Down?
SAWYER: Oh, yeah.
DEAN: Sideways?
SAWYER: I'd put her on her stomach.
FIRE: You'd put her on her what?
SAWYER: Stomach.
FIRE: Sure. You'd put her on her stomach. Right. That's what you'd do. Put her on her stomach.
SAWYER: Yeah, you wouldn't want her looking at you. No way.
FIRE: No. You hit the nail right on the head. You put her on her stomach.

Sometime later, at approximately 8 P.M.:

DEAN: All right. We got this squared away. Now Tom, because this is a criminal investigation, obviously, what we've been doing— There's a new phase we have to enter into now. And before I do that, I have to read you your rights. You watch television. You know. So just let me read you these.
DEAN: You have the right to remain silent. Do you understand that?
SAWYER: Uh-huh.
DEAN: Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. Do you understand that? [*Sawyer nods.*]
FIRE: You got to go "yes."
SAWYER: Yes.
FIRE: Okay.
DEAN: You have the right to talk to a lawyer—
FIRE: No, wait a minute. You don't *have* to say yes. You answer the way you want to answer, but we have to hear you. I know you're saying yes with your nod, okay? You nodded yes, but— Okay?
SAWYER: Yeah. Okay.
DEAN: You have the right to talk to a lawyer. Have him present with you while you are being questioned. Do you understand that?
SAWYER: Yes.
DEAN: If you can't afford to hire a lawyer, one will be appointed to represent you before any questioning if you wish. Do you understand that?
SAWYER: Say it again. I wasn't—
DEAN: Okay. If you cannot afford to hire a lawyer, one will be appointed to represent you before any questioning if you wish. Do you understand that?
SAWYER: Yes.
DEAN: Okay. You can decide at any time to exercise your rights and not answer any questions or make any statements. Do you understand that?
SAWYER: Yes.
DEAN: Okay.
FIRE: Okay. So you understand everything. Okay. Listen, Tom. John and I— We've been talking to you all evening about this. Right? Okay? So why don't you tell us what happened. Tell us what happened.

ginal hardcover editions of
the Bell Tolls and Tender
t — together with The
Wrath, A Farewell to Arms,
Gatsby, The Sun Also Rises,
ow, On the Road, Look
d, Angel, Miss Lonelyhearts,
en — have long been out
tion, unavailable to all but
ook trade where
e has skyrocketed.

**ncing the first printing
riginals in a generation.**

ke the rare editions of these
American classics available
n, The First Edition Library
btained exclusive rights
original publishers.
iking design of each First
brary volume is unique to its
the dust jacket artwork, hard-
dings, type faces, illustra-
lications; even the minor
hich collectors look
ntify genuine
ons.
books
n
l to
ghest
s —
paper,

OWN A 1940 HEMINGWAY OR A 1934 FITZGERALD FOR ONLY $2.75

You may [illegible] the Bell Tolls [illegible] as your introduction [illegible]

Enjoy your first book for 10 days free. You may return it within 10 days and be under no further obligation or add it to your library for only $2.75 (the price at which For Whom the Bell Tolls was originally published) plus postage and handling.

Then about every six weeks, you'll receive another classic volume on the same 10-day, free-examination basis, for the subscription price of $27.50 plus $2.45 postage, handling and applicable sales tax. There's never an obligation to buy and you may cancel any time.

Secure your copy of For Whom the Bell Tolls or Tender is the Night by mailing the coupon or calling today; toll-free, 1-800-345-8112.





FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION ACCEPTANCE

☐ Yes, send the volume checked below for free 10-day examination and enter my subscription to The First Edition Library under the terms described in the ad.

I understand there's never an obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time.

Check one: ☐ For Whom the Bell Tolls
☐ Tender is the Night

Signature _____

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Available exclusively from The First Edition Library, Box 654, Holmes, PA 19043 EP 10



Let's dig a little deeper into the notion that much of our garbage is made up of plastics.

America's growing waste problem is monumental. enerate 160 million tons of garbage a year.

Our nation's landfills are being filled up. In five 2,000 of our remaining 6,000 landfills will be closed.

A lot of well-intentioned solutions are being d. One is that foam plastics, plastic bottles and packaging should be banned.

The fact is that plastics make up less than 8%, ight, of our nation's waste. Paper and paperboard up about 36%, glass and metal about 9% each, all ight. Plastics are naturally lighter, but still, when ressed, account for only about 20% by volume.

If plastics were banned, the need for packaging n't go away. The idea is to substitute other materials are assumed to be biodegradable, so a landfill take longer to become full. Studies show, how- hat paper and other materials decompose so in today's landfills that the lives of the landfills t extended.

Recycling must play a part.

In addition to environmentally secure landfills, nore state-of-the-art waste-to-energy incinerators, elieve that a significant answer to America's waste em lies in recycling. Everything recyclable should cycled. Yard waste. Paper. Metal cans. Glass bottles. lastics.

Although plastics recycling is in its infancy, cs are potentially more recyclable than alternative aging materials.

In South Carolina, one company recycles 100 n pounds of 2-liter plastic soft drink bottles a year verything from fiberfill for ski parkas to scouring to automobile distributor caps.

In Chicago, another company processes 2 million plastic milk jugs a year into thousands of boards of "plastic lumber" for boat docks, decking, park benches and fences.

In Tennessee, another company processes plastic containers into bathtubs, shower stalls and sinks.

What Amoco Chemical is doing.

Amoco Chemical is playing an active and meaningful role in recycling.

We're sponsoring a demonstration recycling program in New York State showing that used polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into products like insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and home and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers which will support construction of regional recycling plants as part of a nationwide attempt to increase the recycling of polystyrene.

In Portland, Oregon, we renovated a 10-acre environmental learning center with a new wetlands walkway, signs, kiosks and benches made from recycled plastics partially collected from local recycling programs.

We're encouraging the start-up of new plastic recycling efforts, we're helping to find new ways to collect and sort recyclables, and supporting efforts to create markets for products made from recycled plastics.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe we're only beginning to see the benefits of recycling. In the not-too-distant future, it can turn our solid waste from a national problem into a national resource.

For a free copy of "Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow," write Amoco Chemical, 200 East Randolph Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow.

AMOCO

Amoco Chemical

Amoco Chemical Company

SAWYER: What I think happened?

FIRE: No no. Tell us what really happened.

SAWYER: What do you mean, "what really happened"?

FIRE: What really happened there that night.

SAWYER: I don't know what really happened there that night.

FIRE: Tom. There was an accident, wasn't there?

SAWYER: Oh, yeah.

FIRE: Right? It *was* an accident. I believe it was an accident. Tom! Tell us about it, Tom. You know a lot about it, and you need to tell us about it.

SAWYER: I don't know anything about it. . . .

DEAN: Tom. I think you did it.

SAWYER: No, I didn't.

FIRE: Tom, you knew too much.

DEAN: Now, Tom.

SAWYER: No.

DEAN: We don't think. Neither one of us. And this is no lie. We don't think that when this whole thing started in the living room or wherever it started, when the confrontation—and it got a little out of hand—we don't think you intended to kill her.

SAWYER: I didn't kill her. I've never been in her apartment before.

FIRE: Tom, you were there.

SAWYER: No I wasn't.

FIRE: Oh, Tom. Tom. You discussed the whole thing with us. Tom, you did. You went into detail. You knew too much, Tom. Just too much to know that it was an accident. We've been doing investigations a long, long time. Your scenario, Tom, was exactly what happened. And I firmly believe—and I told you before, and I still do—that it was an accident. Now I want to hear it from you that it was an accident, Tom. You're a good person. You got a crucifix on your chest. You're a good person. You're not a *bad* person. I think you're a *very* good person. You work every day. You got a problem drinking. You're trying to correct your problem. You're a nice guy. You know. I want to hear it from you what happened, and I know it was an accident.

SAWYER: I don't know what happened.

FIRE: Tom. You know what happened.

SAWYER: No, I *don't* know what happened.

FIRE: Yes you do, Tom. Come on. Tell us the truth [about] what happened.

SAWYER: I don't know what happened. . . .

FIRE: You know. You didn't, you know— You're not a murderer. The girl was killed accidentally. The scenario that you presented to us is exactly what happened almost right to a T. You had to have knowledge, Tom, you had to be involved to be precise as you were in your scenario to us. Only the murderer knows that and the police. Nobody else knows what happened that night but him and I and a couple other people. Plus the person who killed her—which was an accident. It wasn't with premeditation. It wasn't at all like everybody thinks it is. It's nowhere at all like that. Nowhere.

DEAN: Tom, you battled booze for thirteen months. It's something that could set you back. . . . You're not going to be able to callously say, I didn't do nothing. I'm just gonna let this go. You been sleeping lately?

SAWYER: Yeah.

DEAN: You been sleeping good?

SAWYER: When I get to sleep I can sleep good.

DEAN: Do you have problems sleeping? No problems at all? How many hours sleep you get a night?

SAWYER: Lately?

DEAN: Yeah.

SAWYER: Five probably.

DEAN: You're not going to be able to live with this. Unless you tell us the truth. Unless you get it off your chest.

SAWYER: I told you the truth.

FIRE: Tommy, you're not telling us the truth. You wear this—right here—right here. [*He fingers Sawyer's crucifix.*]

SAWYER: I know it.

FIRE: Okay. Now you're a good person. You are a good person. Okay? You look me in the eyes and tell me you didn't do it.

SAWYER: I didn't do it.

FIRE: Tommy, it's not the truth.

SAWYER: Yes, it is.

FIRE: No it's not, Tom. Tell me the truth. Tell me what happened. It was an accident, Tom. I know it was. I know it was an accident. I need for you to tell me what happened.

SAWYER: I was never there. I never did it.

FIRE: Tom.

SAWYER: I'll look you in the eye and say that all night.

FIRE: I know, we got all night.

Sometime later:

FIRE: You know exactly what you said. You said, "put the girl on her stomach." You knew exactly how she was, and that was exactly. You know, with the sheet. I want you to tell me. You don't want to say anything? Tom?

SAWYER: All that was a game to me.

FIRE: I know it was a game. But you're pretty exact, aren't you? You were exact. It was an accident. . . .

SAWYER: I think this is bullshit.

FIRE: Tom, you know it's not bullshit. You know it's not. You haven't been sleeping. You haven't been right since this happened. You need to get it off your chest. You need to.



Symphony No. 9 (e New World) d Orch./Dohnányi. 5065

Concerto oso"; more ish Concert/Pinnock. 187

The Decca Masters, llaby (w/Bing Crosby), ime, more. MCA 00605

n: Chopin, The 4 Plus Barcarolle & in F Minor. DG 15332

en, Symphony No. 9 Kenny, Walker, Power, . London Classical ed by Roger Norrington. 467

urn: Liszt & Grieg, oncertos The hia Orch./Ormandy. 606

Symphonie que The Philadelphia a/Muti. Angel 54244

ital Fox Organist Virgil s Toccata & Fugue in D any more. Bainbridge

Serenade No. 3 y of Ancient Music/ d. L'Oiseau-Lyre 15000

, Don Quixote; e Janigro, cello; Janis, hicago Symphony a/Fritz Reiner. RCA

Perlman: Mozart, Violin Concerto No. 1; more Vienna Phil./Previn. DG 25438

Viennese Bonbons Vienna Philharmonic/Maazel. Tales From The Vienna Woods, more. DG 15287

Horowitz Plays Liszt Sonata in B Minor, Consolation No. 3, Funérailles, Ballade No. 2, more. RCA 00511

Ravel, Boléro; La Valse; Rapsodie Espagnole; more Montreal Sym./Dutoit. London 15199

Handel, Water Music The English Concert/Pinnock. "Vital" —Ovation Archiv 15306

The Academy—By Request Academy of St. Martin/Marriner. Sheep May Safely Graze, Pastoral Sym., more. Angel 54094

Pavarotti At Carnegie Hall Songs and arias by Schubert, others. London 15311

Segovia Plays Bach Chaconne, Siciliano, 3 Pieces For Lute, many more. MCA 63600

Rubinstein: Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 2; more RCA Sym./Krips. RCA 14760

Perlman: French Violin Showpieces Havanaise, Tzigane, Carmen-Fantasy, more. New York Phil./Mehta. DG 15457

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Previn. Philips 15415

The Performing Piano, Vol. 1 Live performances by Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Schnabel, others. Newport Classic 14708

Gregorian Chant Schola of the Hofburgkapelle. 10 Propers from the "Graduale Romanum", more. Philips 15434

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons Simon Standage; English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv 15356

Rachmaninov, Symphony No. 1 Concertgebouw Orchestra/Ashkenazy. London 15347

Holst, The Planets Montreal Sym./Dutoit. "Stunning."—Gramophone London 15448

Itzhak Perlman: Brahms, Violin Sonatas; more Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Angel 33760

Ute Lemper Sings Kurt Weill Mack The Knife, Speak Low, I'm A Stranger Here Myself, more. London 15163

Beethoven, Symphony No. 6 (Pastorale); more Hogwood cond. L'Oiseau-Lyre 25397

Copland, Appalachian Spring (Complete); more St. Louis Sym./Slatkin. Angel 54176

Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra Chicago Symphony/Reiner. 63627

Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos 4-6 The English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv 25417

Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 2; more Evgeny Kissin, piano. RCA 00915

Kiri te Kanawa Sings Gershwin Somebody Loves Me, I Got Rhythm, The Man I Love, Summertime, more. Angel 70258

Scarlatti, 7 Sonatas; Larghetto; Gavotte & Pastorale, more Narciso Yepes, guitar DG 15497

Adams, The Chairman Dances; more San Francisco Symphony/deWaart. Nonesuch 00491

James Galway's Greatest Hits Memory, Angel Of Music, Sabre Dance, more. RCA 73233

Respighi, Pines Of Rome; Fountains Of Rome; Roman Festivals Phila. Orch./Muti. Angel 34443

Ashkenazy: Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 1; more Haitink cond. London 25153

Andrés Segovia Plays Rodrigo, Ponce & Torroba Fantasia para un Gentilhombre, Castles Of Spain, more. MCA 63579

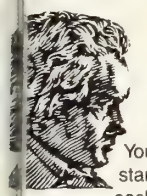
Rhapsody In Electric Blue J. R. Baker, synthesizers. Rhapsody In Blue, more. Newport Classic 34647

Mozart, Overtures Magic Flute, Marriage Of Figaro, more. Marriner conducts. Angel 34267

Digital Juke Box Boston Pops/ Williams. Girl From Ipanema, more. Philips 25059

Mussorgsky, Pictures At An Exhibition; more Montreal Sym./Dutoit. London 25314

SAVE 50% **INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN**
Unlike other clubs, you get 50%-off Bonus Savings with every CD you buy at regular prices, effective with *your first* full-price purchase!



This remarkable $1 CD offer is being made to introduce you to an outstanding classical music membership—with never any obligation to buy.

You'll find hundreds of outstanding Compact Discs in each issue of the Society's ine, which will be sent to you approxi- every 3 weeks. That gives you 19 nient, shop-at-home opportunities a ut there is no obligation to accept any g at any time.

choose only the music you want!

l like to accept the Main Selection, you ot do a thing. It will be sent automati- f you'd prefer an alternate selection or t all, just mail back the Notification by the specified date. You'll always have t 10 days to decide. But if you don't, ay return your Main Selection at our se. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish, simply by writing to us. Or, remain a member and take advantage of future money-saving bargains.

Substantial savings with our bonus plan.

For every regular purchase you do make, you'll receive bonus certificates good for discounts up to 50% off. (Shipping/handling added to each shipment.)

3 Compact Discs for just $1!

Begin your membership now by choosing any 3 CDs shown here for just $1 plus shipping and handling. Send no money now. We want you to judge for yourself before you decide to become a member. If not delighted, return your 3 CDs at the end of 10 days without obligation.

The International Preview Society

P.O. Box 91412 • Indianapolis, IN 46291

☐ **YES!** Please accept my membership in The International Preview Society and send me, for 10 days' FREE examination, the 3 CDs I have indicated below, under the terms of this offer. I may return them after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep them and pay only $1 (shipping and handling added to each shipment). I understand that I'm not obligated to buy anything...*ever!*

Write Selection Numbers Here:

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Telephone ( ) Area Code

Signature

NOTE: Members will be serviced by the BMG Compact Disc Club; current BMG CD Club members not eligible. YKPDX (BF)

Limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

Once you tell us you'll feel so much better. So much better. I know you will. You'll feel a hundred percent better once you tell what happened. You will. When you tell it, I'll guarantee you that you'll feel so much better. I don't believe this is premeditated. That's my personal opinion. I don't believe that you went after her to do *any* harm, but just to show some friendship. Show what you really wanted was a little love. That's all you wanted. Just a little love. And I don't mean sex. All you wanted was a little love. Compassion. That's all you wanted. She was an outgoing girl. A warm girl. You saw that. You saw that in talking to her. All you wanted was some of that love and compassion and affection that she had. And for some reason she rejected you. It doesn't make it right, what she did, if she was foolish enough not to be able to see somebody who wanted to befriend her and offer some affection. I want to know *your* side. I really do. I want you to get it off your chest. I want you to tell me, Tom. Tell me what happened. Just you and I. Right now.

Approximately 1 A.M.:

SAWYER: I can't believe this is happening. You guys don't understand. I honestly believe that I didn't do it and that I was never in there.

DEAN: Is that what you really believe?

SAWYER: That's what I really, truly, honestly believe. And I pray to God if I did do it, I'm punished for it. . . .

DEAN: Answer me this. Are you positive you didn't do it? Be straight with me right now. Are you *positive* that you didn't do it in your mind right now?

SAWYER: Not right now I'm not.

A little while later:

FIRE: He's gonna talk now. He's gonna talk now. He's gonna tell you right now, tell him. Just put your head down and tell him. Tom.

SAWYER: Did my hair samples match with them?

DEAN: What do you think?

FIRE: What do you think? Come on. What do you think? What—do—you—think? Huh? . . .

DEAN: Tom, why did you give us the samples?

SAWYER: Huh?

DEAN: Why—did—you—give—us—hair—samples?

SAWYER: I thought you *did* that.

FIRE: We *do* do that. You mean compare?

DEAN: Why did you want us to compare? The same reason you haven't been sleeping. You can't live with this. Just like you couldn't live with being a drunk. So you had to face that. And you got to face this. Am I right?

SAWYER: You mean I'm mentally blocking this out of my mind?

DEAN: Sure. What do you think?

SAWYER: I still can't believe I did it. I guess all the proof's in.

FIRE: Yeah.

SAWYER: What do you honestly think?

DEAN: Run through that scenario that you created before. Go ahead. Talk to me. Start with, It was somebody she knew. Right? Go ahead.

SAWYER: Okay. It was somebody she knew.

DEAN: Go ahead.

SAWYER: She was hit over the head. . . . Dragged upstairs.

DEAN: Go ahead.

SAWYER: Raped or whatever. Put in bed.

FIRE: Put in bed with what? How put in bed?

DEAN: Go into the detail like you did before.

FIRE: Just like before.

SAWYER: Well, put in bed. Pull the sheet up over her.

FIRE: But put in bed how? *How* put in bed? You told us before. He's asking you to repeat it again.

SAWYER: On her stomach, you mean?

FIRE: All right. Pull the sheet up. Would she have anything on?

SAWYER: Don't you know what happened?

DEAN: Don't you remember, Tom?

SAWYER: I *don't* remember.

DEAN: Isn't that what happened, though? Isn't that reality? Tell me? Isn't that reality?

FIRE: It sure is.

DEAN: You're embarrassed. We *know* everything. You can't be embarrassed in front of us. I doubt there's anything you can tell me or him that would embarrass us. You broke a lot of your own personal rules. Stuff you've been living by. You fucked up. Isn't that the truth of it? Isn't it, Tom?

SAWYER: Yeah.

DEAN: Then why all the blocking out?

SAWYER: I don't know.

DEAN: What's going through your mind right now? Talk to me.

SAWYER: Well, when we go through that, it seems like I get a picture of it.

FIRE: Okay. That's great. That's good.

DEAN: What do you see?

SAWYER: I don't— But I still say to myself, "No, you didn't do it."

FIRE: That's all right. But you got a picture, so you must have done it, right?

SAWYER: I just keep getting thoughts that say I didn't do it, you know.

DEAN: But those are thoughts, and that's *all* they are now. You've learned to recognize the difference between the reality and the thoughts. What are the pictures you see? Concentrate

Rural Electrification

GENERATING BRAIN POWER

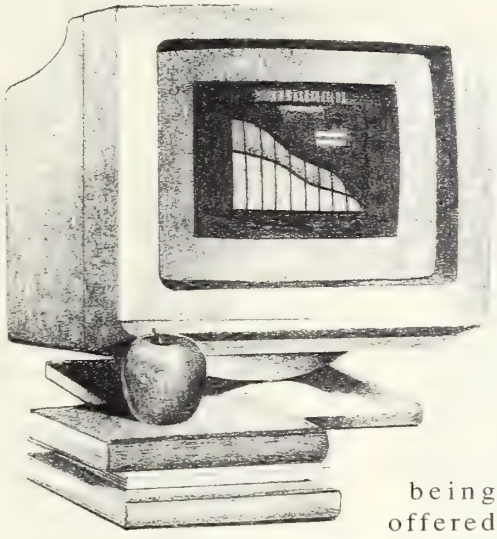
By Bob Bergland

The sound of school bells brings back memories of my classroom days in rural Minnesota. But students in today's countryside are hearing a high-tech ring to that sound, as the latest information technologies help teachers and students keep up with our changing, more competitive world.

In sparsely populated areas, like Indiahoma, Oklahoma, school systems often have difficulty offering a range of advanced courses. So Cotton Electric Co-op stepped in with an innovative solution, donating a satellite dish to beam down telecourses in German, physics, and other subjects produced at Oklahoma State University. Indiahoma's high school graduates now are better prepared to compete in college and in life.

Leadership in education like this is being duplicated in small towns and rural communities across the country. Thanks to Morrow Electric Cooperative in Ohio, a student at Fredericktown High School, who dreams of a career in aerospace engineering, can take a calculus class once out of reach. Youngsters in Eddyville, Oregon, have access to advanced computer courses through the satellite hook-up provided by Consumers Power.

Teacher training and enrichment programs, as well as adult education courses, are also being offered via satellite with help from local electric co-ops.



It's natural that rural electric cooperatives would provide such leadership. They know firsthand how to broaden hometown opportunity by pulling local resources together and forging partnerships with other private and public institutions. They're also supporting congressional rural development initiatives that would include funding for "star schools" programs using fiberoptics, satellites, and other modern technologies to help thousands of students receive an education previously unavailable to them.

Striving for excellence in education is nothing new for rural schools. But with a boost from rural electric systems, cooperating with local, state and federal organizations, students all over the country will walk into college classes and onto job sites with the necessary science, math, and language skills.

By helping young people prepare for today's competitive society, rural electrics are generating more than electricity... they're strengthening the nation's educational foundation.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.

America's Consumer-Owned Rural Electric Systems
A Power In The Land.

For a free booklet, ***Strengthening the Rural Economy: America's Rural Electric Systems At Work,*** write: Public Relations/H, NRECA, or call (202) 857-9539

on the pictures. [*They run through the scenario again.*]

DEAN: Is this what happened? Tom, is this what happened Saturday?

SAWYER: I don't know. It must have.

DEAN: Must have or did it? Is that what you remember happening Saturday night? Tom, is that what happened?

SAWYER: It must have. [*very quiet*]

DEAN: "It must have" isn't good enough. We're talking reality versus blocking it out. Is that reality, what you described to me just now? Is that what happened? Tom.

SAWYER: It still says I didn't do it. I don't know.

DEAN: You didn't *want* to do it, did you?

SAWYER: No. I don't think I did do it.

DEAN: Is that what happened, though?

FIRE: You never wanted to do it.

DEAN: We're talking thoughts versus reality. Of course, you didn't want to do it. 'Cause you wish it never happened. Is that the reality, what you just described to me right now? Now is that what happened? Tom, you know the answer.

SAWYER: The only reason I—

DEAN: I didn't hear what you said.

FIRE: He said, "The only reason—" The only reason what, Tom?

SAWYER: The only reason I believe I did it is if my hairs were in her car and on her body and in her apartment.

DEAN: We're talking about thinking. And we're talking about reality. What you just described to me. That little scene you just described to me? Is that the reality of what happened Saturday night? [*pause*] Tom, is that what happened Saturday night? [*long pause*] I know you don't remember before and after. And some of the stuff in the middle. But what you just described to me? Is that what happened Saturday night? Is that just a part of it? [*pause*] Is that just a part of it? It's a start, Tom. The door's open.

FIRE: There's a light at the end of the tunnel.

SAWYER: What?

FIRE: There is. There's a light.

DEAN: Is that part of what happened Saturday night? Then we'll go on and deal with the rest of it as best we can. Is that part of what happened Saturday night, what you just described to me? Tom. Answer me. Or just shake your head. Are you thinking about what else happened? Are you getting different pictures?

SAWYER: No.

DEAN: That's a pretty clear picture, what you just described, isn't it?

SAWYER: Yeah.

DEAN: Isn't it clearer now that you talked about it? Isn't it? Isn't it clear now that you got it out? Is that part of what happened Saturday night?

SAWYER: Yes.

DEAN: Yes? Let me shake your hand. Shake my hand.

FIRE: It's about time. That's it. That's it. There you go.

DEAN: Do you want to go on?

SAWYER: I want to lay down.

[*The interrogation continued several more hours, until approximately 8 A.M., when Sawyer was charged with first-degree murder.*]

[Letter]

THE ART OF THE INSULT

From a letter written by Donald Trump and sent to hotelier Leona Helmsley. The letter was prompted by a dispute between Trump and Helmsley over a real-estate property in Atlantic City. Trump released the letter to the press in May.

April 5, 1989

Dear Leona,

Over the last number of years, I have watched as you have virtually destroyed my friend, a once great and respected man, Harry Helmsley [the real estate developer to whom Leona Helmsley is married]. Almost no one knows Leona Helmsley better than Donald Trump, but when the press (and others) would ask about you, I would always try to speak of your few (in my opinion) normal or positive qualities.

When you sold me the St. Moritz Hotel and I was able to increase the gross operating profit almost fivefold in its first year, I heard you were very upset. Recently, after I sold the hotel for substantially in excess of $100 million more than I paid you, rumor was that you were beside yourself. Perhaps it shows that you don't know what you are doing.

Without the veil of Harry Helmsley you would be a nonentity. You would not be able to randomly fire and abuse people in order to make yourself happy. What has happened to the legendary Helmsley reputation is indeed sad—but I am not surprised because I know you so well. When God created Leona, the world received no favors.

Sincerely,
Donald J. Trump

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES—AT A PRICE YOU'D EXPECT TO PAY FOR PLASTIC!

'HAT'S RIGHT! NATURAL WOOD 'URNITURE AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE.

ONLY **$39.95** EACH
LIST PRICE $59.95



his quality shelving system is made of natural uropean beechwood—a hardwood tough nough to be used for flooring and beautiful nough to be used for fine furniture.

TACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to orga-ize unsightly clutter. The STACK-A-SHELF sys-em is perfect for showcasing your personal trea-ures. Everything from vases to pictures can be roudly displayed on these good-looking, versa-le and, above all, affordable units.

tack Them...They're Interlocking

ach free-standing unit measures 27¾" wide × 11" deep × 37" high, and is designed to inter-ock and stack. This means you can actually create our own wall unit. And if you move, just fold hem down and take them with you.

nd natural beechwood is attractive...even unfin-shed. So the unit can be used immediately or you an paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF o match your own decorating needs.

ets Up In Seconds...Without Tools!

o tools, screws or glue required. Just take he unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides ut, and the shelves practically fall into place.


1. Comes in flat carton


2. Shelves fall into place


3. Slides open on hinges

Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited ime, Barnes & Noble is offering all of our TACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of 33% off the retail price. So don't pile— decorate in style, with affordable beechwood shelving from Barnes & Noble.

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

ORDER BY MAIL OR CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME
1-800-242-6657

- LIGHT
- STURDY
- DURABLE
- PORTABLE

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. H305 , NEW YORK, NY 10011

1066018. Please send me _____ Sturdy Beechwood Shelf Unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus $6.95 shipping and handling per unit). Please add applicable sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA & CA(6%).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

[Found Poetry]

HOWLS

From The Found Poetry of Lt. Col. Oliver L. North, *compiled by John W. Hart III and published by Shelf Life Press of Woodland Hills, California. The poems are based on Oliver North's congressional testimony during the Iran-Contra hearings in 1987. Hart is a poet who lives in Los Angeles.*

I Am Doing My Job

i was not
taking files.
i would go
through
a file.

i was sitting at my desk.

they were working ten feet
from me,

and we would go—

they were working on their projects
i was working on mine . . .

that's why the government
of the United States
gave me a shredder.

On Lying

Please,

It was not right.

It does not leave me
with a good taste
in my mouth . . .

I want
you to know

that
it doesn't come easy

to anybody,

but if I think we all had
to weigh in the balance

the difference between

lives
and
lies.

I had to do that on a number of occasions
in both these operations,

and it

is not an
easy thing to do . . . .

Yes, We Have No Bananas

Who is "Joshua"?

the President . . .

the banana is

Israel . . .

oh.

I got it,

Oranges is the

United States.

[Book Index]

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE REAGAN YEARS

From the index to The Clothes Have No Emperor, *a chronicle of the Reagan years by Paul Slansky, to be published next month by Fireside Books. Slansky lives in New York City and Los Angeles.*

REAGAN, RONALD WILSON, 9, 11, 21, 23, 28, 31, 34, 43, 53, 58, 64, 65, 67, 74, 77, 81, 84, 92, 105, 108, 109, 110, 115, 118, 120, 122, 126, 127, 128, 131, 135, 146, 147, 149, 152, 156, 158, 159, 161, 162, 165, 169, 170, 171, 173, 184, 195, 213, 215, 230, 236, 237, 238, 240, 241, 251, 261, 269, 272
abundance of want ads noted by, 39, 51, 271
on acting, 94, 146, 271
and age issue, 108, 112, 113, 114, 115
anecdotage of, 33, 41, 54, 60, 69, 78, 180
on Armageddon, 78, 115, 116, 217
asks, "Do I look like an idiot?", 168
and balanced-budget amendment, 106, 205, 280
birthday jokes of, 19, 61, 85, 125, 154, 187, 228
and blacks, 26, 38, 44, 51, 68, 74, 75, 139, 167, 233, 277
blames Carter, 110, 156, 271
blames Congress, 271
blames the media, 30, 32, 40, 42, 43, 49, 63, 68, 103, 156, 178, 271
blames miscellaneous others, 30, 46, 77, 137
Bond, James, honored by, 68
and Book of Revelation, 168, 196, 280
books about, 67, 155, 159, 184, 196, 198, 217, 221, 233, 235, 238, 250, 256, 273
bullet in chest temporarily unnoticed by, 21
campaign oratory of, 101, 106, 107, 116, 118, 241, 248
cancerous pimple called "friend" by, 136
cancers of, 135, 136, 144, 151, 211
challenge to accuracy of, 42, 43, 50, 67, 79, 80, 83, 85, 88, 101, 113, 128, 130, 143, 148, 153, 154, 192
China visited by, 92, 93, 94
chops wood, 19, 25
confusion admitted by, 112, 189
correction issued by or on behalf of, 35, 50, 55, 139, 143, 177, 187, 189,200, 208
cues taken by, 10, 18, 30, 78, 101, 102, 103, 120, 221, 232
and debates, 67, 68, 111, 112, 113, 115
Democrats embraced posthumously by, 108, 139



bie Conal. This set of posters began appearing last summer on walls and buildings in Washington, D.C., New York Chicago, and other cities. It is the tenth in a series that Conal has been working on since 1986.

detachment from job alleged about, 11, 14, 15, 19, 27, 29, 68, 86, 111, 115, 137, 177, 180,181, 184, 186, 189, 190
detachment from reality imputed to, 148
disbelief by public of, 174, 177, 180, 185, 190, 192
dogs of, 28, 120, 147, 148
doodles of, 28, 206
drug policies of, 168, 170, 219
end-of-term metaphors of, 184, 188, 191, 193, 194, 227
environmental record of, 99, 125, 186, 277
as FBI informer, 139
failed appointments of, 25, 70, 95, 133, 157, 218, 219
and fanciful weaponry, 15, 64, 140, 144, 146, 198, 237
farewell appearances of, 227, 271, 277, 280
as father, 23, 24, 33, 39, 96, 103, 119, 121, 154, 155, 157, 184, 198, 233, 234, 235, 270
and "fiction," 86, 157, 160, 190, 215, 236, 256
as "the Gipper," 24, 101, 104, 184, 232, 268, 277
as "the Gippet," 232
gloating by enemies of, 179
goddamn used or not used by, 179, 180
and Gorbachev, 140, 146, 173, 204, 221, 222, 240, 241
as "great communicator," 64, 173, 183, 235
haircuts of, 13, 14, 15, 16
and hearing aid, 71, 72
and helicopter noise, 183, 217
homelessness theory of, 84, 271
and hostages, 15, 17, 18, 115, 175, 185, 266
and hunger, 70, 78, 162, 164
ignorance defense employed by, 38, 44, 186, 189, 242
improbable letters of support cited by, 34, 38, 97, 129
inability to answer questions of, 26, 30, 33, 35, 46, 67, 74, 111, 133, 164, 177, 189, 191, 193, 212, 218, 235
inability to shop for magazines of, 49, 55, 56, 84, 95
incessant pop-culture references by, 107, 126, 137, 154, 167, 187, 204, 205, 263, 267, 268
incuriosity of, 145, 178, 180, 208
inopportune napping of, 45, 92, 103, 240
introspection of, 33, 91
on invasion from space, 147
and Iran-Contra scandal, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 184, 185, 186, 187, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 199, 200, 201, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 212, 220, 221, 233
and Jackson, Michael, 94, 224
and jellybeans, 16, 20, 109, 120
judicial nominations of, 26, 50, 157, 161, 165, 207, 218, 220
keister of, 59, 64
and kitchen remodeling, 110, 111
laryngitis feigned by, 191
and "leading lady-itis," 158
and Lincoln's ghost, 187
and line-item veto, 106, 205, 280
macho bluster of, 75, 84, 106, 118, 126, 133, 134, 140, 167, 169, 170, 175, 184, 204, 209, 211, 216
and makeup, 113
"management style" of, 169, 189, 190, 191
media's toothless coverage of, 41, 44, 96, 103, 104, 115, 123, 127, 142, 150, 158, 160, 183, 185, 250
meets twenty-month-old grandchild, 121
memory failures of, 17, 55, 130, 186, 187, 189, 191, 204
military triumphs of, 74, 160
military uniforms called "wardrobe" by, 112
misidentification problems of, 25, 28, 30, 50, 60, 83, 92, 130, 143, 145, 152, 166, 167, 174, 175, 183, 194, 200, 218, 232, 238, 266
misstatements by, 19, 36, 38, 40, 43, 44, 50, 52, 55, 63, 79, 96, 101, 111, 114, 125, 127, 128, 130, 139, 143, 144, 156, 158, 164, 171, 173, 177, 187, 204, 210, 241, 248
mistakes admitted and not admitted by, 177, 179, 191
moldy cheese given away by, 36
movies of, 39, 57, 64, 122, 146, 163
as national host, 38
Nazi death camps filmed or not filmed by, 77, 85, 129
Nicaraguan policies of, 65, 66, 68, 91, 92, 95, 118, 125, 126, 128, 130, 132, 155, 156, 157, 167, 203, 233
nice-sounding phrases used by, 54, 75, 85, 118
Nixon consulted by, 179
Nobel Peace Prize not awarded to, 258
on nuclear war and weapons, 66, 73, 116, 126
as nuisance after sporting events, 61, 84, 274
optimism of, 10, 16, 118, 135, 154
oversized props of, 204, 208, 210, 248, 280
pardons issued by, 23, 278
passivity of, 53, 86, 99, 103, 114, 133, 143, 203, 238, 270
on Passover menorah, 125
photo opportunities of, 23, 49, 52, 59, 61, 63, 66, 76, 85, 93, 94, 96, 99, 109, 119, 129, 155, 156, 187, 188, 204, 208, 210, 240

plugs friend's play, 20
polyps of, 95, 101, 126, 135, 152, 165, 184, 206, 271
and the poor, 91, 99, 162
proboscis of, 136, 144, 151, 211
prostate of, 184
provokes unintended laughter, 32, 66, 97, 128, 159
rarity of news conferences by, 111, 118, 123, 271
reading habits of, 111, 116, 118, 123, 143, 160, 184, 186, 195, 232
and religion, 61, 85, 89, 106, 125
repetitiveness of, 37, 49, 51, 54, 55, 56, 84, 101, 118, 158, 175, 191, 222, 271
respects paid to dead Nazis by, 128, 129
scripts of, 187, 223, 231, 266
and Sinatra, 16, 123, 131, 160, 170
sound check ad-libs of, 52, 54, 103, 120, 133
Soviets bashed by, 18, 46, 60, 63, 67, 84, 96, 103
Soviets embraced by, 83, 110, 146, 147, 222
is spied upon, 124
sportscasting days recalled by, 13, 41, 153, 259
and Springsteen, 108, 109
and Stallone, 133, 139, 143
summit preparations of, 67, 145, 146
and teacher in space, 106, 136, 143, 153
technological snafus involving, 97, 175
telephone calls from, 48, 49, 56, 76, 123, 175, 177, 264
and Tower commission, 178, 186, 187, 189, 190, 191
and turkeys, 33, 54, 76, 118, 147
unawareness of, 32, 66, 86, 115, 149, 164, 177, 180, 187
and union-busting, 28
urges kids to monitor patriotism of parents, 277
urine of, 168
vacations of, 28, 43, 59, 71, 277
vetoes of, 33, 171, 186, 194, 204, 233, 269
on the waking or non-waking of, 17, 28, 54, 71, 74, 277
wardrobe of, 45, 109, 145
waves at wife on TV, 104
wife defended by, 16, 30, 36, 103, 146, 190, 238
wit of, 19, 21, 30, 34, 39, 49, 51, 52, 53, 54, 61, 62, 63, 66, 70, 74, 76, 85, 94, 101, 103, 110, 112, 115, 116, 118, 119, 125, 126, 137, 140, 144, 151, 154, 158, 160, 165, 168, 171, 173, 180, 191, 192, 194, 204, 221, 246, 280

[Speech]

DESECRATING AMERICA, PART II

From a speech made on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives on July 26 by Richard Durbin, a Democrat from Illinois.

Mr. Speaker, I rise to condemn the desecration of a great American symbol. No, I am not referring to flag burning; I am referring to the baseball bat.

Several experts tell us that the wooden baseball bat is doomed to extinction, that major league baseball players will soon be standing at home plate with aluminum bats in their hands.

Baseball fans have been forced to endure countless indignities by those who just cannot leave well enough alone: designated hitters, plastic grass, uniforms that look like pajamas, chicken clowns dancing on the baselines, and, of course, the most heinous sacrilege, lights in Wrigley Field.

Are we willing to hear the crack of a bat replaced by the dinky ping? Are we ready to see the Louisville Slugger replaced by the aluminum ping dinger? Is nothing sacred?

Please do not tell me that wooden bats are too expensive, when players who cannot hit their weight are being paid more money than the President of the United States.

Please do not try to sell me on the notion that these metal clubs will make better hitters.

What will be next? Teflon baseballs? Radar-enhanced gloves? I ask you.

I do not want to hear about saving trees. Any tree in America would gladly give its life for the glory of a day at home plate.

I do not know if it will take a constitutional amendment to keep our baseball traditions alive, but if we forsake the great Americana of broken-bat singles and pine tar, we will have certainly lost our way as a nation.

[Interview]

DE-STALINIZING THE SOVIET PAST

From an interview with Yuri Afanasyev, in Voices of Glasnost: Interviews With Gorbachev's Reformers, *edited by Stephen F. Cohen and Katrina vanden Heuvel, to be published this month by Norton. Cohen is a director of Russian studies at Princeton University. Vanden Heuvel is an editor at* The Nation. *Yuri Afanasyev, an outspoken anti-Stalinist historian, has been rector of the Moscow State Historical Archive Institute since 1986. Earlier this year he was elected to the Congress of People's Deputies.*

INTERVIEWER: Of all the changes associated with *perestroika,* none has caused as much controversy as historical *glasnost.* It is not only intellectuals who discuss it. Soviet newspapers publish passionate letters daily from readers arguing about historical events, particularly events of the Stalin era. Why is the past, and the writing of history, so important today?

YURI AFANASYEV: Because of all the lies and omissions of Stalinist historiography—many of which were perpetuated during the Brezhnev

GIVE HARPER'S THIS HOLIDAY

You'll give them something to think about

ances are, you have
independent thinkers
ur holiday gift list.
ds of exceptional curi-
who are simply not
ed with the insipid
ndlessly rehashed news
pinion they receive
the national media.
these friends—and
eryone who truly loves
id—a subscription to
r's *Magazine* is the
holiday gift.
ery month, they'll look
rd to the unique sur-
s of *Harper's*. And—
month—they'll be
antly reminded of your
ghtfulness and generos-
is holiday season.
der now and take ad-
age of our special gift
. Just $18 for the first
ription to *Harper's*, and
for each additional you
r now. (Your own sub-
tion, new or renewal,



may be included at this money-saving rate.)

We'll mail handsome full-color cards announcing each gift, hand-signed as you instruct and timed to arrive for the holidays.

And you need send no money now. We'll be happy to bill you after the holidays, if you prefer.

Now, here's something for *you* to think about. Consider the perfect gift for all those hard-to-please friends on your list, wrapped up in one easy order. No worry, no fuss. No boxes, paper, or ribbon. Just fill out the attached order card or the form below, and you won't have to give your holiday shopping list another thought! Do it today.

HARPER'S
P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305

I'll wrap up my holiday shopping with *Harper's*. Send a year's subscription to the people whose names appear below. I'll $18 for the first subscription and $15 for each additional subscription I order. (Add $2 postage per subscription for ada, $3 for all other countries. Payment in U.S. dollars only, please.)

#1 Name _____
ess _____
State, Zip _____
Gift Card _____
☐ New ☐ Renewal

#2 Name _____
ess _____
State, Zip _____
Gift Card _____
☐ New ☐ Renewal

My Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

Send me a year's subscription to *Harper's* at this special low rate
☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ bill me later

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date ____

Signature _____

(PLEASE ATTACH ADDITIONAL ORDERS ON A SEPARATE SHEET)

MEK00-8

[List]

BASEBALL SUICIDES

From "Suicides of Former Major League Baseball Players," in the February newsletter of the Society for American Baseball Research. The society has 6,500 members and is located in Kansas City, Missouri. This list was compiled by Bill Deane and Richard Topp.

Date	*Player (Debut Year)*	*Method*
7/16/21	Art Irwin (1880)	jumped from steamer into Atlantic Ocean
4/26/27	Bill Gannon (1898)	drowned
8/5/29	Tony Brottem (1916)	gun
9/11/31	Carl Sitton (1909)	gun
12/8/32	Bill Grey (1890)	gun
3/21/34	Pea Ridge Day (1924)	gun
6/9/34	Charlie Dexter (1896)	gun
8/14/34	Guy Morrison (1927)	gun
6/14/35	Walt Kuhn (1912)	gun
4/15/37	Emmett McCann (1920)	gun
11/1/37	Benny Frey (1929)	carbon monoxide
8/3/40	Willard Hershberger (1938)	razor
8/14/40	Charlie Hollocher (1918)	gun
8/8/41	Ralph Works (1909)	gun (after shooting wife)
10/29/41	Harvey Hendrick (1923)	gun
8/5/42	Lyle Bigbee (1920)	gun
6/23/43	Chet Chadbourne (1906)	gun
1/11/45	Harry McNeal (1901)	gun
10/16/45	Hank Eibel (1912)	gun
11/18/45	Morrie Rath (1909)	gun
6/15/47	Luke Stuart (1921)	gun
11/4/48	Jake Powell (1930)	gun
10/25/49	Tim Bowden (1914)	gun
5/19/50	Wattie Holm (1924)	gun
9/3/50	Frank Pearce (1950)	gun
7/3/51	Hugh Casey (1935)	gun
9/14/51	Wally Roettger (1927)	razor
1/9/54	Skeeter Shelton (1915)	gun
9/1/55	Jim Oglesby (1936)	gun
11/1/56	Limb McKenry (1915)	gun
11/8/57	Fred Anderson (1909)	gun
1/20/60	Gib Brack (1937)	gun
11/24/61	John Mohardt (1922)	cut femoral artery
1/10/62	Fred Bratchi (1921)	battery fluid
6/28/62	Cy Morgan (1903)	razor
9/16/63	Johnny Niggeling (1938)	hanged
9/26/64	Paul Zahniser (1923)	gun
8/15/65	Stan Pitula (1957)	carbon monoxide
11/2/66	Lew Moren (1903)	cut throat
10/19/67	Art Garibaldi (1936)	gun
11/25/69	Emil Kush (1941)	carbon monoxide
1/5/75	Don Wilson (1966)	carbon monoxide
6/12/80	Danny Thomas (1976)	hanged
4/9/82	Francisco Barrios (1974)	drugs
4/6/89	Carlos Berain (1953)	hanged

years—no country and no people have had a history as falsified as ours. As a society, we have been in a long, deep, mythological dream. Now, as we awake and begin to tell the truth about ourselves, it strikes horror in the minds and hearts of many people. But it is absolutely necessary to tell the whole truth. Without it we cannot ensure the success of *perestroika*.

A society cannot live or develop normally without knowing where it came from and what it is. All of the events of the past—the killing of the old Bolsheviks who were falsely accused of crimes, the October Revolution, and others—must find their true places and voices in our history. Otherwise we will not recognize ourselves when we look in the mirror.

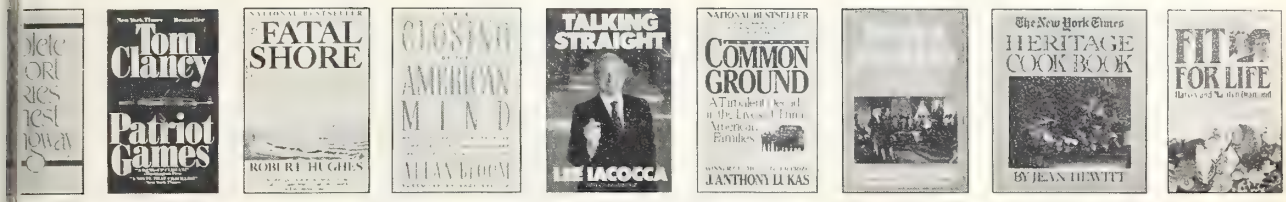
People must know about the alternatives of the past—which roads were taken and which were not, and why. History isn't just an academic profession. It is part of our social psychology. When they changed the names of many of our old cities, my father said, "Yuri, what are they doing? Soon we won't be able to find our way around." Psychologically, this is a serious matter. History is self-awareness and thus part of the present and the future. *Perestroika* seeks to change what now exists, but we cannot do this—we cannot formulate effective policies—until we have adequate historical knowledge.

INTERVIEWER: Recently, you set off a controversy by your contention that the system under Stalin was not in fact a socialist system, and that even today the Soviet Union doesn't have socialism. As far as we know, no one in an official publication has ever challenged the official axiom that socialism exists in your country.

AFANASYEV: The accepted idea that we have some kind of socialism today, at least some kind of deformed socialism, doesn't hold up under historical scrutiny. And though we no longer have Stalinism in the top leadership, we still live in the system created by Stalin in the 1930s. We cannot say, as many do, that Stalin was both bad and good—at least not if we really believe that socialism is a precious idea. We have to recognize the full extent of the so-called deformations he introduced into our lives. They affected everything. Stalin repealed the NEP [the New Economic Policy, the party's relatively liberal, market-oriented program of the 1920s], which Lenin saw as the road to socialism. Stalin created a huge bureaucratic state apparatus. In the course of collectivization, he enslaved the peasantry and destroyed it as a class. Stalin built a state on blood and terror. I do not accept this totalitarian course as inevitable, necessary, or socialist. It was counterrevolutionary, and it affected the foundations of the Soviet system. We are not talking about some

20% OFF ON ALL BOOK PURCHASES!

Over A Half-Million Current Titles Available



American Readers Club is a totally different con- n book clubs. Unlike other clubs that carry ps 1,000 different titles, we carry the largest ion of current books in America — over 110,000 In addition we have access to 400,000 others. ve sell them all at 20% off the publisher's list Fiction, non-fiction, romance, classics, paper- — whatever the category or subject matter, we .

We offer a 100% money back guarantee on all our books.

We don't require you to purchase any minimum number of books per year.

We don't send out "automatic monthly selections," that you must make sure and remember to reject before their arrival.

We don't tack on excessive shipping and handling charges, so your 20% discount doesn't get eaten up.

We can get most books to you within 5-10 days.

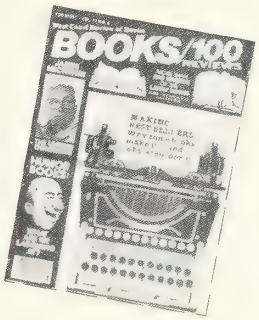
you are tired of paying the exorbitant prices in 's market, then we are the answer. Why not join American Readers Club and start purchasing all e $20.00 hardbacks for $16.00. Why pay the ted prices when you don't have to.

re's What Your mbership Provides

hen you join, you will receive a membership kit, aining our club, how it operates, and instructions ow to order.

addition, as an introductory gift for joining, you receive a full year's subscription to *West Coast iew of Books* (a $12.00 value on the newsstand), ch reviews 100 of the latest books every other th, along with an exclusive rating system to tell whether the book is worthwhile. A sample copy is ıded in each kit.

Join the American Readers Club today! And begin a reading adventure that will put excitement and wisdom in your life at fantastic savings, the country's top reviewers in your corner, 500 times the inventory of conventional book clubs, and a 100% money back guarantee on any book that you purchase.



FREE!
One Year's Subscription to *West Coast Review of Books*

Your cost to join is a one time fee of $4.95. That's all it takes and you will begin receiving *West Coast Review of Books*, plus you can start purchasing books from us at 20% off the list price as often as you like, for the rest of your life if you wish. Anytime you want, you may drop out or drop back in. If for any reason you are dissatisfied after receiving your membership kit, simply return it within 30 days for a full refund.

Clip and Mail the Coupon Below Today!

Mail to: **American Readers Club**
739 Fifth Ave., San Diego, CA 92101

YES! Please send me my American Readers Club kit, and start my subscription to *West Coast Review of Books*. Enclosed is my check for $4.95. If I am not totally satisfied, I will return the kit within 30 days for a cancellation and full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Make checks payable to: AMERICAN READERS CLUB

deformed socialism but about an inhumane, regimented system whose foundations still have not been eradicated. *Perestroika* must uproot all the vestiges of Stalinism from our national lives. Half-truths about the past will lead to half measures today, which will lead to the collapse of our last chance to break out of this terrible situation.

However, I oppose the idea—widespread even among supporters of *perestroika*—that we can simply return to Lenin, repent, receive his blessings, and move on. This is a foolish way of thinking, more of a religious idea than a political-historical one.

Though we should return to the basic principles of Lenin's socialism—democracy, humanism, market economics, civil peace, and the rest—we must keep in mind that Lenin didn't live long enough to fully develop his conception of socialism. He changed his thinking in the early 1920s and had only begun to work out a new model, based on the NEP, when he died in 1924. Thus, we must move forward with Lenin's help; but we will have to find our own solutions to our problems and work out a full conception of socialism. *Perestroika* means beginning the work of building socialism *now*.

[Prayer]

BLESS THIS GAME

From "A Pre-Game Prayer," in the Blue Book of PONY Baseball, *the organizational manual for the PONY (Protect Our Nation's Youth) baseball leagues. More than a quarter million Americans between the ages of seven and eighteen participate in PONY games.*

Our Father in Heaven, we ask Thy blessing on this occasion.

May each swing be powerful, may each throw be straight and true, may each decision be accurate.

May feet be swift, hands be agile, minds alert, and hearts determined.

Give us Thy blessing that injury may be avoided and sportsmanship exhibited in its finest form.

Permit us as players, officials, and spectators to participate in this contest in a manner befitting creatures of Thy Holy Likeness.

Amen.

INTERVIEWER: How much historical *glasnost* has actually been achieved since 1985?

AFANASYEV: Quite a lot. Gorbachev has said that we cannot have too much truth. But there is still much to be done. I don't agree with the commonly held view that there were merely blank spots in our historical writing and we need only to fill them in. Stalinist historiography was one huge blank spot, so our entire history remains to be studied and written.

To do this, we must have access to the archives. But even if we had access to all the archives, *glasnost* would not automatically be complete. The result of so many years of censorship and dogmatism is the exclusion of whole ways of thinking from our intellectual tradition. We developed in a state of intellectual isolation from the West, and we still feel the consequences of that experience.

Secondly, even though we have broken down aspects of Stalinist orthodoxy, much of its legacy remains deeply entrenched. For example, we haven't yet faced up to the fact that Stalin invaded and occupied Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania in 1939–40. Until we eliminate all these Stalinist taboos, we cannot really explore our history.

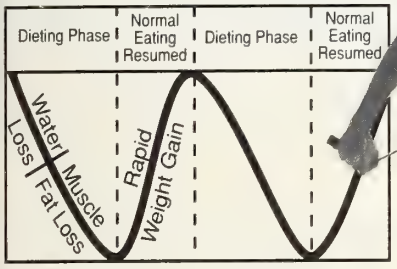
INTERVIEWER: Does it worry you that even today, after all the revelations, Stalin remains a positive figure and a symbol of Soviet socialism for so many Soviet citizens?

AFANASYEV: This is a broad phenomenon; you might call it folk Stalinism. Because of the absence of democratic traditions in Russia, many people admire a strong-arm leader, a strong boss, and they associate Stalin with that kind of leadership. In addition, many people lived much of their lives under Stalin. When you take away Stalin and Stalinism, you deprive them of an essential part of their autobiographies. After all, many of these people laughed and loved, married and had children, under Stalin. On the whole, it was a positive experience for them. They also believed that the socialism they were building would bring a radiant future. Over the years, their consciousness was profoundly deformed. They developed an irrational, even religious, attitude toward Stalin. And this remains a serious problem even today.

INTERVIEWER: You suggest that many Soviet citizens prefer, even worship, a strong state. But isn't *perestroika* itself a set of reforms that seeks to reduce the size of the Soviet state in relation to society? Reducing censorship, promoting democracy through elections from below, permitting independent forms of economic enterprise and market relations—all seem to be moves in this direction. Isn't de-Stalinization, as you de-

ET WEIGHT OFF AND KEEP IT OFF

GET OFF THE DIET ROLLERCOASTER™



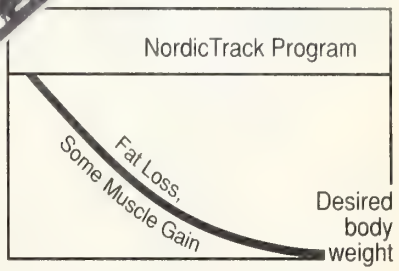
Dieting's Effect On Body Weight

ou diet. You lose. You
. You gain it back. Maybe
more. Dis-
ged, you
the cycle over,
ned for rapid
l (and mostly
:) weight loss, followed by a
au...and the dieting blues.

Why diets fail

our body's system seeks to
tain the weight it considers
nal," what scientists call your
oint. During dieting, your
fights back by increasing ap-
e and lowering metabolic rate.
feel uncomfortable and frus-
d. You're in a battle you're
ned to lose.

GET ON TRACK™ WITH NORDICTRACK



NordicTrack's Effect On Body Weight

The only sure way to take body fat off and keep it off is to lower your set point. And the only way to do that is aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack® duplicates the motion of cross-country skiing, which experts agree is the best form of aerobic exercise. Better than biking, rowing, running, or swimming.

NordicTrack's jarless motion avoids injury and utilizes all the major muscles in the body: arms, shoulders, back, stomach, legs, which means that not only do you take off body fat and keep it off, but you shape and tone those muscles as well.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

CALL TOLL-FREE OR WRITE FOR A FREE BROCHURE & VIDEO

fore you buy any in-home exerciser, consider the following:

NordicTrack is the one you'll use.

A recent independent survey has shown that NordicTrack
ners who also own other exercise machines prefer their
rdicTracks by a margin of more than 6 to 1.

NordicTrack is the one you'll stay with.

Research has also shown that NordicTrack owners who have
ned their machines for more than five years still use them an
erage of three 22 minute sessions per week.

© 1989 NordicTrack

1-800-328-5888

In Canada 1-800-433-9582

❑ Please send me a free brochure.
❑ Also a free video tape
❑ VHS ❑ BETA

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State ___ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____

NordicTrack • 141 Jonathan Blvd. N.
Chaska, MN 55318

200J9

fine *perestroika*, a form of "destatization"?

AFANASYEV: That is exactly right. Over the years, there has been an overwhelming "statization" of society. All the living threads of society have been bound by state bureaucracy, strictures, and prohibitions. Now the task is to reverse this long process by "societizing" the state and eliminating state domination.

INTERVIEWER: But as a historian, doesn't it worry you that *perestroika* may be in profound conflict with deeply ingrained popular Russian attitudes toward the state? Indeed, isn't state power over society perhaps the single most powerful tradition in Russian history?

AFANASYEV: It is true that a strong state power and a weak society is one of Russia's most powerful traditions. We historians need to begin to study this question by tracing the evolution of civil society, particularly from the beginning of Stalin's rule to the present. I myself have recently caused yet another stir by relating the question to Marx's concept that the main goal of socialism is to end the alienation of people from power and property. I argued that from the late 1920s on, Soviet peasants and workers were alienated from property, while the state, which took control of that property, was alienated from society. As a result, the overwhelming majority of the people lost all sense of being in control of the country. They still lack that sense. *Perestroika* is a search for ways to end that alienation. You are right that we face colossal difficulties and complexities. But there is hope.

INTERVIEWER: For a historian, the process of diminishing the Soviet state may seem to be a necessity. But for Soviet politicians, it must be a process fraught with dangers of instability.

AFANASYEV: Of course, particularly as it relates to the various national regions of the Soviet Union, where the situation is sometimes explosive. But here, too, we must restore Leninist principles and regain what was lost under Stalin. Stalin established an extremely centralized state with very weak local governments. The Soviet Union is not made up of autonomous republics, as Lenin envisaged, but of provinces subordinated to the center. The USSR must become a real federation of republics; all with equal rights. And this also applies to Eastern Europe, where there should be equal Socialist countries with the same rights as the Soviet Union. In both cases, relations have to be based on genuine independence and sovereignty.

Generally, we must help society become more polyphonic and more tolerant of diversity—of diverse views, diverse individuals, diverse economies.

INTERVIEWER: Is your country ready to tolerate such diversity?

AFANASYEV: It is difficult to measure our current level of tolerance. But my impression is that there is great potential for democracy among the Soviet people. Yet the country has never had a chance to develop democratic traditions. We have an enormous amount of work to do.

INTERVIEWER: What will happen to the Soviet Union if *perestroika* fails or is overthrown?

AFANASYEV: The country will fall into another, longer period of drowsy stagnation, or it will come under the rule of the fist. Either way, there is no good alternative to *perestroika*.

[Essay]

LIVES OF THE BODY

From "Transubstantiation," an essay by Sallie Tisdale in the Summer issue of Whole Earth Review. *This piece was part of a written forum in the quarterly on the question "Is the Body Obsolete?" Tisdale's memoir, "We Do Abortions Here: A Nurse's Story," appeared in the October 1987 issue of* Harper's Magazine. *She is the author of* Lot's Wife: Salt and the Human Condition.

I was a tomboy. I wore torn cutoffs, T-shirts, short hair, and no shoes all the hours of the long bright summer days. My brother and I would hike the big, dark pipes that passed the nearby creek beneath the streets, listening to the echoes of our bare feet knocking rocks against the metal in the cold trickle we crossed. I climbed everything: jungle gyms, fences, reservoirs. I flopped in the dust by my father's shop to count grasshoppers. I could swing higher than anyone else around and fling myself out at the end of the arc with a primitive, lusty cry. That name, tomboy, never meant a thing to me, except perhaps as a point of pride: It meant a girl who lived solidly inside her body, rather than simply on its skin. I was my body and my body was me, and that more than anything defined the limits of space. I remember reaching the top of a very tall cedar tree one afternoon and perching at its swaying, flimsy tip, sticky pitch on all my fingers, rocked by a giddy, wet-palmed thrill. It seemed, under that canopy of heat and air, that I looked out of my own eyes and saw the world from the world's very center.

I have a photograph taken the summer I was eleven years old. I am with two friends, entangled arm and leg, shirts hiked up cockeyed across our bare bellies. Even with breasts bloom-



A great wrong...set right."

—*New York Times Book Review*

Announcing
THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHORS IN A MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF DELUXE EDITIONS

Until recently, much of American literature could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks, nbersome anthologies, or dog-eared dcovers. Many of our most notable clas-s—even works published in the 20th ıtury—were out of print. The situation s, as the critic Lionel Trilling wrote, national disgrace."

Now, that great wrong has been set right. th the support of major foundations and : National Endowment for the Human-s, a non-profit publisher has begun serving the collected works of our great- writers in a series of elegant new itions: THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA.

A complete, deluxe collection of American classics.

The brilliant fictions of Melville, awthorne and Faulkner, the social comedies of Edith Wharton, the high adventures of Jack London, the haunting power of Poe—all this and more is already published. Eloquent histories and mind-stretching essays, stirring works by our foremost statesmen, and novels that transport us into fascinating worlds are planned for the future. And each one appears exactly as the author intended, in scrupulously accurate, unabridged editions.

Begin with Mark Twain

Your first volume brings you Mark Twain's four great Mississippi tales: *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Life on the Mississippi, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* and *Pudd'nhead Wilson*—all complete. To examine this introductory volume free for 15 days, mail the coupon or call toll-free

1-800-321-6640.

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Praise for THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA...

"...truly beautiful volumes that are a pleasure to have and to hold and hand down through the generations." —*Chicago Sun-Times*

"...a good investment for your home shelves."

—*The Wall Street Journal*

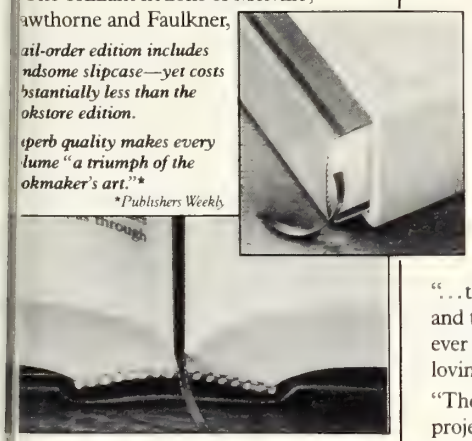
"...the best and biggest, the finest looking, and the longest lasting edition of its kind ever made. Our American culture... lovingly recreated." —*The New Republic*

"The most important book-publishing project in the nation's history." —*Newsweek*

Superb editions in every detail...

- Handsome hard covers of natural cloth
- Easy-to-hold 5″ x 8″ format
- Protective gilt-trimmed slipcases available only in mail-order edition
- Smyth-sewn bindings ensure permanence
- Fine, opaque, *acid-free* paper makes the books lightweight and durable
- Bound-in ribbon markers, special end-papers, gilt-stamped spines
- Up to 1,500 pages—equal to three, four, even five standard-sized books





ail-order edition includes ndsome slipcase—yet costs bstantially less than the okstore edition.

perb quality makes every lume "a triumph of the okmaker's art."*

**Publishers Weekly*

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, NY 11746

YES, please send me *Mark Twain's Mississippi Writings,* and start my subscription to THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling* (a substantial savings off the book-store price); each book comes for 15 days' free examination; no minimum purchase is required; and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you. When I pay for *Mark Twain's Mississippi Writings,* I will receive additional volumes shipped one about every other month. If I decide not to buy *Mark Twain's Mississippi Writings,* I will return the book within 15 days. My subscription will be canceled and I will be under no further obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip____

☐ Bill me later

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No._____ Exp. date____

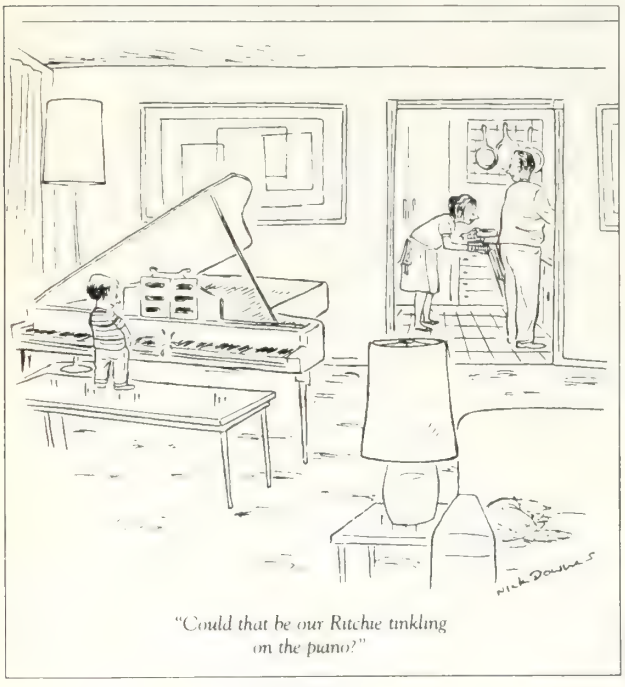
*Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval. Offer limited to new subscribers only, one per address. 8HAX

Examine four great works of Mark Twain FREE for 15 days.

ing out under my shirt, even with coarse hair beginning to sprout between my legs, I was at ease. I was thoughtless and free. It was the last moment, I think, in the life of that particular body: When that summer ended that body died and a new one—an altogether different one—was born.

I am thirty-two. I am midway through the life span of my current body, a weaker, softer shell than the last but not without its virtues. Barring the unexpected—wouldn't that be lovely?—I can expect this body to last, in more or less the same condition, another twenty-five years. And then my second body will die (perhaps all at once, in one summer's breath) and my next body, my old and altogether different body, will be born.

I find it hard to admit how much I think about my body. Adults have new points of pride, conflicting beliefs hard to reconcile. I see many people my age caught in a frantic state of body amendment, struggling to perfect the recalcitrant shell. I am too lazy, too fond of leisurely pleasures, to participate. Some (like me) pretend to an intellectual disinterest in the body, perhaps a masochistic willingness to injure the body for more immediate goals. The fact is that I struggle with an almost ceaseless concern for my body and the bodies of other people. (I am far more forgiving of other people's bodies.) The body haunts me: body as idea, body as object, sensation, boundary, the body as a universal thing and a thing in isolation. The eternal fountain of taste and sound and sight rises like a tourbillion of grief: the grief that lives at the heart of beauty because, lastly, there is the certainty of decline. Whether I am looking from the center out or from the outside in, the body is always there.



"Could that be our Ritchie tinkling on the piano?"

From Punch.

A long time ago, in that other body, I didn't consider the nature of bodies. In fact, I think it is part of the nature of child bodies *not* to consider themselves but simply to use themselves.

That body of mine climbed steep trails, swam lakes, tumbled through football, slept with an unconscious and total grace. That body did what it was directed to do, unfailingly, without complaint. It had no ghost. My body was me and I was my body; if I thought at all, it was about the way my body stood in relation to the bodies—which were the selves—of the people with whom I shared the world.

In my current incarnation I am one step removed from the shell. Perhaps it is in the nature of adult bodies to do this, to think about themselves. I think about the ethos of my body, defined by its tendencies. This shell I'm in has a tendency to respiratory problems, is allergic to codeine, has green eyes, delivered one baby shell. I can see the body as a metaphor, that my body in all its imperfection is a physical expression of an internal self. It is *just* my body, a transient and changing thing, the product of many forces beyond my reckoning: merely a thing that arrives, has a life, and dies in its own proper time. My body is my Doppelgänger, far less substantial than it often appears to be.

If I live a very long time, I will have another body still, not old but very old, a delicate gift few people are granted. Old, old women have pale milky skin, soft and velvety to the touch. Their faces are marbled with fine wrinkles and rivers of tiny veins. They have difficulty with ordinary acts; they depend on young bodies to fetch and carry and mend. How far away from their bodies do they stand? How old is the self inside?

There is yet another kind of body, not young, not old. On the day after Christmas I was working in a nursing home. I sat on Helen's bed, singing Christmas carols, la-la-la-ing through the second verse of "Good King Wenceslas." Helen has a neuromuscular disease full of twitches as big as trees. Her head and limbs flop about, her face is blank as a statue's. She is a victim of the selfsame virtues of nerve and muscle that make the child body such a splendid vehicle. She is kinetic, uncontrolled. I spooned pureed sausage and oatmeal into her mouth bite by slow bite. She said one word—"Hot!"—flung out at me just as her hand smacked my wrist and spilled a spoonful onto the sheets. I

(Advertisement)

FURTHER READINGS

MAGAZINES OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO *HARPER'S* READERS

AM'S is an exciting magazine written for persons who are successful those aspiring to be. Its target audience is businesspeople and ionals. The journal covers emerging business trends and profiles of personalities. It is a *must* read for people who want to improve them- It covers the business of enjoying the quality of life today. Sample 4; subscription, $18.

READER Each 128-page issue presents dozens of excerpts and re- of important articles selected from over 1,700 publications. Reviewers alled *Utne Reader* "a magazine junkie's haven" *(USA Today)*, a way t the good from the goofy" *(Wall Street Journal)*, "a masterful job" *'ork Times)*, and "the Swiss Army knife of periodicals" (Gary Snyder). yourself. Sample copy, $4; subscription (6 issues), $18.

LE EARTH REVIEW offers provocative articles and authoritative re- of unusually useful books and tools for the head, heart, and hand. id conversational writing with a very low B.S. quotient."—L.A. *Times*. of the few publications that a thoughtful and curious people really ln't do without."—*Factsheet Five*. Nominated "Best Publication" in its by *Utne Reader*. Sample copy, $5; subscription, $20.

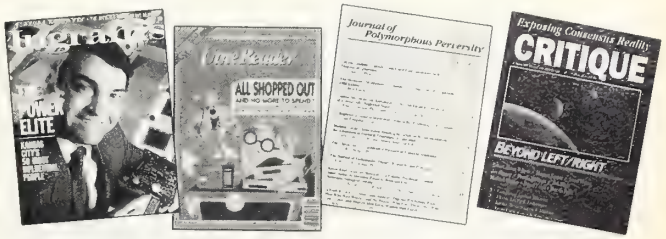


ON "The top all-around music mag in the States today."—*Whole Catalog*. "A valuable service for anyone not satisfied with the stan- music press."—*Trouser Press Records Guide*. "A truly global perspec- —*Guitar Player*. "Reviews hundreds of albums and cassettes each "—*New York Times*. "Vibrant."—*Library Journal*. "Excellent."—*Roll- tone*. "The best."—*Washington Post*. Sample copy, $3; subscription ues), $15.

AMERICAN VOICE publishes daring new writers and the more radi- ork of established writers—Kay Boyle, Isabel Allende, Doris Grum- Dennis Silk, Sharon Doubiago, Reynolds Price, Brenda Marie Osbey, elle Cliff. "A most impressive and ambitious new quarterly."—*Small* . "Valuable addition to the American literary and intellectual ."—*Library Journal*. Sample copy, $5; subscription, $12.

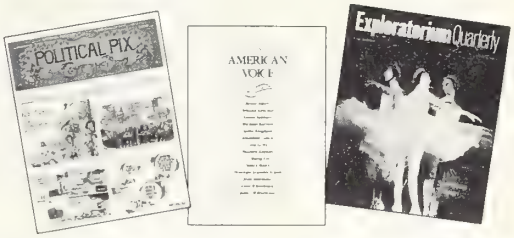
ITICAL PIX Each week *Political Pix* delights its subscribers with dozens itorial cartoons fresh from the pens of superb artistic thinkers. Keep finger on the pulse of contemporary political events and get a variety tent views of the news that you do not ordinarily see. Cartoons for htful people. Sample copy, $2; subscription (50 issues), $39.

JOURNAL OF POLYMORPHOUS PERVERSITY is the hilarious journal that has been spoofing psychology, psychiatry, medicine, and the social sciences. The *Wall Street Journal* called our zany magazine "a social scientist's answer to *Mad Magazine*." *JPP* has presented such satirical gems as "The Etiology and Treatment of Childhood," "Psychotherapy of the Dead," and "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Dishwasher." Sample copy, $4; subscription (2 issues), $9.75.



CRITIQUE Robert Anton Wilson writes: "The damnedest collection of serious social critics, metaphysicians, conspiracy buffs, ufologists, debunkers, and oddballs ever assembled in one magazine. *Critique* publishes almost anything, no matter how far right or far left, if it challenges the liberal consensus of our mass media. Provocative, irritating, amusing, and absolutely unique." Current issue: "Psychotherapy & Mysticism." Sample copy, $4; subscription, $15.

CRAZYHORSE "An indispensable literary magazine of the first order."—Raymond Carver. "Among those literary magazines in which our national literature is carried forward."—Stanley Plumly. Includes poetry, short stories, and criticism. Selections regularly reprinted in *The Pushcart Prize* and *Best American Short Stories* anthologies. Past contributors include Bobbie Ann Mason, Andre Dubus, Frederick Busch, Leslie Ullman, and Garrett Kaoru Hongo. Sample copy, $4; still only $8 a year.



EXPLORATORIUM QUARTERLY investigates the science of the everyday world—from the physics of a roller-coaster ride to the biology of the dust bunny under your bed. Each issue explores a different subject: Dirt, Hands, Memory, Bridges, Amusement Parks, Nothing, and more. Published by the Exploratorium, an irreverent museum of science, art, and human perception, where people learn by doing. Sample copy, $5; subscription (4 issues), $15.

ORDER FORM

	Sample	*Subscription*
American Voice	1) $5.00	11) $12.00
yhorse	2) $4.00	12) $ 8.00
que	3) $4.00	13) $15.00
oratorium Quarterly	4) $5.00	14) $15.00
m's	5) $4.00	15) $18.00
nal of Polymorphous Perversity	6) $4.00	16) $ 9.75
on	7) $3.00	17) $15.00
ical Pix	8) $2.00	18) $39.00
Reader	9) $4.00	19) $18.00
le Earth Review	10) $5.00	20) $20.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total (add $1 for handling) _____

Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 435, Dalton, MA 01227-9990. Payment must be made in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank. Offer expires November 15, 1989.

was busy, we were shorthanded, my adult body in all its speed wanted to be up and gone; I wanted Helen to *hurry*. But I took my time. Helen can't be hurried, her body doesn't work that way. She is her self's sculpture in the world; what I see of Helen, the relationship between my ideas, my hand, Helen's mind, her trembling shell—this is the way the self takes up space. This is all we have.

[Story]

DR. ORDINARY

By Padgett Powell. Powell included this piece in a reading he gave in Albany, Georgia, in April. He is the author of A Woman Named Drown *and* Edisto. *This story will appear in his forthcoming collection.*

Dr. Ordinary found solace in nothing. He found his shoes untied during surgery. He found his mother once, when she was in her sixties, naked in the bathtub calling for a fresh martini. He found bluebirds too far south. He found pies too sweet to eat. He found God with no difficulty, but locating his belief another matter.

He found it curious that he should have gone to medical school in the first place. He found a human head in the car trunk of his anatomy-class partner. He found, after his certain initial horror, that it was not the head of the cadaver he shared with his ghoulish roommate.

He found Tuesday the most trying day of the week, by far. He found a stray dog. He found a wallet full of cash. He found a lost child on the edge of a huge mall parking lot. He found it difficult to turn her in without coming under the suspicion of authority. He found telling them he was a doctor to be of no help.

He found beautiful—as beautiful as crystals and snowflakes and precious gems—the cysts and stones and lumps he took from human bodies. He found dry cleaning to be tantamount to not cleaning. He found he had no objection to staples in clothes, but he could not abide them in paper.

He found whiners offensive. He found a rare buffalo nickel in his pants cuff. He found blues-singers-in-Angola shows on TV totally absorbing. He found the behavior of mature people unpredictable. He found the doctrine of Christian charity at once commendable and absurd.

He found women close to tears at all times. He found old-fashioned foundation ads such as those in the Sears catalogue more titillating than modern-day pictures of nudes. He found relief in tension and none in release. He found certain sentimental poems, of the sort found on greeting cards, salacious. He found that if, as he gave a woman a physical examination of any intimate region, she spoke to him *loudly*, he was attracted to her strongly. He found impossible the notion of taking sexual advantage of a patient.

He found color-gradient charts at paint stores the most engaging art he had ever seen, and he had the world's largest, if not only, collection of them. He found mules and other sterile hybrids, excepting sterile hybrid plants, most sympathetic. He found vegetarians everywhere.

He found Campbell's soups odious in the extreme, more risky to consume than a Coke with a rat in the bottle. He found himself sometimes longing for the fine and light linen of yesteryear—white suits and handmade doilies. He found his relatives no more boring a lot than anyone else finds his. He found salvation in loss. He found cheer in the lugubrious carrying-on of patients who thought themselves incorrectly to be dying.

He found photographs of landscape pretentious. He found altar architecture rude. He found fresh-faced waitresses the most likely to spit in food about to be served. He found no difficulty, in principle, in pederasty, though he found no impulse for it in himself.

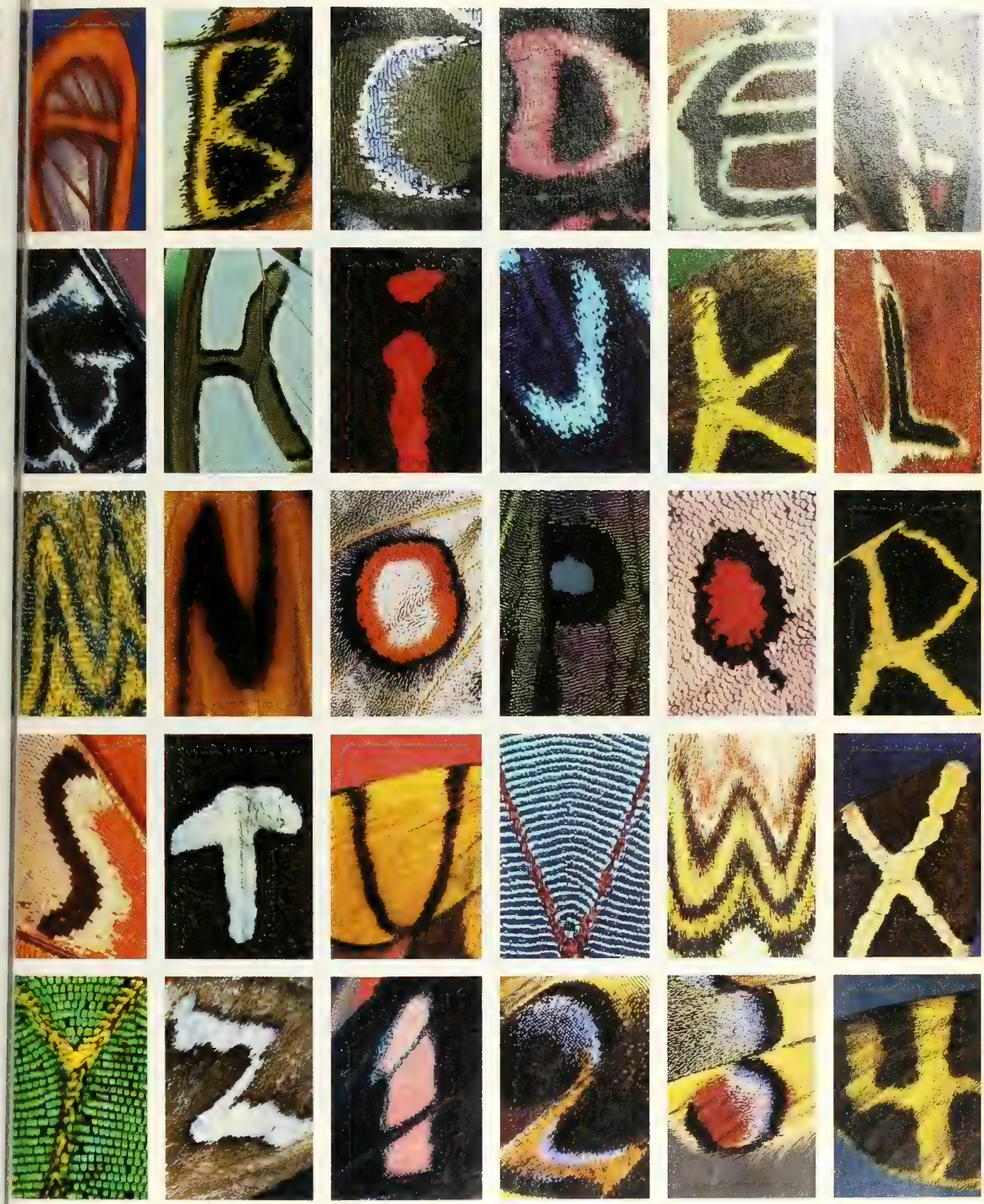
He found coloring with crayons an art form worthy of adults. He found fast cars on TV somehow more offensive than fast cars in person. He found reptiles of all forms pitiful. He found expensive tools harder to lose than cheap tools, to his surprise. He found telephone solicitation not so much annoying as vaguely rakish, if not prurient. He found pretty certain kinds of . . . of nothing.

He found himself a pallbearer at his own funeral, and the strongest of the six. He found himself less moved by his demise than anyone. He found, when touching the expensive, pointless, fake-brass coffin, that he had made the largest mistake of his life in allowing himself to be put in it. He found no solace in regret, but he regretted not willing himself, unembalmed, into a simple wooden box made not by a funereal concern but by a cabinetmaker. He found this sentiment repulsively common, but he found it to be true, deep, and his.

He found himself, once dead, able to relive his life with free editorial reign. He found the possibilities for revision endless. He found he had no interest in changing a thing. He found it easier to conceive of an alteration *for the worse*, whatever that finally meant, than one *for the better*, whatever that meant. Dead, he found his clothes better fitting and longer wearing. He found this both reasonable, most reasonable, and odd.

tographs]

N THE WING



om a series of photographs by Kjell Sandved in the Spring 1989 U&lc, a journal of typography. Sandved, a nature photographer, traveled the orld for fifteen years examining the markings on the wings of more than one million butterflies before finding all the letters of the alphabet. He is the -author of eight books on nature. A poster of his butterfly photographs is available from Joyce Coleman in Fairfax, Virginia.

How can you get together with the family for less than $3?

- ○ *Hitchhike.*
- ○ *Live just around the corner.*
- ○ *Get together any weekend with a 20-minute AT&T Long Distance call.**



Call after call, AT&T is the best value around. For the facts about prices, call 1 800 225-7466 Ext. 1

* Dialed direct out-of-state until 5 p.m. Sunday, excluding Alaska and Hawaii. Add applicable taxes and sur

AT&T
The right choi

© 1989 AT&T

IN PURSUIT OF PURE HORROR

Judging by the success of the horror story in all of its forms, it appears that Americans crave few sensations as much as the shudder of dread. Other societies fear monsters or vampires or inexorable plagues. But we seem to be most terrified by the spectacle of a seemingly ordinary character—whether presented under the name of Roderick Usher, Norman Bates, or Jason—driven to the point of grotesque crime. What does it suggest that during the 1980s this Ur-character almost exclusively has pursued partially clad, cowering young women? Perhaps we are not as reconciled to the ambitions of feminism as we had thought.

Now that the popularity of the slasher film is waning, Hollywood and the publishing syndicates are testing new narratives, hoping to discover the way the all-American murderer will be dressed for the 1990s. To assist in this effort, *Harper's Magazine* asked four masters of horror to convene a story-development meeting and plot an updating of the earliest incarnation of this character: the edgy killer of Poe's masterpiece "The Tell-Tale Heart." Were he to reappear among us today, what would he be like? What would goad him to murder? On what victims would he prey?

The following forum is based on a discussion held at 60 East Fifty-fourth Street. Near here, in 1934, one of New York City's most frightening murderers was apprehended. Albert Fish, an old man described in a contemporary newspaper account as an "undersized, wizened house painter with restless eyes and thin, nervous hands," confessed to eating more than a dozen young children "by the light of a full moon." During his trial, one of Fish's own children testified that his dad was given to reading the Bible while setting fires in the family bathroom and to eating raw steaks by moonlight. During his cannibalistic binge, Fish indulged in severe mortification of the flesh. He inserted sewing needles into his abdomen until they disappeared—after he was captured, X rays revealed twenty-nine of them—and he regularly beat himself with a paddle or tree branches. Fish especially horrified the public with a creepy cheerfulness that he maintained right up to the end. Minutes before his execution, Fish observed how eager he was to try out the electric chair. "What a thrill that will be," he told his guards. "The only one I haven't tried." Jack Hitt served as moderator of this forum.

JACK HITT
is a senior editor of Harper's Magazine.

ROBERT BLOCH
is the author of many books, including Psycho. *His most recent novel,* Lori, *is published by Tor Books.*

SUZY MCKEE CHARNAS
is a Nebula Award-winning science-fiction and fantasy writer. She is best known in the horror genre for her novel The Vampire Tapestry.

HARLAN ELLISON
is the author of dozens of books, teleplays, and motion-picture scripts. His most recent book, Harlan Ellison's Watching, *was published last month by Underwood-Miller. He recently completed a screenplay for NBC and Roger Corman.*

GAHAN WILSON
is a cartoonist whose work appears in The New Yorker *and* Playboy *magazines and is the author of* Eddie Deco's Last Caper. *His most recent work is the unillustrated novel* Everybody's Favorite Duck, *which is published by the Mysterious Press.*

I.

JACK HITT: I want to talk about Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart," and how we might recast that story for a modern audience. Assume that Poe's narrator has been released. To make the story truly contemporary, let's say he gets off on a Fourth Amendment technicality. He's out. It's "The Tell-Tale Heart, Part II." How would we open the story for today's audience?

HARLAN ELLISON: Here's what I'd do. What if the "killer" in Poe's story didn't actually kill the old man? What if he only *thought* he'd done it? What if the old man had died of a heart attack? Our guy gets out because he confessed to a murder he didn't commit! The old man was dead before our guy ever cut him up. What could they arrest him for?

ROBERT BLOCH: Maybe make a cardiac arrest?

HITT: Doc Severinsen, a rimshot, please?

ELLISON: Okay. So let's put him in a large city, maybe Detroit. He's been relocated. Now, not only has he been let out but—because he's innocent—he has inherited the old man's money. His picture has been in the paper. Open the story with the old landlady realizing who it is that's living in the back apartment. Also in the area is, perhaps, a Hispanic street gang. They say, "This guy up there, he's got a lot of money." And you reverse the situation. They come after him. So you open with a completely crazy character who believes he's murdered somebody, and you've got these kids who are trying to take him out. I would make *him* the victim.

GAHAN WILSON: I think you're throwing away a great villain.

ELLISON: Now he's a victim *and* a villain. Because eventually he starts taking out the kids.

SUZY MCKEE CHARNAS: I would pick up on Poe's theme of sound. I like the idea of somebody who's supersensitive to sound, going back to the heartbeat in Poe's story. Suppose, in his new life, he can't get away from the noises of everyday life. They drive him crazy.

So maybe he locks up a fire station and torches the place, with the firemen inside, because he can't stand sirens. Maybe the gang

members have boom boxes. And he can't stand it, so—an ice pick right through the ears! You did it to my ears; now I'm doing it to yours.

WILSON: Sweet.

CHARNAS: Our guy should work in a very quiet place. Maybe in a beautiful, ornate library.

BLOCH: Where the rule is silence, quiet. Very nice.

CHARNAS: Exactly. It's a safe place. But it gets invaded by noisy people, and so he goes for them. Eventually, he gets into a situation where everything backfires, and he ends up paralyzed. He's trapped in a wheelchair, and there are noises all around. He can't get away. He opens his mouth and screams, and the scream begins to crack the wall and break the place apart: He's got a sound inside him that is *that* destructive. That's why sound was so integral to him.

ELLISON: I love the library idea. Maybe he hollows out books. And one day somebody picks up a copy of Halliburton's account of his adventures, opens it, and finds a piece of a face in the book.

BLOCH: And maybe the book is Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*?

HITT: Okay, if this were a movie, what would be the opening scene establishing that this is Poe's character and grabbing the audience?

WILSON: I like Suzy's idea. The overriding obsession of this guy is that life is intolerable. Poe would love this. In "The Fall of the House of Usher," one encounters this supersensitivity. Our guy can't stand the world. It is *too* painful.

I'd kick it off with his release. He is marched out of prison, and he winces frightfully at all these new sounds. Every noise pains him. You could have a short comic scene in front of the judge, and it's a quiet discussion among lawyers. Then the judge finally hits the gavel. And our guy's face is an explosion of tics.

CHARNAS: Say he worked in the prison library, so we can segue our guy straight into a real job when he gets out.

ELLISON: I would start on a long shot—simple credits with white on black. Then you see a little square light, with the camera dollying in smoothly. You begin to hear the voices of a coroner's inquest. You hear a voice saying, "He clearly could not have done it." Another guy says, "But he *thinks* he did it. What's the difference? He's dangerous." Another says, "We can't legislate that. The old man died of a heart attack." "Yes, but he cut the old man up." "All right. That's desecration of a corpse at most, and he's been in prison for three years already."

As the square of light gets closer, you realize that it's a window, and, closer, it's a madhouse. The camera moves through the window, and he's down below. You shoot straight down on him, and he looks up at you, and you hear the voices say, "We have to let him go."

Then quick cut to a mundane building, a brownstone. You come in on the window, and he is making himself tea on a little hot plate. Then banging on the door. It's the landlady, shaking a newspaper and saying, "I knew there was something about you. Your name isn't Thomas, your name is, uh, uh, Kropotnik! You're the guy who murdered that old man. I want you the hell out of here." The idea is to establish all of the back story as quickly as possible so that you can get into the new material.

CHARNAS: I'd open on a dark street, with the sound of a heartbeat. His heartbeat. My experience with movies is that the visual is not scary. *Sound* is scary. That's why I like this idea. The times I have walked out of movies are when I can close my eyes but not my ears. In *Bonnie and Clyde,* when Gene Hackman has been shot in the head and he's making grotesque sounds, I had to leave. And at the end of Lina Wertmuller's *Love and Anarchy,* a prison official types, "He died by banging his head against the wall." And you know what's going to happen. They grab this guy with his hands tied behind him, and they start banging his head against the wall. I couldn't stand the sound.

WILSON: I agree. I remember Arch Oboler, the guy who did horror radio shows. One time there was the problem of someone being thrown out a window and landing—swack!—on the sidewalk. So they built a marble slab, miked it, and then the soundman climbed a stepladder and heaved a grapefruit straight down and—swack! The sound was an initial splitting, then a squirting, and then—this is the beautiful part—it made this hideous little slurp as the grapefruit resumed its regular spherical shape, sucking in air. It was a fine, fine sound.

HITT: Has what scares us changed over time?

ELLISON: Everything that scares us today dates back to Jack the Ripper. He is still the operative icon of terror. He may be small potatoes by current standards—a guy mowing down twenty-five people in McDonald's with an Uzi—but the Ripper started it. He created the form.

WILSON: Just as no one paints landscapes the same way since Turner, a creative monster like the Ripper changed the landscape of what scares us. He inspired generations.

ELLISON: He had all the appurtenances of show biz: a name, a style, a media approach. He once mailed a piece of a victim's kidney and claimed that he had eaten the other half.

WILSON: Or he signed his notes, "From hell, Mr. Lusk"—Lusk being the head of the London Vigilance Committee.

ELLISON: "Yours truly, Jack the Ripper" is how he signed the notes that went to the London *Times*. Or when he wrote, "My next victim—to be sure you know who I am—I'm going to nick her ears good and proper." That kind of charming behavior gets you media attention.

WILSON: The prettiest murder he did had a *horse* as a witness. As the murder was occurring, this horse sensed it, reared up, and scared Jackie off. You just don't get details like that too often.

"JUST AS NO ONE HAS PAINTED LANDSCAPES THE SAME WAY SINCE TURNER, A CREATIVE MONSTER LIKE JACK THE RIPPER CHANGED THE LANDSCAPE OF WHAT SCARES US."



HITT: "Jackie"? That's somewhat familiar, isn't it?

WILSON: He gave himself that name. Jackie was very droll, and that's the point. He *changed* the way we were scared. There had been horrible murders aplenty, but he pioneered the grotesque dismemberment of the victim, always with overtones of sexual violence. He culminated one killing by decorating the victim's apartment with her viscera. He set the standard.

ELLISON: At a place called M'Carthy's Rents, he removed the fetus of a pregnant victim and hung her veins on picture hooks. Hardened members of Scotland Yard vomited on the spot.

WILSON: Another aspect of horror that has changed is the extent of documentation in the papers. I remember Ed Gein, on whom Bob based *Psycho*, in the Fifties. When his activities were first reported, the newspapers told you everything: A piece of liver was found in a frying pan, or whatever. Then suddenly this kind of detail stopped, and we got very circumspect announcements.

ELLISON: "The woman was defiled."

WILSON: Or "A body was discovered." Now it's gone full circle, and you have a quickly published pocket book that lovingly retells all.

BLOCH: Okay. Where were we in our story? We've gotten to the point where he is living in this rooming house, and we have introduced the gang menace. The landlady has discovered his identity. Now, in order for the plot to advance, we first have to dispose of the landlady as a menace. I'm talking in technical, workshop terms: Since he lives with her and would be immediately suspected if she died, *he* cannot be the one who kills the landlady. So one of the gang members is after him and kills her by mistake. That takes her out and leaves him where he is.

With Suzy's idea of sound as the principal leitmotiv and harking back to the original story, it's the heartbeat that sets him off. He removes the hearts of the kids—in different ways—one by one. In the end, of course, after multiple killings, he realizes that the sound that has driven him crazy all this time is the sound of his *own* heart, and he must stop *it* as well.

CHARNAS: Lovely. I would like the venue to be the library and not some spooky house. The library is his kind of place—quiet. Then it's invaded by these kids.

WILSON: The sequence I see is one in which these kids are doing their damnedest to sneak around, but they can't sneak quietly enough because our guy hears everything.

HITT: Maybe you have a scene in which he stabs through the wall, nailing the kid perfectly.

WILSON: Exactly. When the kid is creeping along, you—the viewer—can't hear a thing. But cut to our guy's point of view, and you hear the crunch, crunch, crunch of someone walking.

ELLISON: Yeah. The kids think he's got this money. That's what is motivating them. One of the toughs says, "You guys have been trying to take out one guy! What's the matter with you?" And they say, "Go ahead and do it." So the gang member knocks out the light bulbs in the hall, thinking this will put our guy at a disadvantage.

The kid is coming down the hall for him in the dark of night. The kid takes off his shoes so that our guy won't hear him. But, of course, our

Illustrations by Cathie Bl

guy can hear everything and has planted razor blades in the floor.

CHARNAS: Aaah. Pretty farfetched.

ELLISON: Getting cut is one of the most terrifying things. Have you ever gotten a paper cut in the soft folds between your fingers?

CHARNAS: Definitely the worst.

ELLISON: So let's cut the soft folds of his toes. What could be worse? Then our guy is on top of him.

WILSON: What if the kid breaks the bulbs, but our guy, like so many Poe characters, is meticulous and prissy. Somehow he knows the bulbs are broken, and he has gathered them up neatly, old-maidishly. He knows the kid is coming and scatters the broken bulb glass in the hall.

ELLISON: Except bulb glass won't cut you that well.

WILSON: In my film it will.

ELLISON: One has to strive for verisimilitude.

CHARNAS: Harlan, our guy shouldn't start out as a cut killer. Remember, he *smothered* the old man. What I'd like to see him do is take on a dog. Barking is an effective sound. He's got to get rid of it, but he doesn't know how.

ELLISON: He smothers him in a garbage can?

CHARNAS: I was thinking of drowning.

ELLISON: In a dumpster full of rainwater?

CHARNAS: It could be. It should be a physical thing. That's where he gets his taste for actually doing it with his *hands,* not just using a pillow.

ELLISON: First of all, make it a little rat dog. Everybody despises those things—the only animals in the world that go through menopause their entire life. He starts to kill the little rat dog, and our guy's wearing a leather vest. So you hear the dog's paws scrabbling against the vest.

WILSON: No. No. The dog is scratching the wall; that's what sets him off.

CHARNAS: No. You've got to have the dog facing him. What sets him off is the yap-yapping.

ELLISON: You've got to get that scrabbling sound against the guy's clothes.

WILSON: I think you're right, Harlan. He grabs the dog and holds it. The dog's going yap, yap, yap. He clamps the dog's mouth shut with one hand; the other hand holds the dog in the air by the neck. You still hear the dog's muffled yaps. So he just takes two fingers, and he slowly and easily pinches the dog's nostrils and suffocates him.

ELLISON: That's horrible, Gahan!

CHARNAS: But so delicate. Very nice.

WILSON: And as the dog's muffled yaps die down, you see our guy, and an expression of relief, of bliss, blooms on his face.

II.

BLOCH: It's interesting how easily we have moved from the quill pen to the camera. There is no question at this table that this story should be done for the big screen. Cinema is where the enthusiasm is these days. Visualizing. It's much simpler that way. You easily overcome problems that Poe didn't overcome in the original: motivation, rationale—

CHARNAS: —and who tells the story.

HITT: If you wrote this story, who *would* tell it?

CHARNAS: Well, it couldn't be Poe's narrator. He's such a blithering psychotic that you can stand him only for the three pages it takes Poe to tell his story. But for something the length we're talking about, he would drive you crazy. You'd have to go to third-person omniscient.

HITT: If you were writing it for today's audience, what events drawn from reality might you use?

WILSON: I think of New York recently, with those kids who just wander around and go wilding. You haven't got a specific villain; you can't track down the killer; and there's no geographical fix. These mobs just suddenly emerge from a subway or spring up in the park.

CHARNAS: That's a monster story, essentially. A monster is a juggernaut.

WILSON: But this is such a modern, Eighties monster: It comes right out of the new chaos theory of the physicists. Out of the general tumult of urban life, this thing suddenly takes form, coalesces—a mob, gathering like a storm.

CHARNAS: Always terrifying is the dead, a fresh corpse. In fact, many cultures so feared lifeless flesh that the burial customs were designed to keep a corpse confined and harmless until the flesh had decayed. Then the bones were dug up and removed to an ossuary. In some cultures, you actually received a second, "final" burial. In other cultures, there existed a special caste of people whose duty was to strip the flesh from the bones of the recently deceased. No matter how sophisticated we have become, we fear few things more than a lifeless body.

WILSON: One of the most horrific things of late involved the serial murderer Ted Bundy. Do you remember a journalist who quit interviewing Bundy several years ago because he thought that everything Bundy uttered was a con? The journalist said, "This son of a bitch Bundy is going

to die *coming* someone right up to the end."

Now, do you remember the last interview Bundy gave to that preacher, just hours before his execution? Bundy, with a straight face, blamed everything he did on reading pornography—porn would make Bundys of us all!—and the preacher ate it up. Meanwhile, everyone's waiting for the governor to call and say "halt" or "proceed." Bundy is working his con on this preacher—minutes from death—and the phone rings. You can see this on the tape: Bundy locks momentarily in mid-sentence, trembling slightly. But does he turn to look at the guard who answers the phone? To discover his fate? No, he doesn't even glance over, but rather he *carries on* with the con! My blood ran cold when I saw that. It's straight out of Poe.

BLOCH: I think the most horrifying thing that most people can imagine is persistence: something you can't stop, that inexorably continues. In Poe's story—after all, conscience doth make cowards of us all—the heart's beating was what forced the protagonist to confess. Jack the Ripper captured that essence: When would these murders ever end? That's what scares us.

WILSON: The persistence of our protagonist is thematically related to the original: It's the heartbeat that drives our guy mad. In each scene, he is driven to *muffle* his victim.

ELLISON: So if he kills the kid in the hall—

WILSON: —he rolls the kid in a carpet!

ELLISON: Or he grabs the landlady's cleaning bucket from the hall closet and stuffs the kid's head into a bucket filled with rags redolent of English polish and carbolic acid. The tools he uses should always be things at hand. That's where you find terror. You're not going to find terror with *Dr. No* superweapons.

WILSON: Maybe he's grabbing a shawl from the table to kill one of the kids and he inadvertently knocks over a bust of Napoleon. It crashes, and he halts momentarily—winces at the noise, furious that he made this sound—and then resumes his killing.

BLOCH: Everything should be done manually. Even in the end, he should use the Aztec technique—in which you cut open the chest with an obsidian knife and scoop out the heart—to cut out his own offending heart!

ELLISON: Have you ever tried to rip a heart out?

BLOCH: Only halfheartedly.

HITT: All right. What about locations? *Alien* took place in deep space—where "no one can hear you scream"—essentially resetting the little-girl-gets-lost-in-the-woods story. And *Psycho* made brilliant use of the shower, that last sanctuary, sensual, private, and safe.

WILSON: What about the toilet?

HITT: Well, a shower is sublime; a toilet is farce.

WILSON: I disagree.

HITT: You think a toilet is sublime?

ELLISON: I disagree with you both. *Alien* is terrifying because of the sets—purely sexual images. You enter the ship; you enter a vagina—

WILSON: —it did look like someone's guts.

ELLISON: Remember how the ship was always wet and moist? And the reason Bob's shower scene works so well is because it is so mundane. When you take an ordinary object—say, a spoon—and suddenly this ordinary object is cutting someone's heart out, then it becomes horrible.

HITT: Is there any longer a place like Bob's shower?

ELLISON: There's the confessional, the bed, the bathroom. They've all been done.

CHARNAS: That's why I like the library. Like Bob's shower, it's peaceful, safe, and controlled.

WILSON: The charm of our movie is not visual but aural. We should be thinking about sound.

ELLISON: You know how one scene might work? He's sitting behind the checkout desk in a two-story library with a wrought-iron balcony inside. It's very mundane. You've got two guys—avoid the cliché of two high-school kids giggling and tittering—a couple of professorial types. They are softly whispering and flipping through the card catalogue. That's reality. Then you cut to his perspective. And the voices are thundering throughout the place, and the riffling cards sound like the wind.

But you have to build it as the film goes. You cannot start at that pitch.

WILSON: One nice touch might be that he moves very quietly. Everything he does is quiet. When he removes his keys, it is done carefully.

CHARNAS: Or he wraps them in a handkerchief; or he has each key wrapped separately. Wait a minute, Harlan. You want to start off slowly. What if he's taking medication in the institution? We know he has to take certain drugs. As the plot develops, he stops taking these drugs, and his senses begin to heighten.

ELLISON: I've got a great scene. He's sitting at the desk, and there's a pile of books to be checked out. Instead of stamping them, he rests the stamp gently on a book and then presses quietly.

Suddenly there's a sh-sh-sh. He doesn't know what it is. But it's something very common-

place. It's, maybe, a cricket in the wastebasket with a half-dozen popcorn balls of paper.

WILSON: Yeah. First he picks up a ball of paper and slowly squeezes it until he can't squeeze anymore. But he still hears the sound. So he does this a couple of times, until he squeezes one ball of paper and the cricket's chirping stops. And that smile plays across his face.

BLOCH: Let me play devil's advocate. If all sounds cause such a reaction, we might lose the significance of *why* he is killing off these tormentors. Let us say that his rage to suffocate occurs only when he gets extremely annoyed. Take the cricket. It's a beautiful thing. This is an introduction. This is what tells the audience that when he hears a certain kind of sound, he kills the source. It's like *Jaws*. Only we don't need the rinky-tink music. When he hears the sound that upsets him, the audience will know.

HITT: Are you saying that only *rhythmic* sounds reminiscent of a heartbeat set him off—the rhythmic chirp of the cricket or a song on the boom box that has a heartbeat-like bass or the yap-yap of the dog?

WILSON: You're right, Bob. He can't be perpetually pissed off at this painful, noisy world.

CHARNAS: I think we have another problem, though. I'm concerned about this gang of kids as our victims. I'm fed up with women and kids always being the victims, even though that reflects reality. I would like to see, well, one of your professors get it, Harlan. Some comfortable, secure, white, rich male. Harlan's right that there are no safe places—no showers—left to violate. But there are *people* we think of as safe—like white guys with property.

ELLISON: And that's a person we all know—arrogant, supercilious beyond belief.

CHARNAS: I was thinking of Bill Buckley.

WILSON: Would you like to snuff Bill?

ELLISON: Absolutely. I've always hated his nostrils. Have you ever noticed them? Terrible nostrils, like Judd Nelson's. Roomy enough to take in boarders. True horror for me is a Judd Nelson movie with a tight close-up of his face.

HITT: This might be off the subject.

ELLISON: Actually, it isn't. Everything is grist for a good writer. If Suzy's supercilious character is a victim, then one of the sounds the professor makes constantly is that disdainful sniff-sniff characteristic of Buckley. Maybe our guy is driven crazy by this rhythmic sniffing.

HITT: Not too comical?

ELLISON: Why not have fun? Something commonplace but irritating that activates his rage.

"WHEN YOU TAKE AN ORDINARY OBJECT—SAY, A SPOON—AND SUDDENLY THIS ORDINARY OBJECT IS CUTTING SOMEONE'S HEART OUT, THEN IT BECOMES HORRIBLE."



BLOCH: What do you do if this guy walks down the hall and encounters a grandfather clock?

CHARNAS: It's not alive.

BLOCH: We have to establish that difference, because that relieves the story of so many questions. He goes off only when the sound comes from the living.

ELLISON: We can make the psychosis affect him any way we want. It's easy. He's coming down the hall, and the clock is ticking. He stands and listens. It's metronomic; in fact, he likes it.

CHARNAS: And then you hear the little dog yapping in the distance, and he starts to twitch.

WILSON: Wait, I want to kill the professor. How do we do it? Pile pages of paper over his face?

ELLISON: Bludgeoned by books?

WILSON: No, he must be smothered.

HITT: Press his nose into the spine of an open book?

ELLISON: That's ridiculous. You couldn't really kill someone that way. You don't need reality, but you must strive for verisimilitude.

WILSON: Come on, gang, let's kill the professor. How would we do it?

ELLISON: We pull his tweed jacket up over his head and tighten it. It's muffling; and it kills him.

WILSON: Tweed is good.

ELLISON: And what if he's carrying his tweed, fresh from the dry cleaner's? It is covered in a plastic bag.

WILSON: Our guy takes the plastic bag and pops it over the professor's head. His gasps are a grotesque version of his sniffing. And we've cast this professor to look as much like Buckley as possible—those bulging eyes looking out of the bag coming into view when he sucks in the bag for air, sniff-sniff, and the bag blowing out, sniff-sniff.

"CRIMINALS ALWAYS LEAVE THEIR MARK WITH AN ADDITIONAL VIOLATION. ONE RECENT BURGLAR IN L.A. WOULD USE YOUR TOOTHBRUSH AND THEN LEAVE IT FOR YOU SMEARED WITH TOOTHPASTE."



III.

HITT: We've wiped out the professor, the kids, the old lady. Now, it is often said that the response of fear is related to the sexual response. Is it? And should there be any sexuality in our story?

ELLISON: It's always there.

BLOCH: The Marquis de Sade made that connection; so did Jack the Ripper.

WILSON: The profile of these killers is always one of an enormously sexy person. Ted Bundy. Robert Chambers.

BLOCH: The sexual component operates on several levels. I was robbed in Paris once by Gypsies. They came out of nowhere; it lasted thirty seconds. I felt I'd been raped. This fear, the victim's fear, is sexual. The aggressor —with all the symbols of knives, guns, what have you—is, of course, phallic; he is violating you.

ELLISON: That's one thing the cops, particularly, never understand. They dismiss burglary as nothing too traumatizing since it's only a stolen stereo. What they do not understand is that for most people crime operates on the level of personal revulsion you describe, Bob. It's not your stereo or silverware you care about. It's that they came into your home. They looked in your drawers. They *felt* your underwear.

WILSON: A lot of burglars understand this notion of violation. Many of them physically or biologically violate the place after the burglary. Often they urinate, or defecate, or masturbate.

ELLISON: Or it's banal. They eat half a candy bar and put the other half back in the refrigerator.

HITT: Just to terrify you? Sort of a signature?

ELLISON: Absolutely. Turkish commandos in World War II used to sneak into German camps in sub-zero temperatures. The soldiers would be sleeping together, two guys in one bag, to keep warm. They would cut the throat of *one* guy but leave the other guy alive. If they killed both, they're both dead. But if they left one alive, that guy would need fifteen people to handle him after he wakes up next to his dead buddy. It's the same impulse with burglars. There was one recently in L.A. who would use your toothbrush and then leave it for you with toothpaste on it. And he would prove that he had used it by spitting and leaving a gobbet in the sink.

WILSON: I know this fascinating guy, a Brit. He was with the OSS and the French Resistance. They had a piano wire tied to little sticks, and they'd almost decapitate a guy with this thing. *Then* the violation part came. Because collaborating officers all carried these little dandy hankies in their cuffs—an Erich von Stroheim touch—the members of the Resistance would wipe their piano wire off on this hankie and leave it.

ELLISON: Sometimes they would stuff the hankie into the mouth and out through the neck opening. Sex, religion, and death: They all aspire to the same physical response.

Remember Angela Cartwright in *Alien*? In one scene she is trapped between two corridors with Yaphet Koto, and the alien is coming after her. The shot is low, from behind her, and she's standing with her legs apart. The beast is sud-

denly in front, hovering over her. The camera shows that scorpion tail coming around and striking up between her legs. Death, terror, and sexuality—all in one.

BLOCH: This connection between fear and sexuality is very physical. Go to your nearest slaughterhouse and watch the cattle being pushed down the ramp to their doom: They will couple. The realization of imminent death evokes sexuality the same way a man has an orgasm when he is hanged by the neck. I believe the reaction is psychological as well as physical—not that I'm personally all that eager to find out.

CHARNAS: The feeling is a physical excitation; whether it's fear or sexuality or whatever, they are biologically related.

BLOCH: I'd like to draw a distinction between these killers and burglars we've been talking about and great horror. What is truly monstrous about any monster is a total innocence of what he is doing, an ignorance of his own monstrosity.

WILSON: That's right. You have to be totally unaware, you have to be solipsistic.

CHARNAS: In *Silence of the Lambs,* one psychiatrist says, "These serial murderers treat people like dolls. They are not real people."

WILSON: One of the Ripper's letters to the commissioner of police has this incredible line in it: "Saw you, box of toys."

HITT: What does that mean?

WILSON: He considered people a box of toys.

ELLISON: These attitudes are no different in depth and kind from those of the Ayatollah, who thought nothing about saying, "I'll kill that man; he said something bad." Or kids you see walking the streets who pull out a shake knife and do you for your pocket change.

WILSON: Bundy hardly ever had sex with a living victim. He had to turn this person into an object by killing her. Then he would have his way with her. He said, in much filthier language, "They're not really mine until I've killed them." In other words, he had to remove this distracting element of their being human beings.

BLOCH: You know what he was trying to remove, I think? The judgmental element. That's one of the reasons child molesters go for children. Their sexual performance will not be judged.

ELLISON: There's another great case that's breaking in L.A. A man and a woman who killed. Carol Bundy is the woman's name—no relation to Ted. It's so horrific, it makes Ted look mild by comparison. After the guy killed one woman, who had been one of his lovers, Carol Bundy put the head in her freezer. To Carol, the dead woman had caused the guy to kill her. So every day Carol would remove the head and cry sentimentally over it. She would kiss the head's lips and cry over it.

WILSON: Sentimentality, of course, is a perverse emotion. It takes something real and renders it artificial.

HITT: Let's discuss the end of the story for a minute. How would we actually pull this off? What would be the final gripping scene?

BLOCH: When our guy realizes the sound is coming from within.

CHARNAS: For that scene I want to put him in the library—that safe place he has cleansed of the maddening noise caused by others.

ELLISON: You have to build logically to this conclusion, when he actually tears out his own heart. You have him holding the thing, and it's still attached and beating. He's still alive and he says, "Now it will be quiet." And you hear "bump-bump," and you pull back, as the camera—bump-bump—tightens to an iris, and—

WILSON: —a saintly peace comes over his face as he looks at his heart, and his coloration grows paler and paler, and more blissful—

ELLISON: —and the camera irises in—bump-bump—and closes tight on full-screen black and—bump. The end.

HITT: If you knew that this book or movie was going to do quite well, could you end it in a satisfying way that still leaves the door open for *The Tell-Tale Heart III?*

WILSON: The sequel starts with the doctor finishing the last suture, biting the cord and saying, "I think he'll live." Bump-bump. Bump-bump.

ELLISON: I would nail the story shut.

BLOCH: It was a black day in Hollywood when producers discovered Roman numerals.

WILSON: You don't have to worry about it, because Hollywood could resurrect this guy no matter what you did to him. You crush him with a cement truck and roll him flat. You could burn him alive. Whatever you do, next year you'll have *The Tell-Tale Heartbreaker!*

ELLISON: *The Beat Goes On?*

BLOCH: *The Tell-Tale Heart Transplant?*

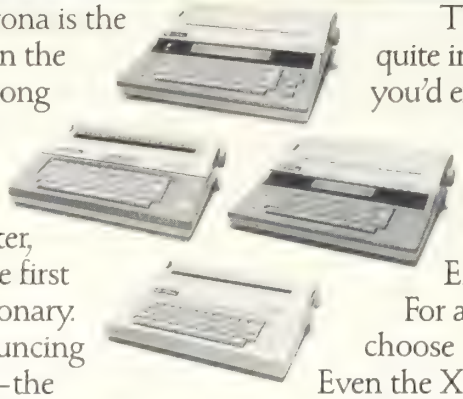
ELLISON: I hate the idea of sequels. As Samuel Johnson said, "What we cannot resist, we must at least attempt to palliate." I won't even discuss it. This story ends right here. ■

THE TWO MOST POPULAR WORDS EVER WRITTEN ON A TYPEWRITER.



It's not surprising Smith Corona is the number one selling typewriter in the country. After all, for almost as long as there have been typewriters, Smith Corona has been improving them. They introduced the first portable typewriter, the first electric portable, and the first portable with an electronic dictionary.

Now Smith Corona is announcing something equally remarkable—the XD 7600—a portable typewriter with cursor keys and therefore true word processing capabilities. Yet, for all its sophistication, the XD 7600 is a snap to use and quite easy to afford.



The compact XD 4600 is also quite incredible. It has advanced featu you'd expect to find only on much m expensive models—like a 7,000 character internal me ory, a 16 character display, ar the 50,000 word Spell-Right® Electronic Dictionary.

For a typewriter with a larger displ choose the fully featured XD 5600. Even the XL 1500, our basic typewriter, h features like WordEraser® and full line memory correction.

In fact, you could say when it comes to typ writers, two words say it all—Smith Corona.

SMITH CORONA®
TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY AT YOUR TOUCH™

For more information on these products, write to Smith Corona Corporation, 65 Locust Avenue, New Canaan, CT 06840 or Smith Corona Canada, 440 Tapscott Road, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1Y4.

JUMP

By Nadine Gordimer

He is aware of himself in the room, behind the apartment door, at the end of a corridor, within the spaces of this destination that has the name HOTEL LEBUVU in gilt mosaic where he was brought in. The vast lobby where a plastic-upholstered sofa and matching easy chairs are stranded, the waiting elevator in its shaft that goes up floor after floor past empty halls, gleaming signs—CONFERENCE CENTER, TROPICANA BUFFET, THE MERMAID BAR—he is aware of being finally reached within all this as, in a film, a series of dissolves passes the camera through walls to find a single figure, the hero, the criminal. Himself.

The curtains are open upon the dark, at night. When he gets up in the morning he closes them. By now they are on fire with the sun. The day pressing to enter. But his back is turned; he is an echo in the chamber of what was once the hotel.

The chair faces the wide-screen television set they must have installed when they decided where to put him. There is nothing to match its expensive finish—the small deal table and four chairs with hard, red, plastic-covered seats, the hairy two-division sofa, the Formica-topped stool, the burning curtains whose circles and blotches of pattern dazzle like the flicker of flames: These would be standard for a clientele of transients who spend a night, spill beer, and put out cigarettes under a heel. The silvery convex of the screen reflects a dim, ballooned vision of a face, pale and full. He forgets, and passes a hand over cheek and chin, but there is no beard there—it's real that he shaved it off. And they gave him money to fit himself out with the clothes he now wears. The beard (it was dark and vigorous, unlike the fine hair of his head), the camouflage fatigues tucked into boots that struck authoritatively with each step, the leather-bound beret; took them all off, divested himself of them. There! He must be believed, he was believed. The face pale and sloping away into the pale flesh of the chin: his hidden self produced for them. It's there on the dead screen when he looks up. A child he remembers—himself?—had a dog who, when it was caught and bathed, emerged trembling, ashamed, revealed by the wet fur plastered to its frame to be other than it had appeared in its luxuriant coat.

They supplied a cassette player of good quality as well as a wide-screen television set. He is playing, so loudly it fills the room, pressing counter to the day pressing against the curtains, the music track from a film about an American soldier who becomes brutalized by the atrocities he is forced to commit in Vietnam. He saw the film long ago, doesn't remember it well, and does not visualize its images. He is not listening: The swell and clash, the tympany of conflict, the brass of glory, the chords of thrilling resolve, the maudlin strings of regret, the pauses of disgust—they come from inside him. They flow from him and he sits on and does not meet the

Nadine Gordimer's most recent book is The Essential Gesture, *a collection of essays. Her story "The Moment Before the Gun Went Off" appeared in the August 1988 issue of* Harper's Magazine.



image smeared on the screen. Now and then he sees his hand. It never matched the beard, the fatigues, the beret, the orders it signed. It is a slim, white, hairless hand, almost transparent over fragile bones, as the skeleton of a gecko can be seen within its ghostly skin. The knuckles are delicately pink—clean, clean hand, scrubbed and scrubbed—but along the V between first and third fingers there is the shit-colored stain of nicotine where the cigarette burns down. They were prepared to spend foreign currency on him. They still supply from somewhere the imported brand he prefers; packets are stacked up amply in their cellophane, within reach. And he can dial room service as indicated on the telephone that rests on the floor, and, after a long wait, someone will come and bring cold beer. He was offered whiskey, anything he liked, at the beginning, and he ordered it although he had never been one to drink spirits—had made the choice, in his profession of commanding the respect accorded the superior

Illustration by Greg Ot

sciplined personality rather than the kind iringly given to the hard-living swaggerer. whiskey has stopped coming; when he or- a bottle nothing is said, but it is not ered.

s if it mattered.

overed by the volume of the music, there is silence. Nothing said about the house. The included a house; he was given to under- d it would be one of the fine ones left be- l and expropriated by the State in the name ie people, when the colonials fled. A house a garden and watchman for privacy (securi- n his circumstances), one of the houses he to ride past when he was the schoolboy son civil servant living here in a less affluent e quarter. A house and a car. Eventually e sort of decent position. Rehabilitated. He thought of information, public relations h his international experience); it was too ı to say, but they didn't say no.

verything he wanted: That was to be his re- l. The television crews came—not merely tin-pot African ones but the BBC, CBS, ites Deutsches Fernsehen—and the foreign espondents flew in with their tape record- He was produced at press conferences in the ıpany of the Commander of the Armed es, the Minister of Defense, and their aides, ant as the overthrown colonial ones had n. A flower arrangement among the water ıfes. Him displayed in his provided clothes, thighs, which had been imposing in fatigues, fleshy when crossed in slightly shiny tropical ısers, his chin white, soft and naked where beard was gone, his hair barbered neat and with the dun fringe above the forehead, pers run up the nape—on his big, hunched ly he saw, in the newspaper photographs, the d of a little boy with round bewildered eyes ler brows drawn together and raised. He told story. For the first few months he told his ry again and again, in performance. Every- e has heard it, now.

On the table with the four chairs drawn up, a d fried egg waits on a plate covered by an- er plate. A jug of hot water has grown tepid ide a tin of instant coffee. Someone has ught these things and gone away. Everyone gone away. The soaring, billowing music in room is the accompaniment the perfor- nce never had. When the tape has ended he depresses the rewind button to play it again.

They never mention the house or the car, d he doesn't know how to bring this up—they rdly ever come to see him anymore, but may- that's natural because the debriefing is over, y're satisfied. There's nothing more to tell the television crews and the press. There's nothing more he can think of—think back! think back!—to find to say.

They've heard about his childhood in this capital, this country to which he has been returned. That he was an ordinary colonial child of parents who'd come out from Europe to find a better life where it was warm and there were opportunities. That it was warm and there was the sea and tropical fruit, blacks to dig and haul, but the opportunity was nothing grander than the assured tenure of a white man in the lower ranks of the civil service. His parents were not interested in politics, never. They were not interested in the blacks. They didn't think the blacks would ever affect their lives and his. When the colonial war began it was away in the North; troops came from the "mother" country to deal with it. The boy would perhaps become an accountant, certainly something one rung above his father, because each generation must better itself, as they had done by emigrating. He grew up taking for granted the activities and the outlets for adventurous play that had no place in the reality of the blacks' lives, the blacks' war: As an adolescent he bonded with his peers through joining the parachute club, and he jumped—the rite of passage into manhood.

In the capital, the revolution was achieved overnight by Europe's decision to relinquish power, exacted by the indigenous people through years of war in the rural areas. A few statues toppled in the capital's square, and some shops were looted in revenge for exploitation. His parents judged their security by the uninterrupted continuance, at first, of the things that mattered to them: The garbage continued to be collected twice a week, and there was fish in the market. Their modest lives surely would not be touched by black rule.

He was apprenticed as draftsman to an architect by then (it was more prestigious than accountancy), and his weekend hobby, in addition to jumping from the sky, was photography. He even made a bit of pocket money by selling amusing shots of animals and birds to a local paper. Then came the event that—all at once, reeled up as the tape is filling its left cylinder on rewind—the experience that explained everything he had ever done since, everything that he was to confess to, everything he was to inculpate himself for and judge himself on in his performance for the journalists under the monitoring approval of the Commander of the Armed Forces and the Minister of Defense, during the probing of debriefing, the Q and A interviews; and also, now, to himself, in fiery dimness behind the curtains' embers, facing the fisheye of the TV screen, surrounded by the music, alone.

He had taken a photograph of a seabird alighting on some sort of tower structure. Soldiers with sawed-off machine guns seized him, smashed his camera, and took him to the police. He was detained for five weeks in a dirty cell the colonial regime had used for blacks. His parents were told he was an imperialist spy—their innocent boy, only two years out of school! Of course, this was all in the confusion of the first days of freedom (he would explain to his audience), it was to be expected. And who was that boy to think he could photograph anything he liked, a military installation of interest to the new State's enemies? That white boy.

At this point in the telling came the confession that for the first time in his life he thought about blacks—and hated them. They had smashed his camera and locked him up like a black, and he hated them and their government and everything they might do, whether it was good or bad. No—he had not then believed they could ever do anything good for the country where he was born. He was sought out by or he sought out—he was never made to be clear on this small point—white people to whom his parents had successfully appealed to get him released. They soothed him with their indignation over what had happened to him and gave him a substitute for the comradeship of the parachute club (closed down by the blacks' military security) in their secret organization to restore white rule through compliant black proxies.

How it was to be done was not yet formulated, allies from neighboring cold and hot wars had not yet been found, money from international interests wanting access to oil and mineral finds had not been supplied, sources for matériel and mercenaries to put together a rebel army in the bush were still to be investigated. He bent quietly over his drawing board, and at night he went to clandestine meetings. He felt importantly patriotic; something new, because his parents had abandoned the country of their birth, and this country in which he was born had been taken back by the blacks for themselves. His parents thanked God he was safe in good company, white like them but well-off and knowledgeable about how to go on living here where it was warm, trusted to advise one if it were to be time to leave. They were proud when told their son was being sent to Europe to study; an act of philanthropy by compatriots of the country they had all once emigrated from.

Of humble beginnings, he had come into the patrimony of counter-revolution.

The telephone is not only good for house calls that summon the old black man shrunken in khaki who brings the beer, brought the egg, and covered it with a second plate. He phone long-distance every day, if he wants There is never a bill; they pay. That was condition understood—they would provide erything. So he phones his mother every t day in the European city to which she and father returned when the people who k about these things said it was time to go. has only to dial, and it's winter there now the phone will ring on its crocheted ma the living room behind double-glazing, disc ered by him (so that was where his parents c from!) when he was set up in the same E pean city.

They must have realized soon that he was studying. At least not in the sense they w understand, of attending an institute and q fying for a profession you could name. But it obvious to them he was doing well, he was h ly thought of by the people who had recogn the young man's qualities and taken him after the terrible time when those blacks t him in prison back where everything was now—the civil servant's pension, the man and passion fruit, the sun. He was involve the affairs of those people of substance, inte tional business too complicated for him to plain. And confidential. They respected t A mother and father must never make any m that might jeopardize the opportunities themselves have not been able to provide. was always on his way to or from the airpo France, Germany, Switzerland, and other d nations he did not specify. Of course his gif languages must have been invaluable to people he worked with rather than for— was clearly his status.

He had not an apartment but a whole h purchased for him in the privacy of one of best quarters, and his study or office there not only lined with documents and books equipped with the latest forms of telecomm cation. Foreign associates came to stay; he h full-time maid. His delicate, adolescent's disappeared in the soft flesh of good living, then he grew the beard that came out dark vigorous, giving him the aspect of a man of p er. They never saw him wearing the rest c attributes: the bulky fatigues and the boots the beret. He visited them in civilian clo that had come to be his disguise.

The first time he ever used the phone on floor was when he phoned her, his mothe tell her he was alive and here. *Where?* H could she ever have supposed it—back, bac this country! The sun, the mangoes (that there was fruit supplied on the table where egg now congeals), the prison a young boy been thrown into like any black. She wept cause she and his father had thought he

. He had disappeared two months previous-
/ithout a word; that was one of the condi-
; he adhered to on his side, he couldn't tell
)arents this was not a business trip from
h he would return: He was giving up the
e, the maid, the first-class air tickets, the
)rtant visitors, the book-lined room with
telecommunications system by which was
ned the blowing up of trains, the mining of
s, and the massacre of sleeping villagers
there where he was born.
is the day to phone her. It's more and more
cult to keep up the obligation. There's
ning left to tell her, either. From weeping
itude that he was alive, as time has gone by
has come to ask why *she* should be punished
his way, why he should have got mixed up in
ething that had ended so badly.
)ver the phone she says, Are you all right?
le asks after his father's health. Does it look
being a mild winter?
Already the wind from the mountains has
ught a touch of rheumatism.
)o you need anything? (Money is provided
him to send to his parents, deprived of their
sion; that's part of the deal.)
Then there's nothing to say. She doesn't ask
e's suffering from the heat back there, al-
ugh the sun banks up its fire in the closed
tains, although she knows well enough what
climate's like in summer, and he was gone
en years and cannot reacclimatize. She
sn't want to mention the heat because that is
dmit he is back there. She and his father will
er understand what it was all about, his life;
y he got himself into the fine house, the tele-
mmunications system, the international con-
tions, or why he gave it all up. She says
le, in a listless voice, over the phone. But she
tes. They deliver her letters, pushed under
door:

Why does God punish me? What have your fa-
r and I done? It all started long ago. We were too
with you. With that parachute nonsense. We
uld never have allowed it. Giving in, letting you
wild with those boys. It started to go wrong
n, we should have seen you were going to make a
ss of our lives, I don't know why. You had to go
ping from up there. Do you know what I felt,
ing you fall like that, enjoying yourself, frighten-
us to death while you fooled around with killing
rself? We should have known it. Where it would
end. Why did you have to be like that?
Why? Why?

irst in the weeks of debriefing and then in
e press conferences, he had to say.
They demanded again and again. It was their
ht.
How could you associate yourself with the murderous horde that burns down hospitals, cuts off the ears of villagers, blows up trains full of innocent workers going home to their huts, rapes children, and forces women at gunpoint to kill their husbands and eat their flesh?

He sat there before them sane, and was confronted by the madness. As he sits in the red gloom in front of the wide-screen television set, the fuse of a cigarette between the fingers of his fine white hand and his pale blue eyes clear under puppylike brows. Shuddering; they couldn't see it but he shuddered within every time to hear listed by them what he knew had happened. How could they come out with it, just like that?

Because horror comes slowly. It takes weeks and months, trickling, growing, mounting, rolling, swelling from the faxed codes of operation, the triumph of arms deals secretly concluded with countries who publicly condemn such transactions; from the word *destabilization*, with its image of some faulty piece of equipment to be rocked from its base so that a sound structure may be put in its place. He sent the fax, he took the flights to campaign for support from multinational companies interested in access to the oil and minerals the blacks were giving to their rivals, he canvassed Foreign Offices interested in that other term, *spheres of influence*.

In the fine house where an antique clock played an air over the sudden stuttering of communications installations, the war was intelligence, the miracle of receiving the voice of a general thousands of kilometers away, on the other continent, down there in the bush. When he traveled on his missions in Europe he himself was that fighting man: the beard, the fatigues, the beret. The people he visited saw him as straight from the universal battlefield of right and left; the accoutrements transformed him for himself, so it seemed he had just emerged from that generic destiny known as the field of operations.

You mean to say you didn't know?

But nobody talked. A push was achieved or it wasn't. A miniature flag moved on the map. Men lost, and losses imposed on the government forces were recorded. There were some reverses. A huge airlift of supplies and matériel by the neighboring African State allied in the cause of destabilization was successful; the rebel force would fight on for years, village by village, bridge by bridge, power stations and strategic roads gained on the map. There would be victory on the righteous side.

Nobody said how it was being done. The black government spread reports of massacres because it was losing, and of course the leftist and liberal press took up the tales. Intelligence, tuned to the clock with its gilded cupids, filed

these under disinformation about destabilization.

Here, always, they waited for him to go on. He swallowed continually between phrases, and while he was telling they would watch him swallow. The cold egg won't go down. There is a thin streamer of minute ants who come up six floors through the empty foyer and the closed reception rooms and find their way along the leg of the table to food left there; he knows. And telling, telling—telling over and over to himself, now that no one comes to ask anymore, he swallows, while the ants come steadily. Go on, go on.

It wasn't until I went to the neighboring State that provided the matériel, planes, intelligence supplied by its agents—it is a white state and very advanced—to the communications center it set up for us in the house in Europe. There was also a base.

Go on.

A training base for our people. It was secret, no one knew it was there. Hidden in a game reserve. I was very confident—pleased—to find myself not only sent around Europe but chosen to go to that State. To liaise. To meet the Commander of National Security and Special Services there. See for myself the important extent of cooperation in our mutual dedication to the cause. Report back on the morale of our men being trained there in the use of advanced weapons and strategy.

Yes?

A crescendo comes in great waves from the speaker provided with the tape player: to win the war, stabilize by destabilization, set up a regime of peace and justice!

During press conferences, at this point an ooze of heat would rise under his skin. Their eyes on him drew it up from his tissues like a blister. And then?

There's no one in the room, the curtains are closed against everyone. Swallow. I saw the male refugees captured at the border brought in starving. I saw how to deal with them. They were made to join our forces or were put back over the border to die. I could see that they would die. Their villages burned, their families hacked to death—you saw in their faces and bodies how it really happened . . . the disinformation. It wasn't talked about at that base, either. Our allies, at the dinners they gave —game dishes and wine, everything of the best provided, treated like a VIP—they didn't talk about these things. Well . . . I was shown around . . . everything. The secret radio station that broadcast the Voice of our organization. The latest weapons made available to us. The boots and uniforms made in their factories. (That outfit of mine must have come from there.) The planes taking off at night to fly our men, arm and equipped to do what they were trained do. I knew, now, what that was.

Yes?

Of course, it was war . . .

So?

. . . War isn't pretty. There is brutality both sides. I had to understand. Tried to. I planes also came back from over the border night. Not empty. They carried what I thou were refugee children to be saved from the fig ing; girls of twelve or thirteen, terrified, t had to be pulled apart from each other to them to walk. They were brought in for the n who were receiving their military training. M who had been without women; to satisfy the After dinner, the Commander offered me o He had one led in for himself. He took off clothes to show me.

So, yes, I knew what happened to those g children. I knew that our army had become maybe always was—yes, what you say, a m derous horde that burned hospitals, cut off t ears of villagers, raped, blew up trains full workers. Brought to devastation this coun where I was born. It's there, only the glowi curtains keep it out. At night, when the c tains are drawn back, it is still there in the d with the blind bulk of buildings, the traces broken boulevards and decayed squares mark in feeble lights. Familiar to me, can't say I do know it, can't say it doesn't recognize me. It there, with the sun pressing against the w dow, a population become beggars living in t streets, camping out in what used to be our white people's—apartments, no electricity, water in the tiled bathrooms, no glass in t windows, and on the fine balconies facing t sea where we used to take our aperitifs, those l tle open fires where they cook their scraps food.

And that's the end.

But it's gone over again and again. No er It's only the tape that ends. Can't be explain how someone begins really to know. Inste of having intelligence by fax a satellite.

Back in the room in Europe with its te communications there was on record the whe abouts of this black regime's representati abroad. One day he went there. In the rel army's outfit, with the beard, so that they co shoot him if they wanted; so that they would alize who he was and what he knew. Not t atrocities. Something else; all that he could fer to efface the knowledge of the atrociti complete information about the rebel army, leaders, its internal feuds, its allies, its sources supply, the exact position and function of its

cret bases. Everything. Everything he was and had been, right back to the jump with the parachute and the photograph of the tower. They didn't shoot. They kept him under guard so that the people from the telecommunications headquarters in the room with the antique clock would not kill him before he could tell. They handled him carefully; himself a strange and rare species, kept captured for study. They were aware of its worth, to them.

Debriefing is like destabilization: The term doesn't describe the method and experience. Day by day, divested of the boots, fatigues, the beret and beard, first-class flights, the house in Europe, the dinners of honor, the prestige of intelligence—his life. He has been discovered there beneath it, sitting quite still on a chair in a dark room, only a naked full neck pulsating. In the silence after the tape ends it is possible to think there is the distinct sound of ants moving in an unwavering path.

They knew they couldn't have it for nothing—his life. They haven't provided the house with a garden that was part of the deal. Or the car. Of course, he can go out. Go where he likes; it was only for the first six months that he was restricted. Once they know they can trust him, he's not of interest to them any longer. Nothing more, now, to lead them to. Once he's told everything, once he's been displayed, what use is he to them?

They are right. Perhaps they will never come to him again.

The girl emerges from the bedroom; she sleeps late.

There is a girl. They didn't supply her. But they might have; she was there in the waiting room when he went under surveillance to a doctor. He politely let her take her turn with the doctor first, and when she came out they got talking. I don't see how I'm ever supposed to follow this diet, she said, what can you buy if you haven't got foreign currency—you know how it is, living here.

Yes—for the first time he saw it was so: He lives here. Perhaps it was possible for him to get what she needed? She didn't ask questions; access to foreign currency is not a subject to be discussed.

The girl's been in the bedroom all morning, just as if there was no one there. Now the dim room prolongs her lassitude, no break between night and day. Pink feet with hammertoes drag over the floor; she makes tasting sounds with her tongue against her palate. She takes a deep breath, holds, then expels it; because he doesn't speak.

So you don't want to eat?

She has lifted the covering plate and touches the yellow mound of the yolk with her forefinger; the congealed surface dents shinily. She wipes her finger on the T-shirt that is her nightgown. A sprig of houseplant she brought and put in a glass, one day, is on the table where she set it down then; in the cloudy water, the darkened room, it has sent out one frail, floating thread of root. Ants are wavering at the rim of the glass. The thin buttermilk smell of her fluids and his semen comes to him as she bends to follow the ants' trail from the floor. After he had finished with her, last night, she said: You don't love me.

He was assailed by the sight of the twelve-year-old child and the Commander.

Then she heard something she couldn't believe. The man weeping. She drew away in fear and repugnance to the side of the bed.

She hangs about the room behind him, this morning, knowing he's not going to speak.

Why don't we go to the beach. Let's have a swim. I'd love to go and eat some prawns. We can take a bus. There's a good place . . . it's cheap. And don't you feel like a swim, I'm dying to get into the water . . . come on.

She waits patiently.

Has he shaken his head? There was some slight movement. There is nothing in the room she can turn to as a pretext to keep her there, waiting to see if he accepts her forgiveness, her humble understanding of her function. After a few minutes she goes back into the bedroom and comes out dressed.

I'm going. Qualifies: Going for a swim.

This time he nods and leans to take a cigarette.

She hasn't opened the door yet. She's hesitating, as if she thinks she ought to make some gesture, doesn't know what, might go over and touch his hair.

She's gone.

After the inhalation of the cigarette has become his breath and body, he gets up and goes to the window. He pulls aside the curtains to left and right. They are parched and faded, burned out. And now he is exposed: There is the bright stare of the beggared city, city turned inside out, no shelter there for life, the old men propped against empty facades to die, the orphaned children running in packs round the rubbish dumps, the men without ears and women with a stump where there was an arm, their clamor rising at him, rising six floors in the sun. He can't go out because they are all around him, the people.

Jump. The stunning blow of the earth as it came up to flexed knees, the parachute sinking silken.

He stands, and then backs into the room.

Not now; not yet. ■

NEVER AGAIN?

Cambodia: Still haunted by the Khmer Rouge

By Alan Berlow

It perhaps says something about the chances for a lasting solution to Cambodia's civil war that one of the country's more important holidays is called Hatred Day. Hatred Day is a fairly recent creation, invented five years ago by the Vietnam-installed government led by Heng Samrin, the Communist party general secretary, and Hun Sen, the prime minister. It is held each year on May 20, the date in 1975 when Pol Pot, leader of the Khmer Rouge government, is said to have called for the slaughter of Cambodia's "traitors." Over the following three and a half years, until the Khmer Rouge regime was toppled by an invading Vietnamese army in January 1979, the terror unleashed by Pol Pot resulted in the deaths of more than one million Cambodians. It is Pol Pot and other notorious leaders of the Khmer Rouge, along with their 40,000 seasoned troops across the border in Thai camps and in the Cambodian countryside, raiding villages and outposts, whom the Cambodians are urged each May to hate.

This year's official Hatred Day ceremonies, which I attended, were held for the first time at the far southwestern edge of Phnom Penh, the Cambodian capital, in a place called Choeung Ek. A collection of tin and wood and grass peasant huts, Choeung Ek would be indistinguishable from thousands of other farming villages dotting the flat Cambodian countryside were it not for the fact that in 1980, 8,985 corpses—Pol Pot's "traitors"—were unearthed in one field here. I had decided to attend this year's Hatred Day, however, not because of the change of venue but because of the shift Cambodia itself was about to undergo.

Earlier this year Vietnamese officials in Hanoi announced that by the end of September, they would withdraw the last of their troops, about 50,000 men, from Cambodia. Suddenly, the question, internationally, was no longer how to get the Vietnamese out—only the Soviet-bloc countries and India have not condemned the occupation and have recognized the Vietnamese-installed government in Phnom Penh—but whether to let the Khmer Rouge back in to take part in governing the country after the occupation has ended. The apparent moral absurdity of such a question—were the Nazis invited to play a role in Germany's post-occ[upa]tion government?—is belied by [the] coldly calculated policies and p[rac]tices of China, the United Nati[ons] and the United States. For the [last] seven years all three have recogn[ized] as the legitimate government of C[am]bodia a loose coalition of guer[rilla] groups, the strongest of which is [one] ther that led by Prince Norodom [Si]hanouk (who ruled Cambodia in [the] 1960s) nor that of former Camb[odi]an prime minister Son Sann—[the] groups are non-Communist—but [are] remnants of Pol Pot's regime. [The] support for the guerrillas, who [have] waged a ten-year civil war, has [been] offered in the name of sovereignty [and] self-determination for the Cam[bo]dian people. In truth, China—w[hich] continues to arm the Khmer Rou[ge]—has been interested only in bleed[ing] Soviet-backed Vietnam. The Un[ited] States, for its part, was unwilli[ng to] risk its "special relationship" [with] China and quite content to w[atch] from afar a conflict between n[on-] Communist nations, even sm[all] Communist factions, and, of cou[rse] their superpower Communist a[ll]trons. As a result, Cambodia has [been] kept internationally quarantined [and] impoverished, and at war with itself.[...]

Alan Berlow was formerly a correspondent in Southeast Asia for National Public Radio. He lives in Manila.

mer Rouge has been kept alive,
g for the day it might once
run the country.
announcement of the Viet-
se withdrawal, as might be
ted, brought about some re-
ing, and the rethinking con-
s. In Paris in August, the
national conference on Cambo-
rought together representatives
the Cambodian factions and of
een other countries to arrange a
rehensive solution to the coun-
civil war, but as I write, in the
ays of August, no real solution
een reached. The Chinese might
to stop arming the
er Rouge or they might
Prince Sihanouk, the
nal leader of the guer-
coalition, might aban-
t and agree to become
of state of the current
m Penh government or
ight not; the Bush
nistration—which first
ast spring that it would
o arm the non-Com-
st (and relatively weak)
s of Sihanouk and Son
—might withhold fi-
ial aid from any gov-
ent that included the
er Rouge or might go
g with the Khmer Rouge
g a role in a transition-
vernment, if Prince Si-
uk insists on it.



t what of the people in
bodia? What did these men
women—who have never been
reign, have never had the right
lf-determination—think about
situation? about the Vietnam-
lled government? about Prince
nouk? about the possible return
e Khmer Rouge? It was to learn
thoughts and feelings that I trav-
to Phnom Penh late last spring.

Hatred Day seemed a good place to start.

Choeung Ek is a fifteen-minute
from the center of Phnom Penh.
h my government guide, I drove
tiny peasant farms, the shells of
crete buildings destroyed in one
le or another during the past
nty years, and the dried-up re-
ns of an irrigation canal—built, I was told, with slave labor under the Khmer Rouge.

It was nearly 100 degrees when we arrived at Choeung Ek midmorning on Hatred Day. There were perhaps 5,000 people on hand. The area around the graves has been cleared of all but a handful of sugar palm and coconut trees, and the government has built a 100-foot-high stupa—a traditional Buddhist shrine—to memorialize the dead. Its ornate, multigabled roof is supported by carvings of mythological birds known as *garudas*, decorated with fanciful sacred snakes called nagas, and topped with an elegant spire. But as I approached the sparkling white concrete base of the memorial, abstract Buddhist images gave way to the literal contents of the stupa's glass-encased inner core: thousands of whitened human skulls, neatly arrayed on fifteen wooden shelves stacked to the ceiling. A Buddhist monk in a saffron robe stood facing the tower of skulls, his mournful chant falling behind him from a shiny aluminum speaker.

Later, another monk—Tep Vong, the country's chief monk—explained to me that Cambodia has many *beisac*, angry souls. They are angry, he said, because they were "killed by Pol Pot" and did not have proper burials. Part of his job, he went on to say, is to try to soothe the *beisac*. The Buddhist ceremonies, the chanting, enable the angry souls to be reconciled [illegible] time.

I asked him if [illegible] with the spirits of the [illegible] told me that many [illegible] him who are lonely because Pol Pot killed their wife or husband or family. He described how the monks bless these people, chant for them, and bathe them. This is "very effective," he insisted. "Ninety percent." But Tep Vong also allowed that some people cannot be helped, that the memories are too powerful. He told me about a man in the village where he himself was forced to live after he was defrocked by Pol Pot, a man who was buried up to his neck in the ground and interrogated. "He became mad," the monk said. "In my opinion there are many people who went out of their minds."

Along with the chanting there were a number of speeches by government leaders, who sat beneath a canopy side by side with fifty more monks. (Not long before this year's Hatred Day, the government had restored Buddhism, which had been banned by the Khmer Rouge, as the national religion.) The speeches were of the Joe Stalin Famous Writers School variety, with diatribes against the "genocidal Pol Pot clique" and the "international reactionary forces." They seemed designed, in part, to encourage Cambodians to prepare for a continued, perhaps escalated, civil war. Prime Minister Hun Sen was saying—at home in May, if not in Paris in August—that a continuation of the war against the Khmer Rouge forces was "inevitable," and his government was quietly rounding up increasing numbers of "volunteers" to fight it.

At the close of the Hatred Day ceremonies, Hun Sen himself, thin and boyish-looking—he is only thirty-eight years old—walked to the base of the stupa, accompanied by party chief Heng Samrin. There, like good Communists almost nowhere else in the world, they prayed, press-

ing their hands together before their faces in the traditional Buddhist sign of respect. For a while afterward, they mingled comfortably with the local peasants. Before leaving Choeung Ek, they stopped in front of a row of pots filled with freshly cooked rice and, dipping a spoon into each one, made a ritual offering to the monks.

Visitors to Phnom Penh have no choice of accommodations, and the government had me billeted directly across from the Moscow Movie House at the Sukhalay Hotel. The Sukhalay is something of a crossroads in Phnom Penh, a meeting place for foreign visitors as well as for Cambodians living overseas who return from the United States or France to visit their families or to search for relatives who disappeared during what Cambodians invariably refer to as "Pol Pot Time."

I was sitting in the lobby of the Sukhalay one morning, half-watching a TV broadcast of what appeared to be a Soviet Politburo meeting, when the Chinaman stopped by. I think people call him the Chinaman because he speaks Chinese, although he also speaks Khmer, Vietnamese, French, and English. The Chinaman's real name is Trang, he is fifty-three years old, and he says he is alive today because he had the good fortune to be mistaken for a CIA spy in Saigon in 1975. "If I hadn't gotten stuck in South Vietnam, I'd be dead," he told me matter-of-factly. While Pol Pot was exterminating Cambodians, many because they spoke Chinese, Trang was safe in a Saigon jail.

Trang seemed to have spent most of his life wandering. His travels landed him in Berkeley during the Free Speech Movement of the early Sixties, on a merchant ship through South Asia in the mid-Sixties, in Paris during the events of May '68, and then back in Phnom Penh in 1970 shortly after Prince Sihanouk was overthrown in a coup by General Lon Nol. After we'd chatted for some time, I asked him if he'd like to take a walk around the city, and he quickly agreed.

We left the Sukhalay, squeezing through a gauntlet of whiskered old beggars. The broad main boulevards of Phnom Penh are crowded with bicycles, motorbikes, a small but increasing number of late-model, privately owned automobiles, as well as thousands of the bicycle rickshaws called cyclos, piled high with bunches of dark-green bananas, or burlap bags stuffed with charcoal, or pigs in wicker baskets. There are few big, modern buildings of the kind you see in Bangkok or Manila. The most impressive structures are the recently repainted mansions, built when Cambodia was a French protectorate. They come as close as anything to suggesting a bit of historical continuity in the city.

Trang steered me off one main avenue, down a rubble-strewn dirt alley, and into the back streets. Raw sewage lay in green and black pools, and huge pigs lounged in doorways, rooting through piles of uncollected trash. Above us electrical wires, attached to makeshift hook-ups, crisscrossed from building to building.

Trang's tour was punctuated repeatedly by phrases beginning with "this used to be." "This used to be a church," he said, pointing to an empty lot. And gesturing to a storefront that was now home to a large family, he said, "This used to be my father's printing shop." Trang, it turned out, used to be a wealthy man. He told me his family once owned the country's largest pepper plantation, and he showed me the old Far East Hotel and four apartment buildings, all owned by his mother, he said, before Pol Pot Time. "This used to be a nice city," he told me. "Now it's broken and ruined. It breaks my heart."

Phnom Penh did look ruined or, more accurately, perhaps, like an archaeological ruin, an ancient city once abandoned and now reinhabited by some alien culture. In a sense this is true. After Pol Pot captured the city, he drove most of its two million people out into the countryside. An estimated 70 to 80 percent of the people who "returned" to Phnom Penh after the Khmer Rouge regime collapsed in 1979 had never lived in a city before. They were peasant farmers, mostly, and they occupied on a first-come, first-served basis apartments with no working plumbing or electricity. Even today, they continue to cook over wood and charcoal fires on the stre in their apartments, on rooftops, on verandas blackened with soot

Phnom Penh's roughly 800, residents are among the poorest dwellers in the world. Many sur on tiny subsistence businesses "gas stations" consisting of not more than three or four Coke or F bottles filled with fuel. At one co we stopped to talk with an old wo who was sitting on the ground un eling nylon threads from an old tire. The nylon, a few pieces of ber, and a small kerosene burner her bicycle-repair shop, she said.

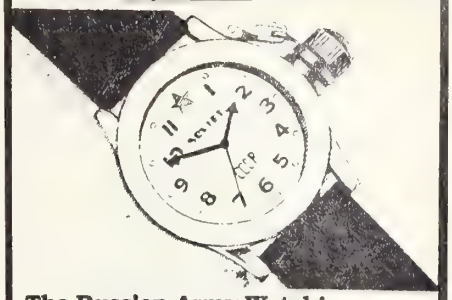
Trang and I walked down a st that used to be named after Charl Gaulle toward the Central Mark mustard-colored concrete dome rounded by a hundred or so priva owned stalls where one might vegetables, fish, meat, clothing, household goods. (In 1979, one official later told me, the streets rounding this market were cov over by a dense thicket of coc trees. He said he could not un stand how they had grown so ta the less than four years of Pol Time. When he ordered workme dig up the trees, they found that had been fertilized with the body Lon Nol soldier.) A picture sign a entrance to the Central Market vised us to leave our hand gren and assault rifles outside. Inside cavernous building, merchants selling expensive imported items as cosmetics and radios and te sions, most of them brought in Singapore and Thailand. Few dents of Phnom Penh can afford things, but the fact of their avail ity does hint at the beginning of nomic regeneration.

At the hub of this market w dozen glass display cases filled wit cally made emerald jewelry, imp watches, and stacks of Cambo currency. Enormous amounts of rency are needed for any substa transaction in Cambodia becaus largest-denomination bill, fifty is worth only about thirty c Trang told me the merchants als the large sums to buy gold, w Cambodians are hoarding both hedge against the country's 45 cent rate of inflation and becaus

new government will print new
and not honor the old.
ng steered me out of the mar-
own "street 118" past an aban-
maroon building that used to
Central Bank and a video par-
h a guitar-playing Elvis on the
oard, to a pinkish concrete
ng where a man was producing
ntings of busty Vietnamese girls
sparent negligees. A green sign
white letters above the second
nformed me that this was once
cole Miche. Trang told me he
d here as a boy and that the
l was run by a strict French
who ordered his Vietnamese
to beat children who had not
d their lessons. Trang recalled
whippings nearly every day.
etimes they just beat people like
," he said. "I was very afraid."
ner young man by the name of
Sar spent six years at the Ecole
e, and I wondered if the Viet-
se friars also beat him, for he is
o have been a poor student.
he grew up, Saloth Sar
ed his name to Pol Pot and or-
the expulsion of all Vietnamese
Cambodia. He would later call
for the extermination of
the Vietnamese race.

Among the few people I met dur-
y stay who had lived in Phnom
both before and after Pol Pot
was Nep Srem. Nep Srem is
three. He had a good job at the
waterworks under Lon Nol and
nued to work there after the
r Rouge seized power—a rare
tion. Only about 30,000 people,
y Khmer Rouge, remained in
m Penh during Pol Pot's reign;
over, men with technical exper-
like Nep Srem, were among
targeted for expulsion or exter-
tion. Fortunately for Nep Srem,
ot and his men needed to drink
, too.
p Srem told me the Phnom Penh
system currently provides only
hirds of the city's needs and had
been treated with chlorine for
al months. Because city sewers
ruins, he explained, contami-
l sewage leaches into the drink-
water. Not surprisingly, a fourth
e children admitted to the pedi-

From RUSSIA with Love!



The Russian Army Watch!

Modeled on the rugged watch worn by Soviet field commanders, our imported Russian precision quartz timepiece is an ironic yet fashionable way to celebrate *Glasnost*.
(Especially since we donate 10% of our profit to groups working for world peace!)

This *anti-status* status symbol's sturdy gunmetal case features a twist-off cap that protects the crown and keeps it ticking 90 feet underwater. Striking with a black leather strap. Includes a one-year guarantee.

Red Army Watch. $99 + $3 p/h.
Buy one watch, get a second for $79 + $3 p/h!
(As seen in *Time & Newsweek!*)

Tsar Saltan Nesting Dolls

Charming hand-crafted wood nesting dolls -- 7 dolls tell Pushkin's "Tale of Tsar Saltan" -- Brilliantly hand-painted -- 4 1/4" tall.

Tsar Saltan Nesting Dolls. $38 + $3 p/h.
Illustrated Storybook. $ 8 + $2 p/h.



NY residents add 8.25% sales tax.

RUSSIAN DRESSING
(212) 334-0006
PO Box 1313
Dep't. H-6
NY, NY 10013

Send $1 for our NEW catalog of GLASNOST imports!



MAKE IMPORTANT CONTACTS

We're glad it's our business to reach out respectfully to the people at the back doors of society. Sometimes we find them in the inner city, sometimes in a third world village.

Our prize-winning newsletter, Word One, helps by reporting on creative approaches to problems like homelessness, and tells about careers in religion and social action. We'd like to send it to you free. Contact us at Room 709, Word One, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, IL 60606.

The Claretians
A Roman Catholic community of priests, brothers, and laypeople

PROVEN PERFORMER

100% NO LOAD

T. Rowe Price Equity Income Fund follows a conservative strategy of investing primarily in high-quality stocks that generate high dividends. It has been ranked the #1 equity income fund for the 3-year period ended 6/30/89.* Active management helps maintain attractive returns with reduced risk. $2,500 minimum initial investment ($1000 for IRAs).
No sales charges!

Call 24 hours for a free information kit
1-800-638-5660 ext. 4640

T. Rowe Price, 100 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, MD 21202
Send a prospectus with more complete information, including management fees and other charges and expenses. I will read it carefully before I invest or send money.

Name
Address EIF004640
City/State/Zip

Invest With Confidence
T.RowePrice

Investment return and principal value will vary, and shares may be worth more or less at redemption than at original purchase. *According to Lipper Analytical Services, Inc., which monitored 56 equity income funds for the 3-year period ended 6/30/89. T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., Distributor.

atric hospital suffer from gastrointestinal disorders. "We advise people to boil water before drinking it," Nep Srem said. "But this is not their habit."

He took me on a tour of the plant and told me about his life under the Khmer Rouge. "In Pol Pot Time," he said, "I worked with the machinery and I trained the Pol Pot workers." Technicians like himself were supposed to pass on their knowledge, at which point they themselves would become expendable. "We rested from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M.; the rest of the time we worked. Seven days a week." He showed me a tiny windowless concrete room where he and his fellow technicians slept on a wooden floor. He said that during his three and a half years as an "instructor," he never left the waterworks except to take meals in an adjacent building. He insists he would not be alive today if Pol Pot's men had been better students and had learned to operate the waterworks.

"They wanted to kill me," he said, speaking of his overseers, all of them peasants from the countryside. "One day I was tied, blindfolded, and put on a truck to be killed, but when I got ten kilometers out of the city a messenger came and said they needed me to come back and repair a machine. Frankly, at the time I didn't want to live. There was no hope, no future. I only wished I would be killed."

The other technicians were taken from the plant and told they were being assigned to another facility. Nep Srem said he did not learn their fate until 1979, when he visited Tuol Sleng, a former Phnom Penh high school that Pol Pot turned into a prison and torture chamber.

"I saw their photographs at Tuol Sleng," he told me. "One of them was my brother. They killed him and his wife and their five children."

Nep Srem described life in Phnom Penh today as "difficult." He said he believes the state and the party are trying to make things better.

Many Cambodians I spoke with have a more difficult time than Nep Srem has in making a sharp distinction between the Khmer Rouge and the current regime. Hun Sen is himself a former Khmer Rouge commander—he became disillusioned in 1977 and fled to Vietnam—and his government continues each April 17 to celebrate the Khmer Rouge "victory over U.S. imperialism." Human-rights groups, working with what little information they are able to obtain, have consistently condemned the current government for torture, indefinite detention of prisoners, and other abuses. It is a Communist government and shares many of the rigidities common to its chief backer, Vietnam. One schoolteacher I spoke with told me what I had been hearing, in effect, from many in Phnom Penh. "To live," she said, "you must be deaf or mute."

But, of course, hearing nothing and saying nothing was often not enough under the Khmer Rouge: No one I spoke with thinks things are worse now than then, and quite a few people told me things are significantly improved. They pointed out that the government had restored not only Buddhism but also the notion of private ownership. This was officially done last spring by amending the constitution to allow for private ownership of homes and farms and businesses and by allowing for the inheritance of property—all previously outlawed. But no doubt the government, despite its rigid, central-control, single-party ethos, had for some time been looking the other way. Most small businesses I saw turned out to be privately owned.

The recently revised constitution officially also extends to Cambodians the right to speak their mind—a kind of Cambodian *glasnost*—though most (like the schoolteacher) seem reluctant to test this freedom. "People fear reprisals if they are overly critical," I was told by Khieu Kanharith. Kanharith is editor of the weekly newspaper *Kampuchea* and a member of the National Assembly. His paper is considered the country's most critical, although, in truth, it toes a fairly consistent pro-government line. Kanharith told me that the government has continued to retaliate for some of his columns. "Today," he said, "they informed us they ran out of ink."

Significantly, most of the people I talked with gave credit for the liberation not to the Phnom Penh government as a whole, not to its titular head, Heng Samrin, and certainly not to the Vietnamese occupiers—who all are glad to see going—but to Hun Sen. If there is not great enthusiasm for him, there does appear to be respect.

Government officials I met with were, not surprisingly, quick to make brash claims for their regime. Over coffee, which I was nearly always served with a cup of tea, I would be plied with statistics designed to demonstrate that life today was not only better than it was under the Khmer Rouge but also better than it was in the Sixties under Prince Sihanouk.

I was told by one official, for example, that the country solved its food problems ten years ago. "You can see that people have all they need to eat," he said. But he must have known that the pediatric hospital in Phnom Penh is filled with children suffering from malnutrition. I was told that illiteracy has been eliminated. But other estimates place the literacy level at no higher than 50 percent, and even a self-consciously upbeat UNICEF report—which defines a literate Cambodian as someone who had attended a single alphabet class—could push the figure up to only 70 percent. The same report points out that most of the country's students have no books.

On tours of schools, factories, and hospitals, I could not help but be impressed by the energy people brought to what at times seemed to me Sisyphean tasks. There is no question that, given the disastrous state of the country in 1979 and the exceedingly limited amount of foreign aid that has flowed in, things could be worse—much worse. But to use the phrase I often heard on the street, "It is not very good." I toured one hospital where I was shown two grimy "cardiac wards," one for "mild" heart cases, the other for "severe." Neither had any medical equipment. When I later mentioned this to a foreign-aid worker, she was not in the least bit surprised. "Look," she said, "most hospitals don't have running water."

In my walks around Phnom Penh I frequently saw displayed out-

s and homes traditional Neak Ta
They look like tiny pagodas.
Ta, the "little old man," is the
of the ground and is often repre-
d in these huts by a small rock.
y Cambodians burn incense for
Ta or leave an offering such as a
na. A friend explained that the
Ta huts can bring good luck, a
r future. They are also a remind-
a time past, before Cambodia was
ulsed by civil war.

r many I met in Phnom Penh,
two Cambodias—the past and
future—are embodied in Prince
nouk. I was told that Cambo-
s are often reluctant to mention
ce Sihanouk by name but would
more freely if I asked about the
le fat man." I tried it on one wom-
Would she like the "little fat man"
eturn? She replied simply, "We
hope."

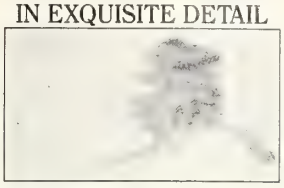
university student I put the ques-
to was more forthcoming. He
he and all of his friends hope
rince will come back. "Sihanouk
ws a lot of people in the world,"
said. "People will support him
n he comes to Cambodia."

he "little fat man," like the "little
man" in the Neak Ta huts, is a
terious, enigmatic presence, re-
d if not understood. There is no
stion that many older people re-
nber Sihanouk as the god-king,
t they associate his name with a
e before anyone had heard of Pol
, when Cambodia was at peace,
n their families were together.
y forgive, or simply forget, Siha-
k's erratic, corrupt, and often
less rule, and especially his com-
x entanglements over the years
h the Khmer Rouge.

n exile during Lon Nol's reign, he
rned to Phnom Penh from Beijing
en the Khmer Rouge took over,
nking all along that he could con-
l them. Instead, he was confined
his palace, and five members of
family were "disappeared." He has
nt the past year denouncing the
mer Rouge one day, demanding
y have a role in Cambodia's gov-
ment the next—threatening to
ak from them, and never quite
ing so.

But no matter: Although there has
en no poll of Sihanouk's popularity,

ALASKA MAP
IN EXQUISITE DETAIL



This full color shaded-relief wall map measures 63½" ×35". $45 laminated or $20 paper. $4.00 shipping UPS. Request our **free** brochure of western state wall maps. Order by phone or mail today:
1-800-237-0798.
Raven Maps & Images
34 North Central, Medford, Oregon 97501

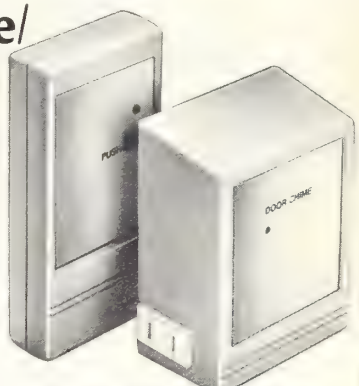
ARMY and NAVY ACADEMY
CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA
Boys grades 7-12. Founded 1910.
Beautiful oceanfront campus, private beach. College prep and mil. school. Small classes, individual attention. Personal counseling. Successful placement record. Computers. Strong athletic, music & drama programs. Fully accredited.
For catalog: **Army & Navy Academy,** Rm. 76, Box 3000, Carlsbad, CA 92008 or tel. (619) 729-2385.

University of Cambridge
Summer Study Program
For Adults
July 8 - 21, 1989
LEARN at the University of Cambridge with distinguished Cambridge faculty.
LIVE in residence at beautiful Emmanuel College.
CURRICULUM tailored to the interests of adults who are looking for a unique educational and cultural experience.
COURSES (Credit Available):
The World of Shakespeare
English Country House
Life in the Middle Ages
British Secret Services
19th Century Novel
For brochure write or call . . .
Office of Cooperating Colleges
714 Sassafras St. • Erie, Pennsylvania 16501
Phone (814) 456-0757

Never miss another caller; be in touch with your family, with. . .

Remote Door Chime/ Pager System
only $29.95**

But read this ad for an even better deal!



* *Each System comes with one Ringer and one Chime. You can get extra Chimes for just $19.95 each, or three for the price of two. The System runs on one 9V battery (not included). Range is 50 to 60 feet. The unit is UL listed.*

It's happened to all of us: You are in your workroom, in the backyard, or in the living room with the TV going full blast. Somebody calls—an important delivery perhaps—and you can't hear the doorbell. Our wireless *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* takes care of the problem. Attach the pushbutton ringer switch on or near any door. Plug the Chime into any electrical outlet in your home. When somebody calls you hear the Chime wherever you are in your home, because you can carry the Chime with you and plug it into any outlet. There is no wiring at all—it's all done by FM radio transmission. And the System has another very useful application: It's a pager for home and office. Carry the ringer switch with you, give the plug-in chime(s) to your child(ren) and round them up when you need them. And it's a godsend of course when you have a sick child at home or anybody who might need to page you.

We are the foremost importers of the *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* in the United States. We are able to bring you this breakthrough product for just $29.95 per set. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Never miss another caller, another delivery, and another call from the sickroom. Get your wireless *Remote Door Chime/Pager System* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1670** A038 for the *Remote Door Chime/Pager System,* and for the *Extra Chime,* give order **#1671** A038. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Remote Door Chime/Pager System,* $6.95 for three, $2.95 for one *Extra Chime,* $4.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty.

haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life, Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Benjamin Pinchelo
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk

JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions, no brutality"

William Kotzwinkle • Margo Pitney • Eve Ensler • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Joe Cosmic • W.S. Merwin • Miyamoto Oda Munkyo Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Sheridan Strange • Isaac Asimov • Jane Hirshfield Pierre Louys • Gary Soto

YS: P.O. Box 6374, Albany, CA 94706
$21 a year • Quarterly

it would not be surprising if he were greeted upon his return (should he return) as the Buddha reincarnate. "The Khmer mentality remains theocratic," Vandy Kaon, a Cambodian filmmaker, told me.

The Khmer Rouge detests Sihanouk but sticks to its alliance with him because it gives them credibility. Cambodia's current rulers distrust Sihanouk. They say they don't know who the real Sihanouk is, and they suffer angst when they contemplate the return of this unknown quantity. While they know that the prince alone cannot solve the country's mind-numbing problems, they, too, want him back (preferably in some sinecure) to help establish their legitimacy. They know that Sihanouk's return would lead to international recognition and foreign aid and investment, and that it would provide a major incentive for Cambodians living overseas to return, bringing with them their skills and money.

One of the most haunting sounds I heard in Phnom Penh was the steady, dull clunking of welded steel crutches hitting the pavement. It is a chilling, only remotely human noise that would creep up on me as I walked along the streets. The crutches support young men in brown army uniforms who had feet or legs blown off in combat or by mines planted by the Khmer Rouge. The men roam the streets of Phnom Penh, usually in groups of two or three, making the rounds of the new restaurants and discos, requesting (or demanding) from their owners a few riels.

Reminders of Cambodia's ongoing civil war are everywhere. Multicolored billboards celebrate the armed struggle, and soldiers and military vehicles are common sights. Radio broadcasts are filled with the latest good news about the war, including updated counts of "the misled" — defectors from enemy tanks. The long-standing 10 P.M. to dawn curfew in Phnom Penh was lifted last spring, but travel from town to town after dark is out of the question — and even during the day it can be hazardous.

If you visit the Phnom Penh train station at six in the morning, as I did, you can get some sense of the p[ro]blem. The train for Kompong Som, [the] port city to the south, will be th[ere] waiting, armed at the rear wit[h a] twelve-foot Soviet-made antiair[craft] gun. At the midsection is a st[eel]-reinforced car filled with armed s[ol]diers, and at the front there are [a] thirty-foot long flatbed cars crow[ded] with passengers who sit on pile[s of] rusty brown rails. There is no ch[arge] for riding on these two cars. They [will] be the first to derail should the Kh[mer] Rouge have chosen this particular [day] to plant mines along the tracks. [The] extra rails allow the military to s[wap] out the damage and get the t[rain] to Kompong Som bef[ore] dark.

I returned to Choeung Ek late [in the] afternoon, three weeks after Ha[ppy] Day. The sun was sinking behind [the] distant Cardamomes Mountains, [and] a half dozen cows were grazing in [the] above the mass graves, treading [in] derfoot small bits of bone and cl[oth]ing left behind when the bodies w[ere] exhumed. A few yards away a d[ozen] boys were playing a raucous game [of] volleyball.

I walked up to the memorial [and] thumbed through an album in wh[ich] visitors were invited to write t[heir] comments. Many expressed a sim[ilar] sentiment: "Never again."

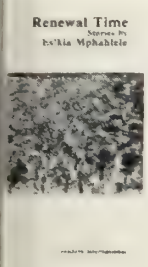
Military officials in Phnom Pe[nh] told me they expect a major Kh[mer] Rouge offensive following the dep[ar]ture of the last Vietnamese troops if [they] maintained the Cambodian army [can] hold its own. The international co[m]munity, meanwhile, continues [to] hope that a peace settlement will [put] an end to the war. Both could be wrong. Both could fail to prevent a [re]turn of the Khmer Rouge.

No one is supporting the partic[ipa]tion of Pol Pot and others of the n[ow] notorious Khmer Rouge leaders in [the] new Cambodian government. It is Khieu Samphan who is frequently mentioned as the "moderate" Khm[er] Rouge alternative. It is seldom no[ted] that he said the major error of [the] Khmer Rouge regime was that it [was] "too slow to move against the [in]emies." I thought about this as I sta[red] again at the shelves of skulls in [the] quiet village of Choeung Ek.

Read the World. Start with Africa. FREE!

Read READERS INTERNATIONAL.

RI publishes the best in world literature. Subscribe to RI's annual series of six sewn, hardcover editions - at paperback prices - and we'll send you any *two* African titles below...*absolutely FREE!*



Renewal Time (056)
by Es'kia Mphahlele
'Poignant and eloquently political' *Pub. Wkly*
'A haunting echo of Orwell' *Kirkus Reviews*



Hajji Musa and the Hindu Fire-Walker (052)
by Ahmed Essop
'Ironic, candid, and stringent,' says Nadine Gordimer



Fools (020)
by Njabulo Ndebele
'Convinces us of the genuineness of his vision in everything he writes' *N. Y. Times Book Review*

ıd any *black* South Africans lately?

k, Coetzee, Gordimer, the late Alan Paton - ı enlightens us on South Africa, but none ld claim to speak for their black countrymen. et, in the townships and cities of South ca there *are* world-class writers in the black Indian communities. They write in English, ching our common language. They speak to r own people, and give them a voice. They ore universal human issues that touch us They confront the barriers of apartheid: ning, censorship, and exile.

I selects the best books from the world r: from Africa, Asia, Latin America, Europe, the Middle East. Subscribers receive a sewn, hardbound edition every other month - six finely produced volumes a year.

The S. African titles above were sold out, in hardback, to subscribers. We've reprinted them in paperback for this **FREE** offer. And we're adding other African & Caribbean books, too.

Subscribe for **only $9.30** (+ p&p), and you'll get the next RI hardback selection, *plus* the African/Caribbean book of your choice, **FREE.**

Or, subscribe for a year, as you would for a magazine. You'll get six hardcover selections, *plus* **TWO FREE** titles of your choice.

Put the world in your library today.



The Laughing Cry (033)
by Henri Lopes (Congo) 'Satirical, tender, bawdy, savage and filled with love and hope.' *Washington Post*



'Mestre' Tamoda (031)
by Uanhenga Xitu (Angola)
'The stuff of which modern African comedy is made' *N. Y. Times Book Review*



Cathedral of the August Heat (043)
by Pierre Clitandre (Haiti)
'Encapsulates what the Third World is all about' London's *Guardian*

EADERS INTERNATIONAL
O. Box 959 Columbia LA 71418

ase begin my subscription to RI at the special $9.30 subscriber ce, + $1.65 p&p. I'll get RI's newest title every other month at same special price. I may cancel at any time.

ne

dress Apt. no.

State Prov ZIP Postcode

☐$10.95 (Can$13.75) enclosed. My FREE book, no.

☐Bill my ☐VISA or ☐MasterCard.

Card No Expir. date

Signature

SPECIAL SAVINGS and two free books:

☐$55 (Can$65) enclosed for an annual subscription to **RI's six newest world titles, plus two FREE books:**

(title numbers)

☐**Bill my credit card for $55** (US currency only).

CONTEMPT FOR THE LITTLE COLONY

How Barry and Bush run Washington

By Christopher Hitchens

Whether or not you remember the riots in Washington that followed the murder of Martin Luther King Jr. in the spring of 1968, you almost certainly can recall that imperishable photograph of the Capitol dome bathed in smoke and flame, with the National Guard in the foreground, hefting their weapons and gas masks. It is the starkest depiction I know of the relationship between the state and its capital—the actual workings of government and its notional seat—ever to be taken. I keep a grainy old black-and-white copy of the photograph near my desk, partly because the area shrouded from view by the angle of the shot is the mixed, imperfectly gentrified, northeast Capitol Hill neighborhood where I have lived for nearly a decade, and partly because it serves to remind me that the affairs of the city of Washington and "Washington affairs" are not as readily separable as some people wish, or choose, to think.

For a brief, jolting period in '68, and for an even briefer but almost equally lurid moment earlier this year, Washington the city became an emblem of sorts for the state of the nation. The allegory itself has changed a good deal over the years, however. In 1968, a moral lesson attached to the emblem, and there was a show of urgency and commitment—"concern," in the argot of the time. In 1989, the emblem is but a warning sign, and concern is for "us," not "them." While on his way home a few months ago, Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, one of the shining Republican dissidents of the Sixties, found that he had inadvertently driven into a shootout. He accelerated away and did not even bother to inform the D.C. Police Department, pleading later that there seemed little point in getting involved. Over at the White House, the Bush team tends to regard the city as a convenient demonstration case, like New York City in the 1970s or Willie Horton in '88: Washington, symbol of the sickly folly of welfarism. (William Bennett, who has been "responsible" for both education and narcotics control in the Republican regime of Presidents Reagan and Bush, is the most promiscuous exploiter for propaganda purposes of the stricken city's marginal utility.)

Today, no single image could quite capture the connection between the two Washingtons; it is too mu matter of mood and texture, ar these being shaped in back ro where cameras do not venture. in 1968 the city of Washington still governed by the other Wash ton: Its chief executive and member council were nominate the President and confirmed by Senate. Since 1974, under the H Rule Act, the city has had not *a* ernment but two.

One of these administrations, District of Columbia governm headed by Mayor Marion Barry J a debased relic of 1960s liberal black coalitionism, left behind (a nation and the other Washin swung right) to feast joylessly on paltry fruits of office. Its rotting, i ferent public services make a counterpoint to the tacky luxuri leaders demand for themselves. corruption of the Barry entourage once so exorbitant and so piti small-time that it generates ro comparisons to that of some sh sweltering Third World kleptoc (For example, there was the "con ing" tour of the Virgin Islands Barry, an aide, and a city pu works employee took, with shirts dresses somehow added to the payer-donated hotel bill.) Yet the

Christopher Hitchens, Washington editor of Harper's Magazine, will be writing the "Capital Letter" for the next year. He is the author of Prepared for the Worst, a collection of political and literary essays.

it although Barry crony (and
s nonvoting congressional dele-
Walter Fauntroy has had close
Haiti, and other friends of the
r's have popped up in less no-
is offshore and banana-republic
oles, a truer analogy is to be
l rather nearer home.

e Republican regime of the
;—whatever its attempts to dis-
itself from and exploit Barry
is problems—has much more in
non with the torpid, feckless city
ie than might at first
ar. "We don't rule this
try anymore," says a bit-
ritish policeman about
colonial India in Paul
t's *Raj Quartet*. "We
le over it." Presiding is
Reagan and now Bush
done. Presiding has
Barry's approach as
Washington is really
ded over: It is not so
n an American city as a
colony, wherein neither
colonials nor the local
inistrators take much
ce of the city and its
blems, unless it is to
e points by blaming
each other for
them.

Next to my home is Lin-
Park, which contains
statues. Until the bust
Martin Luther King was
eiled in the Capitol in
6, they were the only two
ues in memorial-infested
shington to show actual,
ntifiable black individ-
. The first and most imposing of
se commemorates Abraham Lin-
n's emancipation of the slaves. It
put up in April 1876 and shows
late President and leader of the
ublican party making a generous
expansive gesture with his left
d. At his feet crouches a half-clad
k man clutching a newly riven
er. The figure of the freed slave
ks like a generic one, but, in fact,
s a representation of one Archer
xander. He is among the few
es whose names we still know and
ainly one of the very few to have
his biography written—written by the man who rescued him, the Reverend William Greenleaf Eliot, a Unitarian minister from St. Louis and the grandfather of the author of *The Waste Land*.

"There is nothing in all the scenes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," wrote the good Reverend in *The Story of Archer Alexander*, "to which I cannot find a parallel in what I have myself seen and known in St. Louis." Alexander was nearly killed for giving a warning of ambush to Union troops in 1863;



Eliot ransomed him and ensured that his features were immortalized. The Lincoln emancipation memorial—which, because it relied on purely voluntary subscription, took eleven years to be completed—saw Frederick Douglass himself speak at its dedication.

Across the park and facing Lincoln and Alexander is the statue of Mary McLeod Bethune, the great black woman educator—and seventeenth child of former slaves—who helped to discover and then to motivate Langston Hughes. (On his way to see Bethune in Daytona Beach in 1954, Hughes wrote [illegible] a friend: "The sit-[illegible] at a 'white' hotel in St. Louis!" The Reverend Eliot [illegible] pleased by this evidence of progress in his hometown.) On the plinth of Mrs. Bethune's statue are the words "I leave you hope. . . . I leave you racial dignity." There is too little of either in the environs of Lincoln Park. Langston Hughes, at the end of his long, activist life, registered anguish at the tendency of black youth to uncouth language, separatism, and drugs. Still, he added, he would "rather encounter several hundred reefer smokers than run into three drunks. . . ." In Lincoln Park today, we could offer him a soupçon of both experiences, and more besides, within sight of Mrs. Bethune's memorial.

The racial aspect of Washington's crisis—the crack epidemic; the drug-related murders, for a while averaging one a day; the drug-related AIDS deaths; the corruption of the Barry administration—cannot be dodged. It is the dimension that people are stressing even as they avoid doing so. Listen, for example, to the neo-liberal convener Charles Peters, speaking last May from his regular pulpit in *The Washington Monthly*, when the street-murder horror show was at its worst:

> Some people think that the District of Columbia's government is bad because it is black. That that explanation won't work is proved by the performance of the D.C. Metro system. Sixty-two percent of its employees are black and it is generally recognized as the best transportation system in the country. . . .

Peters sounds—does he not?—like a man who is trying to convince *himself* as much as other people. Prejudice says that Washington is fucking Mau Mau land. But cool, objective surveys have shown . . . The trouble with this kind of quantified liberalism is that it is vulnerable to another crop of figures, showing that the majority of in-

tration by Philip Burke

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do — with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Courses. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both.

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $175

☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $145

(CT residents add sales tax)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order - or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

190 courses in 55 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 17th year.

Audio-Forum
Room 1617
96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

dicted municipal aides is no less black than are the transport workers. Bigotry, in any case, doesn't yield to statistics. (If it did, you wouldn't remember Willie Horton's name—and little Mike Dukakis might be president even now.)

But let us stay on Peters's Metro for a while longer. For the D.C. Metro is rather a telling instance of the symmetry and asymmetry of the relationship between Bush's and Barry's Washington. It—the Metro—is basically a downtown loop, connecting elements of the bureaucracy with the suburbs and the airport (two stations for the Pentagon, one for Foggy Bottom). It's excellent for the commuter belt. But you can't get to the black town of Anacostia on the Metro or to many places in Washington's black Southeast. And there isn't a Metro station in Georgetown, many of whose residents feel that a stop on their doorstep might make the place a little too—well—*accessible*. See the cleaning ladies as they leave work outside the concrete palazzi that house the great departments of state on Pennsylvania and Independence avenues. See them waiting for the bus that never comes or for the cabs whose drivers can tell at a glance that they want to go to Southeast, and so keep on going. The sons of the cleaning ladies may work on the Metro and do very well, but the Metro won't take them home.

All this talk of Washington transport brings to mind a comment by that well-known ornament of high Republicanism, the late John Mitchell. It was Mitchell—Nixon's jailbird attorney general—who, in 1984, compared the Barry government's workings to those of "the Amos 'n' Andy Taxi Cab Co." It was around this time, we now know, that Mitchell received $75,000 in consulting fees from the Department of Housing and Urban Development—an agency whose budget Reagan had already slashed but that once harbored the idea that men and women shouldn't be spending the night in places like Lincoln Park.

Marion Barry tends to reward people who have done him personal favors—people like developer Jeffrey N. Cohen, with whom Barry had a cret real-estate deal in Nantu and from whom the city agreed t D.C. properties about to be through foreclosure. Ronald Rea cronies make thousands, in s cases millions, by acting as "co tants" on federal housing proj Marion Barry protects people have protected him. He manag find $4,034 in "emergency" city f for a loyal special assistant wh three months behind on mor payments on her $200,000 hous the same vein, George Bush n sure that Donald Gregg and Johr groponte are rewarded with amb dorships for keeping mum about roles—that is to say, Bush's role the Iran-Contra scandal. It is that Marion Barry used to wear shiki and that George Bush use vote against the civil-rights prog It is also true that Barry goe things, like gay-PAC endorsem that Republicans do not. But the ger, sadder truth is that the "fit tween White House and City political degeneration is a remark close one.

Both the Barry regime and Republican regime believe in centive" for those who are pr prosperous. (In the days of more speech, this used to be known a cialism for the rich and free enter for the poor.) The results of this mula greet you and me each mor as we head off to work. Wal through downtown Washingto day is like walking through any mogenized, supply-side–gener post-Reagan city center. A mer city ordinance does forbid the b ing of any high rise that would above the female figure, *Armed dom*, atop the Capitol dome, nearer to Lafayette Park the modern cult of "security" forbids to build in such a way as to ove the White House; but allow for t local variations in scale and you the standard Eighties American of pointless designer space surrou by parking lots and building This is development, Reagan- style: fueled by tax dodges, thick condos for the young and credit- replete with heating grates for the placed and homeless.

Washington, this national trend
en carefully and generously aug-
ed by Marion Barry, the devel-
friend, and is as much his
rial as are the crime rate and the
bling services. The ubiquitous
blocks and expense-account
have been granted tremendous
) tax holidays. For example, an
gent City Hall levies no real-
property tax on the occupants
w commercial buildings until
uildings are fully "under roof," or
ly completed. This exemption,
ight have guessed, has allowed
esses to operate fully and profit-
or appreciable stretches of time
dresses that, as far as the city is
rned, don't yet quite exist. The
ct, moreover, is rather shy about
cting property-transfer taxes.
Cafritz Group, for one, managed
quire the Washington Harbour
lex without paying a dime in
fer taxes, and a reporter from
ington's combative *City Paper*
that a partnership led by Chubb
y of New York City had man-
to acquire $64 million worth of
rty at Fourteenth and L streets,
out paying such taxes. The
b-led partnership, you see, was
uying the property as such but
ited partnership at that address,
when the *partnership* is altered, it
t quite the same as . . .

ch are the loopholes through
h, by judicious use of that tawdry
emism "incentive," the fat cats
been squeezing since the dawn of
anism. There is a corollary, too,
tends to hold. Even if you don't
to believe that there is a connec-
between private affluence and
ic squalor, you may have noticed
they often coincide. Last year,
Greater Washington Research
er found that between 1980 and
there had been an 8 percent rise
e number of poor people residing
e District. Terry Lynch, a spokes-
for a coalition of downtown
ches, puts it even more recogniz-
for any city dweller in the late
ties. Washington, he says, is a
e of "rising housing costs, mini-
n-wage jobs, downtown stores we
t afford, and hotels we can't stay
Here the relationship between
yism and Bushery is not so much
one of similarity as of fraternity.

Neither Barry nor Bush (nor Reagan before him) has been particularly comfortable making the rich richer—comfortable, that is, at election time, when even they have been forced to stoop to democratic politics. Their shared solution has been to spend whatever time was deemed necessary in the costume of the populist, to be the regular guy and the people's friend against the faceless ones and the pointy-heads. Obviously, neither Bush nor Barry could bring himself to run against Washington—a feat that only Ronald Reagan managed to pull off after four years at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. But they have done their best: Bush with his NRA earmuffs and agonizing Joe Blow impersonations; Barry by appealing to the "dream" of King and by hinting that there are anonymous white folks out to get him. In the nature of things, both these populisms are race-specific (though it is possible to imagine both men dumping on Harvard in a relatively color-blind fashion). After a day spent pressuring for a cut in the capital-gains tax, George Bush munches pork rinds and listens to a country-and-western station. When Marion Barry is not amusing the developer community at testimonial lunches, he knows enough to go and hang out in bars and other places of public resort.* (This, incidentally, is why it would be an excellent thing for Jesse Jackson to run for the mayoralty

**Barry's is not the course followed by his crony Walter Fauntroy, who is a personal classic even in an institution increasingly devoted to untroubled, unchallenged, money-determined incumbency. Fauntroy knows enough to take a more elevated tone, speaking at New Bethel Baptist Church and occasionally bringing the hint of messianism even to his rare appearances at Hill hearings. To see him at New Bethel, or intoning on the South African embassy picket line (which Barry also graced for the sake of good form), is to see a different person from the donor-dominated local pol who shows up in the financial-disclosure reports. He raises a fair bit of dough for a man who runs unopposed, and as a senior member of the House Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs Committee (where he can vote) he accepted PAC money from the National Council of Savings Institutions, among others. But repeated references to his early years in the civil-rights movement, and other "with the people" windinesses, have so far been enough to reassure the congregation.*

INTRODUCING

WEATHERBY'S

Music and Video Buying Service

CLASSICAL, JAZZ AND CLASSIC ROCK CDs Fine Films and Live Performance Videos

●

LOW PRICES

Weatherby's specializes in first-quality and hard-to-find compact discs and videos. We offer a wide selection of classical, jazz, classic rock and new age music, as well as movie classics, top hits and live performance videos. And you'll find our prices are hard to beat.

Subscribe now and get $5 off your first purchase!

Fill in and return this coupon with your check for $5. We'll send you a year's worth of catalogues plus a coupon worth $5 off your first purchase.

☐ **YES,** enter my Charter Subscription to Weatherby's Music and Video Buying Service Classics Catalogue, and send me a coupon good for $5 off my first purchase. My $5 check is enclosed.

Name

Street

City State Zip

Make check payable to: Weatherby's
Dept. S81
P.O. Box 1134
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

9Q

Bargain Books,

Publishers' Overstocks

Over 3,500 Titles at up to 80% Off in our Free Catalog

Choose from recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers – over 3,500 titles including about 200 new arrivals each month most at savings of 50% to 80%!

Here you'll find Biographies, History, Fiction, Art, Literature, Politics, Health, Movies, Nature, Cooking and Gardening and much more. Everything from yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed. Mail the coupon today!



Send me your FREE Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

HAMILTON
Box 15-181, Falls Village, CT 06031



YOUTH FROM MARATHON (350BC)
While you enjoy his beauty, he speaks of you to your friends. Found under the sea. Now in The National Museum, Athens. This 10" Greek reproduction is made from chloride magnesia, used by the ancient Greeks. Beautiful bronze-like appearance. Marble base. $112 ppd. Check VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **112 page art-book color catalogue of 286 items $6. Order it now and select unforgettable Christmas gifts.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1060
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

of Washington. A true national populist, who has at least tried to avoid racial populism, would finally be put to the test of running something—the something being a city that has so far been left prey only to parochial populists or irresponsible national ones.)

Among the things likely to tarnish one's populist image just now is being on friendly terms with drug dealers, which both Bush and Barry are. Of the two, only Barry has suffered from his connection, perhaps because he is put at a disadvantage by the economies of scale. At his level, it is often necessary to go and meet your connection face-to-face. This is precisely what Barry did on December 22, 1988, in a downtown Ramada Inn. A convicted pusher was apparently offering narcotics to the hotel staff. The police were called to the scene. They were quickly recalled to base when it was learned that Hizzoner was in the relevant suite.

George Bush, while CIA chief during the Ford administration, had on his payroll Panamanian drug merchant Manuel Noriega. Vice President George Bush was in charge of the national drug task force at the time a wild cover-up of drug running for the Contras was being conducted with the connivance of the Justice Department. More easily protected at, and from, press conferences, Bush has never been subjected to the awkwardness of a question about the half-dozen known drug dealers who were employed by the State Department to finance and nourish the Contras, and whose names and records may be found by the curious in "Drugs, Law Enforcement, and Foreign Policy," a report of the Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics, and International Operations.

Interestingly—and by now, I hope you understand, not surprisingly—Bush and Barry take similar tacks to get themselves upwind of such scandal. Both, for instance, attack the *Washington Post*. Complaints can be heard from each regime that the *Post* is out to get their man, is on his case. If only it were so.

Bush and his people regard the *Post* as a liberal sheet, even though it made no endorsement in the '88 election and did endorse aid to the Contras. Barry and his crew are not abo scribing the *Post* as a white piece and propagandizing t effect on their ceremonial vis ghetto neighborhoods. Acutely tive to this charge, which is a gogic one in view of the many editors and reporters on the pap *Post* has in fact been rather l with Barry and has gone out of to appease his partisans by ru "balanced" columns and local stories.

Press baiting, phony populist tioneering—such are the sta means by which the politicall based mask their corruption. should these methods falter have not yet), there is always old-fashioned religion. Clev both Barry and Bush profess an u ous, ostentatious Protestantism course they care, deeply; don't say so before God?

Bush has told of being rebor has seldom if ever skipped a c to intone about Christian values ry likes nothing better than a prayer-breakfast and has an called the Washington Coun Churches more or less ready t dorse him on a day-to-day basis, ly accusing his critics and detract being "divisive." Well, if Prote ism has a point—and I may not b shrewdest judge here—it is sur insistence on thrift, husbandry, the deferment of gratification. T otous hedonism of the possessi in Barry's case the governing, c is not just a reproach in itself. volves, by its reliance upon c spending, tax breaks, and specu "growth," an utter negation o ideas of continence and propo In other words, the WASPs have a Protestant ethic, nor d bigmouthed Baptist crooners swayers. Simply look at what men have done and h they have failed to d

When Lincoln Steffens was ing *The Shame of the Cities*, he regular question that he would new contacts in every burg he vi The question was: "Who ru This brusque inquiry has a s pertinence for the nation's ca Washington is "run" by the f

ıment, which "runs" it as it it could run the rest of the y; which is to say it runs it as a olony, with some local buffoons ally in charge. The point about cal buffoons is that if things go , they can be blamed and scape- l. And, with all the cunning subordinate, they in turn can the loftier powers for their own in the colony's misfortunes. is a sort of buck-passing sym- involved, with the nation- ablishment saying, in effect, daya expect? and the local op- s claiming self-pityingly that ue bloods have a down on them ates back to plantation days. ing the street-murder mania of oring, it was impossible not to this backing and filling, this ocal disowning of a city and a unity. Mayor Barry made the ishable observation that apart he murders the local crime rate t all that bad (what might Ar- Alexander or Mary McLeod me or Dr. King have said to *that* sted, craven rhetoric?), while White House, in all its majesty, lted the opinion polls, consid- ntervening directly in the polic- f the District, and then decided ht another day on more promis- urf. After all, who was getting ntered really? Mainly the hard in the Southeast, which saves raignments and committals and cerations, and could on one view e "invisible hand" be counted as f-correcting market process in h risks and rewards come into alignment.

ıe minions of the Barry adminis- on have been no less callous in dealings with the underclass. ng the last two years, Barry's peo- ıave been found in contempt of on at least five occasions. Dis- judges have cited contempt in involving overcrowding, under- ing, and inmate conditions at the some Lorton Reformatory, in one ınce for the city's refusal to com- with court orders about medical ment for a wounded prisoner. District has also been found in empt for disobeying the result of a endum on shelters for the home- In other words, the very people

Mesoamerica



"A fine publication that has much to offer."
— Carlos Fuentes

A Latin American journal devoted exclusively to Mexico and Central America, covering politics, culture, history, archaeology and the environment, our articles by (North) American and Latin American diplomats, scholars and writers, sometimes make news in the *New York Times* (August 8, 1989).

$20/year, $5/Sample. To order, please write: Mesoamerica, P. O. Box 42721, San Francisco, CA 94142-2721

FIRST TIME FROM THE ★ SOVIET UNION ★



$89 p. pd. 1-800-237-8400 Ext. 1

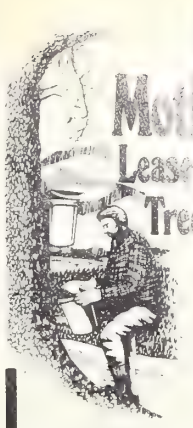
FL only: 1 800 282 1469
my home: 606 254 1057

ALL SIZES MEN AND WOMEN
Natural Grey and Black Rabbit

VISA, MC, or send check to address below

Also from Original Rooskie™
Pavlovsky Posad 100% Wool Shawls
57 sq. in.—intricate design—vibrant colors
Request brochure: P.O. Box 32, Lexington, KY 40501

Rent Mother Nature
Lease a Sugar Maple Tree or Sap Bucket For One Year



A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, personalized by hand and suitable for framing — plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '90, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. to Bucket Borrowers) and even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, and you get all the raves!

100% satisfaction money back guarantee
Tree Lease $39.00 or Bucket Lease $30.00
Price includes shipping.
Send check to:

RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 947
106 Appleton St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Include full name and address of gift recipients.
Phone Orders **(617) 547-0657** VISA, M.C. & Amex.

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

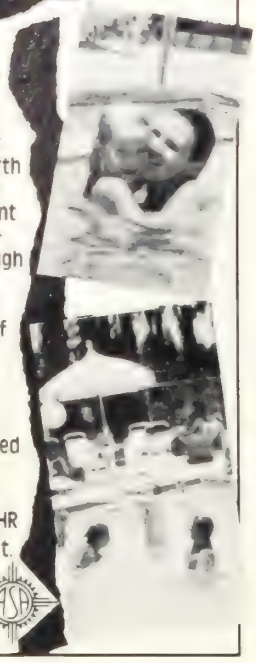
FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1195** A037 for the *MultiBand Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196** A037. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Your invitation to preview a unique lifestyle.

LET YOURSELF BE FREE!



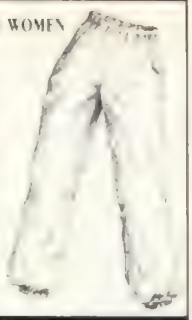
"Let Yourself be Free" is a visually stunning award winning video shot on locations in North America. The video offers a magnificent vista of contemporary nudism. Through a series of candid interviews, nudists extol the virtues of family nudism.

$29.95 plus $3 shipping and handling. VISA and MasterCard accepted

THE AMERICAN SUNBATHING ASSOCIATION, INC., HR
1703 North Main St.
Kissimmee, FL
34744-9988
(407) 933-2064

DEVA Natural Cottons

FREEDOM PANTS FOR MEN & WOMEN



$30 ppd. — and guaranteed.
VISA/MC call 1-800-222-8024.
Send $1 for fabric samples and
(Free with order).

DEVA, a cottage industry
Box HAJ9, Burkittsville, MD 21718

Reading Women

The Newsletter of Literary Ideas
Interpretation • Criticism • Analysis
An imaginative publication
for the discriminating reader who
seeks fresh insights into classic
and contemporary fiction.
Send for free sample:
Dept. H, P.O. Box 296,
Winnetka, IL 60093
312/432-8832

Subscribe now:
$29 6 issues/year
Visa/MC/Check

for whom the mayor claims to
are the ones who receive the le
ward of his attention.

Contempt is a good and useful
of which insufficient use is made
days. *Contempt* is what both
ington governments have for
citizens and voters. (If Jesse Jac
smart, he will press hard and f
statehood, so that he is a go
and not a mayor, and so that
will have properly elected rep
tatives on the Hill.) This co
forces us to ponder an answer
question, "What sort of peo
they think we are?" Much depe
the answer.

October Index Sources

1 Republican National Com
(Washington); 2 Senator Lloyd Be
office (Washington); 3 U.S. Bu
the Census; 4,5 U.S. Federal E
Commission; 6 *U.S. News &*
Report (Washington); 7 Lucy H
Hallet, *Sunday Telegraph* (Londo
Lebanese Embassy (Washington) 9
U.S. Congressional Research Ser
Nicaraguan Embassy (Washington
Dept. of Defense; 12 Brazilian In
for Geography and Statistics (Rio
neiro); 13 Banco Nacional de
(N.Y.C.); 14 Houston Police De
Florida State Attorney's Office (M
16 Joel Ehrenkranz, Franklin Diag
(Morristown, N.J.); 17 Mayor's C
sion on the Future of Child
(N.Y.C.); 18 *New York Times*–W
TV News Poll (N.Y.C.); 19 Los
les City Clerk's Office; 20,21 La
W. Sherman, University of M
(College Park); 22 Virginia State
(Fairfax, Va.); 23,24 American A
(Dallas); 25 *Frequent* newsletter (
do Springs, Colo.); 26,27 U.S.
Service; 28 Robert Schindler,
University (Camden, N.J.); 29
Dept. of Agriculture; 30 Ben &
Homemade (Waterbury, Vt.); 31
Control Council (Atlanta); 32
port Police Dept. (Bridgeport, C
33 Ogilvy & Mather (N.Y.C.); 34
eby's (N.Y.C.); 35 Bat Conservati
ternational (Austin, Tex.); 36 Hi
and Bradsby Co. (Louisville, Ky.);
cific Trading Cards (Edmonds, W
38 Seattle Mariners; 39 Louis So
National Institute of Mental Healt
thesda, Md.)/M&M–MARS (Ha
town, N.J.); 40 *Mindworks: Tim*
Conscious Experience, by Ernst
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, N.Y.

SOLUTION TO
THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

P	E	D	I	M	E	N	T	C	A	N	D	I	D	
A	P	O	C	O	P	E	R	O	L	R	E	D	O	
R	O	P	E	S	O	L	E	S	M	E	S	S	Y	
S	C	E	N	E	L	L	A	M	A	M	E	T	E	
E	H	P	M	Y	O	R	D	I	N	A	R	Y	N	
C	E	L	E	S	T	A	I	C	A	R	T	O	N	
T	P	U	M	P	E	R	N	I	C	K	E	L	E	
A	C	T	O	R	S	M	G	O	V	E	R	N	S	
R	F	O	R	E	L	O	C	K	E	D	S	P	U	
M	I	N	I	S	A	U	C	E	N	A	S	A	L	
A	R	I	A	S	G	R	A	N	D	A	U	N	T	
C	O	A	L	E	G	E	S	O	U	P	I	E	R	
S	E	N	T	R	Y	R	E	C	E	N	T	L	Y	

NOTES FOR "NEOLOGIA"

ACROSS 1 PENT(agon); 7 CANDID; 11 ADVOCOPE; 13 REED hidden; 14 ROLES "Rolls"; 15. MESSY(t), anagram; 16. SCENE, anagram of NECES(sity); 17. A-MALL, reversed; 18. METE, "meat"; 21. ORY, hidden in reverse; 22. CELEST(anagram)-A; 24. C(ART)ON; 26. P(D)UMPER; 28. ACTORS, anagram; 30. GOVERNS(ie), anagram & Lit.; 33. FLOCK, two meanings; 36. M(IN)'I, reversal of I'M; 37. SAUCE, anagram; 39. NASA-L; 41. ARIAS, anagram; 42. G-AUNT (anagram); 43.COAL(esce); 44. PI(lsn)ER; 45. T-R-Y, last letters; 46. RE(L)Y DOWN: 1. PA(R)SEC, anagram & Lit.; 2. EPOC(reversal)-H; 3. DO(t)-PE(t); 4. MOSEYS(e), anagram; 5. NEL(reversal)-L; 6. TREADING, anagram; 7. COS-(M)IC; 8. ALMANAC, hidden; 9. DESERTERS, anagram; 10. DONE(e); 12. POL-O; 13. (b)REED(ing); 19. PLUTONIC, anagram; 20. ME-MO; 23. ARMOUR(anagram)-ER; 25. SCAM-RAT, reversed; 27. PRESSE-(anagram)-(boxe)R; 29. SLAG(reversal)-G(u)Y; 31. V-(t)EN-DUE; 32. SULT(R)Y, anagram; 34. ONE K, reversed; 35. P-ANEL(anagram); 38. CASE, two meanings; 40. SU(reversal)-I-T.

SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 81). JOHN SIMON: DO YOU SPEAK HUMOR? Wit rubs many more people than its direct object the wrong way; and even humor, let alone wit, has, like any other language, illiterates unwilling or unable to learn grammar or syntax. So there goes another universal language down the drain.

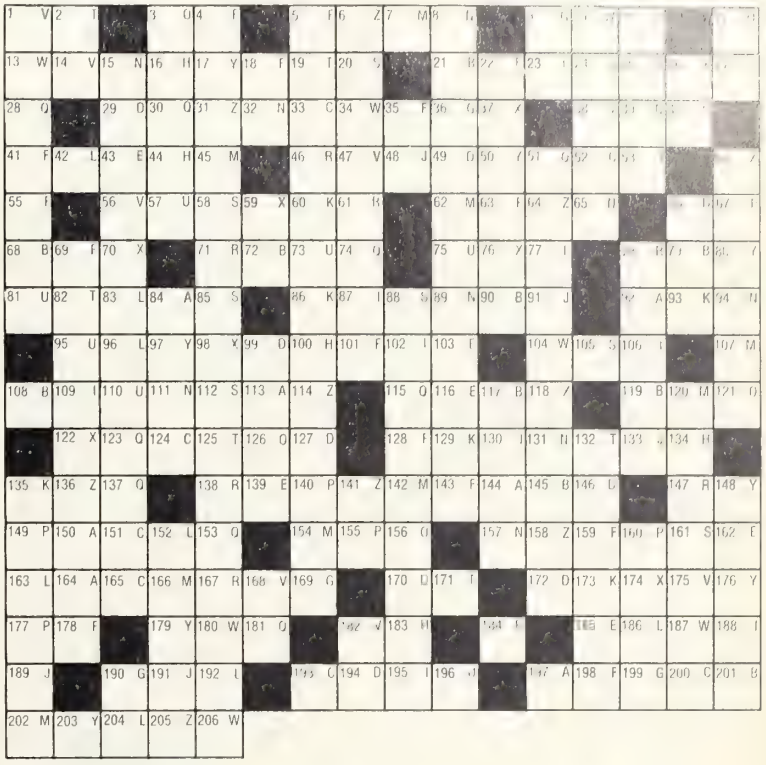
CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 82, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by October 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 80 are Emily Ehm, Barrington, Rhode Island; Mrs. D. Davis, Danville, Virginia; and Judith A. Barrett, Indianapolis, Indiana.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 82

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



CLUES

A. Sad, paltry
150 197 92 144 84
164 113

B. Hasten
79 21 117 145 201 108 72 68
119 90

C. Cures
124 52 193 200 40 151 33 165

D. Basic ingredient of marinara
29 99 172 66 127 194 49 146

E. Harsh-sounding
139 43 162 185 22 116 103

F. 1955 hit play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee (3 wds.)
101 159 178 55 69 35 41 5
63 4 128 18 198 143

G. Abominate
199 36 190 27 169 9

H. Coarse; glaring, shameful
44 100 16 134 183

I. Immoderate indulgences
130 109 87 102 53 188 106 195

J. Wow, sensation
91 48 133 189 191

K. Originates, develops, concocts
129 173 135 60 93 11 86

L. Improve
204 23 192 186 96 163 42 83
152 77

M. Frolicsome, playful
7 45 62 154 142 166 202 107
120

N. Beseeching
94 89 15 131 8 111 65 157
39 32

O. Burt Lancaster played him in the screen version of Hemingway's "The Killers"
126 3 156 25 121

P. Powerful alkali used in making glass, e.g.
67 160 177 140 149 155

Q. Belief that mythology is based in real history
153 123 12 181 115 137 30 51
28 74

R. Made a pretense of
184 78 71 167 46 138 61 147

S. Bends or sends back or aside
105 24 85 112 88 161 58 20

T. Degenerate, decadent
19 2 171 132 82 125

U. Means of dispute settlement in westerns (hyph.)
81 95 57 73 196 170 110 75

V. Portia's lover in *Merchant of Venice*
175 38 168 14 182 56 1 47

W. Area of hostile territory secured by paratroops; more recently, dimwit
187 13 150 10 200 133 34

X. Jiffy, instant
54 135 26 122 31 65 9 70
143 79

Y. Avers, states
5 176 103 3 179 17 145 91

Z. Type of Turkish saber
114 41 [illegible] 64 141 [illegible] 6 158

CLASSIFIED

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $2. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

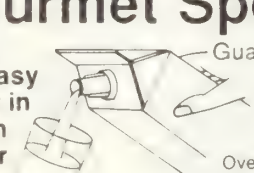
GOURMET

Serve epicurean lasagna, scrumptious chocolate-chip drop cookies. Send $2: California Gourmand, Ltd., 7840 Blue Lake Drive, San Diego, Calif. 92119.

Cookies. Six festive Old World recipes. Send $2 and SASE to Diane, Box 3908, Redding, Calif. 96049.

Gourmet Spout

Clean and Easy Screw in Carton & Pour



Guaranteed

3-Spout Pack $4.95

Overview Ltd
567 Windsor Rd
Wood-Ridge NJ 07075

Biscotti lover? Send $3 and SASE for traditional recipe with hazelnuts. Box 1913, Sausalito, Calif. 94965.

Ten healthy, family-appealing Mexican recipes. Send $2 to Recipes, Box 27621, Tempe, Ariz. 85285.

Renowned French chef Claudette Blanchet offers her skills and talent to help you make your next dinner party an unforgettable experience. Tailor-made menu takes into account your likes and dislikes, your ability, number of guests, season, availability of supplies, and budget. Detailed recipes and "how to" supplied. Also available: laser-printed menus and guest cards. Send $3 for details, samples, and questionnaire (credited to first order) to Claudette Blanchet, P.O. Box 7, Batiscan, Quebec G0X 1A0, Canada.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes available from government from $1 without credit check. You repair. Also tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, for repo list in your area.

MUSIC

Wedding music—elegant, ceremonial music for weddings, receptions, and other special occasions. Top-quality recording artists (classical, folk, jazz, or new age). Reasonable rates. Contact: Five Corners Music, P.O. Box 3580, Silver Spring, Md. 20901. (301) 588-1618.

Comprehensive history of music and humanities in chart form. Write for brochure, sample, and ordering information. Musigraphs, Box 03162, Mililani, Hawaii 96789.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″ × 35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. Send $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 1348, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Exotic tropically scented Brazilian soap. Can soap be delicious? Once you try this, you're hooked: $1.50 each, 10 for $12. Postage—add $1.50 for each group of five. Department A, Box 1656, Troy, N.Y. 12181.

The Dan Quayle watch—proudly worn by Mickey Mouse. Color, quartz, fully guaranteed: $29. The Jar, P.O. Box 10707, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Unique gift for language lovers. "Recreational Rhetoric" game to enhance creativity in writing and speaking. Send $17.95 to Recreational Rhetoric, Box 83, Latrobe, Pa. 15650.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

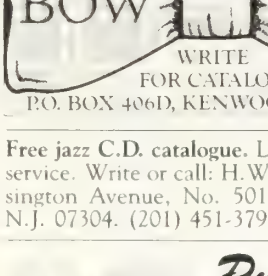
Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558(R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

MERCHANDISE

Seized cars, trucks, boats, four-wheelers, motor homes by the FBI, IRS, DEA. Available in your area now. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. C-1410.

JOHN FIELDS
BOW TIES
WRITE FOR CATALOG
P.O. BOX 406D, KENWOOD, CA 95452

Free jazz C.D. catalogue. Low prices, quick service. Write or call: H.W.I. Co., 25 Kensington Avenue, No. 501H, Jersey City, N.J. 07304. (201) 451-3795.



Pure Comfort!
WASHABLE AUSTRALIAN SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
JUMBUCKS
Write or Call 1-800-950-2668 for FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY Portland, OR 97232

VACATION RENTALS

Carmel Garden charmer. Two blocks to sea. Three bedrooms, two baths, fireplace. Per week, $800; longer—until January—for less. Agent: (406) 475-3155.

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our s
Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White
N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Canadian books: Used, out-of-prin
backs, hardbacks. Any Canadiana,
or sea books. Wells Group, 958 P
nue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Ca

Obtain your books (new or in-prin
pleasantly, reliably—with one soot
to Minnesota. Tell us what you n
ship immediately or will special-orde
golet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Min
468-4347.

Seasoned Books. Monthly newsl
views books 30+ years old and still
Premise: Their staying power implie
value, nothing trendy or ephemeral.
nonfiction, mysteries, and mo
months, six issues, $12. Seasoned
Dept. HM, P.O. Box 42615, Portla
97242-0615.

Delightful Daily Disasters!
The Pessimist's Journal of Very, Very Bad Days
Hardbound: $12.00 postpaid
Checks to: Pessimist
Box 1950
Boston, MA 02130

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly sinc
Four months/$1, one year/$4. Th
(H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly pr
vius Josephus created fictional Jesu
pels: $5. For details, send SASE to
Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Japanese comic magazine *Manga-Jin*
business, political, and everyday-life
with "subtitles," explanation, and c
tary in English. Free sample copy: D
P.O. Box 10443, Atlanta, Ga. 303

"Great fun." That's magazine lege
Jayme on the nation's newest and
gently needed lampoon—*A Jar by t*
Try the magazine for $5, or take a
$25 (five issues), and then sit back
desserts are served up for the great fi
our time. The Jar, 2042 Peach
Drive, No. T-1, Falls Church, Va.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian R
Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6,
Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

EDUCATION

Study Chinese at home. Free br
Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles
W. Va. 25414.

Learn Spanish in Guatemala. Family
CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee
53211. (414) 372-5570.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $1.85 per word; three times, $1.75 per word; six times, $1.65 per word; twelve times, $1.50 p
Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time,
column inch; three times, $110 per column inch; six times, $105 per column inch; twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified co
first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classi
Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Lisa Kay Gressinger, Classified Advertising M

or's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to offering nonresidential degree pro- rough independent home study. Ac- l, economical, accelerated programs. given for prior accomplishments and xperience. Free detailed brochure. Doctor John Bear, 862 Southampton Suite 102-H, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

earning. Triple learning speed n music. Languages, data. Maximize y, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, ue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, 15-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, a.

pproved university degrees. Economme study for bachelor's, master's, and degrees, fully approved by California Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty ls for independent-study and lifence credits (5,100 enrolled students, culty). Free information: Richard M.D. (Harvard), President, Columcific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 5) 459-1650.

EAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
tudy audiocassette courses developed for State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call te for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
JDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
fth Avenue. Dept.H10 Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

rch papers: 18,278 papers available— demic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page gue. Custom writing also available. rch, 11322 Idaho, No. 206HB, Los es, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

mpus individualized programs for sionals at Somerset lead to American al degrees. For a prospectus, send $8 International Administrative Center, set University, Illminster, Somerset OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

ART

lealer—buy direct: Erté, Doolittle, nan, and all nationally known artists. or information: (800)333-9ART. Paul Art Broker, 8463 Peachland Avenue, topol, Calif. 95472.

ning pottery artworks. Collectible n replicas, southwestern motifs. Rea- ly priced gifts. Free catalogue. Mucraft, 5622 East Presidio, No. H1010, sdale, Ariz. 85254.

CATALOGUE

sands of special-interest videos in- l and reviewed with photos. Education, , family, business, home improvement, Catalogue, $3.95; $2.95 off first pur-. Goldex, 6006 Greenbelt, Suite , Greenbelt, Mass. 20770.

LITERARY SERVICES

sh your book. Join our successful au- . All subjects invited. Publicity, adver- , beautiful books. Send for fact-filled let and free manuscript report. Carlton , Dept. HZV, 11 W. 32nd Street, New N.Y. 10001.

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Confidential assistance in all writing needs. Cassette transcriptions. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter"—reference guide to unusual cruising, $3. TravLtips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

TRAVEL AND STUDY IN EUROPE
Can be cheaper than staying home. I met people of all ages during my year abroad who called it "the experience of a lifetime." Send now for detailed guide.
$3.95/SASE, Guides to the Good Life, Go to Europe, Box 3346, South Pasadena, CA 91031.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Financial independence/total freedom. You can earn a powerful income with MultiPure's guaranteed finest quality water filters. Market exploding. Benefit now. (800) 334-5543, ext. 127.

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Write: PASE-HM2, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Initial investment of $100 for a realistic opportunity to earn $400,000 in one year. No joke. Free details. Serious inquiries only, please. Write: Staples, Dept. H/EIP, 7629 Winchester Street, Charleston, S.C. 29420-4244.

LOTTERY/LOTTO

TO BEAT ANY LOTTERY OR LOTTO
You can buy our "WIN" computer program outright for $99.95. BUT DON'T DO IT!
We're so sure you'll win with it that **WE'LL SELL "WIN" TO YOU FOR ONLY $19.95** plus your promise to pay us just one percent of everything over $100,000 that you win with it.
"WIN" is on disk for APPLE, ATARI, COMMODORE 64, IBM PC & jr, and KAYPRO. Check, M.O., Master or Visa to:
f/22 Press (Dept H), P.O. Box 141, Leonia, NJ 07605

PERSONALS

Charming overseas Asian ladies seek cultured gentlemen for commitment, happiness. Dignity and privacy assured. Caring. Selective. (800) 421-4686.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Money-back guarantee. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Poland, Sweden, Mexico, etc.: worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Asian ladies for pen pals/marriage. Free details and bonus offers. Sapphire International, Box 800, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10159.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossoms, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, any time.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone reading. Visa/MC/Amex. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

Degreed, successful, attractive women of all ages wish correspondence, relationship. Free directory. South American Beauty, P.O. Box 984-C, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48236.

Beautiful island girls desire lifemates. Free videos, photos. Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Inviting, beautiful Asian girls seek friendship, love, marriage. Send for free brochure and/or $1 for list. Fiancée Express, Box 5194, York, Pa. 17405-5194.

Romantic symbolist visionary, poet, composer, translator, absorbed in quest for aesthetic splendor and mystic wonderment, dancing heart untouched by academia, seeks cultured, earnest patronage, benevolence. Write Vivad, 944 W. 15th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V5Z 1R9, Canada.

Meet new friends by joining a worldwide correspondence club. Write: Box 812, Montevideo, Uruguay.

Pen Pals Around the World. Details: 59 Court Drive, Shrewsbury, N.J. 07702.



THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748
Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

MISCELLANEOUS

Emotional pain carries an electrical charge. Relieve the charge, relieve the pain. I am a discharge terminal sent to help relieve the pain. Express your feelings in confidence to David L. Riddle, 3200 Federal Dept. 120, Pasadena, Tex. 77504. Include $10 donation.

Storytellers, puppeteers: original humorous stories. Price negotiable. Parker, Box 788, Port St. Joe, Fla. 32456.

Bridal-shower program, "Flowers." Original. Five pages, $3. Winger, Church Road, Ford City, Pa. 16226.

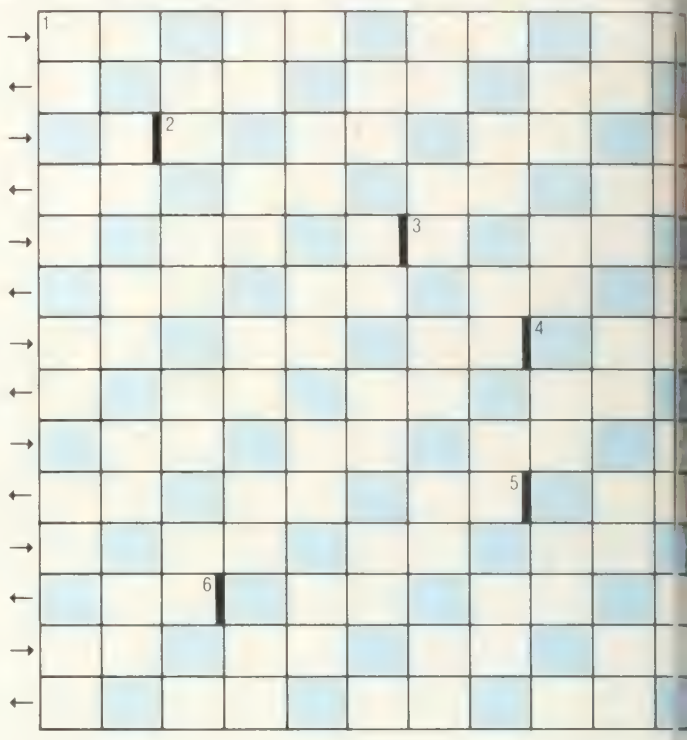
PUZZLE

Biased Opinion

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Each group of clue answers can be overlapped to form a word chain (SEARCHANGELATINT, e.g.) in which some letters are unchecked. Each group below is clued in order of answer length, not position in the sequence. Enter each word chain at its appropriate number, following the arrows, reversing direction at the end of each row. When the diagram is completed, an eleven-word quotation and its author's pen name will be revealed in the shaded diagonals, reading from left to right.

Clue answers include one geographical name and two uncommon words (3f, 4a). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.



Across

1.a. One-on-one player starting off with excessive enthusiasm (5)
b. Famous press agent brought back the missing link? (6, *hyph.*)
c. Boredom in officials grips country ready to topple? (6)
d. What to do with one of the cases held by a prosecutor (6)
e. The cost of hauling about great bananas (7)
f. Spanish island is Marconi's resort (7)

2.a. Kind of shirt that's cut back to nothing (4)
b. It's a certainty . . . after school, it's garbage (4)
c. Noodles at blackjack, contrarily (5)
d. Catch business colleague almost in reversal (6)
e. Taking a look around church, and stiffening (9)
f. Part of the mixture could be engine dirt (10)

3.a. Fast time orchestra leader played slowly (5)
b. Gave considerable praise to dancing duet (6)
c. Display is solid, filled with energy (6, *two words*)
d. "Le chic" is ludicrous without an A cup (7)
e. Silence destroyed freedom (7)
f. Like intestinal parasites in zoo, etc., running rampant (8)

4.a. "Matey" can be construed from earlier word forms (5)
b. Animal disease one gets right out of the stable trough (5)
c. Gag that's funny in itself (6)
d. One drug ruined Red infielder's opportunity (8)
e. Sniper distinguishes me from principal (8)
f. Drum's tone could be the lowest (9)

5.a. Guys turned over in swindle (4)
b. Raised projections—don't initiate fraternity candidates (6)
c. Tightly controlled area, if led by English princess (6)
d. Riot-control agent rushes around Georgia (7, *two words*)
e. Conceive and develop bad taste, e.g. (7)
f. Chewed cigars, swallowing bit of tobacco, affecting the stomach (7)
g. Herb arrived holding round figure (thousand) (8)

6.a. Knock a singular hairstyle? (4)
b. Trained the wrong way, pony's last in horse race (5)
c. Saw the lady, one hears, with eight-footer (6)
d. Editor taken in by us backing manuscript for rock-garden plants (6)
e. Marginally dehydrated, so we shuffled inside and looked for water (6)
f. Without notice, parades in tails (7)
g. Grief that comes from losing head in despair (7)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Biased Opinion," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the August puzzle, "Theme & Variations: Lady Fair," are Christine Month, Stony Brook, New York; Elizabeth English, Midlothian, Virginia; and Robert Keston, La Canada, California.



Reserve Your Seat Now For 52 Weeks Of The Saint Louis Symphony.

As long as you have a radio, you have a ticket to one of the most dynamic seasons of the Saint Louis Symphony. Not to mention one of the longest.

Starting this fall, National Public Radio will bring you a full year's worth of weekly concerts. You'll hear the world's greatest music, from Beethoven to Bernstein. From the classics, to some of the innovative new composers you've come to expect from the Saint Louis Symphony.

So check with your local NPR station. Reserve your seat. And make it a comfortable one.

You could be there 52 weeks.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

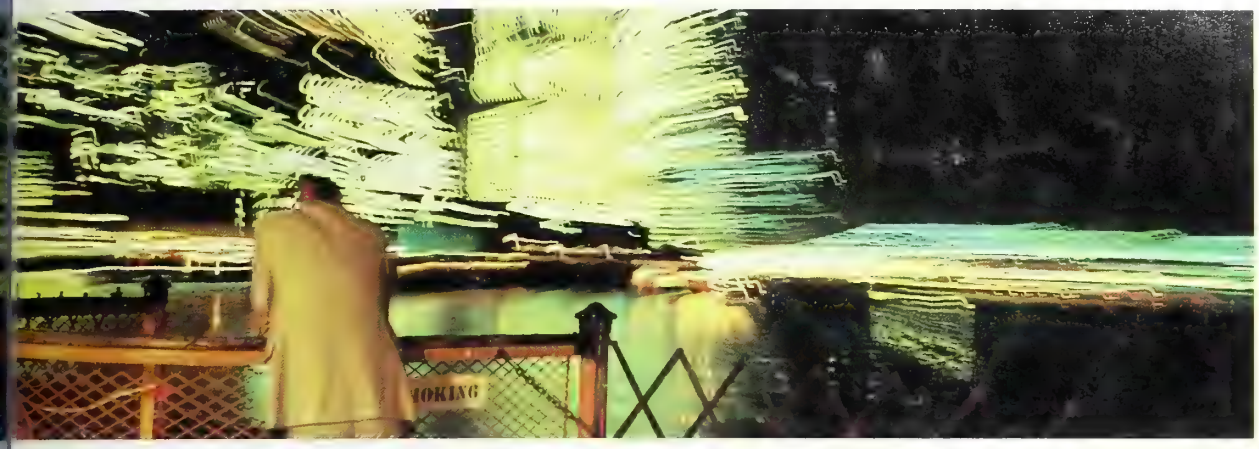

THE
PERFECT RECESS
Parliament
PARLIAMENT
Lights
9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC m
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

ovember

OVEMBER 1989

3 9042 01815209 7

HARPER'S



STALKING THE BILLION-FOOTED BEAST
A Literary Manifesto for the New Social Novel
By Tom Wolfe

EAST-WEST RELATION
Summit on First Avenue
By Robert Stone

UNDER THE INFLUENCE
Paying the Price of My Father's Booze
By Scott Russell Sanders

REASSURANCE
A story by Allan Gurganus

BURLINGAME
OCT 26 1989
LIBRARY

. Kenner, Mark Twain,
n the new millennialists

#125E ****** 5-DIGIT 94010
#BRL7PI480P09910Z#
HP DEC 89 1 01
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME, CA 94010
00037

Everything You Need to Know About Scotch, in 30 Seconds

If all you can spare is half a minute, here's all you need to know about Scotch. You have to acquire a taste for the smooth, smoky, peaty flavor. To do so, there's no better way than to acquaint yourself with a bottle of Ballantine's Finest.

That ought to do it.



Ballantine's

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky 43% Alc /Vol (86 proof) ©1989 Maidstone Wine & Spirits In

Everything You Need to Know About Scotch, in 15 Minutes

hould you have a bit more time on your
, taste a Scotch worth savoring. Ballantine's
. First, pour yourself a glass. Then relax.
tle into that easy chair. After all, it takes time
preciate a good Scotch. Let the ice cubes melt
. That will easily take five minutes.
hile you're waiting, consider that Ballantine's
nooth blend of not four, not twenty, but 42 of
iest single malt Scotch whiskies. Each chosen
s unique contribution to the overall flavor.
e, perhaps, to Ballantine's number one rank
rope. Okay. Take a sip.
te the Highland smoke? Taste the flowery
er? Taste the earthy peat? Taste the salty sea
Mmmmmmmmm. That's what you should
in fine Scotch.
ank you for such generous use of your time.

Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

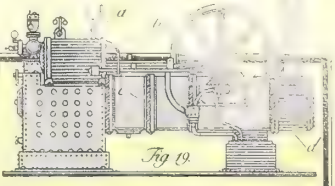
You Need to K[illegible] About Scotch, in 17 Years

It rains a lot in Scotland. Always has. How much? Let's just say you'll never hit a sprinkler head on a Scottish golf course. The Highlands alone get more than twice the rainfall of Seattle. Even more than the Amazon River territory.

Faced with such unaccustomed natural abundance the Scots came up with lots of things to do with water. They developed hydro power long before the industrial revolution. They boiled it to power steam engines. And they used it for transportation, building canals as early as 1761.

But, chiefly, the Scots dedicate their water to a more noble purpose. They use it to make Scotch whisky.

Of course it also takes peat, barley and yeast to complete the recipe, but Scotch is, after all, a liquid, and the water makes a big difference. Especially in a complex blend like Ballantine's Finest. Some water runs from granite highlands down through peaty bogs, into small lakes, or *lochans*. Some runs through the peat over the granite, into streams, or *burns*. It makes a difference, too, because Scotch made with one water has a flavor very distinct from Scotch made with another. Which is why Ballantine's has always blended different Scotches together.



Was the man who invented the steam engine inspired by a whisky still?

For smooth, mellow, yet full-bodied flavor every time, we blend mature single malts from each of the Scottish whisky regions. Some are created by our eight affiliated distilleries. Others are famous names, purchased directly from the source. (However, we bow to their desire to remain anonymous.)

In all, we use forty-two single malts to create our Finest and 12 year old blends. In the case of our noble 12 year old, none is younger than 12 years, although some are much older.

And our rare 17 year old marries an exclusive selection of more mature spirits into a sophisticated, heady blend for the discriminating Scotch drinker. For special occasions, try Ballantine's legendary 30 year old. Only 200 cases a year find their way to the United States. That's even fewer than the number of Rolls Royces imported each year. *We welcome all correspondence.*

Now you may well think that waiting 12 or 17 years for a Scotch is a bit excessive. And 30 years may indeed be daft. But time is on our side. We've nothing better to do. Besides, it's raining outside.

Balblair. A noble contributor to the blend.

MATURED 17 IN OAK



Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Write to: Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608.





For people who like to smoke...



DELUXE ULTRA LIGHTS
Regular and Menthol

BENSON & HEDGES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Regular: 6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—Menthol: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 279, NO. 1674
NOVEMBER 1989

Letters 4 *Stephen John Price, James N. M. Whitman*

Notebook 10
Endgames *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 15

Readings 19
Mapping the Real Geography *Barry Lopez*
Why Was Iran Air Flight 655 Shot Down? *Commander David R. Carlson*
(Very) Fast Food *Chris Maynard and Bill Scheller*
Relax, Breathe, Visualize, Dump Her *Dr. Gerald Epstein*
Writer's Grudge *Mark Twain*
My White Father *Priscilla Butler*
Barbara Walters's Theater of Revenge *Mark Crispin Miller*
And . . . *Bill Walter, John Thorne, National Rifle Association*

Essay 45
STALKING THE BILLION-FOOTED BEAST *Tom Wolfe*
A literary manifesto for the new social novel

Story 57
REASSURANCE *Allan Gurganus*

Manhattan Letter 63
EAST-WEST RELATION *Robert Stone*
Summit on First Avenue

Memoir 68
UNDER THE INFLUENCE *Scott Russell Sanders*
Paying the price of my father's booze

Miscellany 76
OUT MY COMPUTER WINDOW *Hugh Kenner*
Travels in the land of BIX

Acrostic 81 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 84 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Photograph by Ross Lewis

arper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. John R. MacArthur, President. Copyright 1989 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark wned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second-ass postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance otice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, H 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969, Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *arper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. nsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Patricia Pearson, Casey Seiler, Shahram Victory

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Fred Reed, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe

Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Jean Ferris, *Circulation Assistant*
Diane Kraft, *Assistant to the Publisher*
Staff
Joseph Malits, Noreen Assing, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500
Vice President, Advertising Director
Victoria Reisenbach
Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Mary Anne Malley, *Detroit Manager*
Peter B. Harckham, Lisa Kay Greissinger
Andrew Walko, *Advertising Assistant*

LETTERS

Leaving a Mess

Existence on Mars, as Frederick Turner envisions it ["Life on Mars," August], would indeed be idyllic. No religious factions will fight over homelands; no death threats will be made against authors; no vocal, frenetic evangelists will clog airwaves, extort money, or sway presidential elections. Since detailed chronologies will explain how this paradise was created, all theological arguments and assertions will finally be laid to rest.

I, for one, can't wait to abandon this ravaged and raped old planet and learn to fly on this new, crisp, pristine Mars. Perhaps, for a short time, I will experience what Earth must have been like before strip-mining, pesticides, pulp mills, chemical plants, and nuclear explosions overcame it. Of course, these things will have to be introduced on Mars, won't they? How else are we to maintain an economy and our current standard of living? That reminds me—are we all expected to live as Americans? As a Canadian, this notion worries me. And what if the Russians get there first? Never mind. I'm sure Turner has it all worked out.

There is something, however, that I find troublesome. It's one of those silly things my parents taught me I, with lack of vision, have ingra in my children. I was always taug clean up my mess before I left room. Who will clean up Earth b we all leave?

Stephen John Price
Toronto

I find it ironic that in the same that featured Turner's dream of vating Mars, the Harper's Inde veals that each space-shuttle la releases 77,000 pounds of chemicals. An effort to cultivate would surely entail hundre launches. Given that we have al killed thousands of lakes with rain, punched a continent-size in the ozone layer, and are threat with global warming, perhaps th tivation of Mars should wait un have developed nontoxic la mechanisms. It would be a shar in bringing life to Mars, we kill own planet.

Carl R. Henn
Rockville, Md.

Turner suggests that we ba three distinct modes of thought ductive, creative, and ecologi and he sees ways for humans to u potential more fully and to appl knowledge more productively f cultivation of a world, for inn tion to blossom from Mars's in landscape.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

tivation implies human partici-
ı. Turner claims that dwelling
on "ecological thinking . . . is
ctively hostile to any kind of in-
ion." Yet he seems to forget that
lanet has produced rich and
e plant and animal species with-
iltivation, and that the world,
e the twentieth century, has
ed for millions of years, through
gical pressures that forced
e and adaptation—evolution.
ner also writes that, if humans
ike all other species, we would
vipe out all our competition and
ill sources of our own nourish-
' Obviously, nature does not
in accordance with this one
ple, or nothing would be here
rth. We can, however, apply
ieory to humans, who destroy
and sources of nourishment;
e streams, rivers, and oceans;
st the atmosphere with non-
radable chemicals; cut down
and kill fellow humans. We in-
wipe out the competition for
ves.

A reductive, creative, and ecologically minded person will see the havoc an out-of-control species can achieve on a planet. Why would such a person wish to condemn another piece of unspoiled land by introducing a species that cannot function thoughtfully and productively in its own ecosystem?

Greta Nintzel
Durham, N.C.

With all the failures in our vaunted technology, from gypsy moths to space shuttles, one has got to be mighty concerned about Turner's plans to cultivate Mars by shooting chunks of moon at it and injecting it with runaway microbes that would blanket the planet in five days.

I know that we've got some really swell computer programs that simulate all this stuff. But when you start talking about taking a moon from Saturn and dropping it on Mars, I have to wonder: What if it missed? Or worse, suppose some minor miscalculation—someone forgot [illegible] critical point, say—caused [illegible] from all Mars toward Texas?

Perhaps we should adhere to the John Lennon doctrine and [illegible] to the Martians, even if there aren't any. After all, we really don't need it. There's still time, if we act fast, to save the planet we rode in on.

David Snead
Avon, Conn.

I was overwhelmed with joy as I read Turner's description of what life on Mars may be like.

Perhaps by sending forth only those prepared to live in harmony with everyone and everything, we can come one step closer to realizing the utopian society so many have dreamed of for so long. I dare not say how we could decide who goes, but by making sure that only those worthy of such an honor go, we will be employing the Buddhist theory of life and rebirth on a grand scale. It says, at its most basic level, that life gets better the next

PITTSBURGH
Poetry Series

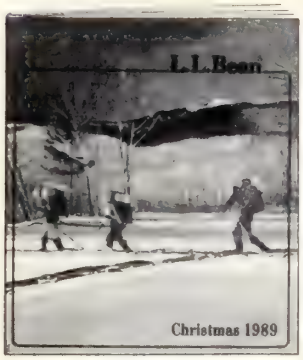
aptivity
oi Derricotte
Toi Derricotte moves us . . .
rough worlds some black
omen have always known, but
times suspected might live only
the insides of our own eyelids.
he pain does not exceed the
ower."—Audre Lorde. "One
the most beautiful and neces-
ry voices in American poetry
day."—Sharon Olds
ecember/$16.95 cloth,
3.95 paper

Green Age
Alicia Suskin Ostriker
Witty, daring, and humane—new poems from one of the most praised poets of her generation. "All of us who are women poets, idol breakers and revisionists . . . feel a deep kinship to the work of Alicia Ostriker."—Eleanor Wilner
November/$16.95 cloth,
$8.95 paper

Toluca Street
Maxine Scates
WINNER OF THE 1988
AGNES LYNCH STARRETT
POETRY PRIZE
"Unflinching in its clear-sighted political awareness and generous in its scope and forgiveness for personal harm. I admire enormously both the ambition and the achievement of this book."—Maggie Anderson
October/$16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS
PITTSBURGH, PA 15260

L.L.Bean®



FREE
Christmas Catalog

Features active and casual wear for men and women who enjoy the outdoors. Winter sports equipment, luggage and furnishings for home or camp. Practical and functional gift ideas. All fully guaranteed to give 100% satisfaction. Our 77th year of providing dependable mail order service. **We pay all regular postage and handling charges and offer toll-free telephone services.**

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-548-4303, Ext. 16

L. L. Bean, Inc.,
273 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Mesoamerica



"A fine publication that has much to offer."
—Carlos Fuentes

A Latin American journal devoted exclusively to Mexico and Central America, covering politics, culture, history, archaeology and the environment, our articles by (North) American and Latin American diplomats, scholars and writers, sometimes make news in the *New York Times* (August 8, 1989).

$20/year, $5/Sample. To order, please write: Mesoamerica, P. O. Box 42721, San Francisco, CA 94142-2721

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!



. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM11, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

"I *know* Frank Gifford. He remembers me."
—PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON, trying to impress Roone Arledge

"We'll be back tomorrow with the memorial services...I know you'll enjoy them."
—CHRIS SCHENKEL, ABC News, after the massacre of the Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics

"If blacks take over coaching like everybody wants them to do, there is not going to be anything left for the white people."
—JIMMY "THE GREEK" SNYDER, Martin Luther King Day, 1988

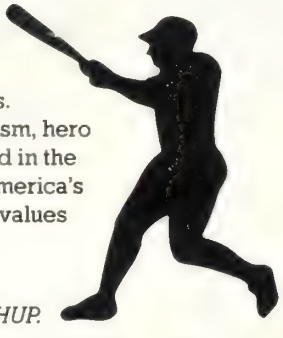
WINNING IS THE ONLY THING

Sports in America since 1945
RANDY ROBERTS and JAMES OLSON

A hard look at the dark side of American sports. Scandals, greed, corruption, drugs, crime, racism, hero worship, and other sports stories you won't find in the record books. Roberts and Olson argue that America's leisure pastimes reflect—and influence—the values of our society at large.

$18.95 *hardcover*

Available at your bookstore or call 1-800-537-JHUP.



THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

time around for those who deserv
In this case, it would be humank
a whole that may benefit.

I must admit I occasionally d
the likelihood of peace on E
Maybe we can have peace on M

Rob Lattanzi
Hamden, Conn.

Frederick Turner responds:

The gentle spirit that informs
Lattanzi's letter is one we all
though we should at this stage i
century be rather wary of the id
utopia. In my essay, I was not pr
ing a utopia but a future, a ho
irreversible and as fraught with c
quences (some of which are ima
in my epic poem *Genesis*) as any
of human history.

Carl R. Henn's point abou
space-shuttle exhaust is well t
though 77,000 pounds, even
plied by many hundreds, is still
ligible amount compared wit
annual tonnage of automobile
sions. We must sometimes use
to catch a mackerel.

Stephen John Price, Greta N
and David Snead do not like th
of human history and seem to b
that "clean" nature and "dirty"
ry can and should be detache
each other. For me, the theory
lution implies that human his
also a part of nature, and that
itself has always been a mess:
thing interfering with every
else, everything changing, ever
being used up, everything i
ible, waste everywhere—the g
second law of thermodynamic
is a mess—sucking, secreting
peting, breeding, dying—and
beings—desirous, aspiring, q
some, proud, acquisitive, cr
selfish, altruistic, inquisitiv
embarrassingly self-conscious
are—are what nature produce
it had the chance to do so.

Our only hope is to embra
acknowledge the glorious and
mess of human history, and
faith in the process of evolutio
in its swiftest and most violent
human thought, desire, and ac
is up to us to make it an evolu
love and care for one another
the universe; whatever wisd

acquire together about the pro-
on and restoration of the envi-
ent, even in the context of the
rs column of *Harper's Magazine*,
rt of that evolution too. Al-
gh some of the respondents dis-
with me, I thank them for their
ern, I acknowledge that they are
of the same evolving mental and
ual ecology as I, and I embrace
ness of our disagreement.

rgency Information

vish to express my dismay over
eference to Vice President Dan
le in the Harper's Index [Au-
. What good does it do anyone to
t that Mr. Quayle has "acciden-
nit the Secret Service emergency
n under his desk" three times? It
d to think of any reason for pub-
ng this information other than
lesire to ridicule Mr. Quayle.
e it is true that Mr. Quayle is
nally qualified for his office, his
quacies do not justify those who
l deride him. Even if ridicule was not *Harper's Magazine*'s motivation, surely the editors are aware that this information will likely serve no other purpose.

Douglas D. Corbitt
Conway, Ark.

Missing Victims

I have always enjoyed the Harper's Index, but in the August issue I was surprised to see the figure of one in twelve given for the chances that an American woman will be the victim of a rape or an attempted rape in her lifetime. The U.S. Department of Justice is cited as the source for this information. I believe that a more accurate figure for the chances a woman will be the victim of a rape or an attempted rape in her lifetime is somewhere between one in three and two in five. Is it possible that the Justice Department figure refers to *reported* rapes and attempted rapes? It would be responsible journalism on the part of *Harper's Magazine* to look into this question and cla[illegible] other women in the United States living with these terrible odds will thank you for telling the truth clearly.

Diane A. Schacter
Medford, Mass.

Editors' Response: The statistic printed in the August Harper's Index refers to reported rapes. The editors agree with Diane Schacter that the chances of an American woman being the victim of a rape or an attempted rape are significantly greater if estimates of unreported crimes are included. However, because of the difficulty of quantifying unreported crimes—especially on a national level—the editors chose to print a documented, more conservative—and yet quite alarming—statistic rather than depend on an estimate that, in this case, would admit too large a margin of error.

Hymn to a Fighter Jet

Halfway through reading "Toward Pure Energy" [August] by Laurence

General Motors sets the stage for four brilliant American vehicles.


ony Quinn

The American Playwrights Theater. Four one-act plays by Pulitzer Prize authors Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, Marsha Norman and Paul Zindel. The work of four accomplished directors. Starring a xy of Tony, Emmy and Oscar winners. Hosted introduced by Anthony Quinn. Great American ormances in the GM tradition of excellence.

Exclusively this season on the A&E Network.



Third and Oak: The Pool Hall
by Marsha Norman
With James Earl Jones, Mario Van Peebles and Debra Cole
Thursday, November 2 at 9:00 p.m. EST



The Rope
by Eugene O'Neill
With Elizabeth Ashley, Len Cariou, Brad Davis and Jose Ferrer
Thursday, December 7 at 9:00 p.m. EST



Let Me Hear You Whisper
by Paul Zindel
With Jean Stapleton, Rue McClanahan and David Doyle
Thursday, January 4 at 9:00 p.m. EST



27 Wagons Full of Cotton
by Tennessee Williams
With Lesley Ann Warren, Ray Sharkey and Peter Boyle as *Jake*
Thursday, February 1 at 9:00 p.m. EST

GM

A General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentation

Gonzales, I found myself checking the cover just to see if I'd picked up *Soldier of Fortune* by mistake. Unless this article was a brilliant piece of very subtle satire, I think this hymn to a fighter jet is disgusting. The subject of the piece, lest we forget, is a machine built to drop bombs on people. This fact seems not to bother Gonzales, save for the "paradox" of "the pyrotechnic beauty of an exploding bomb." What exactly is the point of the article? How really *neat* it is to fly a great big powerful airplane all by yourself? Especially one that has a switch marked NUCLEAR STORES CONSENT?

Haven't any of you people seen the movie *Dr. Strangelove*?

Cheryl Alu
Los Angeles

What a surprise to find a macho article in *Harper's Magazine!* Enraptured by the smell of JP-4 jet fuel, Gonzales writes, "Writing is for losers; let's fly jets!" and thereby throws away the most powerful stick in history, the pen, to replace it with a stick that controls 12,000 pounds of highly valuable steel in flight. Flying the T-38, Gonzales undergoes a remarkable transcendence: "I had been able to transfer my soul out of my body and into a superhuman instrument." He also discovers a new identity: "I had become one with the aircraft, not metaphorically but actually." We can only conclude that Gonzales is now the property of the United States Air Force.

Gonzales's romantic description of piloting a jet reprises the clichéd heroism of cowboys riding into the sunset and the familiar American myths of individualism and freedom. But he neglects the obvious negative aspects of jet aircraft—the noise, the pollution, the feelings of inferiority some may have because they are unable to fly jets. Well, there is a saying among the instructor pilots of the Air Force: "If you give me enough bananas, I'll teach every ape how to fly."

Having gone through pilot training myself and therefore having flown the T-38 at Sheppard Air Force Base, I agree that it's a unique experience, but not in the juvenile way Gon describes. Flying a military jet is akin to inebriation; it's simply a job, one that needs a cool head.

Rolf Faessler
Munich, West Germany

Promises, Promises

In response to George McGov claim [Letters, June] that Ni withdrawal of troops from Vie was only a result of congressional sure, Dan Althoff [Letters, Au writes that Nixon was, in fact, ing a promise made during the presidential campaign.

Perhaps. But what about Ni *other* promise, made on Octob 1968—during his *previous* cam —to stop the war?

W. B. Gerard
Rego Park, N.Y.

Thinking About It, Part I

I took the advice offered b ladies of the Indianapolis Retire

Independent research shows:

NordicTrack preferred six to one over bikes and rowers

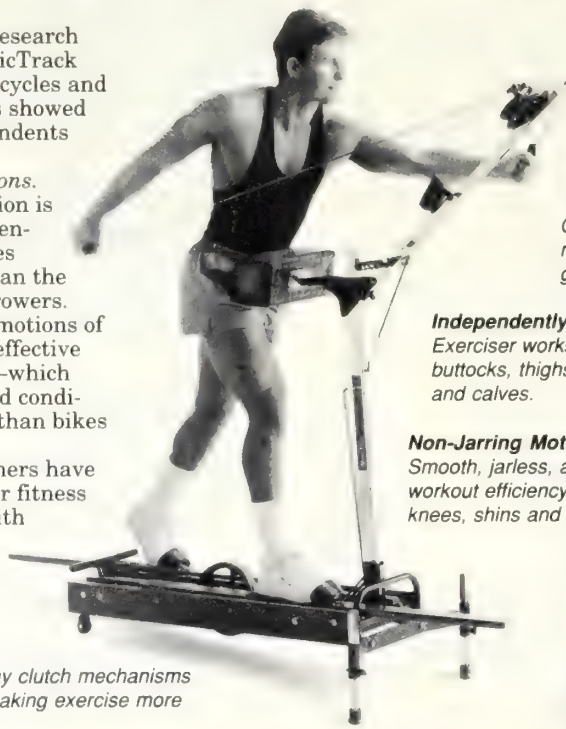
In 1988 Burke Marketing Research conducted a survey among NordicTrack owners who also own exercise bicycles and rowing machines. Their findings showed that by a margin of 6 to 1, respondents prefer their NordicTracks.

They have several good reasons.

NordicTrack's upright position is more absorbing and fun, both mentally and physically, and provides greater freedom of movement than the sit-down positions of bikes and rowers.

NordicTrack simulates the motions of cross-country skiing—the most effective form of aerobic exercise known—which means it burns more calories and conditions more muscles in less time than bikes and rowers.

All of which means that owners have found that they can achieve their fitness goals more quickly and easily with NordicTrack than with bikes and rowers, and without risk of injury.



Patented Flywheel
Patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanisms provide continuity of motion making exercise more pleasant and easier to sustain.

Independently Adjustable Up Body Exerciser
Upper body exerciser works extensor muscles of the back, t rotators, biceps, triceps, should chest and upper back.

Stand-up Position
Comfortable upright position is mor natural, more stimulating and allow greater freedom of movement.

Independently Adjustable Lower Body Exercis
Exerciser works hip flexors, gluteus muscles of th buttocks, thighs, hamstrings, knee extensors, ank and calves.

Non-Jarring Motion
Smooth, jarless, aerobic motion ensures maximum workout efficiency while eliminating the risk of injury t knees, shins and back.

Free Brochure & Vido
1-800-328-588
In Canada 1-800-433-9582

NordicTrack
A CML Com

[Letters, August], who wanted
s to "think about" the appear-
of an advertisement in *Harper's*
zine for a poster depicting the
ve sizes of mammals' penises. I
ht about the fact that these
n find the poster advertisement
ive yet fail to be degraded by the
tisement for *Yellow Silk,* the
nal of Erotic Arts," which also
rs regularly in your magazine.

A. *Girard*
Diego

the ladies of the Indianapolis
ement Home, I say, with all due
ct, where will it all end? If today
ohibit the purveyors of perfectly
ul depictions of genitalia, to-
ow—who knows? What about
ther ads that appear in the back
? Do we really want *Harper's*
zine editors shielding us from
n women [who] desire romance"
eautiful island girls [who] desire
ates"? It is not *Harper's Maga-*
place to steer its readers clear.
nally, as a satisfied customer, I can attest to the poster's educational value. Where else could one learn that "the porpoise has a remarkable penis," as the accompanying explanatory sheet avers with Carl Sagan-like wonder?

Josh Gillette
New York City

As an owner of the "penis poster," I can testify that it is both educational and enlightening. The penises are hand-drawn at one-fifth their actual size, and each is accompanied by a description, sometimes including historical trivia. We learn, for example, that the bull penis was used as a flogging stick by societies past.

Sheila Joseph
Portland, Ore.

More Curiosities

The July issue [Readings] included an excerpt from a flier for the Museum of the Thousand and One Curiosities, in Guadalest, Spain. The flier claims that the museum's collection of extraordinary dimensions, handcrafted objects (such as the Statue of Liberty re-created in the eye of a needle) is "unique in the world." This is not true. In the Soviet Union, in a monastery in Kiev, there is a similar exhibit. It contains a glass rose inserted in a hollowed-out piece of hair, a flea wearing a tutu and a pair of golden ballet slippers, a complete, moving chess set on the head of a pin, the first two pages of Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea* on half a pear seed, and other such creations.

What I want to know is this: How were these objects created?

James N. M. Whitman
Osterville, Mass.

Correction

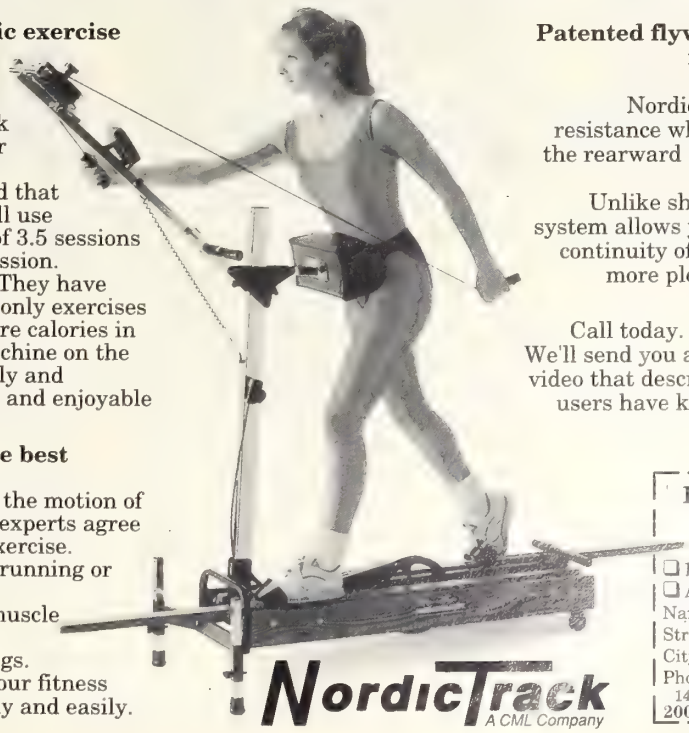
The June 1989 issue of *Harper's Magazine* included a Readings excerpt from *Please Stand By,* which was described as a quarterly newsletter about "technical difficulties" on television. It has recently been brought to the editors' attention that the "newsletter" was spurious.

nazing results:

After five years, 7 out of 10 NordicTrack owners still use their machines more than 3 times per week

e most effective aerobic exercise chine on the market.
In 1988, Maritz Mar-
ng Research conducted
rvey among NordicTrack
ers who had owned their
hines for more than five
rs. Their findings showed that
y 69% of respondents still use
ir machines an average of 3.5 sessions
week, 25 minutes per session.
Their reason is simple. They have
nd that NordicTrack not only exercises
re muscles and burns more calories in
s time than any other machine on the
rket, but that it's mentally and
rsically more stimulating and enjoyable
well.

oss-country skiing—the best robic exercise.
NordicTrack duplicates the motion of
ss-country skiing, which experts agree
he best form of aerobic exercise.
ter than biking, rowing, running or
mming.
It works all the major muscle
ups in your body: arms,
ulders, back, stomach, legs.
ich means you achieve your fitness
l weight-loss goals quickly and easily.



Patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanisms provide true cross-country ski action.
NordicTrack features proportional resistance which places primary effort on the rearward stride just like cross-country skiing.
Unlike shuffle-type ski exercisers, the system allows you to develop a rhythm and continuity of motion that makes exercise more pleasant and easier to sustain.

Discover for yourself.
Call today. Or fill out the coupon below. We'll send you a free full-color brochure and video that describe in detail why 7 out of 10 users have kept their fitness and weight-loss goals on track.

Free Brochure & Video
1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State ___ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
141 Jonathan Blvd.• Chaska, MN 55318
200K9

NordicTrack
A CML Company

NOTEBOOK

Endgames

By Lewis H. Lapham

The fin is coming early this siècle.
—Angela Carter

The conjunction of the end of the century and the end of the millennium has not gone unnoticed by the journals of advanced opinion, and if the early portents mean anything, then it is safe to assume that over the next ten years the markets for dire prophecy and piteous lamentation will become almost as profitable as the markets for free-range chickens and sun-dried tomatoes. Strictly speaking, of course, the *fin de siècle* hasn't yet arrived, but nervous editors in New York and Washington already have been seized with the compulsion to be the first into print with the worst possible news. The summer issue of *The National Interest* announced "The End of History?" and scarcely two weeks later, so early in September that all the leaves were still on the trees, *The New Yorker* announced "The End of Nature." It's hard to know how the newsmagazines and the television networks can sustain so uncompromising a standard of finality, but I'm sure that somebody will think of something ("The End of the Molecule," "The End of Art," "The End of the Solar System," etc.), and maybe by the end of the season Ted Koppel will be walking around Washington dressed in a magician's robe and a wizard's pointed hat.

Ordinarily, I don't read the reports from the frontiers of the apocalypse (for the same reasons that I have never been attracted to science fiction or to the paintings of Salvador Dalí), but the two essays in question excited a flurry of gossip among the kinds of people paid to promote trends, and I was curious to see how and when the authors had chosen to end the story of man's immense journey from the Precambrian sea.

To my surprise, I found the essays alarming. Not for the reasons the authors intended, but because I hadn't expected to come across so loathsome a callowness of feeling tricked up in so shallow a veneer of thought. I was also struck by the fundamental similarity of the two tracts, which, at first glance and judging by their provenance and style of address, seemed to arrive from opposite points on the ideological compass.

"The End of History?" written by Francis Fukuyama, a deputy director of the State Department's policy planning staff, appeared in a quarterly journal owned and operated by neoconservative policy intellectuals allied with the interests of the Reagan and Bush administrations. As testimonials to the essay's importance, the journal published accompanying comments from, among others, Irving Kristol, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and Allan Bloom. Fukuyama presents his thesis in a bureaucratic prose that is fatuous, s and clotted with abstraction, h Washington, a city not known literary judgment, his essay wa plauded as a work of genius.

"The End of Nature" plays t superstitions of the environm left. The author, a young man o sibility named Bill McKibben, s for a sanctimonious effect that i nest, doom-ridden, precious, tear-stained. In New York, a cit known for its farms or its moral essay was received as a work of piety.

Despite their political differe Fukuyama and McKibben share found love of self, and it is their sive narcissism, combined with revulsion for anything smeared the mud of human experience desire, that joins the essays in common campaign against deat time. Two representative pas suggest the presiding tone of and disdain:

> The end of history will be a ve time. The struggle for recognitio willingness to risk one's life for a abstract goal, the worldwide ide cal struggle that called forth d courage, imagination, and ide will be replaced by economic ca tion, the endless solving of tec problems, environmental con and the satisfaction of sophist consumer demands. In the post-h cal period there will be neither a

losophy, just the perpetual caretak-
of the museum of human history.
—Fukuyama

e end of nature probably also makes
eluctant to attach ourselves to its
nants, for the same reason that we
ally don't choose new friends from
ong the terminally ill. I love the
untain outside my back door—the
am that runs along its flank, and the
am that slides down a quarter-mile
ssy chute, and the place where the
e flattens into an open plain of
h and oak. But I know that in some
I resist getting to know it better—
fear, weak-kneed as it sounds, of
ting hurt. I fear that if I knew as well
forester what sick trees look like I
ld see them everywhere. I find now
t I like the woods best in winter,
en it is harder to tell what might be
ng, but I try not to love even winter
much, because of the January per-
s not so distant when the snow will
as warm rain. There is no future in
ng nature —McKibben

ither writer can imagine a world
than the one shaped in his own
e. Fukuyama knows as little of history as McKibben knows of science, but both writers accept their ignorance as further proof of their good fortune, because it allows them to display the delicacy of their sentiment without worrying too much about the silliness of their pretensions.

Fukuyama defines history not as tragic narrative but as a set of theories and abstractions current (like ivory bibelots) in the parliaments and *grands salons* of western Europe since the end of the French Revolution. He notices that over the course of the last 200 years the attitudes associated with what he calls liberalism have triumphed over all the other isms—socialism, communism, absolutism, despotism, fascism, etc.—and because everybody who matters in the world (i.e., the wealthier citizens of the large industrial nations that comprise the "universal homogeneous state") has embraced, thank God, the values of finance capitalism (i.e., everybody who is anybody wants a refrigerator, a VCR, and a constitution), the world has arrived at what Fukuyama [illegible] of mankind's [illegible] ties and the [illegible] Western liberal democra[illegible] of human government."

Because the principles of Western liberal democracy cannot be improved upon, they will govern, now and forever, the material world. Fukuyama admits to a few unresolved differences of opinion among the rabble outside the palace gates, but these he dismisses as minor because they only concern the backward natives of the Third World, people still "mired in history." He concedes that it still might be necessary to mount a few police actions against terrorism, and he expects some "ethnic and nationalist violence" from "Palestinians and Kurds, Sikhs and Tamils, Irish Catholics and Walloons," but in the clean, well-lighted conference rooms at the center of the universe (i.e., among the people who count and the money of consequence), there really isn't anything more to do or say. History is something that happens to poor peo-



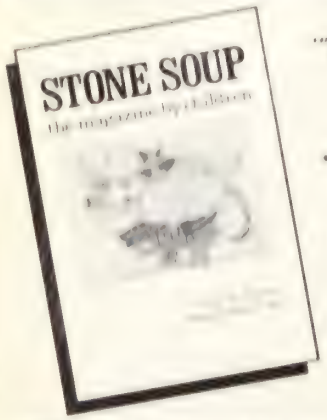
There are many forms
f native American art. This
; the one you drink.



WILD TURKEY
8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.

A Great Gift For Kids!

The literary magazine by children — now in our 18th year



"The New Yorker of the 4 to 12 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

- Stories and poems by children on themes drawn from their own experiences
- Children's art from around the world —printed in full color
- Activity Guide in every issue gets children reading and writing

STONE SOUP is published five times a year, every two months from September to June

☐ 1 yr $20 ☐ 2 yrs $35 ☐ 3 yrs $48

☐ Check enclosed Bill my ☐ VISA ☐ MC

Card #

Expiration Date

Signature

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Please send a gift card

Gift from

Send in this form or call toll free: 1-800-447-4569
STONE SOUP, Dept H, P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

You can change the world... one hour at a time.

THE GOOD HEART BOOK: A GUIDE TO VOLUNTEERING
Author David L. Driver, a veteran volunteer, shows you how to invest your time and talents most effectively in the fight against today's most pressing social problems. Discover the challenges of volunteering and the deep sense of fulfillment that comes from making it a part of your lifestyle.

Provides a head start for anyone considering community service.

A major contribution to volunteerism.

286 PAGE HARDCOVER EDITION
includes step by step guide, overviews of seven major social problems, interviews with volunteers, national and local agency directories, and more.

Send to:

The Noble Press, Inc.
ATTN: Customer Service
111 E. Chestnut Suite 48A
Chicago, Illinois 60611

For faster service, call us collect at **312-642-1168** to order by phone.

Please rush me ____ copy(ies) of *The Good Heart Book: A Guide to Volunteering* ($18.95 per copy plus $4.00 shipping and handling).

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

☐ Check enclosed
☐ Bill my Visa/MasterCard (circle one)

Acct. No. ____ Exp. ____

VOL-5A

ple, it is a story of the dam

McKibben's definition of n
as herculean as Fukuyama's defin
of history. He doesn't refer to
whole of the creation but rather
"certain set of human ideas about
world and our place in it." The
tain set of ideas proves to be hu
idea, which is cozy and sentim
and cute and safe. In McKib
view, nature was once a "sweet
wild garden," the realm of innoc
J. R. R. Tolkien's Hobbiton,
muse en scène of *Winnie the P*
Wicked, wicked men have sp
this fairy-tale demesne, and
though McKibben understands
the planet might remain habitabl
knows that "IT WILL NOT BE
SAME." That is the sum of h
ment. He recites the familiar
chism of forthcoming doom—b
seas, endless drought, dying fo
acid rain, rising temperatures,
soned birds, etc.—but all of
events merely provide backgrou
fects in the heartbreaking melo
that might as easily have been
tled "Bill McKibben's Broken
Bill is very, very upset. The wi
wicked men have taken away hi
blue blanket and his old teddy
and now when he walks out
wonderful, wonderful house
Adirondack Mountains and loo
at the stars and the rain and
moon, he knows that he is look
damaged goods.

His voice is petulant, like th
the Hollywood Studio Exec
Who Has Read Thoreau exam
the grilled salmon at a new rest
in Santa Monica and wanting
very sure that the fish never swa
not once, not even for five m
when it was young and foolish
didn't know any better—in a
stream.

McKibben doesn't take the tr
to conceal the nakedness of his g
for human beings. To McKib
mind everything artificial is b
cause it has been corrupted
hands of men. Man is vile, a hu
many headed beast ceaselessly
eating itself, spewing pollution
the innocent atmosphere an
blameless sea. From time to ti
word *human* occurs in one of Mc
ben's sentences, and his first

is invariably with something a stinking automobile, a noisy saw, an ugly condominium. He es of landscapes in which he nd "nothing to remind me of society—no trash, no stumps, ices," and he thinks of human as inanimate objects, barely guishable from dustbins—e.g., the last century, a human life ecome a machine for burning eum." So contemptuous a view ankind condemns McKibben's ar- it to futility. Given the scale of nvironmental catastrophe that lovingly foresees, who else ex- nan can find a way out of the s? Certainly not a gasoline en- r a stone marten. Certainly not bben, who is too busy caressing spair.

uyama is more languid and less ical, but he writes with the bu- at's dandified distaste for "the of history" (i.e., the breeding d for McKibben's human ver- and, like McKibben, he re- human experience to the nics of consumption and the mathematics of statistical analysis and projection.

Neither Fukuyama nor McKibben has any use for the reaching of the human mind or the courage of the human spirit. It never occurs to them to admire the works of Homo Faber or Homo Ludens. Cathedrals, gardens, drawings, poems, hymns, recipes, prescriptions, plays—all these man-made things Fukuyama and McKibben consign to the dungheap of history, artificial waste products rotting in the sun, as futile and irrelevant as the lives of the men who built the Roman aqueducts, recorded the teachings of Lao Tse, made maps, sailed over the edge of the world, invented logarithms, studied the circulation of the blood, survived Auschwitz, and walked on the light of the moon.

"Numberless are the world's wonders," said Sophocles, "but none more wonderful than man." Ancient Athens styled itself the "nurse of men," and Pericles in his funeral oration boasted not of the objects collected in the city, although these were born many and [illegible] character of the [illegible] "self-reliant, loyal, public-spirited, resourceful, versatile, marked by refinement without [illegible] knowledge without [illegible] Renaissance made of man the measure of all things. "What a piece of work is man," said Shakespeare. "How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties . . . the paragon of animals."

Fukuyama and McKibben don't think so. They prefer the modernist ("post-historical") portrait of man as a weak and filthy creature, and they place their self-righteousness and their ignorance at the service of dealers in miracles and redemptions. Like the late Ayatollah Khomeini and the gamekeepers of the thousand-year Reich, they believe that the world must be cleansed of its impurities and the human herd thinned out with the techniques of sustained yield management. If their essays can be read as signs and portents, like the entrails of sheep once studied so closely by the old Roman augurs, then the omens must be said to be unfavorable. ■

IS THIS THE END OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE?

For most of this century America the Affluent has imposed its will throughout the world. Now America the Indebted faces a new balance of power. Join Lewis Lapham as he chronicles America's performance on the stage of world power, and casts an eye towards the future.

Hosted by Lewis Lapham
Editor of Harper's Magazine

AMERICA'S CENTURY

WNYC/TV31
Mondays 8 PM
Beginning October 23.

PBS Airing on most PBS stations Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 10 PM. Check local listing.

Presented by KQED, San Francisco and WNYC, New York.

On cable channel 3 in Manhattan, or check local listing.



ARRIVE IN GRAND STYLE

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc./vol (80 proof) © 1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ

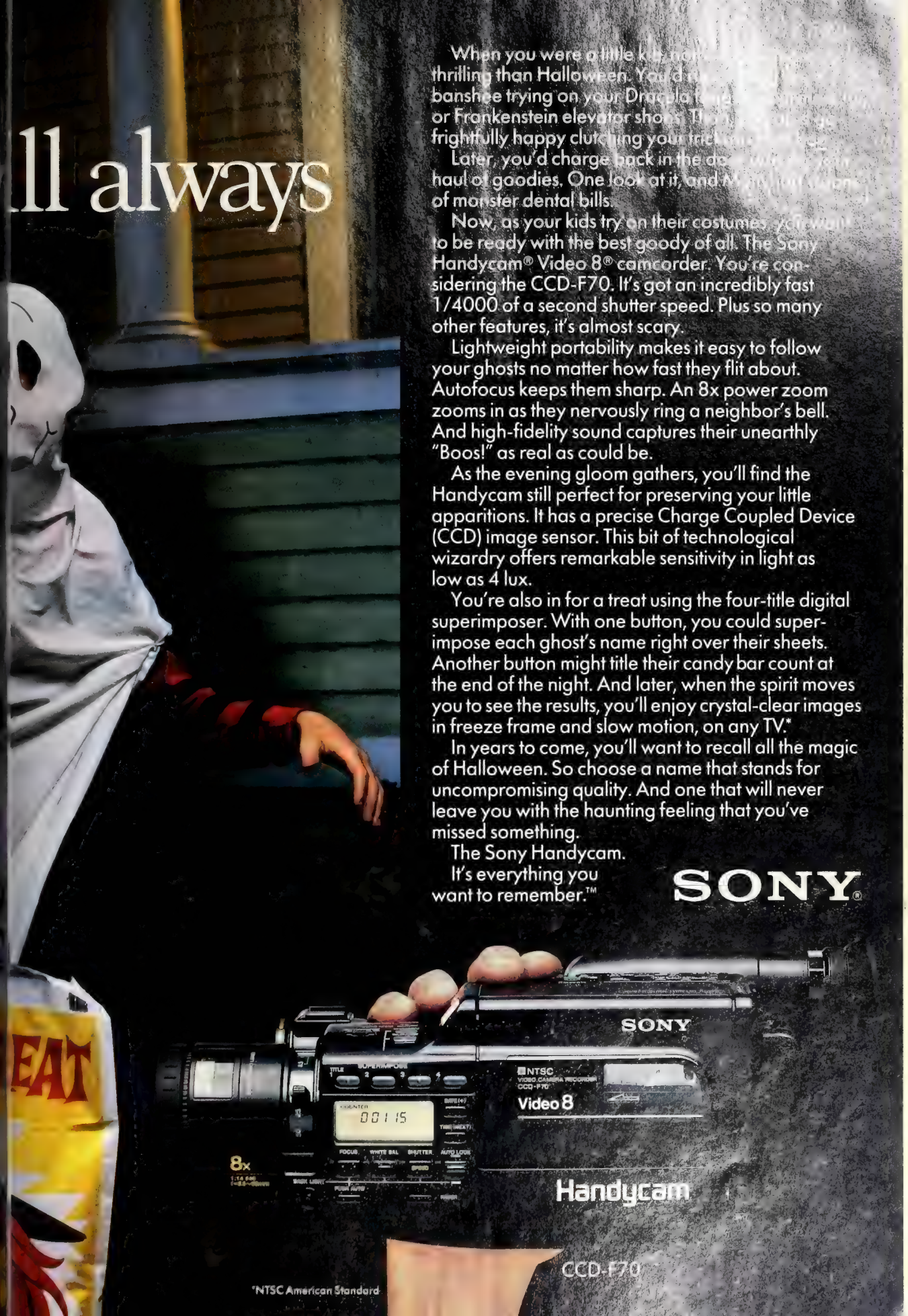
HARPER'S INDEX

Rank of drugs, among the "gravest domestic threats facing our nation," according to President Bush : 1
New antidrug funds proposed by the Bush administration, expressed as a percentage of the federal budget : .005
Number of people who have died in police custody in New York City this year : 30
Percentage increase, since 1979, in the number of Americans unemployed for longer than six months : 51
Percentage of Pittsburgh residents who work in the steel industry : 1
Estimated value of Polish zlotys held in Polish bank accounts : $600,000,000
Estimated value of foreign currency held in Polish bank accounts : $3,918,000,000
Percentage of network news coverage of President Bush when he is out of the country that is negative : 19
Percentage of coverage when he is in the country that is negative : 43
Estimated percentage increase in sales of horseshoes since George Bush took office : 20
Number of camels Muammar Qaddafi brought to the conference of nonaligned countries in August : 4
umber of times Rajiv Gandhi mentioned his mother or grandfather in an Independence Day speech in August : 47
Number of months Israeli authorities can detain a West Bank Palestinian without formal charges or trial : 12
Number of the 15 fax machines in the Gaza Strip whose use the Israeli government has suspended : 15
lumber of pages of his newspaper a Filipino editor says military personnel forced him to eat at gunpoint in May : 2
Number of people arrested for smoking in public places in Quezon City, the Philippines, since March : 1,514
ank of the Tobacco Institute, among the groups that paid members of Congress the most in honoraria last year : 1
Percentage of U.S. companies that have a policy against hiring smokers : 6
Chances that a first-time cigarette smoker will become addicted : 9 in 10
Chances that a first-time user of cocaine will become addicted : 1 in 6
ercentage of Americans who say that "lack of opportunity due to poverty" is a main cause of teenage violence : 50
Percentage who say that "rock music lyrics that glorify sex and violence" are a main cause of teenage violence : 52
Age after which Mick Jagger has said that he'd "rather die" than still be performing "Satisfaction" : 45
Estimated amount Mick Jagger, 46, earned each time he performed "Satisfaction" on tour this fall : $10,000
Chances that a college freshman has impaired hearing : 3 in 5
Chances that a student will develop nearsightedness while in college : 1 in 3
Percentage of American college students who say that some races are "more evolved" than others : 45
Percentage decrease, since 1979, in the number of white males applying to U.S. medical schools : 47
Number of the 28 states requiring AIDS education in public schools that also require discussion of condom use : 3
Number of states requiring that abstinence be stressed : 18
ercentage of Americans who say they would never vote for someone who disagrees with their view on abortion : 56
Percentage of the world's legislators who are women : 12.7
Amount Ivana Trump is seeking in a suit against a cosmetics company for marketing "Ivana" lipstick : $10,000,000
Rank of Betsy, Betty, and Bessie, among the names Iowans most often give their cars : 1
Number of parking tickets issued to the Soviet Mission to the United Nations last year : 4,072
Number of deaths in 1988 caused by accidents involving Domino's Pizza delivery trucks : 20
Estimated number of calories a person consumes during Thanksgiving dinner : 2,250
Estimated number of calories a Thanksgiving turkey consumes in its lifetime : 110,000
Percentage increase, since 1979, in the average size of a turkey's breast : 22
Rank of the holiday season, among the busiest times of the year for plastic surgeons : 1

Figures cited are the latest as of September 1989. Sources are listed on page 80.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.



© 1989 Sony Corporation of America. Sony, Handycam, Video 8 and it's everything you want to remember are trademarks of Sony.


ll always
When you were a little k
thrilling than Halloween. You'd
banshee trying on your Dracula
or Frankenstein elevator shoes.
frightfully happy clutching your
Later, you'd charge back in the
haul of goodies. One look at it, and
of monster dental bills.
Now, as your kids try on their costumes, you want
to be ready with the best goody of all. The Sony
Handycam® Video 8® camcorder. You're con-
sidering the CCD-F70. It's got an incredibly fast
1/4000 of a second shutter speed. Plus so many
other features, it's almost scary.
Lightweight portability makes it easy to follow
your ghosts no matter how fast they flit about.
Autofocus keeps them sharp. An 8x power zoom
zooms in as they nervously ring a neighbor's bell.
And high-fidelity sound captures their unearthly
"Boos!" as real as could be.
As the evening gloom gathers, you'll find the
Handycam still perfect for preserving your little
apparitions. It has a precise Charge Coupled Device
(CCD) image sensor. This bit of technological
wizardry offers remarkable sensitivity in light as
low as 4 lux.
You're also in for a treat using the four-title digital
superimposer. With one button, you could super-
impose each ghost's name right over their sheets.
Another button might title their candy bar count at
the end of the night. And later, when the spirit moves
you to see the results, you'll enjoy crystal-clear images
in freeze frame and slow motion, on any TV.*
In years to come, you'll want to recall all the magic
of Halloween. So choose a name that stands for
uncompromising quality. And one that will never
leave you with the haunting feeling that you've
missed something.
The Sony Handycam.
It's everything you
want to remember.™
SONY
SONY
NTSC
Video 8
Handycam
CCD-F70
8x
*NTSC American Standard



Fact: GM is the only American car-maker to offer a bumper-to-bumper warranty for 3 years or 50,000 miles on every car or light truck we make. See your dealer for details.

MARK OF CE...

Buick Regal Gran Sport

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, C

READINGS

[Essay]

MAPPING THE REAL GEOGRAPHY

From "The American Geographies," by Barry Lopez, in the Fall 1989 issue of Orion Nature Quarterly. *This essay will also appear in* Openings: New Perspectives on Soviet and American Life, *to be published next year by Washington University Press. Lopez's report on the Antarctic, "Our Frail Planet in Cold, Clear View," appeared in the May issue of* Harper's Magazine.

It has become commonplace to observe that Americans know little of the geography of their country, that they are innocent of it as a landscape of rivers, mountains, and towns. They do not know, supposedly, the location of the Delaware Water Gap, the Olympic Mountains, or the Piedmont Plateau; and, the indictment continues, they have little conception of the way the individual components of this landscape are imperiled.

As Americans, we profess a sincere and fierce love for the American landscape, for our rolling prairies, free-flowing rivers, and "purple mountains' majesty"; but it is hard to imagine, actually, where this particular landscape is. It is not just that a nostalgic landscape has passed away—that Mark Twain's Mississippi is now dammed from Illinois to Louisiana and the prairies have all been sold and fenced. It is that it's *always* been a romantic's landscape. In the attenuated form in which it is presented on television today, in magazine articles, and in calendar photographs, the essential wildness of the American landscape is reduced to attractive scenery. We look out on a familiar, memorized landscape that portends adventure and promises enrichment. There are no distracting people in it and few artifacts of human life. The animals are all beautiful, diligent, one might even say well behaved. Nature's unruliness, the power of rivers and skies to intimidate, and any evidence of disastrous human land-management practices are all but invisible. It is, in short, a magnificent garden, a colonial vision of paradise imposed on a real place that is, at best, only selectively known.

The real American landscape is a face of almost incomprehensible depth and complexity. If one were to sit for a few days, for example, among the ponderosa pine forests and black lava fields of the Cascade Mountains in western Oregon, inhaling the pines' sweet balm on an evening breeze from some point on the barren rock, and then were to step off onto the Olympic Peninsula in Washington, to those rain forests with sphagnum moss floors soft as fleece underfoot and Douglas firs too big around for five people to hug, and then head south to walk the ephemeral creeks and sun-blistered playas of the Mojave Desert in southern California, one would be reeling under the sensations. The contrast is not only one of plants and soils, a different array, say, of brilliantly colored beetles. The shock to the senses comes from a different shape to the silence, a difference in the very quality of light, in the weight of the air. And this relatively short journey down the West Coast would still leave the traveler with all that lay to the east to explore—the anomalous sand hills of Nebraska, the heat and frog voices of Okefenokee Swamp, the fetch of Chesapeake Bay, and the hardwood copses and black bears of the Ozark Mountains.

To do this well, to really come to an understanding of a specific American geography, requires not only time but a kind of local expertise, an intimacy with place few of us ever develop. There is no way around the former requirement: If you want to know, you must take the time. It is not in books. A specific geographical understanding, however, can be sought out and borrowed. It resides with men and women more or less sworn to a place, who abide there, who have a feel for the soil and history, for the turn of leaves and night sounds. Of-

ten they are glad to take the outlander in tow.

These local geniuses of American landscape, in my experience, are people in whom geography thrives. Like all of us, they have fallen prey to the fallacies of memory and are burdened with ignorance; but they are nearly flawless in the respect they bear these places they love. Their knowledge is intimate rather than encyclopedic, human but not necessarily scholarly. It rings with the concrete details of experience.

America, I believe, teems with such people. The paradox here, between a faulty grasp of geographical knowledge for which Americans are indicted and the intimate, apparently contradictory familiarity of a group of largely anonymous people, is not solely a matter of confused scale. (The local landscape is easier to know than a national landscape—and many local geographers, of course, are relatively ignorant of a national geography.) And it is not simply ironic. The paradox is dark. To be succinct: The politics and advertising that seek a national audience must project a national geography; to be broadly useful that geography must, inevitably, be generalized, and it is often romantic. It is therefore frequently misleading and imprecise. Yet the same films, magazines, and television features that tout this imaginary American landscape also honor the anonymous men and women who interpret it. Their affinity for the land is lauded, their local allegiance admired. But the rigor of their local geographies, taken together, contradicts the patriotic, national vision of unspoiled, untroubled land. These men and women are ultimately forgotten, along with the details of the landscapes they speak for, in the face of more pressing national matters.

In 40,000 years of human history, it has been only in the last few hundred years or so that a people could afford to ignore their local geographies as completely as we do and still survive. Technological innovations, from refrigerated trucks to artificial fertilizers, from sophisticated cost accounting to mass air transportation, have utterly changed concepts of season, distance, soil productivity, and the real cost of drawing sustenance from the land. It is now possible for a resident of Boston to bite into a fresh strawberry in the dead of winter; for someone in San Francisco to travel to Atlanta in a few hours with no worry about how formidable might be crossings of the Great Basin Desert or the Mississippi River; for an absentee farmer to gain a tax advantage from a farm that leaches poisons into its water table and on which crops are left to rot.

In the wake of this loss of personal and local knowledge, the knowledge from which a real geography is derived, the knowledge upon which a country must ultimately stand, has come something hard to define but, I think, sinister and unsettling—the packaging and marketing of land as a form of entertainment. An incipient industry, capitalizing on the nostalgia Americans feel for the imagined virgin landscapes of their fathers, and on a desire for adventure, now offers people a convenient though sometimes incomplete or even spurious geography as an inducement to purchase a unique experience. But the line between authentic experience and a superficial exposure to the elements of experience is blurred. And the real landscape, in all its complexity, is distorted even further in the public imagination. No longer innately mysterious and dignified, a ground from which experience grows, it becomes a curiously generic backdrop on which experience is imposed.

People in America, then, face a convoluted and ultimately destructive situation. The land itself, vast and differentiated, defies the notion of a national geography. Yet Americans are daily presented with, and have become accustomed to talking about, a homogenized national geography, one that seems to operate independently of the land, a collection of objects appearing in advertisements, as a background in movies, and in patriotic calendars. The suggestion is that there *can* be a national geography because the constituent parts are interchangeable and can be treated as commodities. On reflection, this is an appalling condescension and a terrible imprecision, the very antithesis of knowledge. The idea that either the Green River in Utah or the Salmon River in Idaho will do, or that the valleys of Kentucky and West Virginia are virtually interchangeable, is not just misleading. It heralds a society in which it is no longer necessary for human beings to know where they live, except as those places are described and fixed by numbers. The truly difficult and lifelong task of discovering where one lives is finally disdained.

If a society forgets or no longer cares where it lives, then anyone with the political power and the will to do so can manipulate the landscape to conform to certain social ideals or nostalgic visions. People may hardly notice that anything has happened, or assume that whatever happens—a mountain stripped of timber and eroding into its creeks—is for the common good. The more superficial—or artificial—becomes a society's knowledge of the real dimensions of the land it occupies, the more vulnerable the land is to exploitation, to manipulation for short-term gain.

This is not new to America; the promulgation in America of a false or imposed geography has been the case from the beginning. All local geographies, as they were defined by hundreds



Loaded, *a group show of political art held at the Blue Star Art Space in San Antonio this fall. Texas artist Gene created a series of paintings on American flags this summer shortly after the Supreme Court struck down a statute prohibiting flag burning. In September, a new law went into effect in Texas, making it a misdemeanor damage" or "deface" the flag; it would presumably ban paintings such as Elder's.*

of separate, independent native traditions, were denied in favor of an imported and unifying vision of America's natural history. The country, the landscape itself, was eventually defined according to dictates of progress like Manifest Destiny and laws like the Homestead Act, which reflected a poor understanding of the physical lay of the land.

This promulgation of false geographies, which threaten the fundamental notion of what it means to live somewhere, is a current with a stable and perhaps growing countercurrent. There are people living in New York City who are familiar with the stone basements, the cratonic geology, of that island and have a feeling for birds migrating through in the fall, their sequence and number. They do not find the city alien but human, its attenuated natural history merely different from that of rural Georgia or Kansas. I find the countermeasure, too, among Eskimos who cannot read but who might engage you for days on the subtleties of sea-ice topography. And among men and women who, though they have followed in the footsteps of their parents, have come to the conclusion that they can no longer farm or fish or log in the way their ancestors did; they recognize that finite boundaries to this sort of wealth have appeared in their lifetime. These are people to whom the land is more than politics or economics. These are people for whom the land is alive. It feeds them, directly, and that is how and why they learn its geography.

It is through the power of observation, the gifts of eye and ear, of tongue and nose and finger, that a place first rises up in our mind; afterward it is memory that carries the place, that allows it to grow in depth and complexity. For as long as our records go back, we have held these two things dear: landscape and memory. Each infuses us with a different kind of life. The one feeds us, figuratively and literally. The other protects us from lies and tyranny. To keep landscapes intact—and the memory of them, our history in them, alive—seems as imperative a task in modern time as there can be.

If I were now to visit another country, I would ask my local companion, before I saw any museum or library, any factory or fabled town, to walk me in the country of his or her youth, to tell me the names of things and how, traditionally, they have been fitted together in a community. I would ask for the stories, the voice of memory over the land. I would ask to taste the wild nuts and fruits, to see their fishing lures, their bouquets, their fences. I would ask about the history of storms there, the age of the trees, the winter color of the hills. Only then would I ask to see the museum. I would want first the sense of a real place, to know that I was not inhabiting an idea. I would want to know the lay



We'd like to uncover a hidden natural resource.

Did you know that the empty plastic soft drink
es you throw away every day can be transformed into
let yarn or automotive parts or fiberfill for ski parkas?

That used glass bottles and aluminum cans can
ansformed into new ones?

And that yesterday's newspaper can be trans-
ed into tomorrow's?

It all happens because of recycling. The simple
we throw away is a "natural resource" that, with
cling, can be used to produce a multitude of
products.

Unfortunately, America recycles only 10% of its
age, incinerates 10% and deposits a whopping
in landfills. As a result, it is having to cope with a
umental solid waste problem.

Our landfills are going-going-gone.

Americans throw away about 160 million tons
rbage a year. Of that total, plastics make up less
8%, paper about 36%, and glass and metal about
, all by weight. Plastics are naturally lighter, but
when compressed account for only about 20%
olume.

As a result, in the past 10 years our country's
fills have decreased from about 18,500 to 6,000. In
years 2,000 more will close.

In their haste to find solutions, some local legisla-
s have proposed to ban plastics.

Unfortunately, a ban on plastics would do much
and no good. We would lose all of the safety, health
convenience features of plastics such as tamper-
tant closures and shatter-proof bottles.

Moreover, packaging would still be needed. A
7 study shows what would happen if plastics were
ned—the energy needed to produce the alternative
kaging, its weight, its cost, and the volume of waste
cted would all rise dramatically.

What to do?

At Amoco Chemical, we believe part of the answer to America's waste problem lies in recycling everything from glass to metals to paper to plastic.

Today, recycling is on the rise. There are now more than 1,000 curbside separation recycling programs across the country. Many are beginning to incorporate plastics.

Right now, almost 200 companies are recycling millions of used plastic containers into paint brush bristles, traffic signs, toys, floor tiles, wastebaskets and "plastic lumber" for decks and park benches.

Plastics are among the easiest materials to recycle. More than 150 million pounds or 20% of all plastic soft drink bottles were recycled in 1987.

How Amoco Chemical is helping.

Amoco Chemical is sponsoring a recycling program in New York State demonstrating that used, polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and home and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers which will support construction of regional polystyrene recycling plants.

We're encouraging the start-up of new recycling efforts, helping to find better ways to collect and sort recyclables, and supporting efforts to create new markets for products made from recycled products.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe recycling can add years of life to our landfills while it transforms things that would ordinarily be thrown away into useful new products. We've only begun to uncover its benefits.

For a free copy of "Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow," write Amoco Chemical, 200 East Randolph Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow.

AMOCO

Amoco Chemical

Amoco Chemical Company

of the land first, the real geography, and take some measure of the love of it in my companion before I stood before the paintings or read works of scholarship. I would want to have something real and remembered against which I might hope to measure their truth.

[Letter]

THE HEAVY HAND OF THE NRA

From a letter sent by James H. Warner, assistant general counsel for the National Rifle Association, to William J. Bennett in August. Bennett, the director of national drug control policy, had just announced an embargo on the importation of forty-three types of semiautomatic assault weapons. Bennett did not respond to the NRA's letter.

August 10, 1989

Dear Director Bennett:

An unforeseen consequence of your announced ban on the importation of semiautomatic rifles—which you incorrectly refer to as "assault rifles"—will be that soldiers, sailors, and airmen stationed at overseas posts will be unable to bring home firearms that they purchased before your ban was announced. We have several letters from service members expressing their concern that they would stand to lose a great deal of money if they are not permitted to bring their firearms home with them.

While you may not be familiar with the life of a serviceman, for many of these men the chance to bring home firearms purchased while posted overseas is small recompense for the isolation, the boredom, and the risk of overseas duty. The cost of these firearms, which may seem slight to us, is a great deal of money to a corporal. Perhaps you can remember, when you were in graduate school, looking forward with great anticipation to some small pleasure to relieve the tedium of your scholarly pursuits.

I know that you are comfortable talking to the press and that you wish to do the right thing in this matter. Accordingly, I have taken the liberty of informing the Washington representative of the servicemen's newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, that he might expect a statement from you by 1 P.M. tomorrow.

My warmest regards,
James H. Warner

[Memorandum]

JOURNALISM IN OUR TIME

From an internal memo issued in June by Bill Walter, news editor of the Contra Costa Times, *a daily paper in Walnut Creek, California. This memo appeared in the September/October issue of the* Columbia Journalism Review.

ALL PLEASE READ AND HEED:

Our playing a story and photo of the gay freedom day parade in San Francisco on the front page of Monday's paper—despite the estimated turnout of 140,000 to 250,000 people—drew criticism from the community and from company management.

Despite what may be your personal views on this, we must not do it again. We must never forget that we are putting out family newspapers in conservative communities. We must never forget that this should be a prime consideration in story and photo selection, in editing and in headline and cutline writing.

This is not to say that the parade story did not belong in the paper. Management agrees that it did. But the play of the story was the straw that broke the camel's back, especially when the front page also had a story about alleged illegal gambling (Pete Rose) and one about the Supreme Court abortion decision due this week. Any of these stories will stir a reader's blood, especially on Monday morning, when he or she struggles to begin another tough week.

There are some topics that warrant extreme care. They include, but are not limited to: family life, children, animals, homosexuals, religion, AIDS, abortion, sexual bias, etc. Readers have firm opinions on these topics, and they are angry when their beliefs are damaged.

Bad things, disgusting things, inhuman things happen, and they often are news. But we don't have to describe every naked person, or show a photo of every dead body, to report what's going on in the world and in our communities. Our readers live here, and we live here, and we must not forget that.

Sensitivity is what we are asking for. Everything we do is seen by hundreds of thousands of people. They want to trust us; they want to know that we are unbiased, tasteful, honest, and accurate. And they have that right.

So let's question everything we do with an eye toward the standards mentioned above. We aren't going to bury things, and we aren't going to fill the front page with goody-goody fluff. But we are going to maintain the standards that we know are right.

Quality Paperback Book Club Caters to all Sorts of Readers.



OK. Who ordered three books for three bucks and how do you intend to pay for them?

3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.

Whatever your reading taste, QPB has something for you. Just check out the selection on this page. Then choose any 3 books for $3, plus shipping and handling. After that, you're under no obligation to buy another book.

As a member, you'll receive the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). It lists the latest books we're offering; an unusual selection of softcover books—priced at up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. Another benefit of membership is our Bonus Point program: for every book you buy, after this special offer, you'll earn Bonus Points. These can be traded in for free books—you pay just shipping and handling. With all this in mind, don't you think QPB is the book club for you?



...hus latest of the dictionary ...00 mem- quotations. ...dcover $45 ...B: $18.95



427. The Nobel laureate's latest fiction charts the course of a 50-year romantic triangle.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $7.95



...critically best- ...tory of the ...ver: $35 $14.95



*330. An award-winning food writer offers more than 600 recipes for your microwave oven.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



...rom the ...Rolling ...docu- ...of the past

...ver: $24.95 ...: $12.95



472. A new filled-to-bursting collection of over 500 hysterical "Far Side" cartoons.
QPB: $8.95



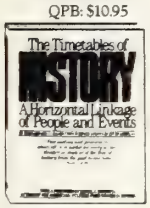
...thing ...ic tech- ...50 graphic ...phs ...: $9.50



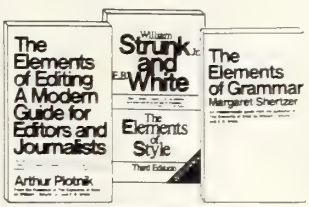
*793. A definitive one-volume collection including seven previously unpublished tales.
Hardcover: $22.50
QPB: $10.95



...scholar tells ...ths have ...our lives. A ...series ...over $27.50 ...: $15.95



267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



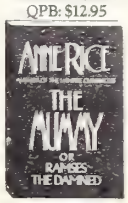
109. A special QPB trio: *The Elements of Style, The Elements of Grammar, The Elements of Editing*
3-volume set
QPB: $10.95



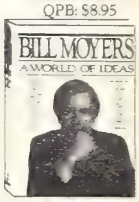
*309. A disturbing biography of an army officer who personified America's presence in Vietnam.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



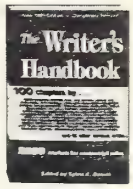
...educated people are ignorant of basic mathematics
Hardcover: $16.95
QPB: $8.95



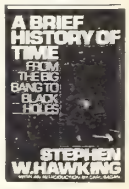
169. Fast-paced creepy fun from the author of the best-selling *Vampire Lestat.*
QPB: $9.95



182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science with notable individuals.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



*498. 1989 edition. What to write, how to write it, where to sell it.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $13.50



*321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



*406. "A roller-coaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination."—*London Guardian*
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

...on: Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing ...l be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book ...omplete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the speci- ...e. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

...l Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the ...on without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it ...dit.

...lations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying ...We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least ...ok in any six-month period.

OK. Send me my 3 books today. No commitment. No kidding.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

9-16

Indicate by number

QPB

Zip

Quality Paperback Book Club

Prices are generally higher in ... subject to approval.



"White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico," a photograph by Patrick Nagatani. From FIRE! SI
Defense, Deterrence, Bargaining Chips, *a group show held this fall at the Museum of Contemp*
Photography of Columbia College, in Chicago.

[Comment]

WHY WAS FLIGHT 655 SHOT DOWN?

From "The Vincennes *Incident," by Commander David R. Carlson, in the Comment and Discussion section of the September issue of* Proceedings, *a magazine published by the U.S. Naval Institute. Carlson was responding to an earlier article in the journal by Norman Friedman, which defended the actions of the U.S.S.* Vincennes *in shooting down an Iranian airliner over the Persian Gulf in July 1988. Carlson is commanding officer of the U.S.S.* Sides, *which was part of the* Vincennes*'s battle group at the time of the incident.*

I cannot bear to read yet another apologia for the *Vincennes* incident without commenting. More than a year after the incident we have learned little. Many people still believe that the entire affair was precipitated by the Iranians themselves or that the *Vincennes* defended herself against an attack. Almost immediately after the event, the media were full of stories conjuring up visions of an Iranian F-14 using an airliner as cover for an attack.

A review of the facts is in order. When the decision was made to shoot down the airbus, the airliner was climbing, not diving; it was showing the proper Identification Friend or Foe (IFF); and it was in the correct flight corridor from Bandar Abbas to Dubai. The *Vincennes* was never under attack by Iranian aircraft. Iran Air Flight 655 (whose track number was TN 4131) was mistakenly classified by the *Vincennes* as an Iranian F-14 diving at the ship. This "incomplete" information, as Norman Friedman chooses to call it, was responsible for the regrettable decision that led to the needless loss of hundreds of lives. Captain Will Rogers III no doubt did what he *thought* he had to do, but he was wrong.

Friedman attempts to show that events in the Gulf leading up to the incident, combined with the misinformation often generated in the "fog of war," somehow made the killing inevitable. I don't buy it. Central to his reasoning is the assumption that an attack on U.S. forces was likely.

I respectfully disagree. My experience was that the conduct of Iranian military forces in the month preceding the incident was pointedly nonthreatening. They were direct and professional in their communications and in each instance left no doubt concerning their inten-

tions. Yes, there had been an alert concerning a possible attack during the Fourth of July weekend—as there had been nearly every other day—by every conceivable method (or so it seemed). The briefings that I received from two other commanding officers in the Gulf before taking command of the *Sides* in early June 1988 were invaluable. They essentially advised that I read the message traffic, absorb the contents, then go on deck and look around. Their message was clearly aimed at emphasizing the fact that, war or no war, life in the Gulf went on: Fishermen fished; commerce continued; airliners flew. Caution was required, but the goal of the mission was to reduce tension when possible, to show by our presence that we were resolved to protect U.S. interests, and to avoid any unnecessary conflict.

All of us were done a grave disservice by an intelligence system that covered itself by forecasting every possible worst-case scenario. Crews of ships reporting to the Middle East Force in the summer months were noticeably on edge. Having observed the performance of the *Vincennes* for a month before the incident, my clear impression was that an atmosphere of restraint was not her long suit. Her actions appeared to be consistently aggressive and had become a topic of wardroom conversation. "Robo Cruiser" was the unamusing nickname that someone jokingly came up with for her, and it stuck. My guess was that the crew of the *Vincennes* felt a need to prove the viability of Aegis [the new highly advanced weapon system carried aboard the ship] in the Persian Gulf and that they hankered for an opportunity to show their stuff.

Friedman tells us that the decision to shoot would have been justified even if Captain Rogers had known that TN 4131 was an airbus, for a suicide attack by an Iranian aircraft was not out of the question. However, Friedman conceded that the correct altitude information (the fact that TN 4131 was climbing) "might have helped Captain Rogers decide not to shoot when he did." [Friedman wrote that an inexperienced tactical information coordinator had misread the altitude data.] Spare us more fog. I'd be willing to bet that either the correct identification of TN 4131 as a commercial airliner or the accurate altitude information would have raised enough questions to call for a reassessment of the threat. Having both pieces of information would certainly be sufficient to justify a decision not to shoot. This information was available on board the *Vincennes* and was mishandled. It was also mishandled on the *Sides*.

During the incident, the *Sides* was less than twenty nautical miles from the *Vincennes* and under the *Vincennes*'s tactical command. My tactical action officer (TAO) brought TN 4131 to my attention and advised me that the *Vincennes* had classified it as an Iranian F-14. My major concern at that point was the growing possibility of surface action as a result of earlier goings-on between the *Vincennes* and some Iranian speedboats. I was also prepared to deal with an air threat but in all honesty did not perceive one. We locked up and illuminated TN 4131 with our missile-fire-control radar. The aircraft continued climbing on a southwesterly course that would take it directly over the *Vincennes*'s position. I evaluated the track as a nonthreat, based on closest point of approach to the *Sides* (range *and altitude*), lack of any significant known F-14 antisurface warfare capability, lack of detected radar emissions, and precedent. I continued to press my TAO for information concerning attempts to warn off TN 4131 and was advised that numerous attempts had been made without success and that the effort was continuing. TN 4131 did not appear to react to the illumination by our fire-control radar, and this was most unusual. [Once illuminated, an attacking aircraft would likely begin evasive maneuvers; an airbus, however, would not have the capability to detect radar.] The *Vincennes* announced her intention to take TN 4131 with missiles at twenty miles. I wondered aloud in disbelief but did not do the one thing that might have helped. I did not think to ask the *Vincennes* for a reevaluation of IFF data. Had I done so, the information might have come forward quickly enough to allow me to attempt to dissuade the *Vincennes* from shooting. I had mistrusted my own feelings and presumed that the quality of information in the *Vincennes* must have justified her decision. I should add that TN 4131 was destroyed before I was made aware that it was not an F-14.

How information is processed (and by whom) is at the heart of the problem, and Friedman hits one nail on the head when he suggests a requirement for more readable radar displays. He is way off, however, when he states that we really cannot do that much better. We must. Nothing is served by saying otherwise. No gain is made by ducking the issues. No profit has come from the pathetic attempts to place the blame on the victims. View it as you will, Iran Air Flight 655 was shot down for no good reason.

At the time of the disaster, the rush to put a happy face on the entire affair did not serve us well. It may have been politically correct in view of the many high-level official U.S. government statements endorsing the *Vincennes*'s action immediately after the incident. As military professionals, however, we owe ourselves more. We need to examine the issues, ask the hard questions, and get on with improvements

in training and information processing. We need to stress the quality of personnel as well as systems and to divorce tactical thought—as much as possible—from political influence. We need to get smart about which systems to employ in various scenarios.

The main lesson here is not, and should not be, that "wars beget accidents." That is axiomatic, but we were not at war. Above all, we must not concede that "accidents—terrible accidents like this one—are unavoidable." That is a cop-out. This tragedy was avoidable, and we must learn from it.

[Song]

FUNK AND FIBERS

From the script for the introduction to "NeoConCert '89," a trade-show musical production starring Daryl Hall and John Oates, sponsored by Du Pont Flooring Systems. "NeoConCert '89" was staged in June at the Holiday Inn–Mart Plaza in Chicago as part of NeoCon, an annual convention of interior designers and architects who work in the contract-furnishing industry.

Announcer:
Hey hunks and honeys!
Du Pont Flooring Systems
Says welcome to NeoConCert '89!
Let's get down and get ready to rap with
Du Pont—
[4-count ad-lib rap break]
—and tap into new ways
To work in ConCert!
[4-count dance break]

Black female:
We've got a plan.
Gonna reward all you pros.
(Lemme tell ya now.)
You take our hand
And, baby, the goodies r'gonna flow.
You been told before
All the great new ways to work
Inside the Du Pont door.
Come and get the information pleeeeeze!
[16-bar tap-dance break]

Black male:
You can depend
On fiber excellence.
(Lemme tell ya now.)
You dye, style, and blend.
We certify confidence.

Four females:
A program so unique
We just gotta seek
Your participation.
Workin' out a whole new way.
Never wanna say ay ay ay
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba bye.

Black female:
We are partners on your side
And we just want contractors certified.

White male:
Now you can tap a great resource.
Get the winner's edge on any course.
Come and get the information pleeeeeeze!

Three females:
Please, uh, please please.

Black female:
Now hey there, folks,
I hope you heard every verse
'Cause we been rappin' 'bout a program
That's an industry first.

Black male:
Yeah, it's easy to remember
'Cause it's got a funky beat.
We got designers, mills, and contractors
All tappin' their feet.
[Musical build. Chorus leads into rap vamp under announcer.]

Announcer:
Ladies and gentlemen,
Please welcome the Flooring Systems
Commercial Group Marketing Manager,
Du Pont's Terry Stuchlik!
[Singers chant "TER-RY! TER-RY!" to bring him onstage.]

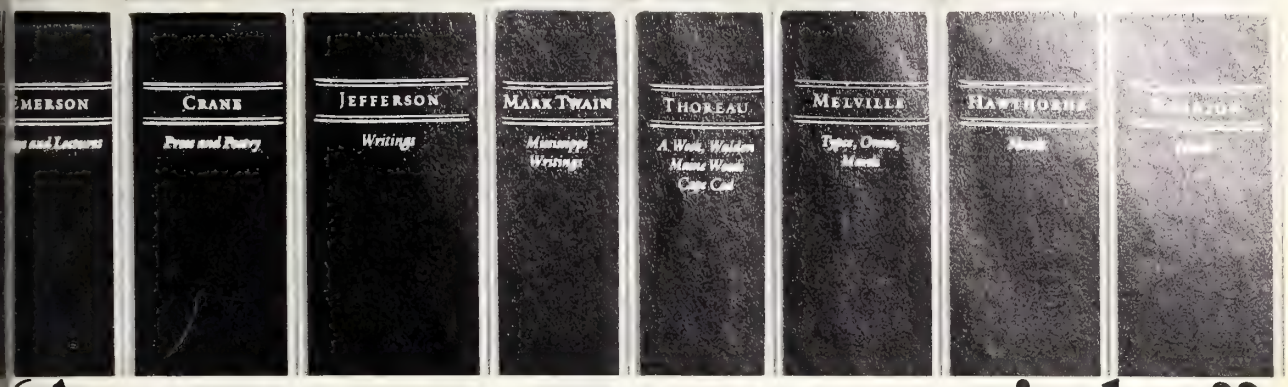
[Study]

WET VERSE AT *THE NEW YORKER*

From "Water Images of The New Yorker," *by Charles Bernstein. Bernstein's study was distributed to participants at a poetry seminar held in June at the Kootenay School of Writing in Vancouver. Bernstein's collection of poems,* Rough Trades, *will be published next month by Sun & Moon Press in Los Angeles.*

Maybe you've heard it before: "Did you ever notice that every poem in *The New Yorker* has a water image? Whadda they do, print only wet poems?"

While slightly less interesting than looking for the hidden "Ninas" in Al Hirschfeld's cartoons in the *New York Times*, this water-on-the-brain syndrome exerts a certain fascination.



"A great wrong...set right."

—*New York Times Book Review*

Announcing

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHORS IN A MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF DELUXE EDITIONS

Until recently, much of American literature could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks, nbersome anthologies, or dog-eared dcovers. Many of our most notable clas-s—even works published in the 20th ıtury—were out of print. The situation s, as the critic Lionel Trilling wrote, national disgrace."

Now, that great wrong has been set right. th the support of major foundations and : National Endowment for the Human-:s, a non-profit publisher has begun :serving the collected works of our great- writers in a series of elegant new tions: THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA.

A complete, deluxe collection of American classics.

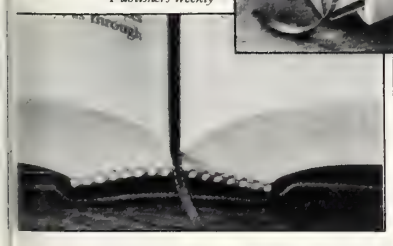
The brilliant fictions of Melville, wthorne and Faulkner, the social comedies of Edith Wharton, the high adventures of Jack London, the haunting power of Poe—all this and more is already published. Eloquent histories and mind-stretching essays, stirring works by our foremost statesmen, and novels that transport us into fascinating worlds are planned for the future. And each one appears exactly as the author intended, in scrupulously accurate, unabridged editions.



il-order edition includes ndsome slipcase—yet costs stantially less than the kstore edition.

*perb quality makes every ume "a triumph of the kmaker's art."**

**Publishers Weekly*



Take* Jefferson *free and* Thoreau *at our subscriber's discount.

Let us send you two volumes. One: *Thomas Jefferson*, including his famous essays and speeches as well as scores of his witty and insightful letters. The second volume: *Thoreau*, four complete works including *Walden*. Keep both, and pay only for *Thoreau* at our subscriber's discount; *Jefferson* is our introductory gift to you. Or return both volumes within 15 days and owe nothing. There's no risk, or obligation to buy future volumes, so why not mail the coupon today. Or call toll-free **1-800-321-6640.**

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Praise for THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA...

"...a good investment for your home shelves." —*The Wall Street Journal*

"...the best and biggest, the finest looking, and the longest lasting edition of its kind ever made. Our American culture... lovingly recreated." —*The New Republic*

"The most important book-publishing project in the nation's history." —*Newsweek*

Superb editions in every detail...

- Handsome hard covers of natural cloth
- Easy-to-hold 5″ x 8″ format
- Protective gilt-trimmed slipcases available only in mail-order edition
- Smyth-sewn bindings ensure permanence
- Fine, opaque, *acid-free* paper makes the books lightweight and durable
- Bound-in ribbon markers, special end-papers, gilt-stamped spines
- Up to 1,500 pages—equal to three, four, even five standard-sized books

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, NY 11746

Please send me two volumes—*Thomas Jefferson's Writings* and *Thoreau*—as my introduction to THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA. I may keep *Thomas Jefferson* free and pay only for *Thoreau* at the subscriber's discount price of $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling. Or I will return both volumes, and thus end the matter. If I decide to keep both volumes and subscribe to THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. There's never any obligation to buy, and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

☐ Bill me later
Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Card No. _____ Exp. Date ____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*Future prices subject to approval
Offer limited to one per address. 8HBE

TAKE *THOMAS JEFFERSON* FREE, AND *THOREAU* AT OUR SUBSCRIBER'S DISCOUNT.

(That's two volumes for less than the retail price of one; no obligation to buy additional books.)

So, when *The New Yorker*'s poetry editor, Howard Moss, died last year, I wondered if the policy would continue under a poetry editor whose name was not, like Moss, a water image.

Since many of us love to complain about the trivializing of poetry by "official verse culture"—a highfalutin name for mainstream poetry editing—I thought, Why not try some hard-nosed empirical research for a change? Why not try to give some social scientific status to these potshots?

With "only the facts" as my motto, I read through all of *The New Yorker*'s poetry selections, except for a couple of translations, from January 30 to May 15, 1989—a total of sixteen issues. In all but three of these issues, 100 percent of the poems published included at least one water image. Two of the almost waterless issues (March 13 and March 20) were published back-to-back. In the third (February 27), two of the poems referred to water while the third almost did, mentioning "clouds." My theory is that during these dry spells the magazine's Water Image Control Officer may have been less than vigilant due to a drinking problem.

Overall, 86 percent of the poems published during these four months had water images; that's thirty-two of the thirty-seven poems from this period.

In the January 30 issue, J. D. McClatchy mentions "cat spray" on line 3, but it's not until line 19 that we get "hose to wash/Dung out of the cow guts." A few pages later, Elizabeth Macklin's "Surface Tension" starts with "a long, cool bath" in "blue water" and "flood[s]" on from there.

The next week, William Logan has a "grassy lake" in line 1, a "freshwater pond" in line 2, a "lone canoeist" in line 3, and "water like broken rakes" in line 4. He sums up his poetic sensibility several lines after, referring to "shallows of the continental shelf." A few pages later, Mary Kinzie has some arid stanzas before her dam breaks with "Will water/in the desert also stagger"; several lines before the end there's also the heartfelt precipitation of "weep." The third poem in the February 6 issue, by Eleanor Ross Taylor, tells us "it rained all day" and ends with drinking "a glass of water."

At the risk of water-logging my tale, I'll condense the chronicle a bit from here on.

February 13: "ancient pools left by the glaciers" (Suzanne Gardinier) and "long sheets of ice" "stuttering black syllables of rain" by the "swimming pool" (Edward Hirsch).

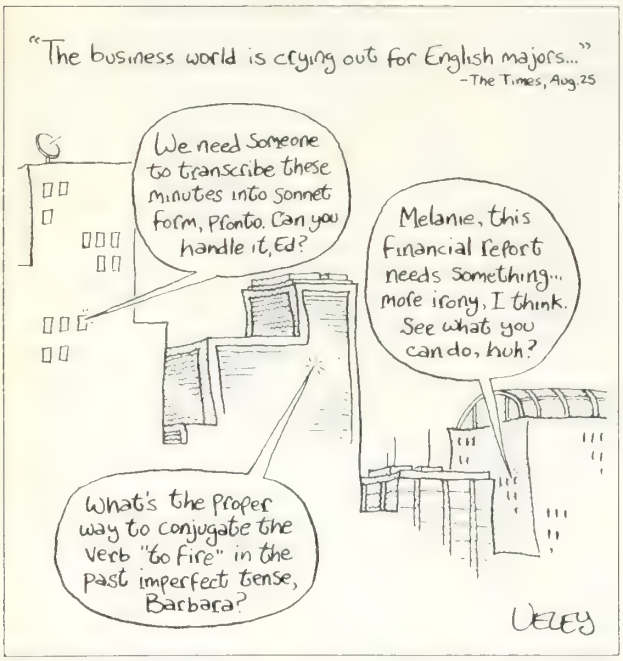
February 20: "steam-table" and "pump water" (Amy Clampitt); "raw glimmer of Atlantic blue" (Eamon Grennan), and Donald Hall's state-of-the-art "Like an oarless boat through midnight's watery/ghosthouse . . . I drift on/January's tide . . . /to repose's shore—where all waves halt."

February 27: "ice-white neon," "spit up, frothing,/coming to boil," "sob"—yet a "soft dry shout"! (Jorie Graham); and another "flood" (Josephine Jacobsen). Somehow the combination of "the weather was nice," "a blueness run everywhere," "source of desiring," "wellheads," and, incredibly, "turtledoves" led me to count George Bradley's marginal call in March 6.

Mark Strand, in the same issue, is more forthcoming with "On the shores of the darkest known river" in line 2, followed by "steaming," "muck," "drift upstream,/Against the water's will," "weep," and "frost." Macklin in March 13 shares with us "wet gray," "marsh bird," "waves," and "cool as water," while Joseph Brodsky has the obligatory "tear," and soon after, "moon skims the water" (March 27). Some cartoons on, we splash over Revan Schendler's "bay tide" and "broad shore."

In the April 3 issue, Robert Mazzocco writes of "the Hudson" and "taking a leak" and "I'll water it when I remember it," and Strand has "lake," "rushing sound," "storms," and "water's edge"; while in April 10 Linda Bierds muses about "rippling lines," "lake bass," and "sudden rain."

Seamus Heaney has a particularly appropriate title in April 17—"Crossings." This modern master goes on to note that "Running water



From Blue Water Legal and Business News, *a weekly published in Port Huron, Michigan.*

HAMILTON CLASSIC EDITIONS
PROUDLY PRESENTS
THE WILSHIRE
City Edition

Guaranteed shipment for Christmas delivery on all orders received by December 12, 1989.

From the moment it was introduced in 1939, the Wilshire "City Edition" became an instant success. Its unique shape, intricate design and unusually careful attention to detail enchanted everyone who saw it. And while many owned it then, today the original Wilshire is highly sought after but nearly impossible to find.

It is for this reason that the Hamilton Watch Company is offering you the special opportunity to own this investment in time and beauty. The Wilshire is the fourth in a series of reproduction timepieces presented by the Hamilton Watch Company. The previous series sold out shortly after they became available.

Each timepiece is shipped in a deluxe presentation box. A very special value, this distinctive watch is offered at just $295* each, payable in convenient monthly installments.



Hinges swing freely from rounded, thin case for maximum comfort.

Shown actual size.

A PERFECT REPRODUCTION

Because of the outstanding success of the Wilshire in the 40's, the original toolings were worn away during its first issuance. In order to perfect a truly faithful reproduction, Hamilton has recast the dies from the original watch.

Each Hamilton watch is carefully handcrafted in Lancaster, Pennsylvania today, in the same way that the originals were. The Wilshire is an accurate design replica of the original 1939 Hamilton model. Each watch is individually stamped with a registration number and certified as to its authenticity.

The elegantly rounded case is fitted with curved swinging hinges to conform comfortably to your wrist. The white face and "Paris Antique" numerals are bordered by a distinctive closed minute track. The men's model includes a separate second dial at 6 o'clock.

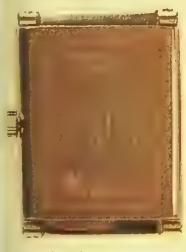
The Wilshire ladies' model has been redesigned for the feminine wrist in the style of the original Wilshire — a companion to the men's watch.

THE HAMILTON GUARANTEE

Since its inception over 95 years ago, Hamilton has set the standard for design and technical excellence. And while foreign competition grows, styles change and traditions die—our standards for excellence have never varied. It is with great pride that we offer you the Wilshire City Edition. If for any reason you are not delighted with your acquisition, you may return it within 30 days in the condition in which it was received for a full refund. In the event that the Wilshire City Edition sells out prior to the time we receive your order, we will notify you immediately and promptly issue you a full refund. Because orders are filled on a first come first served basis, for fastest service call 1-800-367-4534. Call Mon-Fri 8:30 am-10 pm, Sat 9 am-5 pm eastern time. Or, return the coupon below. Orders processed immediately. Phone orders will be shipped in 5-7 business days.

*Plus $3.50 shipping/handling.

© 1989 MBI



Engraved with up to 3 initials plus registration number

TRADITIONAL QUALITY

Just as engraving initials was the tradition in times gone by, Hamilton is pleased to continue this tradition today by engraving the initials of your choice on the case prior to its final assembly.

The case is richly finished with 5 microns of 18 karat yellow gold. The Wilshire City Edition introduces one significant improvement over the original watch—a precisely accurate Swiss Quartz movement for far greater accuracy and dependability.

Hamilton Classics 404-8401
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

For Fastest Service Call Toll Free: 1-800-367-4534

Please send me _____ Hamilton Wilshire City Edition watch(es).
Men's ☐ Ladies' ☐
Initials to be engraved on back: ☐ ☐ ☐

Name _____
(Please print clearly)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____
(All orders subject to acceptance)

Charge each of 8 equal monthly $37.31 installments to my credit card:

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express

Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of $99.50* for each watch. I will pay the balance in four equal monthly installments of $49.75 each.

*Connecticut residents add 8% Sales Tax. Tennessee residents add 7¾% Sales Tax.

never disappointed" and waxes about "the wetness of the bog," "old drains and old streams," before reaching *The New Yorker* epiphany par excellence: "the absolute river/Between us and it all." Not to be outdone, Charles Wright, in the same issue, writes of stars "east of the river" and of being "Washed in the colors of paradise," "water-colored"; while Philip Levine manages only "snow had all but melted."

After Raymond Carver's terse "rain" and "damp" and Clampitt's "overseas" and "warm snowdrift," we get John Ashbery's "like a fish on a line," "under the waterfall," and his stabbing sense of where he's publishing—"A kind of powdered suburban poetry fits/the description," "to read little signs/in the moss" (April 24). Moss indeed!

May 1, May 8: "A fleet docks/on the opposite shore," "idle port,/sailors" (Schendler); "bay" (August Kleinzahler); "briny shadows" (Alan Michael Parker); "port," "Mediterranean," "white Atlantic," "sea" (Derek Walcott); "sea of blue" (W. S. Di Piero).

The final issue surveyed features Deborah Digges's gush of "fish," "sea," "dewy" "harbor" "across the bay," "waving from the shore," and "washed his face" too.

Mazzocco has it down in "Loneliness in the City" (also May 15) with "waves of flickering shop windows" and "aquarium of little fish."

Surely poetry can do better—it's hard not to—once it stops hugging the shore at *The New Yorker*.

[Essay]

VULGAR RECIPES

From Simple Cooking, *a cookbook by John Thorne, published by Viking/Penguin. Thorne, who lives in Castine, Maine, publishes a newsletter,* Simple Cooking, *from which the book is adapted.*

What do the juice of one lemon, a quart bottle of Heinz ketchup, a quart of Schweppes ginger ale, and two medium heads of (coarsely chopped) cabbage have in common? Well, whatever you think, it seems hard to imagine that they're all part of the same casserole recipe. But, as a good friend informs me, those ingredients form the basis of a dish that's all the rage of his grandparents' Florida retirement community. You mix these ingredients together, add meatballs (made from three pounds of lean ground beef, three eggs, and a minced onion), and simmer the result for an hour (covered) and twenty minutes (uncovered). People are crazy about it; they beg, plead, and threaten for the recipe. Try it, he says, you'll love it.

There are three possible responses to a recipe of this type: outright disgust, hypnotic fascination, or a complex mixture of the two. Maybe I speak only for myself, but I think it's not unusual for even good cooks to hold close to their hearts a recipe or two about which they're justifiably ashamed but not quite able to shake out of their repertoire. In my case, there's a chocolate cake made from Duncan Hines devil's food cake mix, instant chocolate pudding, a bag of chocolate chips, and a cup of sour cream. Rich, moist, and fairly oozing chocolate flavor, it's been my most regular contribution to office party and family picnic dessert tables for many years.

Truly awful recipes are recognized by what they promise: something always a little too good, too easy to be true. They conjure instant elegance from dross: scrumptious canapés from biscuit mix and processed cheese; creamy casseroles from canned soups and celery salt; magically moist chicken from flavored bread crumbs and Hellmann's mayonnaise. Like any brilliant swindle, they thrill us most when we know we're being taken but just can't help ourselves. Of course, when they *don't* work, there's no magic at all: the flavors cloy, the texture gums the mouth—one damning bite and the rest is gingerly pushed to the side of the plate. The really and truly vulgar is a surprisingly personal thing.

Such recipes almost never appear in cooking magazines anymore and not that often in the local newspaper's food pages. But they have a fantastic underground currency, as anyone who takes even a peripheral peek into a spiral-bound community cookbook can attest. It's hard to open a page of one of these fund-raisers without landing on Velveeta, crushed Ritz crackers, or Lipton onion soup mix—sometimes all in the same recipe. Any unbiased observer would have to admit the direct line between these dishes and the pulse of American cooking.

I used to think that references to specific brand names (my friend swears that the meatball dish is no good at all without the Schweppes) meant that these recipes originated in some corporate test kitchen. Now, after more reflection, I'm not so sure. I can't imagine Schweppes or even Heinz having the chutzpah in these culinarily self-conscious days to offer a dish of such sheer, unabashed vulgarity. Instead, I suspect those name brands are meant to proclaim "good taste." Made with store-brand ketchup and no-name ginger ale, the dish takes on a pathetic note of poverty or—worse—stinginess. But while no cook would be oblivious to its economy (with two heads of cabbage and

GIVE HARPER'S THIS HOLIDAY

You'll give them something to think about

nances are, you have
independent thinkers
our holiday gift list.
ds of exceptional curi-
, who are simply not
ied with the insipid
endlessly rehashed news
pinion they receive
the national media.
r these friends—and
veryone who truly loves
ad—a subscription to
er's *Magazine* is the
holiday gift.
very month, they'll look
ard to the unique sur-
s of *Harper's*. And—
y month—they'll be
santly reminded of your
ghtfulness and generos-
his holiday season.
rder now and take ad-
age of our special gift
. Just $18 for the first
cription to *Harper's*, and
for each additional you
r now. (Your own sub-
tion, new or renewal,



may be included at this money-saving rate.)

We'll mail handsome full-color cards announcing each gift, hand-signed as you instruct and timed to arrive for the holidays.

And you need send no money now. We'll be happy to bill you after the holidays, if you prefer.

Now, here's something for *you* to think about. Consider the perfect gift for all those hard-to-please friends on your list, wrapped up in one easy order. No worry, no fuss. No boxes, paper, or ribbon. Just fill out the attached order card or the form below, and you won't have to give your holiday shopping list another thought! Do it today.

HARPER'S
P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305

I'll wrap up my holiday shopping with *Harper's*. Send a year's subscription to the people whose names appear below. I'll $18 for the first subscription and $15 for each additional subscription I order. (Add $2 postage per subscription for ada, $3 for all other countries. Payment in U.S. dollars only, please.)

#1 Name _____

ess _____

State, Zip _____

Gift Card _____

☐ New ☐ Renewal

#2 Name _____

ess _____

State, Zip _____

Gift Card _____

☐ New ☐ Renewal

My Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Send me a year's subscription to *Harper's* at this special low rate

☐ New ☐ Renewal

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ bill me later

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY) (SEE OTHER SIDE)

MEL99-4



"Rosemary Jamison's Truck," a photograph by Vincent Borrelli. From New Photography 5, *a group sh the Museum of Modern Art, in New York City, through January 9. Borrelli lives in Attleboro, Massachuse*

three pounds of ground beef, it must feed a herd), the top-of-the-line brand names give it a deluxe veneer.

Outside of this, the brand names in themselves are irrelevent. The meatball dish has no special appeal to ginger-ale buyers or even, probably, ketchup lovers, though any of them may like it. Its appeal comes from somewhere very different, as you will understand if, in some unhallowed corner of your subliminal appetite, you felt a little disquieting tremor at its description. These recipes, somehow, excite. But why?

One clue is that they increase in appeal when exchanged with a glowing personal recommendation. It was an office mate who first got me to try the cake recipe, creating in the tension between the intensity of her praise and the humdrum ingredients a sense of complicity, as if I'd gotten a spell from a witch.

Magic, then, but a complex magic. Remember, this isn't your run-of-the-mill sort of shortcut with canned onion rings: We're talking strips of Wonder Bread spread with Cheez Whiz and rolled in Bacos. Truly *awful* recipes. The prominence of highly processed foods in these recipes can't be accidental. At some pretty conscious level, these dishes are intentionally, indeed even gleefully, hostile to the generally accepted standards of culinary good taste.

Vulgar recipes are a little like gossip. Both relieve accumulated social pressures by a symbolic act of revenge. Who do these dishes get the best of, if it isn't those who eat them? Well, imagine picking up the phone and calling, say, Julia Child or Madeleine Kamman to share this great recipe. You wouldn't be able to squeeze out the words. And that is exactly the magic power of the dish: Where it is, those exacting culinary perfectionists are not.

The friend who phoned me with this recipe worked for several years in a good restaurant. He's far and away a better cook than I. But he has a jaundiced view of the cooking world and, like many people, is just as happy not having Pierre Franey peering over his shoulder every time he picks up a frying pan. Preparing a recipe like this—steering completely clear of cookbooks and cooking magazines—is his way of sending such ghostly presences fleeing from the kitchen.

As for the chocolate cake recipe: 1 small package instant chocolate pudding; 1 box Duncan Hines devil's food cake mix; 1 12-ounce package chocolate chips; 2 eggs; and 1¾ cups sour cream. Mix it all together and scrape it into a buttered and floured Bundt pan (or facsimile).

Bake 50 to 55 minutes in a preheated 350°F oven until the cake springs back when pressed lightly. (A cake tester will still emerge sticky; this is a very moist cake.)

[Recipes]

(VERY) FAST FOOD

From Manifold Destiny: The One and Only Guide to Cooking on Your Car Engine, *by Chris Maynard and Bill Scheller, published by Villard Books, a division of Random House. Maynard and Scheller's recipes call for wrapping ingredients in tinfoil and wedging the package into a secure spot on the engine where the food can "simmer in its own juices" while the car is in motion. The authors claim that "you can make better meals for yourself, on your engine, than the vast majority of roadside stands can make for you."*

THRUWAY THIGHS

Distance: 50 to 200 miles, depending on car

Ingredients:

8 boned chicken thighs
1 dozen oysters, shucked (retain liquor)
2 medium or 3 small leeks, white parts sliced thin
1 bulb of fennel, stalks sliced thin
1/2 cup chicken broth
4 tbs. butter
salt and pepper to taste

At home, gently sauté leeks and fennel in 2 tbs. butter, then braise in chicken broth until soft. Drain, reserving broth. Meanwhile, sauté the oysters in the remaining butter until their edges curl. Thoroughly combine leeks, fennel, and oysters, moistening with reserved chicken broth or oyster liquor if necessary. Salt and pepper to taste.

Now lay butterflied chicken thighs on individual pieces of buttered foil. Distribute the stuffing mixture among the thighs. Fold one half over the other and seal tightly.

This delicious dish nicely illustrates the variation in cooking times among different engines. The first time we tried it, on a trip up the Maine coast in a 1988 Chrysler New Yorker, it took three hours and forty-five minutes to cook the thighs to perfection. A couple of months later, in the hills near Santa Barbara, a 1988 Olds Cutlass did the job in only fifty minutes. The difference in the time is accounted for by the fact that we placed the thighs in and around the fuel injector ports on the Chrysler. On the Cutlass, they went straight onto the exhaust manifold, which happened to be very accessible.

ENZO'S VEAL
(in honor of the late Enzo Ferrari)

Distance: 75 miles

Ingredients:

1 lb. veal scallops
1/4 lb. prosciutto, sliced paper-thin
4 tbs. minced sun-dried tomatoes
1 small red onion, finely minced
3 cloves garlic, minced
1 tsp. dried rosemary, crushed
salt and pepper to taste

Pound the veal until thin. Place half of the scallops on individual pieces of buttered foil. Add a layer of tomatoes, onion, and garlic. Cover with a couple of strips of prosciutto, and sprinkle with rosemary, salt, and pepper.

Top each with another veal scallop, then wrap tightly. Start this in Manhattan and lunch will be ready in New Haven. Turn once, in Stamford.

[Exercises]

RELAX, BREATHE, VISUALIZE, DUMP HER

From Healing Visualizations: Creating Health Through Imagery, *by Gerald Epstein, M.D., published by Bantam. This "handbook on how to use imagery to help heal yourself" describes visualization exercises for treating ailments including cancer, acne, and respiratory disease.*

In my practice, I often encounter the suffering experienced in not being able to end a relationship. Here are two tried-and-true ways to accomplish this.

Exercise: The Sands of Time
Intention: To end a relationship
Frequency: Twice a day (early morning and twilight) for up to three minutes, for seven days

Close your eyes. Breathe in and out three times and see yourself walking along a beach holding hands with the one with whom you are ending the relationship. The two of you are dancing, skipping, and cavorting along the beach. Then you drop hands, say good-bye, and *retrace* your steps *backward,* thoroughly erasing everything that you see before you. Finally, you reach the shoreline. The waves wash away all the residue of the relationship. You then swim to the horizon, using a regular crawl stroke, seeing your arms, legs, and torso elongating. Meet the horizon and come back to shore using a backstroke, your arms stretched out far above

your head, your legs stretched out far in front of you, kicking. When you reach the shore, come out and let the sun dry you. Put on a clean robe or gown and return to your home. Then open your eyes.

Exercise Parting and Departing
Intention To end the influence of a person in your life; to end a relationship
Frequency Each morning, for three to five minutes, for seven days

Close your eyes. Breathe in and out three times and see yourself on a beach. The one with whom you wish to end the relationship is lying there. You have with you golden ropes with lead weights at the ends. With these you truss up your "friend." There is a large rowboat nearby. Put your "friend" in the boat and row out to the Marianas Trench off the Philippines, one of the deepest spots in the world. Stand up in the boat, lift your "friend's" trussed-up body, and toss it overboard, knowing that you are *ridding yourself of the influence* of that person. Watch the body disappear as it sinks, forming a small whirlpool. Know that it is going to the bottom, never to resurface. After it has gone out of sight, sit down in the boat and row back to shore with a new feeling and attitude about yourself. When you reach the shore, stow the oars and beach the boat, and return to your home alone. Then open your eyes.

[Letter]

WRITER'S GRUDGE

From "Mark Twain's 'Unmailed Answer' to a Critic," in the Missouri Review, *vol. 12, no. 2. In 1886 Mark Twain received a letter from a former newspaper editor asking him for a recommendation for a government consulship. Sixteen years earlier, the editor had written an anonymous review of one of Twain's lectures. Twain never mailed his reply. This letter, which was found in the Mark Twain Foundation's collection of the author's unpublished works at the University of California, is reprinted by permission of the University of California Press.*

Dear Sir:

Oh—so *you* have arrived at last, but only by letter, I am sorry to say. I have long wanted to meet you, and get acquainted with you, and kill you. You wrote that thing about my lecture sixteen years ago, in the Jamestown, N.Y., *Journal*—property of that ostentatiously pious half-human polecat, Bishop. [I was told] it was you at the time. You were ashamed to put your name to it, a diffidence which was creditable to you, for the article had not a merit in the world, except that it was well written and true. You will want to jump up and ask, "Where, then, was the fault?" The fault was just there where I have put it. Do you suppose I care anything for critical severities which are *not* true? I never have cared, and don't now. That was a poor lecture, and poorly delivered, for I was fagged with railway travel. Do you suppose it improved matters any for you to come out in print and tell the implacable truth about it? I was at a disadvantage; I was on my back, so to speak. Did you consider it magnanimous to jump on me with your boots?

Do not misunderstand me: I know your character is high—I am not impeaching your character, and I know that that act of yours was legitimate—I am not impeaching that feature. I am taking far higher ground: You ungenerously intended the destructive truth about my lecture—volunteered it—pushed yourself in and told it when all you needed to do to save me was to keep silent; for there was nobody else in the community capable of telling it.

And *you* want a consulship. What do you want with a consulship? What you want is a rope. I will send you one. I have never approached a public servant in my life to ask for a place for myself or for anybody else, and do you suppose I will break my record for you? The thing for you is a burial permit. You have only to speak; I will see that you get it, attend the funeral, too; boss it also, if desired; and bury you at the crossroads with a stake through your back. *You* want a consulship, you blatherskite! You make me tired.

Yours truly,
Mark Twain

[Oral History]

MY WHITE FATHER

From Telling Memories Among Southern Women: Domestic Workers and Their Employers in the Segregated South, *by Susan Tucker, to be published in January by Schocken. Tucker spent six years interviewing women in Louisiana, Alabama, and Florida. Below is an interview with Priscilla Butler, who was born in 1909 and worked for many years as a domestic in Alabama. Tucker is a librarian at the Newcomb College Center for Research on Women, at Tulane University in New Orleans.*

I was born in Escambia County, Alabama, on the old Clinton plantation. My mother was—You know, it's the funniest thing—I can't find no record that she ever was born or that I was

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

s any 4th for $4.99

NO RISK NO OBLIGATION

PIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

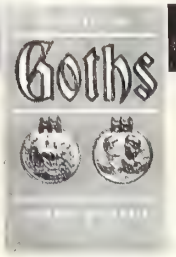
tory of Private Life, Volume I: From Pagan e to Byzantium *Edited by Philippe Aries, ges Duby and Paul Veyne*
4374. $29.50/**$19.95**

: The Riddle and Rediscovery of a Lost zation *by Charles Gallenkamp.* Incorporates tury of research. **2535.** $22.95/**$16.95**

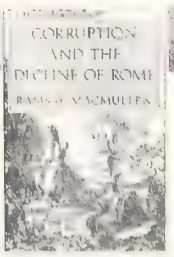
tory of the Vikings, Revised Edition *wyn Jones* **1172.** $25/**$16.50**



1859. $15/**$10.50**



7005. $39.95/**$21.50**



5975. $25/**$17.95**



5884. $27.50 $18.50

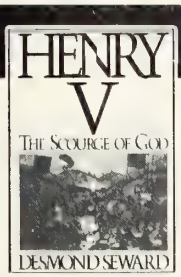
ATESMEN, GENERALS I THE RULING CLASS

erine the Great *by John T. Alexander*
1073. $24.95/**$18.95**

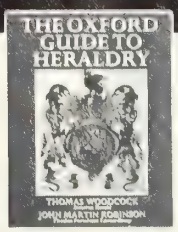
Autobiography of Henry VIII *by Margaret ge.* A riveting story of a king overcome by r and its peril. **3509.** $19.95/**$15.95**

nor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings *ny Kelly* **7187.** $20/**$14.50**

erick the Great: The Magnificent Enigma *obert B. Asprey* **3244.** $29.95/**$19.95**



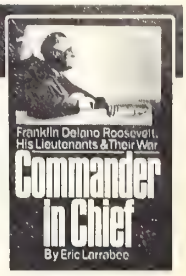
7641. $19.95 **$16.50**



8185. $35/**$26.50**



6627. $24.95/**$17.95**



6270. $25/**$17.95**

MELESS ISSUES, DURING IDEAS

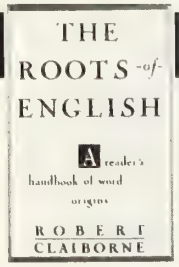
Bible as History, 2nd Revised Edition *erner Keller.* Archaeology and science ment biblical history. **3012.** $14.95/**$10.95**

nology and War: From 2000 B.C. to the ent *by Martin Van Creveld*
1024. $22.95/**$17.95**

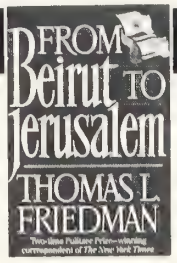
ament: The Bible and History *ohn Romer* **1560.** $35/**$24.95**



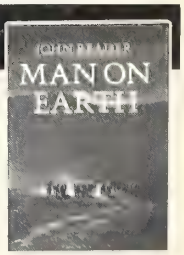
1875. $22.95/**$18.50**



1933. $18.95/**$15.95**



1925. $22.95/**$17.50**



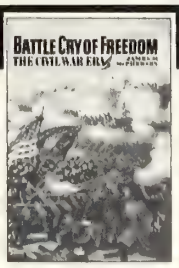
1677. $29.95/**$22.95**

E WARRING WORLD

Great Rebel Armies: An Essay in Confed- e Military History *by Richard McMurry*
9282. $22.50/**$16.95**

ight Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and rica in Vietnam *by Neil Sheehan*
1495. $24.95/**$18.50**

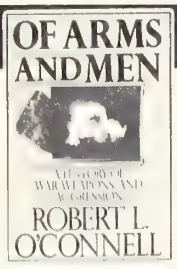
Price of Admiralty *by John Keegan*
1297. $21.95/**$17.95**



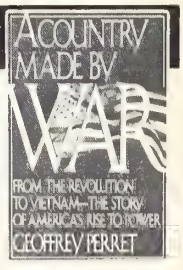
3988. $35 **$19.50**



6080. $22.95/**$17.50**



1578. $24.95/**$18.95**



1719. $22.50/**$17.95**

(First price is Publisher's List. **Boldface** is Member's price.)

Save on the best recent history titles.

lo matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being olished today. And no book club we know offers greater savings– nuch as 30% off publishers' list prices.

ou can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory er. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you e a fourth book for $4.99, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, 're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel mbership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in six-month period.

low the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 ks featured each month. History Book Club always offers its mbers well-made, long-lasting editions.

ou'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year out every 4 weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing–the book will come auto- tically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply m by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to h shipment.

our HBC Guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' oice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth for $4.99, plus shipping and handling.

H067-11-0-X

9-14

Name_____
(Please print clearly)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.
©1989 History Book Club, Inc.

ever born. I tried to trace it back, when I got my Social Security.

I guess it might have been some mix-up or because my mother, she was nothing but a child when I was born. And so they all felt it was best that I be with my grandmother. I don't know why exactly. It had to do with me being born out of wedlock and everyone knowing I was the child of one of those Clinton boys—the white people that owned the plantation.

My mother never even told my aunt who my father was. I don't know why. We didn't know who he was for sure until my mother died. I was nine years old then. But see, when the time come to come out from the cloud and say who was my father, they all come out, him and his brothers. After she died, they all come out.

See, everybody that lived on that plantation, well, whenever one of them died and they got word, well, you didn't have no expenses about the burial. You just go over there and tell the one who had the coffin house, Harry Clinton. He had a houseful of coffins, all kinds and all sizes, and he'd bring the peach tree switch down, and they measured the body and then brought the coffin.

So when my mother died, my father told his youngest brother, Andrew, to come see about me. All through my life, Andrew played a major role. He always came for my father. See, my father was old enough to be my daddy, and Andrew wasn't. If my daddy had come, that would have kind of pointed to him. My daddy was the lawyer one in the family. He was considered more professional than the rest of them. They had a lot of boys, and everybody knew I was crossbreeded but nobody could lay their fingers on just who it was.

Anyway, the day my mother died, Andrew said to my aunt, "We want you to take Priscilla because we don't want her to nurse nobody's babies until she's nursed her own." My aunt said my mother had asked them for that promise. "And she is never to get out in the field. And whenever she needs something, you come over to the store and knock and you'll wake me up and we'll let her father know." Andrew ran one of the stores on the plantation where you could buy different things.

So after that, I was raised with the best of everything. But I never did want anything to do with my daddy. My husband had to blow on me cold to make me be nice to him. A long time after I was grown and gone, he and his chauffeur came here once the day after Christmas. That was the first time. Before that, he always sent Andrew whenever I needed anything or he thought I needed anything. He started the habit that year: If he came, he'd always come the day after Christmas. And he'd bring a great big old box with apples and oranges.

My daughter was at the door that first time he came. He said, "Is your mother home?" And she said, "Yes sir, Mister." He said, "Don't you ever call me 'Mister.' " He says, "I am your grandfather, and always when I come here, you call me Grandfather."

He ended up giving us all some money. Sometimes he gave my husband as much as fifty dollars and each one of the children ten dollars. And I always got my share all through the year. But I still didn't like him. I didn't really hate him, but I didn't cultivate a friendship for him to think that he was on the same level of society as me or that I was on the same level of society with him.

I just don't know why. I didn't feel he was better than me or I was better than him. I felt that the society that I lived in and around didn't want anything to do with me. On account of I was a mulatto, and I guess I blamed him for that.

Once, I remember—I guess I just won't let it die—I was standing up on one of the store porches one Saturday. And my aunt used to dress me up. She would make me the beautifulest clothes. 'Cause my daddy paid for it.

Well, I was standing there on the porch—look like to me it was drizzling rain—waiting for it to stop. And somebody said, "Oh, who's that little girl?" I used to have long plaits coming down to my belt line. If I had on a little red checkerdy gingham dress, well, then I had a big red bow on my hair, a great big one. If I had on a pink checkerdy dress, a pink bow.

So, anyway, they said, "Who's that little girl?" This old woman—I can't remember what her name was. But I hope she done served the time in hell and out by now, 'cause she was an old devil. She said, "Don't you know?" Said, "That's Aunt Grace's old Elizabeth's baby." My grandmother was Grace, and my mother was Elizabeth. She said it in a mean way, like there was something horrible about me. I can remember they said, "Well, that's a beautiful child." She said, "Well, don't think too much of that," say, "because when she grows up, so's the mammy, so's the child."

I went home to my aunt and I cried and cried. It was something terrible with me, I thought, for her to say such a thing. I had that stigma in me.

"So is the mammy, so is the child." I just won't let that die.

Well, I don't know if it was rape or money or lust or affection or what that caused the mingling-up. I never talked to no one about it in those terms. In my mother's case, I don't know. I've spent a lot of my life trying to know, but I don't. My father felt something to keep up

SCANDIA

The Shoulder Bag For People On The Go!



IT HOLDS *EVERYTHING!*

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment and clothes you could ever need to carry.

There are even special pockets for all those little odds and ends that seem to get lost in ordinary bags. The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 14½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide (the perfect size for an airplane carry-on), and has six inner and outer pockets. And for those times when you need a little extra space, just open the Scandia's inside zipper and the bag *expands to a full 8 inches in width!* No matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

IT'S EXTREMELY DURABLE.

As anyone who has ever owned a Scandia will testify, *this bag lasts for years.* The Scandia's high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. Its heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are well-made and extremely durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its attractive, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater. And with six handsome colors to choose from, you might want to own more than one!



The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

IT'S A REMARKABLE BARGAIN!

NOW ONLY $19.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE

1-800-242-6657

CALL ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee

You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. B256 , 126 FIFTH AVE., NY, NY 10011

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

EXP DATE

SIGNATURE

ITEM #	STYLE	QTY	TOTAL
#1377068	BLUE		
#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

with me, but I don't know why he felt it—duty or guilt or what. I just don't know.

My mother protected me by making them promise I wouldn't have to nurse no babies until I'd nursed my own. Maybe the trouble came in when you were so young and went into the white homes. I don't know.

After I married, see, I moved to Mississippi and was glad to go, and my husband worked there in a paper mill. He made good money and we had two children. But one of the supervisors there told him he'd been up North and saw the Depression coming, and said they were gonna start laying off soon. And said we should move to Mobile, because in the city, women could always work in white homes.

So we moved to Mobile in 1930. We moved and stayed with another aunt of mine, Aunt Caroline. We stayed there until we built our own home. I went to work for Lawyer Scott, and they paid you ten a week, and oh, that was a lot of money then. But darling! You stayed there. If they wanted to have a conversation around the table, you didn't act sour, didn't rattle those pots and pans. And maybe it be nine-thirty before you'd get out of the kitchen. And oh, my dear, you'd been there since six-thirty in the morning.

I was glad when I didn't have to work there more. And why I didn't work more was on account of we had a run-in. Because my aunt, she needed help getting insurance money from her son dying. They wouldn't pay, and finally Lawyer Scott got them to pay. He put the money in the bank in his name, though. He said he was just taking his 4 percent out slow. My aunt, she accepted that. She was raised up where Negroes were supposed to do whatever boss told you, you accept that. She thought she'd get it in time.

Well, a year went by and no money for my aunt. I quit there. And I called on Miz Lucy Meyers. She was a white lady, and she would do all she could for the Negroes because the white people didn't recognize her husband altogether as being white. His mother had had two colored children before she married his father, and the white people, for that, wouldn't let those children go to school. So she got in touch with Andrew, my daddy's brother. And Andrew called on Lawyer Scott and fixed it.

He was stealing her money! And some of those whites, I don't know! I never felt quite like I could trust any of them. Not even Andrew, who played the dear one, always coming for my father. No, I didn't trust the ones that were family or the ones I worked for, neither one. Now Andrew, he died not long ago. He'd been down sick. His cook was named Willie Bell, and Willie Bell let me know about it. She called and said he's been asking for you and asking for you. I kept on avoiding it, till finally my husband said, "Why don't you go?"

So he carried me there one Sunday, and when I got there, that doctor had just given him some kind of sedative. I was on the porch, and his wife asked me, "What is your name?" I said, "Priscilla." She said, "You waited a mighty long time to come." I say, "I admit that." And pecans began falling on the house, on the roof. I told her I'd better go so she could close the door and he wouldn't hear the noise of the pecans on the roof. He was right down the hall there.

So I left, and he died that week. Well, I didn't see him, so I never knew for sure if I would have trusted him in the end. We knew each other most all our lives. And I later heard through the grapevine that I cheated myself out of something, some money or some land, by not going earlier. But you know, some days I care and some days I don't.

[Essay]

BARBARA WALTERS'S THEATER OF REVENGE

Adapted from "Sex, Lives and Videotape," by Mark Crispin Miller, in the October issue of Savvy Woman. *Miller is the author of* Boxed In: The Culture of TV.

In Hollywood today, being beautiful is not enough; the stars also must exhibit "a self-mocking sense of humor." So say Hollywood's casting directors, as surveyed recently by *TV Guide*. Self-mockery, they have noticed, is "a key ingredient in star quality. 'Tom Selleck has it,' says HBO's [head of casting], 'and so do Burt Reynolds and Paul Newman.' And they *have* to have it, she says, because it allows the audience to forgive them for their looks."

That explanation points up a sobering fact about Celebrity today: The stars are obligated not just to tantalize their fans but also to appease them. The stars must seem to pay us back for the envy they've been paid to make us feel. While basking in success, they must also seem to shrug it off, or to atone for it, so as to blunt the deep resentment that is the obverse of our "love."

Such mass ambivalence is at least as old as the star system itself. In the Thirties, Nathanael West sensed the hatred simmering among the movies' most passionate fans: "The police force would have to be doubled when the stars started to arrive," he writes of the hellish "world premiere" in *The Day of the Locust*. "At the sight of

their heroes and heroines, the crowd would turn demoniac. Some little gesture, either too pleasing or too offensive, would start it moving and then nothing but machine guns would stop it."

Throughout Hollywood's heyday, the press functioned to contain that great mass animus, channeling the audience's wrath according to the needs of the studio executives. Read by millions, "reporters" like Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper, and Sheilah Graham, among others, did not just hype the stars but also helped supervise them, by standing as the righteous tribunes of the movie-going populace. In 1950, one of Hedda Hopper's legmen gleefully called her attacks "a healthy disciplinary medium among the stars and big shots who sometimes delude themselves they're entitled to special privileges, like, for instance, adultery, taking dope, and indulging in strange sex aberrations." Through the columnists, the audience could act out its revenge against the privileged movie colony. And so the stars had to abase themselves before those hard columnists, regarding them, as Leo Rosten wrote in 1941, with "a combination of cunning, fear, hate, and propitiation."

If anything, that mass hostility seems to have increased, now that TV tantalizes everyone nonstop. Through TV, the dazzling image of Celebrity has become inescapable, a glow pervading every home and haunting every mind, with a thoroughness that was not possible when the stars were beckoning only from the screens of crowded movie theaters. The same medium that appears to bring the stars within our reach also (of course) withholds them—a kind of teasing that makes people angry. This may, in part, explain why stardom has, with the spread of TV, become more dangerous, a status that today requires not just the occasional instruments of crowd control but a staff of live-in bodyguards.

Only a few fans, of course, have vented their anger in the kind of kamikaze operation that has felled John Lennon, Ronald Reagan, Theresa Saldana, Rebecca Schaeffer. The psychotic assault on Celebrity is only the most extreme symptom of the widespread resentment, which usually finds less violent release in the same media spectacle that also rouses that resentment. While a few carry guns and keep mad diaries, millions simply feed on lurid fantasies of retribution, available at any supermarket checkout line, as well as on television.

Of all the features in today's theater of revenge, however, there is none as popular, or as subtle, as the quarterly ritual staged by Barbara Walters—an edgy televisual ceremony in which Walters acts out, and exploits, the viewers' ambivalence toward the superstars. A throwback to the likes of Hedda Hopper, Walters, on our behalf, seems to penalize the stars for their success—right after, or even in the midst of, hyping it.

Thus the Walters interview usually begins with what she calls "the tour"; i.e., a bald exhibition of fantastic wealth, the camera panning reverently across stupendous lawns, vast marble foyers, bedrooms like the tombs of emperors, etc., while Walters, in voice-over, extols the property as if trying to sell it.

After this display, however, Walters must stage a punishment for the affluence she has just eyed so worshipfully. Most often, Walters will, after a little fawning, suddenly confront the subject with a very rude personal question, just as a child or imbecile would. At these moments, the interviewer actively personifies the viewing audience at its nosiest. It is, in fact, her genius to intuit the wonderings of the tactless oaf within each one of us and then to become that oaf, speaking its "mind" right in the star's home, right in the star's face.

Here, for instance, is an exchange that Walters conducted, in 1977, with Elizabeth Taylor and Senator John Warner, then newlyweds, "in the spacious kitchen of their elegant farmhouse":

B.W. [*to Liz, out of nowhere*]: Are you worried about putting on weight?

LIZ: No. [*tense giggling*]

B.W.: Does it matter to you?

LIZ: No, it doesn't. Because I'm so happy, and I



From Playing Fast and Loose With Time and Space, *a collection of cartoons by P. S. Mueller, published by Meadowbrook Press in Deephaven, Minnesota.*



In a world of the flighty and fly by n

It's our signature, of course. Our sign-off on a product. It is an invitation to your confidence, and if you like the product, it's an R.S.V.P. If for some reason, the product disappoints, you'll move us from your shopping list to your black list. We can't have that, so we see to it that our label promises more.

Take one of our buttondown shirts.

Inside the collar of any of our buttondowns, our label assures you a degree of value unparalleled in the market place. For several reasons.

First, because we're Direct Merchants, spared the mark-up middlemen make necessary. But also because we're not all things to all shirt wearers. We're buttondown people, because we're buttondown wearers. And we share with you what we insist on for ourselves: 100% cotton integrity, extra-long plackets, 7-button fronts, gauntlet buttons on the sleeves, a generous cut, and tails that go all the way to there, so they don't inch up.

Or, consider our label in a tie or a shoe.

Look at a Lands' End label in any of our ties and it says to you, instantly, "handsewn". We handle no other kind o
Beyond that, we put th
to exceptional use as a
"keeper" that does wh
keeper should—keeps
lower half of the tie in
instead of parting com
with the tie after the fi
hurried tying.

In a shoe, the Lan
label tells you that if yo
feels comfortable in it,
always feel comfortable
Lands' End shoe of tha
size, whatever the style.



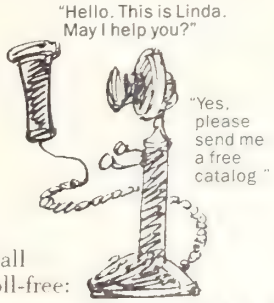
el like this can be a wonderful thing.

e we size our shoes to a
n last. You can order
es with confidence. (All
hout enduring the shoe
an's hand-squeeze of
etatarsal arch, or the
f his thumb and
ger on your sensitive big

Not to forget our guarantee.

As vigilant as we are in guarding the integrity of our label, we are not perfect because our business is more art than science, and hence (thank goodness!) a people-intensive business. So behind our label stands our blunt guarantee: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® There is no conceivable condition under which we do not honor it.

So, give us a call at 1-800-356-4444, and start enjoying the Lands' End experience as millions of people like you (and us!) already do.



Call toll-free:

1-800-356-4444

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1989, Lands' End, Inc.

Or write:

Lands' End, Inc. Dept. XX-30
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

enjoy eating. I like to cook—nice—and I enjoy eating, and I love it—

[CB: You would not care if you got fat?

LTZ: I am fat!

[CB: I didn't want to say it.

LTZ: I can hardly get mad any of my clothes!

[CB: But you don't care.

LTZ: Not really.

[CB: *[changing tactic]* Do you worry about getting older?

LTZ: No, not at all. I'm forty-four years old, and I'll be forty-five next Sunday—

[Cut to an extreme close up, letting us enjoy the sight of Liz Taylor's laugh lines and double chin while she sits there trying to sound liberated.]

"Why didn't you get your nose fixed?" Walters once asked Barbra Streisand. On a show featuring Bo Derek, Cheryl Ladd, Farrah Fawcett, and Bette Midler, Walters—referring to Derek's hit movie—asked Midler to rate, one to ten, her own looks. "Fifty-five!" Midler sang out genially, whereupon Walters, seeing as the oaf sees, was ostentatiously nonplussed: "Er—*really!*" she gasped, and Midler was clearly—and understandably—offended.

Obviously, Walters's purpose is not to regale the public with good conversation but to abuse the stars as that same public would, and often does, abuse them: "People can be very cruel," Barbra Streisand once told Walters. "They treat performers sometimes as if they're not alive." Tellingly, Walters used that sound bite to kick off her gala Fiftieth Special, as if to advertise the cruelty of her own approach. Her callousness shows itself not just in childish personal remarks but in even grosser moments of impertinence: "Can you have sex?" Walters asked the paraplegic singer Teddy Pendergrass.

When trying to justify such invasiveness (which she does not do often), Walters will lay the blame on us: "I *hate* to do this," she insisted to Fawn Hall (having asked her if she was dating anyone), "but *you* know people want to know." In thus voicing the abrasive curiosity of the oaf multitude, Walters recalls the Hollywood newsbags, who were also merciless inquirers. The difference is, of course, that the columnists would leave, in print, no trace of their own prying, whereas Barbara Walters asks those nervy questions right on camera—indeed, the asking often *makes* the story. Walters wants visceral responses: a gulp, a sob or two, or preferably a fit of keening. For this payoff, she will move in—often indirectly—on the most painful memories, which she will bring up with a fixed look of clammy pseudo-sympathy and in the Standard Condolatory Murmur used by people who enjoy funerals. "Betty, did you know from the first there was no hope?" Thus Walters delicately opened up the subject of Betty White's eventual widowhood.

Why do those stars go through with it? In part, of course, they want the exposure, and Walters offers a unique promotional bonanza. Moreover, it would be a sentimental error to imply that the stars are mere victims here, because Walters often stages the star's punishment with the star's own complicity—just as the Hollywood "reporters" used to do. The ambush mode is not Walters's only means of bringing down Celebrity. Just as often, she will help some star evade the mass resentment by getting her to tell us how she's Been Through Hell—a confession of past misery that permits the star to go on having all that fame and fortune ("She deserves it, with what she's been through!"), and that also reassures us oafs that we're all better off just as we are: working (if we're lucky) nine to five, waiting on line in supermarkets, watching television.

But while she generally has the women sell themselves as erstwhile victims, she tends to bring the males down in a different way. As spokesperson for the masses, Walters often moralizes, promoting the same tidy Code of Family Values that Hopper/Parsons used to push so hypocritically. Usually, however, Walters defends the code not by railing at the stars' loose behavior but by having them—the men, that is—give dewy-eyed avowals of their deep longing for domestic life. This is exactly how the stars of yore, however randy, mollified their leery public through the gossip columns. And so Sylvester Stallone told Walters what would make him happy: "I would like to be able to have a home life that is really beautiful, that is—the whole storybook, white-picket-fence bit. I really would. I would like to go for that," said the man who had married Brigitte Nielsen.

The whole pseudo-populist spectacle, all the prying and the piety, has a fundamentally elitist purpose. Although posing as a journalist, Walters is, like Hopper and the others, in the business not of public information but of popular delusion. Through her, we only seem to be allowed inside a world of peace and luxury, a world whose real inhabitants, through her, we only seem to punish for our actual exclusion. And yet there is no peace within that world, because of us. Even for the stars, in other words, the specials offer no real benefit. They sit down with Walters not only for the vast exposure but as a form of public penance, hoping thereby to pacify the eerie rage of their adoring audience. The stars are in hiding from us, and so they meet uneasily with Barbara Walters. ■

STALKING THE BILLION-FOOTED BEAST

A literary manifesto for the new social novel

By Tom Wolfe

May I be forgiven if I take as my text the sixth page of the fourth chapter of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*? The novel's main character, Sherman McCoy, is driving over the Triborough Bridge in New York City in his Mercedes roadster with his twenty-six-year-old girlfriend, not his forty-year-old wife, in the tan leather bucket seat beside him, and he glances triumphantly off to his left toward the island of Manhattan. "The towers were jammed together so tightly, he could feel the mass and stupendous weight. Just think of the millions, from all over the globe, who yearned to be on that island, in those towers, in those narrow streets! There it was, the Rome, the Paris, the London of the twentieth century, the city of ambition, the dense magnetic rock, the irresistible destination of all those who insist on being *where things are happening*—"

To me the idea of writing a novel about this astonishing metropolis, a big novel, cramming as much of New York City between covers as you could, was the most tempting, the most challenging, and the most obvious idea an American writer could possibly have. I had first vowed to try it in 1968, except that what I had in mind then was a nonfiction novel, to use a much-discussed term from the period. I had just written one, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, about the psychedelic, or hippie, movement, and I had begun to indulge in some brave speculations about nonfiction as an art form. These were eventually recorded in a book called *The New Journalism*. Off the record, however, alone in my little apartment on East Fifty-eighth Street, I was worried that somebody out there was writing a big realistic fictional novel about the hippie experience that would blow *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* out of the water. Somebody? There might be droves of them. After all, among the hippies were many well-educated and presumably, not to mention avowedly, creative people. But one, two, three, four years went by, and to my relief, and then my bafflement, those novels never appeared. (And to this day they remain unwritten.)

Tom Wolfe is a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine. *He is currently at work on a new novel.*

I braced and waited for the big realistic novels that were sure to be written about the Sixties. But these novels never appeared

Meantime, I turned to the proposed nonfiction novel about New Y
As I saw it, such a book should be a novel *of the city,* in the sense
Balzac and Zola had written novels *of Paris* and Dickens and Thackeray
written novels *of London,* with the city always in the foreground, exer
its relentless pressure on the souls of its inhabitants. My immediate m
was Thackeray's *Vanity Fair.* Thackeray and Dickens had lived in the
great era of the metropolis. Now, a century later, in the 1960s, cer
powerful forces had converged to create a second one. The economic b
that had begun in the middle of the Second World War surged through
decade of the Sixties without even a mild recession. The flush times
ated a sense of immunity, and standards that had been in place for mil
nia were swept aside with a merry, rut-boar abandon. One result was
so-called sexual revolution, which I always thought was a rather prim t
for the lurid carnival that actually took place.

Indirectly, the boom also triggered something else: overt racial conf
Bad feelings had been rumbling on low boil in the cities ever since the g
migrations from the rural South had begun in the 1920s. But in 19
series of race riots erupted, starting with the Harlem riot in 1964 and
Watts riot in Los Angeles in 1965, moving to Detroit in 1967, and peak
in Washington and Chicago in 1968. These were riots that only the Six
could have produced. In the Sixties, the federal government had cre
the War on Poverty, at the heart of which were not alms for the poor
setups called CAPs: Community Action Programs. CAPs were someth
new in the history of political science. They were official invitations f
the government to people in the slums to improve their lot by rising up
rebelling against the establishment, including the government itself.
government would provide the money, the headquarters, and the advis
So people in the slums obliged. The riots were merely the most sensatio
form the strategy took, however. The more customary form was the c
frontation. *Confrontation* was a Sixties term. It was not by mere coi
dence that the most violent of the Sixties confrontational groups,
Black Panther Party of America, drew up its ten-point program in
North Oakland poverty center. That was what the poverty center
there for.

Such was the backdrop one day in January of 1970 when I decide
attend a party that Leonard Bernstein and his wife, Felicia, were giving
the Black Panthers in their apartment at Park Avenue and Seventy-n
Street. I figured that here might be some material for a chapter in my n
fiction *Vanity Fair* about New York. I didn't know the half of it. It wa
this party that a Black Panther field marshal rose up beside the north
ano—there was also a south piano—in Leonard Bernstein's living ro
and outlined the Panthers' ten-point program to a roomful of socialites
celebrities, who, giddy with *nostalgie de la boue,* entertained a vision of
future in which, after the revolution, there would no longer be any s
thing as a two-story, thirteen-room apartment on Park Avenue, with t
grand pianos in the living room, for one family.

All I was after was material for a chapter in a nonfiction novel, as I
But the party was such a perfect set piece that I couldn't hold back. I w
an account of the evening for *New York* magazine entitled "Radical C
and, as a companion piece, an article about the confrontations the Wa
Poverty had spawned in San Francisco, "Mau-mauing the Flak Catch
The two were published as a book in the fall of 1970. Once again I br
and waited for the big realistic novels that were sure to be written a
this phenomenon that had played such a major part in American life in
late 1960s and early 1970s: racial strife in the cities. Once again the y
began to roll by, and these novels never appeared.

This time, however, my relief was not very profound. I still had not w
ten my would-be big book about New York. I had merely put off the
tempt. In 1972 I put it off a little further. I went to Cape Canaver
cover the launch of *Apollo 17,* the last mission to the moon, for *Ro*

. I ended up writing a four-part series on the astronauts, then decided
end the next five or six months expanding the material into a book.
ive or six months stretched into a year, eighteen months, two years,
began to look over my shoulder. Truman Capote, for one, had let it
nown that he was working on a big novel about New York entitled
ered Prayers. No doubt there were others as well. The material was
eyond belief and getting richer every day.
nother year slipped by . . . and, miraculously, no such book appeared.
w I paused and looked about and tried to figure out what was, in fact,
on in the world of American fiction. I wasn't alone, as it turned out.
the publishers along Madison Avenue—at that time, publishing
s could still afford Madison Avenue—had their noses pressed against
thermopane glass walls scanning the billion-footed city for the ap-
h of the young novelists who, surely, would bring them the big novels
e racial clashes, the hippie movement, the New Left, the Wall Street
, the sexual revolution, the war in Vietnam. But such creatures, it
ed, no longer existed.
e strange fact of the matter was that young people with serious literary
tions were no longer interested in the metropolis or any other big, rich
of contemporary life. Over the preceding fifteen years, while I had
immersed in journalism, one of the most curious chapters in Ameri-
literary history had begun. (And it is not over yet.) The story
turns bizarre and hilarious, and one day some lucky doctoral can-
didate with the perseverance of a Huizinga or a Hauser will
do it justice. I can offer no more than the broadest
outline.

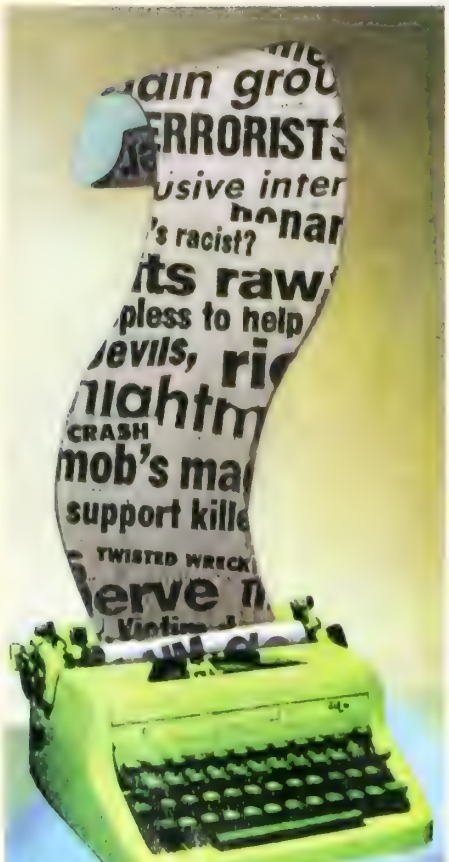
After the Second World War, in the late 1940s, American intel-
als began to revive a dream that had glowed briefly in the 1920s. They
ut to create a native intelligentsia on the French or English model, an
lectual aristocracy—socially unaffiliated, beyond class distinctions—
e in politics and the arts. In the arts, their audience would be the
itably small minority of truly cultivated people as opposed to the mob,
wished only to be entertained or to be assured they were "cultured."
ow, if one need edit, the mob was better known as the middle class.
mong the fashionable European ideas that began to circulate was that
he death of the novel," by which was meant the realistic novel. Writ-
in 1948, Lionel Trilling gave this notion a late-Marxist twist that
rge Steiner and others would elaborate on. The realistic novel, in their
, was the literary child of the nineteenth-century industrial bourgeoi-
t was a slice of life, a cross section, that provided a true and powerful
re of individuals and society—as long as the bourgeois order and the
lass system were firmly in place. But now that the bourgeoisie was in a
of "crisis and partial rout" (Steiner's phrase) and the old class system
crumbling, the realistic novel was pointless. What could be more futile
a cross section of disintegrating fragments?
he truth was, as Arnold Hauser had gone to great pains to demonstrate
he Social History of Art, the intelligentsia have always had contempt for
realistic novel—a form that wallows so enthusiastically in the dirt of
yday life and the dirty secrets of class envy and that, still worse, is so
y understood and obviously relished by the mob, i.e., the middle class.
ictorian England, the intelligentsia regarded Dickens as "the author of
uneducated, undiscriminating public." It required a chasm of time—
ty years, in fact—to separate his work from its vulgar milieu so that
ens might be canonized in British literary circles. The intelligentsia
always preferred more refined forms of fiction, such as that longtime
ch intellectual favorite, the psychological novel.
y the early 1960s, the notion of the death of the realistic novel had
ht on among young American writers with the force of revelation.
s was an extraordinary turnabout. It had been only yesterday, in the

The intelligentsia have always had contempt for the realistic novel—a form that wallows so enthusiastically in the dirt of everyday life



ations by Victoria Kann

What novelist would dare dream up such crazy stuff and then ask you to suspend your disbelief?



1930s, that the big realistic novel, with its broad social sweep, had
American literature up on the world stage for the first time. In 1930 S
clair Lewis, a realistic novelist who used reporting techniques as thoro
as Zola's, became the first American writer to win the Nobel Prize. In
acceptance speech, he called on his fellow writers to give America "a
erature worthy of her vastness," and, indeed, four of the next five Am
cans to win the Nobel Prize in literature—Pearl Buck, William Faulk
Ernest Hemingway, and John Steinbeck—were realistic novelists. (
fifth was Eugene O'Neill.) For that matter, the most highly regarded
novelists of the immediate postwar period—James Jones, Norman Ma
Irwin Shaw, William Styron, Calder Willingham—were all realists.

Yet by 1962, when Steinbeck won the Nobel Prize, young writers,
intellectuals generally, regarded him and his approach to the novel a
embarrassment. Pearl Buck was even worse, and Lewis wasn't much bet
Faulkner and Hemingway still commanded respect, but it was the resp
you give to old boys who did the best they could with what they knew
their day. They were "squares" (John Gardner's term) who actu
thought you could take real life and spread it across the pages of a bo
They never comprehended the fact that a novel is a sublime literary ga

All serious young writers—*serious* meaning those who aimed for lite
prestige—understood such things, and they were dismantling the real
novel just as fast as they could think of ways to do it. The dividing line
the year 1960. Writers who went to college after 1960 . . . *understood.* F
serious young writer to stick with realism after 1960 required contrari
and courage.

Writers who had gone to college before 1960, such as Saul Bellow, F
ert Stone, and John Updike, found it hard to give up realism, but m
others were caught betwixt and between. They didn't know which wa
turn. For example, Philip Roth, a 1954 graduate of Bucknell, won the
tional Book Award in 1960 at the age of twenty-seven for a collec
entitled *Goodbye, Columbus.* The title piece was a brilliant novell
manners—brilliant . . . but, alas, highly realistic. By 1961 Roth was ha
second thoughts. He made a statement that had a terrific impact on o
young writers. We now live in an age, he said, in which the imaginatio
the novelist lies helpless before what he knows he will read in tomo
morning's newspaper. "The actuality is continually outdoing our tale
and the culture tosses up figures daily that are the envy of any novel

Even today—perhaps especially today—anyone, writer or not, can s
pathize. What novelist would dare concoct a plot in which, say, a So
ern television evangelist has a tryst in a motel with a church secretary
Babylon, New York—Did you have to make it *Babylon?*—and is ruine
the point where he has to sell all his worldly goods at auction, includin
air-conditioned doghouse—*air-conditioned doghouse?*—whereupon h
termed a "decadent pompadour boy" by a second television evange
who, we soon learn, has been combing his own rather well-teased b
hair forward over his forehead and wearing headbands in order to dis
himself as he goes into Louisiana waterbed motels with combat-zone pr
tutes—Oh, *come on*—prompting a third television evangelist, who is
der serious consideration for the Republican presidential nominatio
charge that the damning evidence has been leaked to the press by the
President of the United States . . . while, meantime, the aforesaid ch
secretary has now bared her chest to the photographers and has the
become an international celebrity and has gone to live happily ever aft
a castle known as the Playboy Mansion . . . and her erstwhile tryst n
evangelist No. 1, was last seen hiding in the fetal position under his
yer's couch in Charlotte, North Carolina . . .

What novelist would dare dream up such crazy stuff and then ask y
suspend your disbelief?

The lesson that a generation of serious young writers learned from R
lament was that it was time to avert their eyes. To attempt a realistic

the scope of Balzac, Zola, or Lewis was absurd. By the mid-1960s the iction was not merely that the realistic novel was no longer possible hat American life itself no longer deserved the term *real.* American vas chaotic, fragmented, random, discontinuous; in a word, *absurd.* ers in the university creative writing programs had long, phenomeno- al discussions in which they decided that the act of writing words on a page was the real thing and the so-called real world of America was the fiction, requiring the suspension of disbelief. *The so-called real world* became a favorite phrase.

The Puppet-Masters were in love with the theory that the novel was a literary game, words on a page manipulated by an author

New types of novels came in waves, each trying to establish an t-garde position out beyond realism. There were Absurdist novels, ical Realist novels, and novels of Radical Disjunction (the novelist critic Robert Towers's phrase) in which plausible events and plausible acters were combined in fantastic or outlandish ways, often resulting in lful catastrophes that were played for laughs in the ironic mode. Irony he attitude supreme, and nowhere more so than in the Puppet-Master ls, a category that often overlapped with the others. The Puppet- ers were in love with the theory that the novel was, first and foremost, rary game, words on a page being manipulated by an author. Ronald nick, author of a highly praised 1968 novel called *Up,* would tell you he looked like while he was writing the words you were at that ient reading. At one point you are informed that he is stark naked. etimes he tells you he's crossing out what you've just read and chang- t. Then he gives you the new version. In a story called "The Death ie Novel," he keeps saying, à la Samuel Beckett, "I can't go on." n he exhorts himself, "Go on," and on he goes. At the end of *Up* he you that none of the characters was real: "I just make it up as I go g."

ie Puppet-Masters took to calling their stories *fictions,* after the man- of Jorge Luis Borges, who spoke of his *ficciones.* Borges, an Argentinian, one of the gods of the new breed. In keeping with the cosmopolitan ings of the native intelligentsia, all gods now came from abroad: es, Nabokov, Beckett, Pinter, Kundera, Calvino, García Márquez, above all, Kafka; there was a whole rash of stories with characters ed H or V or K or T or P (but, for some reason, none named A, B, D,). It soon reached the point where a creative writing teacher at Johns kins held up Tolstoy as a master of the novel—and was looked upon by oung charges as rather touchingly old-fashioned. As one of them, erick Barthelme, later put it, "He talked Leo Tolstoy when we were up ere with Laurence Sterne, Franz Kafka, Italo Calvino, and Gabriel cía Márquez. In fact, Gabriel García Márquez was already *over* by ."

the 1970s there was a headlong rush to get rid of not only realism but ything associated with it. One of the most highly praised of the new d, John Hawkes, said: "I began to write fiction on the assumption that true enemies of the novel were plot, character, setting, and theme." most radical group, the Neo-Fabulists, decided to go back to the pri- origins of fiction, back to a happier time, before realism and all its aminations, back to myth, fable, and legend. John Gardner and John ig both started out in this vein, but the peerless leader was John Barth, wrote a collection of three novellas called *Chimera,* recounting the ier adventures of Perseus and Andromeda and other characters from ek mythology. *Chimera* won the 1972 National Book Award for fiction. ther Neo-Fabulists wrote modern fables, à la Kafka, in which the ac- , if any, took place at no specific location. You couldn't even tell what isphere it was. It was some nameless, elemental terrain—the desert, woods, the open sea, the snowy wastes. The characters had no back- nds. They came from nowhere. They didn't use realistic speech. Noth- hey said, did, or possessed indicated any class or ethnic origin. Above

What a feast was spread out before every writer in America. How could any writer resist plunging into it? I couldn't

all, the Neo-Fabulists avoided all big, obvious sentiments and emotic which the realistic novel, with its dreadful Little Nell scenes, special in. Perfect anesthesia; that was the ticket, even in the death scenes. A thetic solitude became one of the great motifs of serious fiction in 1970s. The Minimalists, also known as the K-Mart Realists, wrote ab real situations, but very tiny ones, tiny domestic ones, for the most p usually in lonely Rustic Septic Tank Rural settings, in a deadpan p composed of disingenuously short, simple sentences—with the emot anesthetized, given a shot of novocaine. My favorite Minimalist oper comes from a short story by Robert Coover: "In order to get started went to live alone on an island and shot himself."

Many of these writers were brilliant. They were virtuosos. They coul things within the narrow limits they had set for themselves that were n clever and amusing than anyone could have ever imagined. But what this lonely island they had moved to? After all, they, like me, happene be alive in what was, for better or for worse, the American century, century in which we had become the mightiest military power in all hi ry, capable of blowing up the world by turning two cylindrical keys missile silo but also capable, once it blew, of escaping to the stars in sp ships. We were alive in the first moment since the dawn of time in wh man was able at last to break the bonds of Earth's gravity and explore rest of the universe. And, on top of that, we had created an affluence reached clear down to the level of mechanics and tradesmen on a scale would have made the Sun King blink, so that on any given evening ev Neo-Fabulist's or a Minimalist's electrician or air-conditioner mechan burglar-alarm repairman might very well be in Saint Kitts or Barbad Puerto Vallarta wearing a Harry Belafonte cane-cutter shirt, open to sternum, the better to reveal the gold chains twinkling in his chest h while he and his third wife sit on the terrace and have a little desi water before dinner. . .

What a feast was spread out before every writer in A ica! How could any writer resist plunging into it? I coul

In 1979, after I had finally completed my book about the astron *The Right Stuff,* I returned at last to the idea of a novel about New Yo now decided the book would not be a nonfiction novel but a fictional Part of it, I suppose, was curiosity or, better said, the question that reb every writer who had made a point of experimenting with nonfiction the preceding ten or fifteen years: Are you merely ducking the big c lenge—The Novel? Consciously, I wanted to prove a point. I wante fulfill a prediction I had made in the introduction to *The New Journalis* 1973; namely, that the future of the fictional novel would be in a hi detailed realism based on reporting, a realism more thorough than any rently being attempted, a realism that would portray the individual in mate and inextricable relation to the society around him.

One of the axioms of literary theory in the Seventies was that rea was "just another formal device, not a permanent method for dealing experience" (in the words of the editor of the *Partisan Review,* Wil Phillips). I was convinced then—and I am even more strongly convi now—that precisely the opposite is true. The introduction of realism literature in the eighteenth century by Richardson, Fielding, and Sm was like the introduction of electricity into engineering. It was not another device. The effect on the emotions of an everyday realism su Richardson's was something that had never been conceived of befo was realism that created the "absorbing" or "gripping" quality that is p liar to the novel, the quality that makes the reader feel that he has pulled not only into the setting of the story but also into the minds central nervous systems of the characters. No one was ever moved to by reading about the unhappy fates of heroes and heroines in H Sophocles, Molière, Racine, Sydney, Spenser, or Shakespeare. Yet

mpeccable Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review,* confessed to ng cried—blubbered, boohooed, snuffled, and sighed—over the death :tle Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop.* For writers to give up this power in uest for a more up-to-date kind of fiction—it is as if an engineer were t out to develop a more sophisticated machine technology by first of all rding the principle of electricity, on the grounds that it has been used auseam for a hundred years.

ne of the specialties of the realistic novel, from Richardson on, was the onstration of the influence of society on even the most personal aspects ie life of the individual. Lionel Trilling was right when he said, in , that what produced great characters in the nineteenth-century Euro- novel was the portrayal of "class traits modified by personality." But ent on to argue that the old class structure by now had disintegrated, cularly in the United States, rendering the technique useless. Again, I d say that precisely the opposite is the case. If we substitute for *class,* in ing's formulation, the broader term *status,* that technique has never more essential in portraying the innermost life of the individual. This ove all true when the subject is the modern city. It strikes me as folly to ve that you can portray the individual in the city today without also raying the city itself.

sked once what three novels he would most recommend to a creative ng student, Faulkner said (or is said to have said): "*Anna Karenina, a Karenina,* and *Anna Karenina.*" And what is at the core of not only private dramas but also the very psychology of *Anna Karenina?* It is toy's concept of the heart at war with the structure of society. The as of Anna, Vronsky, Karenin, Levin, and Kitty would be nothing but -moving romances without the panorama of Russian society against ch Tolstoy places them. The characters' electrifying irrational acts are acts of the heart brought to a desperate edge by the pressure of society.

Trilling were here, he would no doubt say, But of course: "class traits lified by personality." These are substantial characters (*substantial* was of Trilling's favorite terms) precisely because Russian society in Tol- 's day was so clearly defined by social classes, each with its own distinc- culture and traditions. Today, in New York, Trilling could argue, a would just move in with Vronsky, and people in their social set ld duly note the change in their Scully & Scully address books; and the val of the baby, if they chose to have it, would occasion no more than a ning snigger in the gossip columns. To which I would say, Quite so. status structure of society has changed, but it has not disappeared for a nent. It provides an infinite number of new agonies for the Annas and nskys of the Upper East Side, and, as far as that goes, of Leningrad. yone who doubts that need only get to know them.

merican society today is no more or less chaotic, random, discontinu- or absurd than Russian society or French society or British society a dred years ago, no matter how convenient it might be for a writer to k so. It is merely more varied and complicated and harder to define. In prologue to *The Bonfire of the Vanities,* the mayor of New York delivers a loquy in a stream of consciousness as he is being routed from a stage in lem by a group of demonstrators. He thinks of all the rich white New kers who will be watching this on television from within the insulation heir cooperative apartments. "Do you really think this is *your* city any ger? Open your eyes! The greatest city of the twentieth century! Do you k *money* will keep it yours? Come down from your swell co-ops, you eral partners and merger lawyers! It's the Third World down there! rto Ricans, West Indians, Haitians, Dominicans, Cubans, Colom- ns, Hondurans, Koreans, Chinese, Thais, Vietnamese, Ecuadorians, amanians, Filipinos, Albanians, Senegalese, and Afro-Americans! Go t the frontiers, you gutless wonders! Morningside Heights, St. Nicholas k, Washington Heights, Fort Tryon—*por qué pagar más!* The Bronx— Bronx is finished for you!"—and on he goes. New York and practically

Asked once what three novels he would recommend to a creative writing student, Faulkner said: "Anna Karenina, Anna Karenina, Anna Karenina"



Reporting is the most valuable and least understood resource available to any writer with exalted ambitions

every other large city in the United States are undergoing a profou change. The fourth great wave of immigrants—this one from Asia, No Africa, Latin America, and the Caribbean—is now pouring in. Within years political power in most major American cities will have passed to nonwhite majorities. Does that render these cities incomprehensible, fr mented beyond the grasp of all logic, absurd, meaningless to gaze upon i literary sense? Not in my opinion. It merely makes the task of the wri more difficult if he wants to know what truly presses up the heart of the individual, white or nonwhite, living in metropolis in the last decade of the twentieth century.

That task, as I see it, inevitably involves reporting, which I regar the most valuable and least understood resource available to any wr with exalted ambitions, whether the medium is print, film, tape, or stage. Young writers are constantly told, "Write about what you kno There is nothing wrong with that rule as a starting point, but it seems to quickly magnified into an unspoken maxim: The only valid experienc personal experience.

Emerson said that every person has a great autobiography to write only he understands what is truly his own unique experience. But he di say every person had *two* great autobiographies to write. Dickens, D toyevski, Balzac, Zola, and Sinclair Lewis *assumed* that the novelist ha go beyond his personal experience and head out into society as a repor Zola called it documentation, and his documenting expeditions to slums, the coal mines, the races, the *folies*, department stores, whole food markets, newspaper offices, barnyards, railroad yards, and eng decks, notebook and pen in hand, became legendary. To write *Elmer G try*, the great portrait of not only a corrupt evangelist but also the en Protestant clergy at a time when they still set the moral tone of Amer Lewis left his home in New England and moved to Kansas City. He o nized Bible study groups for clergymen, delivered sermons from the pul of preachers on summer vacation, attended tent meetings and Chautau lectures and church conferences and classes at the seminaries, all the w doggedly taking notes on five-by-eight cards.

It was through this process, documentation, that Lewis happene scoop the Jim Bakker story by sixty years—and to render it totally pla ble, historically and psychologically, in fiction. I refer to the last two ch ters of *Elmer Gantry*. We see Elmer, the great evangelist, get caught tryst with . . . the church secretary (Hettie Dowler is her name) . . . turns out to be in league with a very foxy lawyer . . . and the two of t present Elmer with a hefty hush-money demand, which he is only too e to pay. . . . With the help of friends, however, Elmer manages to turn tables, and is absolved and vindicated in the eyes of humanity and press. On the final page, we see Elmer on his knees beside the pulpi Sunday morning before a packed house, with his gaze lifted heaven and his hands pressed together in Albrecht Dürer mode, tears run down his face, loudly thanking the Lord for delivering him from the vi As the book ends, he looks toward the choir and catches a glimpse of a addition, "a girl with charming ankles and lively eyes . . ."

Was it reporting that made Lewis the most highly regarded Amer novelist of the 1920s? Certainly not by itself. But it was the materia found through reporting that enabled Lewis to exercise with such rich ety his insights, many of them exceptionally subtle, into the psych men and women and into the status structure of society. Having said th will now reveal something that practically every writer has experience and none, as far as I know, has ever talked about. The young person decides to become a writer because he has a subject or an issue in m because he has "something to say," is a rare bird. Most make that deci because they realize they have a certain musical facility with words. S poetry is the music of language, outstanding young poets are by no m

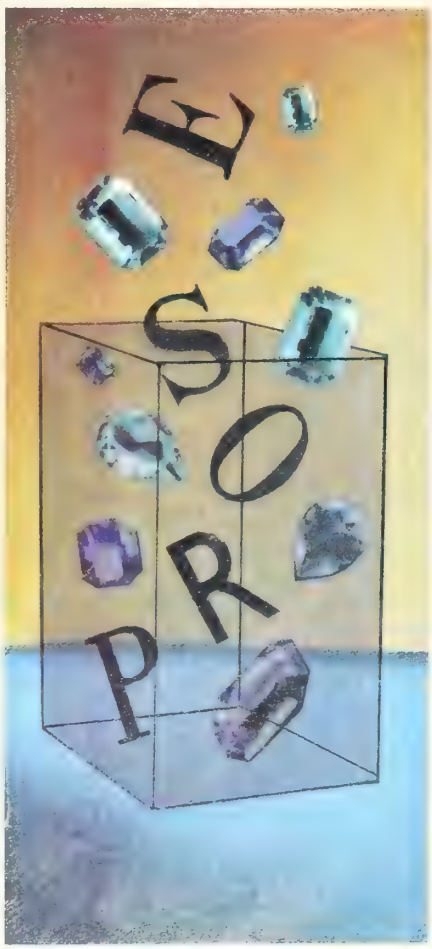
As he grows older, however, our young genius keeps running into this nable problem of *material,* of what to write about, since by now he zes that literature's main arena is prose, whether in fiction or the essay. n so, he keeps things in proportion. He tells himself that 95 percent of ary genius is the unique talent that is secure inside some sort of crucible is skull and 5 percent is the material, the clay his talent will mold. :an remember going through this stage myself. In college, at Washing- and Lee, I decided I would write crystalline prose. That was the word: *alline.* It would be a prose as ageless, timeless, exquisite, soaring, and sparently dazzling as Scarlatti at his most sublime. It would speak to the nty-fifth century as lucidly as to my own. (I was, naturally, interested to , years later, that Iris Murdoch had dreamed of the same quality and en the same word, *crystalline,* at a similar point in her life.) In graduate ol at Yale, I came upon the Elizabethan books of rhetoric, which iso- l, by my count, 444 figures of speech, covering every conceivable form ordplay. By analyzing the prose of writers I admired—De Quincey, I mber, was one of them—I tried to come up with the perfect sequences gures and make notations for them, like musical notes. I would flesh his perfect skeleton with some material when the time came.

ich experiments don't last very long, of course. The damnable beast, erial, keeps getting bigger and more obnoxious. Finally, you realize you a choice. Either hide from it, wish it away, or wrestle with it. I doubt there is a writer over forty who does not realize in his heart of hearts literary genius, in prose, consists of proportions more on the order of ercent material and 35 percent the talent in the sacred crucible.

never doubted for a moment that to write a long piece of fiction about York City I would have to do the same sort of reporting I had done for *Right Stuff* or *Radical Chic & Mau-mauing the Flak Catchers,* even gh by now I had lived in New York for almost twenty years. By 1981, n I started work in earnest, I could see that Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* id not be an adequate model. *Vanity Fair* deals chiefly with the upper rs of British society. A book about New York in the 1980s would have al with New York high and low. So I chose Wall Street as the high end ie scale and the South Bronx as the low. I knew a few more people on l Street than in the South Bronx, but both were terrae incognitae as far y own experience was concerned. I headed forth into I knew not exact- hat. Any big book about New York, I figured, should have at least one vay scene. I started riding the subways in the Bronx. One evening I ed across the car and saw someone I knew sitting there in a strange rig. was a Wall Street broker I hadn't seen for nine or ten years. He was ed in a business suit, but his pants legs were rolled up three or four nes, revealing a pair of olive green army surplus socks, two bony ths of shin, and some decomposing striped orthotic running shoes. On loor between his feet was an A&P shopping bag made of slippery white ethylene. He had on a dirty raincoat and a greasy rain hat, and his eyes darting from one end of the car to the other. I went over, said hello, learned the following. He and his family lived in the far North Bronx, re there are to this day some lovely, leafy Westchester-style neighbor- ds, and he worked on Wall Street. The subways provided fine service, pt that lately there had been a problem. Packs of young toughs had n to roaming the cars. They would pick out a likely prey, close in on eat, hem him in, and ask for money. They kept their hands in their ets and never produced weapons, but their leering, menacing looks usually enough. When this fellow's turn came, he had capitulated, n them all he had—and he'd been a nervous wreck on the subway ever e. He had taken to traveling to and from Wall Street in this pathetic uise in order to avoid looking worth robbing. In the A&P shopping bag arried his Wall Street shoes and socks.

decided I would use such a situation in my book. It was here that I n to run into not Roth's Lament but Muggeridge's Law. While Mal-

I doubt there is a writer over forty who doesn't realize that literary genius is more on the order of 65 percent material and 35 percent talent



There is nothing you can imagine, no matter how ludicrous, that will not promptly be enacted before your very eyes, probably by someone well known



colm Muggeridge was editor of *Punch*, it was announced that Khrushchev and Bulganin were coming to England. Muggeridge hit upon the idea of a mock itinerary, a lineup of the most ludicrous places the two paunchy, pear-shaped little Soviet leaders could possibly be paraded through during the solemn business of a state visit. Shortly before press time, half the itinerary had to be scrapped. It coincided exactly with the official itinerary, just released, prompting Muggeridge to observe: We live in an age in which it is no longer possible to be funny. There is nothing you can imagine, no matter how ludicrous, that will not promptly be enacted before your very eyes, probably by someone well known.

This immediately became my problem. I first wrote *The Bonfire of the Vanities* serially for *Rolling Stone*, producing a chapter every two weeks with a gun at my temple. In the third chapter, I introduced one of my main characters, a thirty-two-year-old Bronx assistant district attorney named Larry Kramer, sitting in a subway car dressed as my friend had been dressed, his eyes jumping about in a bughouse manner. This was supposed to create unbearable suspense in the readers. What on earth had reduced this otherwise healthy young man to such a pathetic state? This chapter appeared in July of 1984. In an installment scheduled for April of 1985, the readers would learn of his humiliation by a wolfpack, who had taken all his money plus his little district attorney's badge. But it so happened that in December of 1984 a young man named Bernhard Goetz found himself in an identical situation on a subway in New York, hemmed in by four youths who were, in fact, from the South Bronx. Far from caving in, he pulled out a .38-caliber revolver and shot all four of them and became one of the most notorious figures in America. Now, how could I, four months later, in April of 1985, proceed with my plan? People would say, This poor fellow Wolfe, he has no imagination. He reads the newspapers, gets these obvious ideas, and then gives us this wimp Kramer, who caves in. So I abandoned the plot, dropped it altogether. The *Rolling Stone* readers' burning thirst, if any, to know what accounted for Assistant D.A. Kramer's pitiful costume and alarming facial tics was never slaked.

In one area, however, I was well ahead of the news, and this lent the book a curious kind of alter-life. The plot turns on a severe injury to a black youth in an incident involving a white couple in an automobile. While the youth lies in a coma, various forces close in on the case—the press, politicians, prosecutors, real estate brokers, black activists—each eager, for private reasons, to turn the matter into a racial Armageddon. Supreme among them is Reverend Bacon, a Harlem minister, a genius at handling the press who soon has the entire city throbbing to the young man's outrageous fate. In the book, the incident casts its shadow across the upcoming election and threatens to cost the white mayor City Hall.

The Bonfire of the Vanities reached bookstores in October of 1987, a week before the Wall Street crash. From the start, in the press, there was a certain amount of grumbling, some of it not very nice, about my depiction of Reverend Bacon. He was a grotesque caricature of a black activist, grotesque or worse. Then, barely three months later, the Tawana Brawley case broke. At the forefront of the Brawley case appeared an activist black minister, the Reverend Al Sharpton, who was indeed a genius at handling the press, even when he was in the tightest corners. At one point the New York *Post* got a tip that Sharpton was having his long Byronic hair coiffed at a beauty parlor in Brooklyn. A reporter and photographer waited until he was socketed in under the dryer, then burst in. Far from throwing up his hands and crying out about invasion of privacy, Sharpton nonchalantly beckoned to his stalkers. "Come on in, boys, and bring your cameras. I want you to see how . . . a real man . . . gets his hair done." Just like that! It was another Sharpton media triumph, under the heading of "Masculinity Doesn't Burn." In fact, Sharpton was so flamboyant, the grumbling about Reverend Bacon swung around 180 degrees. Now I heard people complain, This poor fellow Wolfe, he has no imagination. Here, on the front page of every

vspaper, are the real goods—and he gives us this little divinity student, erend Bacon.

But I also began to hear and read with increasing frequency that *The fire of the Vanities* was "prophetic." The Brawley case turned out to be y one in a series of racial incidents in which young black people were, or e seen as, the victims of white brutality. And these incidents did, in- d, cast their shadow across the race for mayor in New York City. As in prologue to the book, the mayor, in real life, was heckled, harassed, l shouted down by demonstrators in Harlem, although he was never ed to flee the podium. And perhaps these incidents were among the ors that cost the white mayor City Hall. But not for a moment did I r think of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* as prophetic. The book only showed at was obvious to anyone who had done what I did, even as far back as early Eighties, when I began; anyone who had gone out and looked kly at the new face of the city and paid attention not only to what the ces said but also to the roar.

This brings me to one last point. It is not merely that reporting is useful athering the *petits faits vrais* that create verisimilitude and make a novel ping or absorbing, although that side of the enterprise is worth paying ntion to. My contention is that, especially in an age like this, they are ntial for the very greatest effects literature can achieve. In 1884 Zola t down into the mines at Anzin to do the documentation for what was ecome the novel *Germinal.* Posing as a secretary for a member of the nch Chamber of Deputies, he descended into the pits wearing his city hes, his frock coat, high stiff collar, and high stiff hat (this appeals to for reasons I won't delay you with), and carrying a notebook and pen. e day Zola and the miners who were serving as his guides were 150 feet w the ground when Zola noticed an enormous workhorse, a Percheron, ing a sled piled with coal through a tunnel. Zola asked, "How do you that animal in and out of the mine every day?" At first the miners ught he was joking. Then they realized he was serious, and one of them l, "Mr. Zola, don't you understand? That horse comes down here *once,* n he's a colt, barely more than a foal, and still able to fit into the buck- that bring *us* down here. That horse grows up down here. He grows d down here after a year or two, from the lack of light. He hauls coal n here until he can't haul it anymore, and then he dies down here, and bones are buried down here." When Zola transfers this revelation from pages of his documentation notebook to the pages of *Germinal,* it makes hair on your arms stand on end. You realize, without the need of ampli- tion, that the horse is the miners themselves, who descend below the of the earth as children and dig coal down in the pit until they can dig more and then are buried, often literally, down there.

The moment of The Horse in *Germinal* is one of the supreme moments in nch literature—and it would have been impossible without that pecu- drudgery that Zola called documentation. At this weak, pale, tabescent ment in the history of American literature, we need a battalion, a bri- e, of Zolas to head out into this wild, bizarre, unpredictable, Hog- nping Baroque country of ours and reclaim it as literary property. Philip h was absolutely right. The imagination of the novelist is powerless be- what he knows he's going to read in tomorrow morning's newspaper. a generation of American writers has drawn precisely the wrong con- ion from that perfectly valid observation. The answer is not to leave the rude beast, the material, also known as the life around us, to the journalists but to do what journalists do, or are supposed to do, which is to wrestle the beast and bring it to terms.

The answer is not to leave the rude beast, material, to the journalists but to do what journalists do, which is to wrestle the beast and bring it to terms

Of one thing I am sure. If fiction writers do not start facing the ious, the literary history of the second half of the twentieth century will rd that journalists not only took over the richness of American life as ir domain but also seized the high ground of literature itself. Any liter-

However brilliant, a nonfiction novel about the Tawana Brawley case could not get all of New York in 1989 between two covers

ary person who is willing to look back over the American literary terrai the past twenty-five years—look back candidly, in the solitude of study—will admit that in at least four years out of five the best nonfic books have been *better literature* than the most highly praised books of tion. Any truly candid observer will go still further. In many years, most highly praised books of fiction have been overshadowed *in lite terms* by writers whom literary people customarily dismiss as "writers of ular fiction" (a curious epithet) or as genre novelists. I am thinking of elists such as John le Carré and Joseph Wambaugh. Leaving the questic talent aside, Le Carré and Wambaugh have one enormous advantage their more literary confreres. They are not only willing to wrestle the b they actually love the battle.

In 1973, in *The New Journalism*, I wrote that nonfiction had displ the novel as American literature's "main event." That was not quite same as saying that nonfiction had dethroned the novel, but it was c enough. At the time, it was a rash statement, but *como Fidel lo ha* history will absolve me. Unless some movement occurs in American fic over the next ten years that is more remarkable than any detectable r now, the pioneering in nonfiction will be recorded as the most impor experiment in American literature in the second half of the twent century.

I speak as a journalist, with some enthusiasm, as you can detect, a j nalist who has tried to capture the beast in long narratives of both nor tion and fiction. I started writing *The Bonfire of the Vanities* with supreme confidence available only to a writer who doesn't know quite v he is getting into. I was soon plunged into despair. One very obvious ma I had not reckoned with: In nonfiction you are very conveniently prov with the setting and the characters and the plot. You now have the tas and it is a huge one—of bringing it all alive as convincingly as the be realistic fiction. But you don't have to concoct the story. Indeed, can't. I found the sudden freedom of fiction intimidating. It was at le year before I felt comfortable enough to use that freedom's advanta which are formidable. The past three decades have been decades of mendous and at times convulsive social change, especially in large ci and the tide of the fourth great wave of immigration has made the pic seem all the more chaotic, random, and discontinuous, to use the lite clichés of the recent past. The economy with which realistic fiction bring the many currents of a city together in a single, fairly simple story something that I eventually found exhilarating. It is a facility that is available to the journalist, and it seems more useful with each pas month. Despite all the current talk of "coming together," I see the multiplying factions of the modern cities trying to insulate themselves m diligently than ever before. However brilliant and ambitious, a nonfic novel about, say, the Tawana Brawley case could not get all of New Yor 1989 between two covers. It could illuminate many things, most especi the press and the workings of the justice system, but it would not reach Wall Street or Park Avenue, precincts even the resourceful Al Sharp does not frequent. In 1970 the Black Panthers *did* turn up in Leonard B stein's living room. Today, there is no chic, radical or otherwise, in mi colors in the grand salons.

So the doors close and the walls go up! It is merely another open inv tion to literature, especially in the form of the novel. And how can writer, in fiction or nonfiction, resist going to the beano, to the rout! the end of *Dead Souls*, Gogol asks, "Whither art thou soaring away then, Russia? Give me an answer!" Russia gives none but only goes fas and "the air, rent to shreds, thunders and turns to wind," and Gogol h on, breathless, his eyes filled with wonder. America today, in a headl rush of her own, may or may not truly need a literature worthy of her v ness. But American novelists, without any doubt, truly need, in this n asthenic hour, the spirit to go along for that wild ride.

REASSURANCE

By Allan Gurganus

NOTE: *Section I is the complete text of "Death of a Pennsylvania Soldier," a letter by Walt Whitman that appears in* Specimen Days. *Reprinted from* Walt Whitman: Complete Poetry and Collected Prose *(The Library of America, New York, 1982).*

I.

Frank H. Irwin, company E, 93d Pennsylvania—died May 1, '65—My letter to his mother.

Dear madam: No doubt you and Frank's friends have heard the sad fact of his death in hospital here, through his uncle, or the lady from Baltimore, who took his things. (I have not seen them, only heard of them visiting Frank.) I will write you a few lines—as a casual friend that sat by his death-bed. Your son, corporal Frank H. Irwin, was wounded near fort Fisher, Virginia, March 25th, 1865—the wound was in the left knee, pretty bad. He was sent up to Washington, was receiv'd in ward C, Armory-square hospital, March 28th—the wound became worse, and on the 4th of April the leg was amputated a little above the knee—the operation was perform'd by Dr. Bliss, one of the best surgeons in the army—he did the whole operation himself—there was a good deal of bad matter gather'd—the bullet was found in the knee. For a couple of weeks afterwards he was doing pretty well. I visited and sat by him frequently, as he was fond of having me. The last ten or twelve days of April I saw that his case was critical. He previously had some fever, with cold spells. The last week in April he was much of the time flighty—but always mild and gentle. He died first of May. The actual cause of death was pyæmia, (the absorption of the matter in the system instead of its discharge.) Frank, as far as I saw, had everything requisite in surgical treatment, nursing, &c. He had watches much of the time. He was so good and well-behaved and affectionate, I myself liked him very much. I was in the habit of coming in afternoons and sitting by him, and soothing him, and he liked to have me—liked to put his arm out and lay his hand on my knee—would keep it so a long while. Toward the last he was more restless and flighty at night—often fancied himself with his regiment—by his talk sometimes seem'd as if his feelings were hurt by being blamed by his officers for something he was entirely innocent of—said, "I never in my life was thought capable of such a thing, and never was." At other times he would fancy himself talking as it seem'd to children or such like, his relatives I suppose, and giving them good advice; would talk to them a long while. All the time he was out of his head not one single bad word or idea escaped him. It was remark'd that many a man's conversation in his senses was not half as good as Frank's delirium. He seem'd quite willing to die—he had become very weak and had suffer'd a good deal, and was perfectly resign'd, poor boy. I do not know his past life, but I feel as if it must have been good. At any rate what I saw of him here, under the most trying circumstances, with a painful wound, and among strangers, I can say that he behaved so brave, so composed, and so sweet and affection-

Allan Gurganus's first novel, Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All, *was recently published by Knopf. "Under This Very Mall," an excerpt from the novel, appeared in the April issue of* Harper's Magazine.

ate, it could not be surpass'd. And now like many other noble and good men, after serving his country as a soldier, he has yielded up his young life at the very outset in her service. Such things are gloomy—yet there is a text, "God doeth all things well"—the meaning of which, after due time, appears to the soul.

I thought perhaps a few words, though from stranger, about your son, from one who w with him at the last, might be worth while— I loved the young man, though I but saw h immediately to lose him. I am merely a frie visiting the hospitals occasionally to cheer t wounded and sick. W.

II.

Dear Mother,

It's Frank here, hoping a last time to reach you and doubting I can but still I'm really going to try, ma'am. I want you to put your mind at rest about it all, Momma. That is why I am working hard to slip this through. You must really listen if this gets by the censors and everything, because I have limited time and fewer words than I'd like. I would dearly love to be there soon for breakfast and see that cussed little Willie come downstairs grumping like he always does till he's got a touch of coffee in him. I would even like to hear the Claxtons' roosters sounding off again. I remember Poppa, God rest him, saying as how other men kept hens for eggs but the Claxtons kept roosters for their noise and it was our ill-luck to draw such fools as neighbors! The old man that wrote you of my end had the finest gray-white beard and finest speaking voice I ever met with, finer even than Parson Brookes we set such store by. The man who wrote you was here most days after lunch, even ones I now recall but parts of. He brought ward C our first lilacs in late April, great purple ones he stuck into a bedpan near my pillow. Their smell worked better on me than the laudanum that our army chemists so sadly ran out of. He read to us from Scripture and once, my hand resting on his safe-feeling leg, I asked him for a ditty and he said one out that sounded fine like Ecclesiastes but concerned our present war, my war. I told him it was good and asked him who had wrote it and he shrugged and smiled, then he nodded along the double row of cots set in our tent here, like showing me that every wounded fellow'd had a hand in setting down the poem. He was so pleasing-looking and kind-spoken and affectionate, I myself liked him very much. Ice cream he brought us more than once—a bigger vat of it I've not seen even at the Bucks County Fair. Him and our lady nurses kept making funny jokes, bringing around the great melting buckets of it and the spoons, and he himself shoveled a good bit of it into my gullet—grateful, it felt, all the way down. "Now for some brown," he gave me samples, "now pink, but best for you is this, Frank. You've heard Mrs. Howe's line 'In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea'? This vanilla's that white, white as your arm here. That mak vanilla cool the deepest, my brave Pennsylvar youth." How I ate it. Cold can be good. If y hurt enough, cold can be so good. Momma? I not love Lavinia like I was forever saying. I not know how I got into being so mistruthf Maybe it was how her Poppa was Mayor an liked the idea of pleasing you with our famil possible new station or how everybody spoke Miss Lavinia's attainments and her skills hostessing. It is my second cousin Emily I lov and love. She knew and knows, and it was j like Em to bide that. Em met whatever gaz sent her with such a quiet wisdom that shamed and flattered me, the both. Once, that Fourth of July picnic where the Claxto rowboat exploded from carrying more firecra ers than the *Merrimack* safely could, I notic Emily near Doanes' Mill Creek gathering lil for to decorate our picnic quilt later. You w bandaging Willie's foot where he stepped o nail after you told him he must wear sh among that amount of fireworks but he didn' wandered down where Emily stood. She ha little silver pair of scissors in her skirt's poc and I recall remarking how like our Em t was, how homely and prepared and how like y she was that way, Momma. She was clipp flowers when I drew up. I commenced shiv ing, that fearful of my feelings for her after erybody on earth seemed to think Lavinia h decided on me long since. "Frank," Emily sai spoke her name and when she heard how I s it, she stopped in trimming a heavy branch white blooms (you know that place by t waterwheel where there are two bushes, o white, one purple, grown up side by side toge er and all mixed?). Emily's hands were s among the flowers when she looked back o her shoulder at me. Tears were in her eyes not falling, just held in place, and yet I saw light on their water tremble with each pu from her. It was then, Momma, I understo she knew my truest feelings, all.

"Why is it we're cousins and both poor? asked her. "Why could it not be just a little ferent so things'd fall into place for us mo why, Emily?" and she lifted one shoulder a turned her head aside. She half-fell into

eet bushes then, ite and green and rple, but caught her- lf and looked away m me. Em finally oke but I half-heard th all the Roman ndles going off and illie bawling. She d quiet, looking out ward water through e beautiful branches, Ve will always know, ank, you and me will. aring as how you un- rstand it, that already ves me so much, ank. Oh, if you but essed how it strength- s me just to say your me at night, Frank, nklin Horatio Irwin , how I love to say it t, sir." Lavinia was ling that same name t different and I ned, fearful of being ght here by her, me faithful to the one at loved me if not ngest then loudest, blic-like. "Excuse , Cousin Emily," d I and walked off d then soon after mustered in, then gged the minié that t the leg then the of it, me, and no e knowing my real rt.—Mother? I nev- even kissed her. mma? Treat her right. Accord my cousin ily such tender respects as befit the young low of a man my age, for she is that to me and Lavinia that made such a show at the funer- nd is ordering more styles of black crepe from oston catalogue even now, Momma. Have ily to dinner often as you can afford it, and ourage her to look around at other boys, for re's not much sense in wasting two lives, e and hers, for my own cowardly mistakes. at is one thing needs saying out.

used to speak to my bearded visitor about ther Willie and all of you and I thought up gs I'd tell my kid brother who has so bad a per but is funny throughout. I'd want Will e brave and not do what the town said he uld, like pay court on a girl who's snooty and sy just because of who her kin is and their



grand home. I would tell Willie to hide in a cave and not sign up like I did, with the bands and drums and the setting off of all the fireworks not burned up in the Claxtons' calamity rowboat—but, boy, it sure did look pretty going down, didn't it, Momma? My doctor took some time and pains with me and, near the end, got like Lavinia in telling me how fine a looking young man I was. That never pleased me much since I didn't see it all that clear myself and had not personally earned it and so felt a little guilty, not that any of it matters now. The lady from Baltimore combed my hair and said nice things and I am sorry that she never got the watch and the daguerreotypes to you. She is a confidence artist who makes tours of hospitals, promising to take boys' valuables home but never does and sells them in the shops. Still, at the time, I trusted her, her voice was so refined and hands real soft and brisk and I felt good for days after she left, believing Willie'd soon have Poppa's gold watch in hand, knowing it had been with me at the end.

Just before they shot me, Momma, I felt scared to where I considered, for one second, running. No one ever knew of this but I must tell you now because just thinking on my failing cost me many inward tribulations at the last. "I could jump out of this hole and run into that woods and hide and then take off forever." So the dreadful plan rushed forth, and then how I stifled it, choked it practically. I never in my life was thought capable of even thinking such a thing, and here I'd said it to myself! Then, like as punishment, not six minutes after looking toward that peaceful-seeming woods, I moved to help another fellow from Bucks County (Ephraim's second cousin, the youngest Otis

ation by Gwyn Stramler

boy from out New Hope way) and felt what first seemed an earthquake that'd knocked the entire battle cockeyed but that narrowed to a nearby complaint known just as the remains of my left leg. It felt numb till twenty minutes later when I seriously noticed. It takes that kind of time sometimes to feel. It takes a delay between the ending and knowing what to say of that, which is why this reaches you six weeks after my kind male nurse's news, ma'am. I asked him once why he'd quit the newspaper business to come visit us, the gimps and bullet-catchers, us lost causes.

He leaned nearer and admitted a secret amusement: Said he was, from among the thousands of Northern boys and Reb prisoners he'd seen, recasting Heaven. Infantry angels, curly-headed all. "And Frank," said he, "I don't like to tease you with the suspense but it's between you and two other fellows, a three-way heat for the Archangel Gabriel." I laughed, saying how the others had my blessings for that job just yet. He kept close by me during the amputation part especially. They said that if the leg was taken away, then so would all my troubles go. And I trusted them, Momma. And everybody explained and was real courteous and made me feel manly, like the loss of the leg could be my choice and would I agree? "Yes," I said.

My doctor's name was Dr. Bliss and during the cutting of my leg, others kept busting into the tent, asking him stuff and telling him things and all calling him by name—Bliss, Bliss, Bliss, they said. It helped me to have that name and word drifting over the table where they worked on me so serious, and I thanked God that neither you nor Emily would be walking in to see me spread out like this, so bare and held down helpless, like some boy. Afterwards, my friend the nurse trained me to pull the covers back, he taught me I must learn to look at it. But I couldn't bear to yet. They'd tried but I had wept when asked to stare at the left leg above where the knee once was. It'd been *left* all right! Walt (my nurse's name was Walt), he said we would do it together. He held my hand and counted then—one, two, three . . . I did so with him and it was like looking at what was there and what was not at once, just like my lost voice is finding you during this real dawn, ma'am. He told me to cheer up, that it could've been my right leg, and only later did I see he meant that as a little joke and I worried I had let him down by not catching on in time. I have had bad thoughts, lustful thoughts and evil. I fear I am yet a vain person and always have been secretly, Momma. You see, I fretted how it'd be to live at home and go downtown on crutches and I knew Lavinia's plan would change with me a cripple. Lavinia would not like that. And even after everything, I didn't know if I could choose Emily, a se[n] stress after all, over so grand a place on Sum[m] Avenue as the Mayor'd already secretly pr[o]ised Lavinia and me (it was the old Con[f] mansion, Momma).

It seems to me from here that your Frank [w] cared way too much for how others saw hin[.] was Poppa's dying early that made me wan[t] do so much and seem so grown and that m[ade] me join up when you had your doubts, I kn[ow] You were ever strict with me but I re[al] would've turned out all right in the end . . . [I] hadn't been for this.

Momma, by late April, I could feel the [old] stuff moving up from the leg's remains, [by] some type of chemical, a kind of night or li[ke] army set loose in me and taking all the e[nd] lights out, one by one, lamp by lamp, farm[by] farm, house by house it seemed. The light in [my] head, don't laugh, was the good crystal lant[ern] at your oilclothed kitchen table. That was [the] final light I worried for—and knew, when [it] went, it all went. But, through chills and t[hr] ing foolish sometimes, I tried keeping that [all] going, tried keeping good parts separate, sa[ving] back whole. I felt like if I could but let you h[old] me one more time, it'd ease you some. [I'm] sleeping so poorly since . . . that's just not [for] you, Ma, and grieves me here. Dying at my [age] is an embarrassment, on top of everything e[lse] It was just one shot in the knee, but how cou[ld] have stopped it when it started coming up [my] body toward the last light in the kitchen in[to] head? You told me not to enlist. You said, as [the] household's one breadwinner, I could s[tay] home. But the braided uniform and the p[ay] that Lavinia promised tipped me over. Feve[r] I imagined talking to Willie and all the you[ng] cousins lined up on our front porch's se[cond] steps, and me wagging my finger and stridin[g] and fro in boots like our lieutenant's beau[tiful] English leather boots, such as I never owne[d] life. I talked bold and I talked grand and im[a]ined Emily was in the shady house beside [me] listening, approving my sudden wisdom th[at] come on me with the suffering, and on acc[ount] of the intestine cramps, and after the worst [of] vulsion Walt got me through, still that lead [was] coming up the thigh into my stomach, t[hen] greeting and seizing the chest and then mo[ved] the throat and that was about all of it excep[t] the great gray beard and those knowing [eyes] that seemed to say, "Yes, yes, Frank," eve[n] my need to be done with it, the pain (the [big] white pain of it, I do not mind telling you, [it] truly something, Momma). I couldn't have l[ived] out much longer anyway and the idea of ch[oos] ing between my two loves, plus living [on] crutch for life, it didn't set right with vain [me].

What I am telling you should include th[at]

d the five-dollar gold piece I won for the His-
ry Prize at the Academy commencement up
side the hollowed left headpost of my bed-
ead. Get Willie to go upstairs with you and
lp lift the whole thing off the floor and out
e coin will fall. Use it for your and Emily's
othes. Bonnets might be nice with it. Buy
thing but what's extra, that is how I want it
ent. I should've put it in your hand before I
ft, but I planned to purchase my getting-home
fts out of that and never thought I wouldn't.
lfish, my keeping it squirreled back and with-
t once suspecting the prize'd go unspent. But
en maybe all people are vain. Maybe it's not
st your Frank, right?

If you wonder at the color you are seeing now,
omma, the pink-red like our fine conch shell
the parlor's hearth, you are seeing the backs
your own eyelids, Momma. You will soon
ar the Claxtons' many crowers set up their
rum yet again and will catch a clinking that is
cBride's milk wagon pulled by Bess, who
ows each house on old McBride's route. Your
es are soon to open on your room's whitewash
d July's yellow light in the dear place. You
ll wonder at this letter of a dream, ma'am,
d, waking, will look toward your bedside ta-
e and its often-unfolded letter from the gen-
man who told you of my passing. His letter
kes this one possible. For this is a letter to-
rd your loving Franklin Horatio Irwin Jr., not
ly from him. It is your voice finding ways to
ooth your mind. This is for letting you get on
th what you have to tend, Momma. You've
ways known I felt Lavinia to be well-meaning
t right silly, and that our sensible and deep
nily was truly meant as mine from her and my
ildhoods onward. You've guessed where the
in is stowed, as you did ever know such
ings, but have held back on account of honor-
g the privacy of me even dead. Go fetch it lat-
today, and later today spend it on luxuries
u could not know otherwise. This is the rich
ho that my bearded nurse's voice allows. It is
stly you. And when the pink-and-red opens,
d morning's here already, take your time in
essing, go easy down the stairs, let Willie doze
ittle longer than he should, and build the fire
d start a real big breakfast. Maybe even use
e last of Poppa's maple syrup we tapped that
t winter he was well. Use it up and then get
ing on things, new things, hear? That is the
sh of your loving eldest son, Frank. That is
e wish of the love of your son Frank who is no
ader than anything else that ever lived so
rd and wanted so so much, Mother.

Something holy will stand before you soon,
'am. Cleave to that. Forget me. Forget me by
nembering me. Imagine what a boy like me
uld give now for but one more breakfast (ever
my favorite meal—I love how it's most usually the same) and even Willie's crabbiness early, or the Claxtons' rooster-house going off every which way like their rowboat did so loud. I know what you know, ma'am, and what you doubt, and so do you. But be at peace in this: Everything you suspect about your missing boy is true. So, honor your dear earned civilian life. Nights, sleep sounder. Be contained. In fifty seconds you will refind waking and the standing light. Right away you'll feel better, without knowing why or even caring much. You will seem to be filling, brimming with this secret rushing-in of comfort, ma'am. Maybe like some bucket accustomed to a mean purpose—say, a hospital slop pail—but one suddenly asked to offer wet life to lilacs unexpected here. Or maybe our dented well-bucket out back, left daily under burning sun and daily polished by use and sandy winds, a bucket that's suddenly dropped far beneath even being beneath the ground and finally striking a stream below all usual streams and one so dark and sweet and ice-cream cold. Your eyes will open and what you'll bring to light, ma'am, is that fine clear over-sloshing vessel. Pulled back. Pulled back up to light. Be refreshed. Feel how my secrets and your own (I know a few of yours too, ma'am, oh yes I do) are pooling here, all mixed now, cool, and one.

I am not the ghost of your dead boy. I'm mostly you. I am just your love for him, left stranded so unnaturally alive—a common enough miracle. And such fineness as now reaches you in your half-sleep is just the echo of your own best self. Which is very very good.

Don't give all your credit to your dead. Fineness stays so steady in you, ma'am, and keeps him safe, keeps him lit continually. It's vain of Frank but he is now asking: Could you, and Willie and Em, please hold his spot for him for just a little longer? do. And Mother? know I rest. Know that I am in my place here. I feel much easement, Ma, in having heard you say this to yourself.

There, worst worrying's done. Here, accepting it begins.

All right. Something holy now stands directly before you. How it startles, waiting so bright at the foot of your iron bedstead. Not to shy away from it. I will count to three and we will open on it, please. Then we'll go directly in, like, hand in hand, we're plunging. What waits is what's still yours, ma'am, which is ours.

—Such brightness, see? It is something very holy.

Mother? Everything will be in it.

It is a whole day.

—One two three, and light.

—Now, we move toward it.

—Mother? Wake! ■

How can you make your money go farther when you travel?

- *Stow away.*
- *Pack a lunch or two.*
- *Use AT&T and your AT&T Card from public phones to save you money around the world.*



Call after call, AT&T is the best value around. For the facts about prices, call 1 800 225-7466 Ext.)

AT&T
The right choi

©1989 AT&T

EAST-WEST RELATION

Summit on First Avenue

By Robert Stone

'arly last summer, I spent a
ays in one of the capitals of
Socialist" bloc, an ancient
ıellow place under the rule
ıical and arrogant bureau-
The principal form of the
struggle in that place at the
ent is the authorities' resis-
to the influence of Gorba-
and *glasnost*. The fear to
ı the intellectual and ar-
communities are subject
is of a sort I hope we may
experience here. It is dif-
to visit places like this
al European capital with-
eflecting on how unde-
d America's promiscuous
om sometimes seems.
it's necessary to remem-
hat people's fundamental rights
ly *are* undeserved, and that's as it
d be.
reading at the city's medieval
rsity accidentally put me in
ı with some student dissidents,
hose underground newspaper I
an interview. The interview was
ıcted in a pleasant city park be-
he ubiquitous river, with much
ing around and looking over the
der. The publication in question
roduced for my brief inspection,
hurriedly stashed in someone's
It consisted of the customary



typewritten sheets, covertly reproduced by someone with access to a copier. I very much doubt that there was anything in it that threatened the governance of the Communist party in that country. In a superbly reflexive fashion, it offended by virtue of its existence, regardless of what it contained. So we were all criminals that afternoon.

The government of that country has long been known for its morbid sensitivity to any vein of independent thought. An acquaintance of mine from there, a world-famous author now in the West, likes to tell a story from his early days. He and some other youthful spirits had a program on the state radio that afforded them a vehicle for general riffs, routines, and madcap hilarity. For the program, they invented a revered personage named Zimmerman. Zimmerman, a native son, was the inventor of everything; his discoveries included the goose-quill pen, the cannonball, the diving bell, aloe shaving cream, and raspberry syrup. On their program he became a running gag. After not too long a time, an utterance issued forth from the mouth of the State: Knock it off about Zimmerman. It's not funny. Nothing is funny. Moreover, anything funny is proscribed.

That was the way it was then and how it is today.

After my reading, I had the kind of milling, hurried, post-lectoral conversations one has in those circumstances, and in the course of it a young woman whom I took for a student informed me that she would presently be in New York. And, as one will in certain circumstances, I found myself saying: Oh-really-well-do-give-me-a-call. I felt undeservedly privileged among those quiet, avid students. I wanted to do something about it, something for them. And that was why I said it.

When I arrived home two weeks later, a message from the young woman awaited me, and, as may be imagined, I had no idea who she was. I remembered many people very vividly from my visit to the riverside Socialist capital; for whatever reason,

: *Stone's "Keeping the Future at Bay: :publicans and Their America" ap- in the November 1988 issue of* r's Magazine. *He is at work on a new*

on by David Johnson

she was not among them. But I remembered the reading and the students and my feelings of obligation. During a week when I had no time whatsoever for excursions, it seemed to me that I had better make some.

When I called the apartment where she was staying to agree upon a meeting, I thought she sounded surprisingly impatient and overbearing. I put it down to cultural differences. We agreed to meet for a few hours in New York on a day when I had an errand in the city. We arranged to meet at the Museum of Modern Art. From there we would spend two hours or so flitting around New York, until such time as my errand came due.

I found her outside the museum cafeteria. She recognized me. She was attractive and sympathetic in appearance, seemingly both serious and youthfully enthusiastic. I'll call her Eva. Eva and I had MOMA's equivalent of *Kaffee und Kuchen* and I also ordered a soda water, which in my general and unfocused haste I drank from the can. That was our first difficulty. With a subtlety hardly to be limned, Eva conveyed her disapproval of the practice of from-the-can soda drinking. Her disapproval was a particularly concentrated substance, an airy sub-rosa essence like a *pétard*, slight but highly significant. To command such a resource, it seemed to me, a young person would have to spend an inordinate amount of time disapproving, having learned the science from skilled disapprovers.

Just as these insights were occurring to me, Eva told me a little of her life. She was not quite the student-waif adrift in the free-thinking, unfeeling West that I had imagined. She had stories from Canada, from Japan, from Sweden. She had been everywhere. And as we discussed art and literature and other topics appropriate to the heady ambience of MOMA's snack bar, I came to realize that I was entertaining not one of the students for whose lot I had been so solicitous but a child of the regime, a state princess, whose interest lay, inevitably, in the very conditions I had been deploring over there. Of course I had neither the brutality nor the courage to heap my politics on the head of a kid nearly young enough to be my daughter. I did what most people would have done; I kept smiling and grew discreet in my discourse. I did regret not having accompanied her through the museum's exhibits. It might have been interesting, I thought, to hear her comments on the state of Western art. Convinced socialist realists are lately thin on the ground.

Refreshed, Eva and I hit the streets of the Big Apple. Since we had decided to tour buildings of architectural interest, I found myself conducting her toward Trump Tower. On the way, we passed one of Fifth Avenue's premier celebrity panhandlers, a man whose props include a long, hand-painted chronicle of his woes and who I swear has been working the corner of Fifty-sixth and Fifth since I was in high school. As we drew closer to the old boy, I sensed Eva's interest quickening.

"There are so many poor," she said happily, and took his picture.

I allowed there were but insisted the chap on the pavement wasn't one of them. I bid her imagine the volume of cash that would pass through his frail hands if only one in a hundred passersby gave him a quarter. I suggested that he probably led the Internal Revenue Service on a merry chase. But it was impossible to dampen her spirits.

Not far from Tiffany's we encountered another indigent, this one truly in want, and the juxtaposition cheered Eva further. From building to building we went, with Eva shutterbugging their contours. By that time, I knew she was in search of more subjective and colorful material.

As we waited at Fifty-seventh and Lexington, Eva watched the alienated hordes jaywalking in the teeth of the yellow and red lights. It all reminded her of a remark her father had made about people's attitudes toward traffic signals in North America: "The yellow means Run, run, the Reds are coming." I thought the anecdote had a slightly complicated aftertaste.

On First Avenue in the upper Fifties we turned downtown, bound for the United Nations building. By now, I felt, Eva was alert to every touch of the squalor and misfortune w
which New York is so richly endo
There's nothing like walking M
hattan with a Communist to bring
an endless procession of the unter
lame, the halt, the homeless, and
unconfined insane. Before long,
Avenue was transforming itself
an outsize, outdoor productio
Marat/Sade, so many were the lun
junkies, and clochards. Eva bega
take pictures. But when we cam
the site of the Chinese and Chi
American demonstration against
government in Beijing, a kin
night descended on her eyes.
breezed past the posters and the
dess of Liberty and the demonstra
and Eva saw none of it. She w
good at not seeing un-Comm
demonstrations as you and I are a
seeing the poor.

We stopped for a cold drink at
must be the last of the old-time
Avenue candy stores and sippe
sodas in front of the magazine
Eva asked about the magaz
Which ones, she wanted to kno
devoted to art and literature? Ar
easy enough, but literature a
dicey. *Penthouse*, so promin
displayed, is definitely not a lit
magazine, and *Playboy* is not;
Vanity Fair is not about literature
ran her eyes over the rack, u
prised by the sleaze and con
cence, and I was momentarily
loss. *The New Yorker*, *Harper's M*
zine, *The Atlantic*—they're not
literary magazines either. So I w
duced to telling her that while li
magazines were in plentiful su
there just didn't happen to b
available in this particular st
which is what they tell you
meat in Bucharest.

At that point Eva had someth
ask me. What did I think, she w
to know, about communism? N
had ever asked me that before.
question you hardly ever hear.
plied that since we had spent vi
the entire twentieth century
out the gruesome side effects of
teenth-century prescriptions,
time we came up with some
own. While Eva knit her br
digest this intellectual dumpl
looked across the store and saw
Newman, the television comm

on his way to the door. Clearly he overheard my snappy bon mot. plicably, he seemed unamused; if anything, gloomier than usual.

We hit the street again and ed a block, and that was where saw the man. He was sitting on idewalk with his back up against vall opposite the UN, the wall in- ed with Isaiah 2:4, the one about ng swords into plowshares. He toned and out of it, ragged, im- rished, an utter mockery in that scape of right-mindedness and intentions. He was a natural o opportunity for Eva.

l the time, I swear, I had a feel- There was something about him gave me pause, and I like to think I was just about to suggest that urn her socially conscious lens here when he spotted her from nort end of the camera. He let us it.

nink he may have used the acous- of the glass building across the . Maybe he'd done it before. York is too hip—how can you he spontaneity from the rou- ' Suffice it to say that there on dewalk he raised the most dread- soul-withering shout that ever ed in an urban nightmare. When shout I mean *shout*, because the st church lost a great preacher that man took his first swallow l whiskey. Over the river and off alls, resounding in the midtown s, the man on the sidewalk d. His song was of death and for- on—you didn't want to hear it. e top of his considerable voice, ve us some traditional advice. dvised me that any attachment ght have formed to the lady's n should not blind me to the cal perils attendant upon her ict. He reminded us that death is n in the city, that protection is unavailable, and that heedless ior sometimes destroys its au- A man can be dressed up, he ed out to us, and in the company handsome young woman one e but cooling his dice in a rub- ag the next. He invited us to der the sound of a shell entering cull. He reminded us that the

Want to brush up on a foreign language?



With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

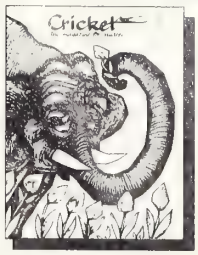
We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

CALL 1-800-243-1234 FOR FREE 32-PAGE CATALOG, OR WRITE:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room 1735 , 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Cricket
the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .
children just like yours!



"A fine literary magazine for children, this monthly has no living peers. . . . Unfortunate, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET."
–BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

5HMC8

One staple or 1,000—no hitting, no noise; smooth and easy, with . . .

Cordless Auto Stapler

only $29.95* *But read this ad for an even better deal.

The standard stapler has three shortcomings: 1. You have to hit it, and your hand gets sore; 2. It makes a lot of noise; 3. One out of ten staples goes in crooked and has to be pulled. The *Cordless Auto Stapler* ends all that. You put the sheets to be joined (easily up to 20) into the slot. As soon as they touch the recessed microswitch, the automatic mechanism releases a staple and firmly joins the sheets. It is instantaneous and virtually noiseless. It makes no difference whether you do it once or 1,000 times: The last staple will go in just as straight, as smoothly and as surely as the first one. And you don't have to hit (or miss) anything—not one single time.

Our recent catalog lists the *Cordless Auto Stapler* at $59.95. We now import them directly in very large quantities and are able to offer them for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: *Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!* Make it easy on yourself (and on those around you) and order your *Cordless Auto Stapler(s)* today!



• *The Cordless Auto Stapler is beautifully styled, in black hi-impact plastic, with white trim. It works on three "AA" batteries (not included). Over 1,000 staples are included.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #50514320** for *Cordless Auto Stapler*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Auto Stapler* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



Rent Mother Nature

Lease a Sugar Maple Tree or Sap Bucket For One Year

A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, personalized by hand and suitable for framing — plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '90, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. to Bucket Borrowers) and even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, and you get all the raves!

100% satisfaction money back guarantee
Tree Lease $39.00 or Bucket Lease $30.00
Price includes shipping.
Send check to:

RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 945
106 Appleton St. Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Include full name and address of gift recipients
Phone Orders **(617) 547-0657** VISA M.C. & Amex

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,000 hard-to-find quality films available, including *Salaam Bombay!*, *Betty Blue*, and *Wings of Desire*.

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)

Home Film Festival
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

Reading Women

The Newsletter of Literary Ideas
Interpretation • Criticism • Analysis

An imaginative publication for the discriminating reader who seeks fresh insights into classic and contemporary fiction.

Send for free sample:
Dept. H 2, P.O. Box 296
Winnetka, IL 60093
(708) / 432-8832

Subscribe now
$29 6 issues/year Visa/MC Checks

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

"Paul Fussell has written the best book I know of about World War I. Now he has written the best book I know of about the Second World War. No novel I've read surpasses its depiction of the awful human cost to all sides of modern warfare. I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say it is unforgettable."
--JOSEPH HELLER

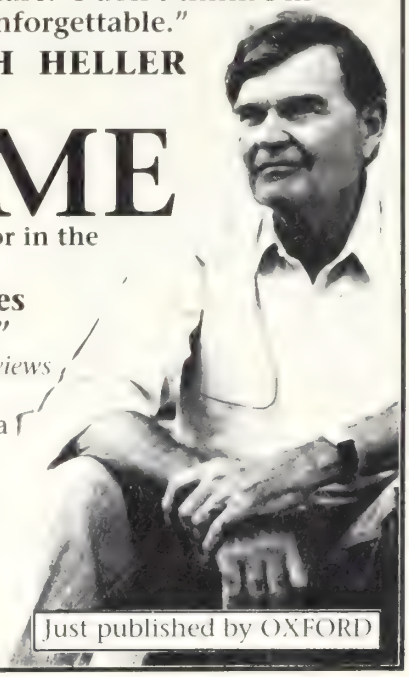
WARTIME

Understanding and Behavior in the Second World War

"Funny, upsetting, at times brilliantly illuminating."
--Kirkus Reviews

"Passionate
[His]convictions drive this book to a furious, disturbingly effective climax." *—Newsweek*

"Brilliant and engaging cultural history. . .
quietly subverts our whitewashed collective memory of the war."
—Publisher's Weekly



Just published by OXFORD

morgue was not far away and be
it the cemetery and bereavem
our next of kin, in whose gri
would rejoice.

I've worked with the best, I'v
tened to the rest, and he was
At the height of his rap he was
ping pedestrians in their tracks
blocks away, his phrasing so sop
cated that he could operate at th
of his voice with perfect cont
should point out that not once i
course of this dreadful encounte
the man's sorry ass disconnect
the pavement. But Eva didn't n
that. She was seeing him astrid
building across the way, three
dred feet high, baring his teeth
snatching at airplanes. Her ca
hung limp, her eyes were wide,
her knees were close together.
corted her across the avenue and
the visitors' section of the Unite
tions building, where we both er
vored to refrigerate our psyches i
Eskimo art.

When we came out she said,
father says most of
could find work."

By then it was past time for E
go back to her digs and pack and
time for me to be about my erra
wondered aloud if she would l
taxi. As I should have realized, i
a point of proletarian honor wit
to ride the subway. I didn't at the
see any use or any need to argu
out of it, but it did occur to me t
ought to go down with her to see
she got on the right train. So at C
Central, the two of us descended
the IRT.

The subway was in its state of
summer ripeness that afternoo
isn't much to see at the best of t
but seeing it through Eva's eye
daunting. There was so much I w
ed to explain. What I mainly wa
to explain, though, was how I, a
long subway rider, managed to g
lost in the familiar maze under C
Central. I wanted to tell her th
was all because they changed
route of the IRT uptown expr
wanted to but the infernal roar
vented me. Sweating, dispirited
vacant faces and tentative step
tracting malign attention, we
diered through the IRT until I f

train and bade her farewell. ng for the surface, I didn't want en think about how New York d to her that day. But her vision ings had somehow stayed with

the middle of Grand Central inal, beneath the vast vaulted that still displays its patched, d zodiac, some advertising types doing a shoot. A model posed r the lights, looking extraordi- cool and disdainful. Around ighted rectangle, a crowd of stood watching—commuters, ers, addicts, policemen, all of displaying slack-jawed lascivi- miles. It was like a scene from dark age, not in the past but come.

the adjoining waiting room near orty-second Street doors, a mob ragged and deranged sat waiting o earthly train, though a few d as if they might be hearing ome whistles blow. Presently, I ght, Eva would be on her way to sleep in the bosom of state ity, safe within a fortress of po- pies and informers, propaganda ies. Though that system might ss millions of her countrymen, it l work perfectly well for Eva. No it would seem doubly vindicat- her eyes, after her distressing York adventure.

a knew where she could run that noon; I wasn't so sure about f. I found myself walking in long s among the streaked marble and led brass. In the tunnels under erminal, any number of human s were said to bed down. Just as ny other day, there were bad to endure, hard ironies to ig- The terminal had outlived its ge just as surely as Marxism had ed its own romantic, Wagneri- probabilities. Its heroic space eased to function as a monument ed, commerce, and sleek con- nce, home to the aptly named tieth Century Limited. What it rated now was the egotism, vio- , and uncertainty of the city, which I had long ago made my . Nothing is free, and that re- ss law of life surfaces again and to our eternal disquiet. Eva had alled city; I had mine. ■

JUST ARRIVED FROM MOSCOW

A. Soviet artisans crafted these exclusive, limited edition sweatshirts by hand, creating the first cotton imports from the USSR since the Russian Revolution!

The workers of Moscow's SYMBOL Cooperative used only pure cotton and bright colors on red, black, or white. The eye-catching designs are hand silk screened. There are only 400 numbered shirts in this edition.

$36. (S, M, L, XL.) $3 Postage/Handling

(Since the limited quantity means we cannot guarantee your color choice, you may wish to specify a second preference.)



1. "Moscow State University"

B. Austrian watch designer Lucas Scheybal dreamed up this fun fashion watch to celebrate *Glasnost*. The "numbers" spell *Perestroika* in Cryillic, and the hands resemble workers' tools.

High quality Swiss construction makes it shock and water resistant. Includes a one year warranty.

$45. (Black on Red.) $2 Postage/Handling.



2 "Perestroika"



3 "Glasnost Democracy, Perestroika"

4 "Gorbachev-Bush Summit"



C. The "brand Glasnost" catalog of Soviet clothing and pop culture has a wide selection of fashion pins, underground art and music, political posters, t-shirts, books, and games.

$1. (Included with your order.)

Item (A, B or C) _____ Quantity _____
Style No. (1, 2, 3 or 4) _____
Size (S, M, L, XL) _____
Color Red Black White

Total Enclosed: _____

(NY residents please add 8.25% sales tax.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT.# _____

CITY _____ STATE ___ ZIP CODE _____

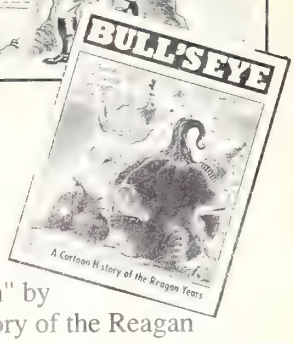
10% of proceeds donated to Armenian Relief Fund

brand GLASNOST

457 Broome Street
New York, NY 10013
(212) 334-0006

The Hanging of Oliver North





Each issue of Bull's Eye - The Magazine of Editorial Cartooning - is jam-packed with political cartoons from around the country, plus interviews with top cartoonists, historic cartoons and much, much, more. Subsribe now, and you'll receive a free, full color poster "jam", " The Hanging of Oliver North" by 23 cartoonists, or a copy of our cartoon history of the Reagan years. Just send $20.00 ($40.00 outside the U. S.) for 12 issues to:

Bull's Eye, P.O. Box 150, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Paying the price of my father's booze

By Scott Russell Sanders

My father drank. He drank as a gut-punched boxer gasps for breath, as a starving dog gobbles food—compulsively, secretly, in pain and trembling. I use the past tense not because he ever quit drinking but because he quit living. That is how the story ends for my father, age sixty-four, heart bursting, body cooling, slumped and forsaken on the linoleum of my brother's trailer. The story continues for my brother, my sister, my mother, and me, and will continue as long as memory holds.



In the perennial present of memory, I slip into the garage or barn to see my father tipping back the flat green bottles of wine, the brown cylinders of whiskey, the cans of beer disguised in paper bags. His Adam's apple bobs, the liquid gurgles, he wipes the sandy-haired back of a hand over his lips, and then, his bloodshot gaze bumping into me, he stashes the bottle or can inside his jacket, under the workbench, between two bales of hay, and we both pretend the moment has not occurred.

"What's up, buddy?" he says, thick-tongued and edgy.

"Sky's up," I answer, playing along.

"And don't forget prices," he grumbles. "Prices are always up. And taxes."

In memory, his white 1951 Pontiac with the stripes down the hood and the Indian head on the snout lurches to a stop in the driveway; or it is the 1956 Ford station wagon, or the 1963 Rambler shaped like a toad, or the sleek 1969 Bonneville that will do 120 miles per hour on straightaways; or it is the robin's-egg-blue pickup, new in 1980, battered in 1981, the year of his death. He climbs out, grinning dangerously, unsteady on his legs, and we children interrupt our game of catch, our building of snow forts, our picking of plums, to watch in silence as he weaves us into the house, whe drops into his overst chair and falls asleep. S ing her head, our m stubs out a cigarette h left smoldering in the tray. All evening, unti bedtimes, we tiptoe him, as past a snoring on. Then we curl fearful our sheets, listening. E tually he wakes with a g Mother slings accusatio him, he snarls back, yells, he growls, their v clashing. Before long, s treats to their bedroom, sobbi not from the blows of fists, for he er strikes her, but from the force words.

Left alone, our father prowl house, thumping into furniture, maging in the kitchen, slam doors, turning the pages of the r paper with a savage crackle, m ing back at the late-night drivel television. The roof might fly off walls might buckle from the pre of his rage. Whatever my brothe sister and mother may be thinkir their own rumpled pillows, I lie hating him, loving him, fearing knowing I have failed him. I tell self he drinks to ease the ache gnaws at his belly, an ache I have caused by disappointing somehow, a murderous ache I sh

Scott Russell Sanders teaches literature at Indiana University. His most recent books are The Invisible Company, *a novel, and* The Paradise of Bombs, *a collection of essays. A new book of personal essays,* Secrets of the Universe, *will be published next year.*

Illustration by Tom Chris

ble to relieve by doing all my
es, earning A's in school, win-
baseball games, fixing the
en washer and the burst pipes,
ging in the money to fill his empty
t. He would not hide the green
es in his toolbox, would not
off to the barn with a lump un-
is coat, would not fall asleep in
daylight, would not roar and
, would not drink himself to
, if only I were perfect.

m forty-four, and I know full well
that my father was an alcoholic,
n consumed by disease rather
by disappointment. What had
ed to me a private grief is in fact,
urse, a public scourge. In the
ed States alone, some ten or fif-
million people share his ailment,
ehind the doors they slam in fury
grace, countless other children
le. I comfort myself with such
ledge, holding it against the
of memory like an ice pack
st a bruise. Other people have
r sources of grief: poverty, rac-
ape, war. I do not wish to com-
to determine who has suffered
I am only trying to understand
rrosive mixture of helplessness,
nsibility, and shame that I
ed to feel as the son of an alco-
I realize now that I did not
my father's illness, nor could I
cured it. Yet for all this grown-
owledge, I am still ten years
ny own son's age, and as that
struggle in guilt and confu-
sion to save my father from
pain.

onsider a few of our synonyms
runk: tipsy, tight, pickled,
d, and plowed; stoned and
d, lubricated and inebriated,
and sluiced; three sheets to the
in your cups, out of your mind,
the table; lit up, tanked up,
out; besotted, blotto, bombed,
buzzed; plastered, polluted,
fied; loaded or looped, boozy,
, fuddled, or smashed; crocked
hit-faced, corked and pissed,
ered and sloshed.

a mostly humorous lexicon, as
re that deals with drunks—in
and cartoons, in plays, films,
levision skits—is largely comic.
Matilda nips elderberry wine

FOR 50 YEARS,
TEXACO HAS BEEN
HAVING A LOVE AFFAIR
WITH THE MOST
PASSIONATE WOMEN.

CARMEN
TOSCA
VIOLETTA
ISOLDE
MANON
DALILA

from the sideboard and burps politely during supper. Uncle Fred slouches to the table glassy-eyed, wearing a lampshade for a hat and murmuring, "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker." Inspired by cocktails, Mrs. Somebody recounts the events of her day in a fuzzy dialect, while Mr. Somebody nibbles her ear and croons a bawdy song. On the sofa with Boyfriend, Daughter Somebody giggles, licking gin from her lips, and loosens the bows in her hair. Junior knocks back some brews with his chums at the Leopard Lounge and stumbles home to the wrong house, wonders foggily why he cannot locate his pajamas, and crawls naked into bed with the ugliest girl in school. The family dog slurps from a neglected martini and wobbles to the nursery, where he vomits in Baby's shoe.

It is all great fun. But if in the audience you notice a few laughing faces turn grim when the drunk lurches onstage, don't be surprised, for these are the children of alcoholics. Over the grinning mask of Dionysus, the leering face of Bacchus, these children cannot help seeing the bloated features of their own parents. Instead of laughing, they wince, they mourn. Instead of celebrating the drunk as one freed from constraints, they pity him as one enslaved. They refuse to believe *in vino veritas*, having seen their befuddled parents skid away from truth toward folly and oblivion. And so these children bite their lips until the lush staggers into the wings.

My father, when drunk, was neither funny nor honest; he was pathetic, frightening, deceitful. There seemed to be a leak in him somewhere, and he poured in booze to keep from draining dry. Like a torture victim who refuses to squeal, he would never admit that he had touched a drop, not even in his last year, when he seemed to be dissolving in alcohol before our very eyes. I never knew him to lie about anything, ever, except about this one ruinous fact. Drowsy, clumsy, unable to fix a bicy-

cle tire, balance a grocery sack, or walk across a room, he was stripped of his true self by drink. In a matter of minutes, the contents of a bottle could transform a brave man into a coward, a buddy into a bully, a gifted athlete and skilled carpenter and shrewd businessman into a bumbler. No dictionary of synonyms for *drunk* would soften the anguish of watching our prince turn into a frog.

Father's drinking became the family secret. While growing up, we children never breathed a word of it beyond the four walls of our house. To this day, my brother and sister rarely mention it, and then only when I press them. I did not confess the ugly, bewildering fact to my wife until his wavering and slurred speech forced me to. Recently, on the seventh anniversary of my father's death, I asked my mother if she ever spoke of his drinking to friends. "No, no, never," she replied hastily. "I couldn't bear for anyone to know."

The secret bores under the skin, gets in the blood, into the bone, and stays there. Long after you have supposedly been cured of malaria, the fever can flare up, the tremors can shake you. So it is with the fevers of shame. You swallow the bitter quinine of knowledge, and you learn to feel pity and compassion toward the drinker. Yet the shame lingers and, because of it, anger.

For a long stretch of my childhood we lived on a military reservation in Ohio, an arsenal where bombs were stored underground in bunkers and vintage airplanes burst into flames and unstable artillery shells boomed nightly at the dump. We had the feeling, as children, that we played within a minefield, where a heedless footfall could trigger an explosion. When Father was drinking, the house, too, became a minefield. The least bump could set off either parent.

The more he drank, the more obsessed Mother became with stopping him. She hunted for bottles, counted the cash in his wallet, sniffed at his breath. Without meaning to snoop, we children blundered left and right into damning evidence. On afternoons when he came home from work sober, we flung ourselves at him for hugs and felt against our ribs the telltale lump in his coat. In the barn we tumbled on the hay and heard beneath our sneakers the crunch of broken glass. We tugged open a drawer in his workbench, looking for screwdrivers or crescent wrenches, and spied a gleaming six-pack among the tools. Playing tag, we darted around the house just in time to see him sway on the rear stoop and heave a finished bottle into the woods. In his good-night kiss we smelled the cloying sweetness of Clorets, the mints he chewed to camouflage his dragon's breath.

I can summon up that kiss right now by recalling Theodore Roethke's lines about his own father:

> The whiskey on your breath
> Could make a small boy dizzy;
> But I hung on like death:
> Such waltzing was not easy.

Such waltzing was hard, terribly hard, for with a boy's scrawny arms I was trying to hold my tipsy father upright.

For years, the chief source of those incriminating bottles and cans was a grimy store a mile from us, a cinderblock place called Sly's, with two gas pumps outside and a mangy dog asleep in the window. Inside, on rusty metal shelves or in wheezing coolers, you could find pop and Popsicles, cigarettes, potato chips, canned soup, raunchy postcards, fishing gear, Twinkies, wine, and beer. When Father drove anywhere on errands, Mother would send us along as guards, warning us not to let him out of our sight. And so with one or more of us on board, Father would cruise up to Sly's, pump a dollar's worth of gas or plump the tires with air, and then, telling us to wait in the car, he would head for the doorway.

Dutiful and panicky, we cried, "Let us go with you!"

"No," he answered. "I'll be back in two shakes."

"Please!"

"No!" he roared. "Don't you budge or I'll jerk a knot in your tails!"

So we stayed put, kicking the seats, while he ducked inside. Often, when he had parked the car at a careless angle, we gazed in through the window and saw Mr. Sly fetching down the shelf behind the cash regist green pints of Gallo wine. swigged one of them right there counter, stuffed the other in his et, and then out he came, a bu his coat, a flustered look on h dened face.

Because the mom and pop w the dump were neighbors of ou ing just down the tar-blistered r hated them all the more for pois my father. I wanted to sneak in store and smash the bottles and to the place. I also hated the brothers, Ernest and Julio, wh vial faces beamed from the lab their wine, labels I would find and curled, when I burned the t noted the Gallo brothers' addr California and studied the roa to see how far that was from Oh cause I meant to go out there a Ernest and Julio what they were to my father, and then, if they s no mercy, I woul them.

While growing up on the roads and in the country schoo cramped Methodist churches of and Tennessee, I never hear word *alcoholic*, never happened it in books or magazines. In the by towns, there were no addi treatment programs, no comm mental-health centers, no Alco Anonymous chapters, no ther Left alone with our grievous we had no way of understandi ther's drinking except as an will, a deliberate folly or cru moral weakness, a sin. He dra cause he chose to, pure and s Why our father, so playful and petent and kind when sober, choose to ruin himself and pun family we could not fathom.

Our neighborhood was high Bible, and the Bible was ha drunkards. "Woe to those who roes at drinking wine and valia in mixing strong drink," wrote "The priest and the prophet re strong drink, they are confused wine, they err in vision, they st in giving judgment. For all tab full of vomit, no place is w filthiness." We children had those fouled tables at the local

where the notorious boozers
; out, our father occasionally
ıg them. "Wine and new wine
away the understanding," de-
d the prophet Hosea. We had
seen evidence of that in our fa-
who could multiply seven-digit
bers in his head when sober but
ı drunk could not help us with
h-grade math. Proverbs warned:
not look at wine when it is red,
ı it sparkles in the cup and goes
ı smoothly. At the last it bites
ı serpent and stings like an adder.
eyes will see strange things, and
mind utter perverse things."
, woe.
smayingly often, these biblical
kards stirred up trouble for their
kids. Noah made fresh wine after
lood, drank too much of it, fell
p without any clothes on, and
glimpsed in the buff by his son
, whom Noah promptly cursed.
ıe passage—it was so shocking we
o read it under our blankets with
lights—the patriarch Lot fell
ı drunk and slept with his daugh-
The sins of the fathers set their
ıren's teeth on edge.
ır ministers were fond of quoting
aul's pronouncement that drunk-
would not inherit the kingdom of
These grave preachers assured
at the wine referred to in the Last
er was in fact grape juice. Bible
sermons and hymns combined to
us the impression that Moses
ld have brought down from the
ıtain another stone tablet, bear-
the Eleventh Commandment:
ı shalt not drink.
ıe scariest and most illuminating
story apropos of drunkards was
one about the lunatic and the
e. We knew it by heart: When
climbed out of his boat one day,
lunatic came charging up from
raveyard, stark naked and filthy,
ing at the mouth, so violent that
roke the strongest chains. No-
would go near him. Night and
or years, this madman had been
ng among the tombs and bruising
elf with stones. Jesus took one
at him and said, "Come out of
nan, you unclean spirits!" for he
l see that the lunatic was pos-
d by demons. Meanwhile, some
were conveniently rooting near-

FOR 50 YEARS, TEXACO HAS BEEN ASSOCIATING WITH THE MOST VILLAINOUS CHARACTERS.

MÉPHISTOPHÉLÈS
IAGO
SCARPIA
DON GIOVANNI
LADY MACBETH
ORTRUD



by. "If we have to come out," begged the demons, "at least let us go into those swine." Jesus agreed, the unclean spirits entered the hogs, and the hogs raced straight off a cliff and plunged into a lake. Hearing the story in Sunday school, my friends thought mainly of the pigs. (How big a splash did they make? Who paid for the lost pork?) But I thought of the redeemed lunatic, who bathed himself and put on clothes and calmly sat at the feet of Jesus, restored—so the Bible said—to "his right mind."

When drunk, our father was clearly in his wrong mind. He became a stranger, as fearful to us as any graveyard lunatic, not quite frothing at the mouth but fierce enough, quick-tempered, explosive; or else he grew maudlin and weepy, which frightened us nearly as much. In my boyhood despair, I reasoned that maybe he wasn't to blame for turning into an ogre: Maybe, like the lunatic, he was possessed by demons.

If my father was indeed possessed, who would exorcise him? If he was a sinner, who would save him? If he was ill, who would cure him? If he suffered, who would ease his pain? Not ministers or doctors, for we could not bring ourselves to confide in them; not the neighbors, for we pretended they had never seen him drunk; not Mother, who fussed and pleaded but could not budge him; not my brother and sister, who were only kids. That left me. It did not matter that I, too, was only a child, and a bewildered one at that. I could not excuse myself.

On first reading a description of delirium tremens—in a book on alcoholism I smuggled from a university library—I thought immediately of the frothing lunatic and the frenzied swine. When I read stories or watched films about grisly metamorphoses—Dr. Jekyll becoming Mr. Hyde, the mild husband changing into a werewolf, the kindly neighbor inhabited by a brutal alien—I could not

You deserve a factual look at...

The "New" PLO

Or: Can the Leopard Change its Spots?

After more than 20 years of ostracism by most of the civilized world, Yasir Arafat, Chairman of the PLO, has finally uttered the "magic words" demanded by the U.S. It didn't come easy, and he didn't get it quite right. But it was good enough for Secretary of State George Schultz who, "the words" having been spoken, declared the willingness of the U.S. to talk with the PLO. One wonders whether that surprising opening will bring peace in the Middle East any closer to realization.

What are the facts?

■ Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, having wrung major concessions from Israel, promised that the U.S. would not deal with the PLO unless it fulfilled two conditions: (1) it would accept U.N. Resolutions 242 and 238; (2) it would recognize Israel's "existence". Congress added a third condition, namely that the PLO would renounce terrorism. Finally, after 20 years of obdurate resistance, Yasir Arafat, as spokesman for the PLO, did make those statements. Secretary Schultz decided therefore that the U.S. must establish contact with the PLO. Only a week earlier, the Secretary had refused Arafat a visa to enter the United States, because of his personal association with and personal responsibility for widespread terrorism all over the world.

■ What are the goals of the PLO, and is it likely that they have changed by the uttering of those three sentences? The PLO is a terror organization, created in 1964 by the Arab League. It has only one aim: the destruction of the State of Israel through force and violence. Any apparent deviation from this single-minded aim is a temporary tactical maneuver.

■ The basic charter of the PLO is the so-called "Palestinian National Covenant." Its main theme is that the State of Israel has no right whatever to exist. It states clearly that "Palestine...is an indivisible part of the Arab homeland," and that "the Arab-Palestinian people...reject all solutions that substitute for the total liberation of Palestine." Those PLO and Arab leaders who have from time to time ventured to propose a less inflexible approach have invariably paid with their lives for such deviation from PLO "orthodoxy".

■ The recent unilateral declaration by the PLO of a "Palestinian State with its capital in Jerusalem" on territory administered by and under control of Israel is an attempted step in that direction. The PLO was founded long before Israeli administration of Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip. Its avowed purpose was then, has always been and continues to be, not the establishment of a Palestinian state, but the destruction of Israel proper.

■ The PLO is the kingpin of international terror. It maintains a complex network of relations with all of the main terror organizations throughout the world. It has written a blood-spattered record of unrelenting terror. Some of their more "glorious" exploits: the mid-air explosion of a Swissair jetliner (47 dead); the attack on pilgrims and passengers at Ben-Gurion International Airport (26 dead, 76 wounded); the attack on Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics (11 dead); attack on the Ma'alot school (24 dead, 62 wounded—mostly children); the hi-jacking of a passenger bus on the Haifa-Tel Aviv highway (35 dead, 80 wounded); the coordinated shoot-outs at the Rome and Vienna Airports (16 dead); and the murderous attack on the Istanbul Synagogue, in which 21 worshippers were killed.

■ In their attacks against Americans, the PLO hand is suspected in many of the kidnappings of U.S. hostages. American citizen Leon Klinghoffer was brutally killed in the PLO ship-jacking of the *Achille Lauro*. Some of the most brutal PLO attacks against Americans have been against U.S. diplomats. In the Sudan, in 1973, two American diplomats, Ambassador Cleo Noel and Chargé d'Affaires George C. Moore, were mercilessly machine gunned to death when blackmail demands were not met. *The Washington Post* reported on reliable evidence that Yasir Arafat personally was in charge of these executions. In 1976, Ambassador Francis Meloy, Jr. and Counselor Robert Waring were assassinated in Beirut, an attack widely believed to have been the work of the PFLP, a faction of the PLO. In March of 1988, a bomb-laden car was placed in front of the Hilton Hotel in Jerusalem in an attempt to assassinate Secretary George Shultz. There have been many bombings, hi-jackings, and terrorist attacks in virtually every Mid-East and European country, leaving countless dead and wounded. While the final verdict is not yet in, it is generally assumed by our government and by those who are investigating this terrible crime that one of the Palestinian factions patterned after and instructed by the PLO is responsible for the bombing of Pan Am flight #103, which cost over 270 mostly American lives.

Can the leopard change its spots? It does not seem likely. And it does not seem likely that the PLO, engaged in unrelenting terror since its creation 24 years ago, could suddenly become a factor for peace, just because of the intonation of a few "magic phrases". It is comforting to think that peace in the Middle East can be achieved by bestowing respectability on the PLO. But the only way to bring about peace in the Middle East is by direct negotiations between Israel and representatives of the residents of the administered territories, as agreed in the Camp David Accord: a period of autonomy, after which the final disposition and status of the territories will be decided by the people involved. The PLO cannot be a party to the peace process, because its charter calls for war and destruction and because terror and peace cannot exist together.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of $ _____.

H-23

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to CAMERA, PO Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

PO. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

help but see my own father's muta
from sober to drunk. Even
knowing better, I am attracted by
demonic theory of drink, for wh
recall my father's transformation
emergence of his ugly second s
find it easy to believe in being
sessed by unclean spirits. We n
knew which version of Father w
come home from work, the true o
tainted, nor could we guess hov
down the slope toward cruelty
would slide.

How far a man *could* slide
gauged by observing our back-
neighbors—the out-of-work m
who had dragged their families t
corner of Ohio from the desolate
lows of Appalachia, the tightf
farmers, the surly mechanics,
balked and broken men. There
for example, whiskey-soaked Mr.
kins, who beat his wife and ki
hard we could hear their screams
the road. There was Mr. Lavo
wino, who fell asleep smoking
and again, until one night his dis
ed wife bundled up the children
went outside and left him in his
chair to burn; he awoke on his
staggered out coughing into the
and pounded her flat while the
dren looked on and the shack tu
to ash. There was the truck dr
Mr. Sampson, who tripped ove
son's tricycle one night while d
and got mad, jumped into his s
and drove away, shifting through
dozen gears, and never came b
We saw the bruised children of t
fathers clump onto our school bus
saw the abandoned children hudd
the pews at church, we saw
stunned and battered mothers
ging for help at our doors.

Our own father never beat us,
don't think he beat Mother, bu
threatened often. The Old Testa
Yahweh was not more terrible in
rage. Eyes blazing, voice boom
Father would pull out his belt
swear to give us a whipping, bu
never followed through, never n
ed to, because we could imagine
vividly. He shoved us, pawed us
the back of his hand, not to in
just to clear a space. I can see
grabbing Mother by the hair as
cowers on a chair during a nig
quarrel. He twists her neck back

apes up at him, and then he lifts her skull a glass quart bottle of the milk spilling down his fore- and he yells at her, "Say just one word, one goddamn word, and ıut you up!" I fear she will prick with her sharp tongue, but she is ied into silence, and so am I, and eaking bottle quivers in the air, nilk seeps through the red hair of ıther's uplifted arm, and the en- ene is there to this moment, the jerked back, the club raised.

hen the drink made him weepy, r would pack, kiss each of us ren on the head, and announce the front door that he was mov- ut. "Where to?" we demanded, il each time that he would leave od, as Mr. Simpson had roared for good in his diesel truck. ieplace where I won't get hound- ery minute," Father would an- his jaw quivering. He stabbed a at Mother, who might say, 't run into the ditch before you iere," or "Good riddance," and he would slink away. Mother ied him go with arms crossed ier chest, her face closed like the ı a box of snakes. We children d. Where could he go? To the stop, that den of iniquity? To f those dark, ratty flophouses in ? Would he wind up sleeping un- railroad bridge or on a park ı or in a cardboard box, mum- in rags like the bums we had seen ır trips to Cleveland and Chica- Ve bawled and bawled, wonder- he would ever come back.

always did come back, a day week later, but each time there was a sliver less of him.

Kafka's *Metamorphosis,* which famously with Gregor Samsa ıg up from uneasy dreams to find lf transformed into an insect, or's family keep reassuring them- that things will be just fine "when he comes back to us." time alcohol transformed our fa- ve held out the same hope, that uld really and truly come back our authentic father, the tender layful and competent man, and all things would be fine. We had ds for such hope. After his tear-

FOR 50 YEARS, TEXACO HAS BEEN SUPPORTING THE MOST HEROIC MEN.

SIEGFRIED
PARSIFAL
LOHENGRIN
CAVARADOSSI
SAMSON
ANDREA CHÉNIER

ful departures and chapfallen returns, he would sometimes go weeks, even months, without drinking. Those were glad times. Every day without the furtive glint of bottles, every meal without a fight, every bedtime without sobs encouraged us to believe that such bliss might go on forever.

Mother was fooled by such a hope all during the forty-odd years she knew Greeley Ray Sanders. Soon after she met him in a Chicago delicatessen on the eve of World War II and fell for his butter-melting Mississippi drawl and his wavy red hair, she learned that he drank heavily. But then so did a lot of men. She would soon coax or scold him into breaking the nasty habit. She would point out to him how ugly and foolish it was, this bleary drinking, and then he would quit. He refused to quit during their engagement, however, still refused during the first years of marriage, refused until my older sister came along. The shock of fatherhood sobered him, and he remained sober through my birth at the end of the war and right on through until we moved in 1951 to the Ohio arsenal. The arsenal had more than its share of alcoholics, drug addicts, and other varieties of escape artists. There I turned six and started school and woke into a child's flickering awareness, just in time to see my father begin sneaking swigs in the garage.

He sobered up again for most of a year at the height of the Korean War, to celebrate the birth of my brother. But aside from that dry spell, his only breaks from drinking before I graduated from high school were just long enough to raise and then dash our hopes. Then during the fall of my senior year—the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis, when it seemed that the nightly explosions at the munitions dump and the nightly rages in our household might spread to engulf the globe—Father collapsed. His liver, kidneys, and heart all conked out. The doctors saved him, but only by a hair. He stayed in the hospital for



Home for the holidays

Celebrate the season at The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, the crossroads of New York.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, what better place to usher in good cheer than at The Salisbury, right in the heart of New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you spacious rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accommodations $98-108. Doubles $108-118. Suites $175-310.* Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/banquet facilities are available.

Salisbury
HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York 10019 U.S.A.

For reservations or brochure
• toll-free (800) 223-0680
NYC (212) 246-1300 • NYS (800) 446-4560
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366

*Taxes and Gratuities Not Included

A Gift for Lovers!



Idole Eternelle by Rodin

A tribute to love! In an aura of romanticism and without inhibition Rodin, with perfect balance, combined spiritual and physical love in a single work. Hand crafted from bonded marble. 11¼" high on a marble base $167 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. An affectionate Christmas gift! **112 page artbook color catalogue $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1061
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

weeks, going through a withdrawal so terrible that Mother would not let us visit him. If he wanted to kill himself, the doctors solemnly warned him, all he had to do was hit the bottle again. One binge would finish him.

Father must have believed them, for he stayed dry the next fifteen years. It was an answer to prayer, Mother said, it was a miracle. I believe it was a reflex of fear, which he sustained over the years through courage and pride. He knew a man could die from drink, for his brother Roscoe had. We children never laid eyes on doomed Uncle Roscoe, but in the stories Mother told us he became a fairy-tale figure, like a boy who took the wrong turn in the woods and was gobbled up by the wolf.

The fifteen-year dry spell came to an end with Father's retirement in the spring of 1978. Like many men, he gave up his identity along with his job. One day he was a boss at the factory, with a brass plate on his door and a reputation to uphold; the next day he was a nobody at home. He and Mother were leaving Ontario, the last of the many places to which his job had carried them, and they were moving to a new house in Mississippi, his childhood stomping ground. As a boy in Mississippi, Father sold Coca-Cola during dances while the moonshiners peddled their brew in the parking lot; as a young blade, he fought in bars and in the ring, winning a state Golden Gloves championship; he gambled at poker, hunted pheasant, raced motorcycles and cars, played semiprofessional baseball, and, along with all his buddies—in the Black Cat Saloon, behind the cotton gin, in the woods—he drank hard. It was a perilous youth to dream of recovering.

After his final day of work, Mother drove on ahead with a car full of begonias and violets, while Father stayed behind to oversee the packing. When the van was loaded, the sweaty movers broke open a six-pack and offered him a beer.

"Let's drink to retirement!" they crowed. "Let's drink to freedom! to fishing! hunting! loafing! Let's drink to a guy who's going home!"

At least I imagine some such words, for that is all I can do, imagine, and I see Father's hand trembling in midair as he thinks about the fifteen sh years and about the doctors' wa and he tells himself, *Goddamni a free man,* and *Why can't a fre drink one beer after a lifetime o work?* and I see his arm reachir fingers closing, the can tilting lips. I even supply a label for the a swaggering brand that promis television to deliver the esse life. I watch the amber liquid down his throat, the alcohol ste his blood, the key t his brain.

Soon after my parents move to Father's treacherous sto ground, my wife and I visited th Mississippi with our four-ye daughter. Mother had been to traught to warn me about the ret the demons. So when I climbed the car that bright July mornin saw my father napping in the mock, I felt uneasy, and wh lurched upright and blinke bloodshot eyes and greeted us in upy voice, I was hurled back childhood.

"What's the matter with Pa our daughter asked.

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing!

Like a child again, I pretende to see him in his stupor, and b my phony smile I grieved. On visit and on the few that remain fore his death, once again I foun tles in the workbench, bottles i woods. Again his hands shoo much for him to run a saw, to his precious miniature furnitur drive straight down back roads. he wound up in the ditch, in the pital, in jail, in the treatment c Again he shouted and wept. Aga lied. "I never touched a drop swore. "Your mother's making i

I no longer fancied I could r with the men whose names I fou the bottles—Jim Beam, Jack iel's—but I was able now to reca cold statistics about alcoholism million victims, fifteen mil twenty. And yet, in spite of my reacted in the same blind way as in childhood, by vainly seekir erase through my efforts wha drove him to drink. I worked on place twelve and sixteen hours a in the swelter of Mississippi sum

ng ditches, running electrical
, planting trees, mowing grass,
ing sheds, as though what
d at him was some list of
s, as though by taking his wor-
pon my shoulders I could redeem
I was flung back into boyhood,
g as though my father would not
himself to death if only I were
ct.
iled of perfection; he succeeded
ing. To the end, he considered
elf not sick but sinful. "Do you
to kill yourself?" I asked him.
y not?" he answered. "Why the
not? What's there to save?" To
nd, he would not speak about his
gs, would not or could not give a
to the beast that was devouring

silence, he went rushing off the
Unlike the biblical swine, how-
he left behind a few of the de-
to haunt his children. Life with
nd the loss of him twisted us into
s that will be familiar to other
and daughters of alcoholics. My
er became a rebel, my sister re-
d into shyness, I played the stal-
and dutiful son who would hold
mily together. If my father was
ble, I would be a rock. If he
ndered money on drink, I would
n every penny. If he wept when
—and only when drunk—I
l not let myself weep at all. If he
d at the Little League umpire for
g my pitches balls, I would
nothing but strikes. Watching
flounder and rage, I came to
the loss of control. I would go
gh life without making anyone
I vowed never to put in my
h or veins any chemical that
l banish my everyday self. I
l never make a scene, never lash
t the ones I loved, never hurt a
Through hard work, relentless
I would achieve something daz-
—in the classroom, on the bas-
ll court, in the science lab, in
ages of books—and my achieve-
would distract the world's eyes
his humiliation. I would become
thy sacrifice, and the smoke of
urning would please God.
is far easier to recognize these
in my character than to undo
. Work has become an addiction
e, as drink was an addiction for

FOR 50 YEARS, TEXACO HAS BEEN YOUR TICKET TO THE MET.

Since 1940, Texaco has brought you all the characters that make opera great: the Good, the Bad and the Beautiful.

1989-1990 Texaco-Metropolitan Opera Broadcast Schedule

Radio

	1989
MET MARATHON	December 2
DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN (R. Strauss)	December 9
IL TRITTICO (Puccini)	December 16
IL TABARRO	
SUOR ANGELICA	
GIANNI SCHICCHI	
LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN (Offenbach)	December 23
DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER* (Wagner)	December 30

	1990
WOZZECK (Berg)	January 6
TURANDOT (Puccini)	January 13
COSÌ FAN TUTTE (Mozart)	January 20
PORGY AND BESS (Gershwin)	January 27
LA GIOCONDA (Ponchielli)	February 3
LA TRAVIATA* (Verdi)	February 10
SAMSON ET DALILA (Saint-Saens)	February 17
RIGOLETTO* (Verdi)	February 24
FAUST* (Gounod)	March 3
50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION	March 10
MANON LESCAUT (Puccini)	March 17
DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL (Mozart)	March 24
LA BOHÈME (Puccini)	March 31
DIE WALKÜRE (Wagner)	April 7
DON GIOVANNI* (Mozart)	April 14
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Wagner)	April 21

*New Production

Television

	1989
AIDA (Verdi)	December 27
	1990
TEXACO/MET 50TH ANNIVERSARY HIGHLIGHTS	March**
DAS RHEINGOLD (Wagner)	June 18
DIE WALKÜRE (Wagner)	June 19
SIEGFRIED (Wagner)	June 20
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Wagner)	June 21

**Check your local listings for date, time and channel.

For your free 1989-90 Broadcast Guide, call 1-800-MET-1989.

my father. Knowing this, my daughter gave me a placard for the wall: WORKAHOLIC. The labor is endless and futile, for I can no more redeem myself through work than I could redeem my father. I still panic in the face of other people's anger, because his drunken temper was so terrible. I shrink from causing sadness or disappointment even to strangers, as though I were still concealing the family shame. I still notice every twitch of emotion in those faces around me, having learned as a child to read the weather in faces, and I blame myself for their least pang of unhappiness or anger. In certain moods I blame myself for everything. Guilt burns like acid in my veins.

I am moved to write these pages now because my own son, at the age of ten, is taking on himself the griefs of the world, and in particular the griefs of his father. He tells me that when I am gripped by sadness, he feels responsible; he feels there must be something he can do to spring me from depression, to fix my life. And that crushing sense of responsibility is exactly what I felt at the age of ten in the face of my father's drinking. My son wonders if I, too, am possessed. I write, therefore, to drag into the light what eats at me—the fear, the guilt, the shame—so that my own children may be spared.

I still shy away from nightclubs, from bars, from parties where the solvent is alcohol. My friends puzzle over this, but it is no more peculiar than for a man to shy away from the lions' den after seeing his father torn apart. I took my own first drink at the age of twenty-one, half a glass of burgundy. I knew the odds of my becoming an alcoholic were four times higher than for the children of nonalcoholic fathers. So I sipped warily.

I still do—once a week, perhaps, a glass of wine, a can of beer, nothing stronger, nothing more. I listen for the turning of a key in my brain. ■

OUT MY COMPUTER WINDOW

Travels in the land of BIX

By Hugh Kenner



Time was, in rural America, when Marv might phone Jed about the sick heifer and other folk picking up receivers would join in with advice till the line got so crowded, reception sank into noise. As long as Marv strained to hear it, he could tap communal wisdom about heifers. Marv and Jed's party-line technology, albeit naive, enabled an immediacy we still yearn for. Migrants all (my own moves so far: Ontario to Connecticut, California, Virginia, California, Maryland), we cherish contact still.

So skip some decades to just the other day, and behold me, amid the clutter of a half-written article, dismayed not by an ailing cow but by a limping sentence. It lacks a factual oddment: How many dollar bills in an inch-thick stack? I might call my bank, but my bank is seldom friendly. As a denizen of the computer age, I'll call BIX.

BIX, the Byte Information Exchange, based in Peterborough, New Hampshire, is owned by McGraw-Hill, which also owns a fat computer magazine called *Byte*. Via BIX you can reach a community, the head count of which McGraw-Hill stonewalls, though an informed estimate puts it near 33,000. There are BIXen (the accepted, dog-German, plural) all over the globe. I've had responses from Sweden and from Spain —and many from the West Coast of the United States, where a BIXen community seems to cluster.

My computer, where I do my writing, is connected to a modem, a high-tech gadget that gives me a telephone link to other modems tied to other computers at which sit other people. What I'm about to do, via BIX, is dangle my query about dollar bills before a vast assortment of other people, not one of whom, as it happens, I've ever met face-to-face. I type the local number of a telephone-connection service called TYMNET modem dials; TYMNET my disposal. I type a requ be connected to BIX. I'm for my username ("hken and my password (secret!) I'm on BIX.

BIXen pay a quarterly thirty-nine dollars to B well as an hourly TYM charge (between two an dollars, depending on the of day and the speed o transmission). For this, I have access to more tha conferences, of which joined about twenty. (A c *ence* is the term for a gathering o sages with a common theme.) first thing the screen shows m count of the messages I've yet t in each conference I belong t read them later. Right now, wh post that question? If I want to cial, I could go to "writer's/sleaz or "tojerry/lounge," but expe sends me toward "tojerry/querie keep them manageable, confe are broken down into topics; "queries" is a topic of the conf "tojerry," and "jerry" is Jerry nelle, computer columnist, sc fiction writer, all-purpose pundi moderator of a conference of hi own, which a critical mass of I seems to have joined.

Keeping some six or seven per conference orderly, watchi

Hugh Kenner teaches poetry at Johns Hopkins University. He is the author most recently of A Sinking Island: The Modern English Writers. *His essay "Ear Culture" appeared in the March issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Illustration by Russell

er and late-night profanity, rid-
ıerd on the occasional fanatic
gets carried away and emits what
ı call a "flame" are the ceaseless
s of a moderator, whose reward
)ll-free account.

ype TOJERRY/QUERIES and I'm
d there. Then I type SAY, which
:he system I want to introduce
:hing new. Upon being asked for
:, I type DOLLARBILLS. Then I
e my question, end it with an
command, watch for "Message
6 added," and sign off for now.
ıat I do next is wait a few hours,
log on to BIX again. Sure
gh, the introductory info lets me
that "tojerry/queries" has some
naterial to offer. I go there. And
:re's a reply from a man who has
ıeasured the thickness of a dollar
ith a micrometer; his arithmetic
50 to the inch. But (2) someone
who once worked in a supermar-
ays 100 to the inch is more like
:e the bills are no longer pris-
but crumpled. His is the fig-
decide to use. And I sign off
BIX again and go back to
my article.

IX was conceived as a way for
ıter people to exchange com-
savvy. ("Anyone out there
if the Z386 is using interrupt
104 for anything?") Yes,
s a lot of traffic of that order,
es, it's useful. But, people being
:, other kinds of interaction
ly emerged, and today BIX re-
es nothing so much as an enor-
party line. One day last winter a
crossed the mind of someone
ıg to a country place, and a que-
eared on BIX:

nyone know anything about keep-
ats?

(comment on #4860)
are very low-maintenance animals.
ıeed water, maybe some grain, salt,
casional hoof trimming. Of course,
oats need to be milked twice a day.
ın't need to wake up early if that's
ur habit.

ankering for goat milk will cause
ouble. Check into the hardware
ıeed for milking, filtering, chilling.
hink about what that goat will eat.
ıvor of goat milk depends on what it
eats. For instance, onion grass produces terrible milk.

#4863 (comment on #4860)
As far as I have been able to observe, keeping goats is no more difficult than keeping big dogs, and they need less affection and store-bought food.

#4865 (comment on #4863)
Goats eat everything. Not merely anything. Everything. Make sure they are penned in. Otherwise they pretty well take care of themselves, given water and Purina Goat Chow.

#4866 (comment on #4861)
A hungry goat will eat grass, but a goat left to himself will find something to eat that you didn't want eaten.

#4867 (comment on #4863)
Also, depending on the goat, they can climb. Some climb better than anything you have ever imagined. Penning in goats is not always as simple a proposition as it appears.

#4869 (comment on #4865)
And don't use a fence made of something that can be eaten: They will.

#4871 (comment on #4867)
There are goats that can climb trees, for example. They also jump quite well, so they have to be penned in by a HIGH fence.

#4874 (comment on #4867)
Boy, do they climb!

Any tree in a goat pen is going to lose most of its leaves.

#4875 (comment on #4866)
They will nibble on bloody near anything.

A friend's goats once chewed up a red polyethylene bucket left in their pen by accident.

#4876 (comment on #4875)
When I was a lad (I almost said kid) on the farm in Capleville, I had a goat. Not goats; just one pet goat. He turned out to be very useful as a kind of mobile garbage processor; he ate everything the pigs wouldn't. Not metal, but certainly the labels off tin cans. And every sprig of green, depending on the season. He also liked bitterweed, which was excellent, since cows do, too, and you cannot imagine how bad milk tastes after a cow has eaten bitterweed. We'd turn the goat loose in a new pasture, he'd eat the bitterweed, and next day I'd go in the wagon to get him wherever he'd ended up, which was usually miles away.

What we just sampled is called a "thread": a sequence of messages linked to one another. Sharp eyes will have noticed gaps in the numbering: The absent messages engaged their own themes but weren't part of the goats thread. One thing BIX makes easy is tracing a thread: Join it, preferably at the top, give the REF (reference) command, and while that command is in force you'll pick up only messages related to the one you started from, in sequence and without a miss. All the cross-referencing—comments on comments—is maintained by the BIX system. If, after having read message #2482 in a conference, I decide to append a comment, my comment is attached to the bottom of the chain, with its own number (maybe, by then, #2504), but it's automatically headed with my name and "This is a comment on #2482," a heading that REF can be counted on not to miss. So latecomers can follow a thread many weeks old, inserting comments for yet later comers to absorb.

Meanwhile, over in "writers.pros/back.room," here's a man near the end of writing a science-fiction novel with a concept he hopes will work. He's too close to it at present to feel sure. His main character is "a sympathetically treated Catholic priest who ends up converting a lot of aliens to Christianity" ("aliens," of course, in the sci-fi sense: extraterrestrials). The writer, an avowed agnostic, was set thinking along such lines by "an interesting aside" in Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*, though he never does get around to saying what it was Russell said.

Membership in "writers.pros" is restricted to published authors, a provision that screens out the merely wistful. Even so, within a week 114 responses are logged. Somebody wonders if it's feasible to disconnect Christianity from the Jewish expectation of a tribal Messiah. Wouldn't Jesus have to be incarnated "in all the life forms which bear souls, and die for the sins of each race in particular"? They'd "hang him, burn him, shoot him, throw him to the VortMonsters, beam him into vacuum, drop him in the plasma stream, telekinetically dematerialize him. . . and, of course, crucify him."



LIBIDO

The Journal of Sex and Sensibility

. . . . . .

Intelligent Erotica for People Who Think

. . . . . .

Quarterly $20 Sample $6
Outside USA $30

Chicago, IL 60614 P.O. Box 146721

Classic Neckcloths Ltd.
NEW YORK



CUSTOM-MADE NECKWEAR

Hand-fashioned, made-to-order ties, bow-ties, ascots and cummerbunds for the discerning gentleman. Choose from a fine selection of shapes and sizes, or design your own style.

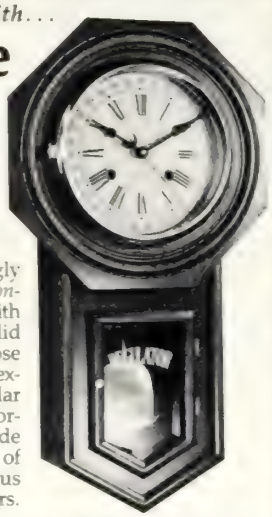
Classic Neckcloths' Gift Certificate and unique catalogue of all-silk fabric samples make an elegant gift for the hard-to-please.

Send $2.50 for catalogue
P.O. Box 1686
New York, New York 10185

Bring "practical nostalgia" to your home or office, with...

StationMaster Chime Clock only $129.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



Around the turn of the century, these handsome clocks adorned the offices of the stationmasters of American railroads. They were cherished for their beauty and precision—they kept America's trains on time. *Rodell-7*, one of the great names in clocks and watches, has painstakingly recreated this famous and beloved original. The "new" *StationMaster Clock* is executed in its original classic octagonal design, with its pendulum caboose. It's handsomely constructed in solid oakwood (not veneers) and brass. The crystal shielding the caboose window is facted glass, a small luxury found only on the most expensive timepieces. Another quality feature is the red calendar hand. Every day, at the stroke of midnight, it steps one day forward. The clock is a feast for the eyes. But the real value is inside the clock. It's that exquisite 31-day Japanese chime movement, of such precision that it is classified as a "Regulator." The melodious chimes punctually sound the half hours and count the full hours.

We are the exclusive importers of *Rodell-7* clocks and can therefore bring you this beautiful clock for just $129.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $259.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Bring a touch of "practical nostalgia" to your home or office, and send for your *StationMaster Chime Clock* today!

• The movement of the StationMaster Clock is [illegible] hand-polished, matched brass and [illegible] Handsome and pendulum [illegible] The [illegible] crystal is hand-[illegible] a calendar feature found only in the most expensive timepieces. The clock is 24" tall, 15" [illegible] and 4" deep.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1500 A068. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS insurance: $4.95 for one *StationMaster Chime Clock*, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and [illegible] year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Someone else guesses aliens m
a more enlightened species tha
All conversion need mean is
that Jesus died for backward E
ians. The discussion then drifts
toward crucifixion: a Jewish cust
a Roman? Soon we're hearing
"screwy anti-Semites"; also
Jesus, who was Jewish till "the C
tians converted him."

Two things to note about
thread. (1) Catholics, Protest
Jews, agnostics, atheists are int
ing with no heat, no rancor. Re
ing it all, I don't detect a raised v
The main theme is simply the lo
a sci-fi novel. (2) BIX themes dc
to wander, then peter out. Tha
ticular thread terminated in
days.

Long ago, Claude Shannon, t
ther of communication theory
scribed an experiment in
someone was shown three words
ten on a tape and was asked t
another word that "made sense."
first word was then folded und
the next subject saw words 2, 3,
added word 5. A successor saw 3
and added 6. Keep that up awhil
you get a deliciously screwy sen
that fumbles for sense but can't
on a theme. BIXen will concu
BIX threads tend to wander like
Folks examine only today's u
messages and respond just to t
Precursor messages have disapp
into a holding tank—that's anal
to Shannon folding his tape-
while a quick SKIP BACK can
rect them, conferee
dom seem to bother.

There's a powerful need to
round BIX's disembodiment w
structured sense of place: Henc
"lounges," the "bars," the very
phor of "conference," which in
presence in the same room.
links all BIXen is, after all, a
phone network, and nothing i
century has so disoriented h
consciousness as its need to int
ize the telephone. Morse's tele
had been no problem; it was ju
accelerated postal service,
mind that it utilized wires. Bu
telephone! Where *is* that voic
it's not in the room the way e
radio voice is in the room.

, it's nowhere but *in your head,* a
ne English long ago found so dis-
ting they'd cope by picking up
hone and demanding, "Are you
?" (And what is the correct an-
Yes? No? Is there even a there
?)

t at least the telephone voice is
ing even as you listen; we've a
of time, if not of place. BIX,
h, demands a further leap of
rehension. You type on a key-
, you read off a screen, and as
fully as BIX can sustain the illu-
hat people are in the same space
natting, the fact remains that
you're reading now may well
been typed last week.

ce can be equally elastic. A man
whom I exchange frequent mes-
lives, as I happen to know, in
x, Virginia. I visualize him at his
ard there, plotting his appear-
in "writers/sleazy.bar" or any of
her haunts where we make con-
But his business keeps him trav-
(with a portable computer), and
once in a while there's some in-
on that this moment's "sleazy.
phantom was actually conjured
Honolulu or Tokyo.

BIXen get addicted, part of what
s them may be that transcend-
time and space. For in a world
TV shows aren't *now* but taped
ns ago, where statistics always
to be last year's numbers mas-
ding as this moment's cogency,
"here" is where Ted Koppel's
pretend to be at the moment,
no bemused onlooker but a par-
nt can be a powerful palliative. I
nswered a query that turned out
eleven months old. Time hadn't
ingly) dulled its pertinence. I
e were in the same room. I can't
for the querier, who'd maybe
ince lost interest. (But I needn't
) A cool medium, Marshall
han would have said. Arm's-
involvement brings no sense of

owing people, and being known
em, solely through nicknames
nannerisms of language makes
ldly abstract intimacy easy—
h for maybe a dozen of us to
an interest in the current topic.
us, though, into a real room:
In't most of our energy be de-

flected into small maneuvers—seeking or shunning eye contact, feeling one another out with small talk? That has constituted much of American social experience since the world of the static neighborhood was lost.

Occasionally, something does happen absolutely *now.* Abrowse in some conference, I'm alerted by an urgent beep and a visible notice that "new mail" exists. That means: Someone, a mere second ago, gave the SEND command on a purely personal message. Urgent! The convergence of the twain! I type Q to quit this conference for now, type MAIL to get to my metaphorical mailbox, hit the enter key to see what's new in my "inbasket." Ah! "From: dmick. Subject: Match." Just what I'd been hoping for.

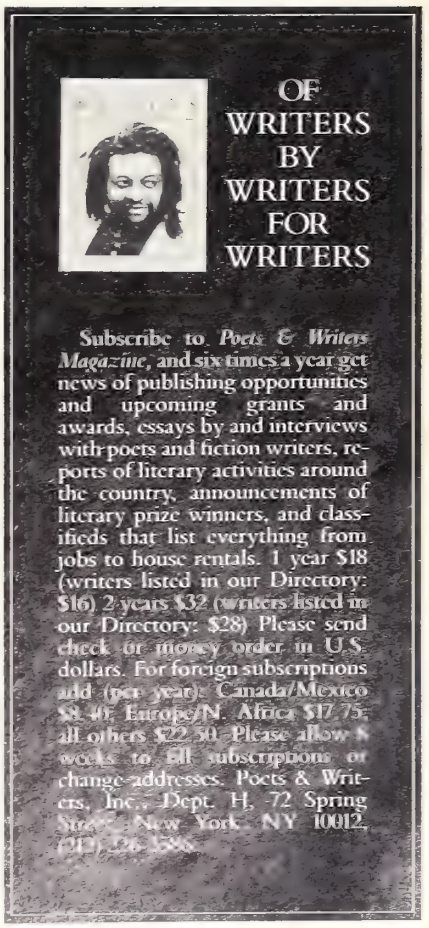
A week back, frustrated by some published computer code with a bug in it, I'd launched one of those queries. The code uses one of the many computer languages I don't comprehend, and it misbehaves thus-and-so, and the author of the book I found it in has not had the grace to respond, not even when sent a floppy disk with the fault demonstrated. A few hours later: "OK, send me the code," signed merely "dmick." Had I wanted to know more, "show resume dmick" would have produced as much information as he has cared to supply: a formal name, an address, perhaps a brief bio. We need none of that to go on. And since this transaction needn't be of interest to BIXen at large, I forwarded the errant code just to dmick via BIXmail, where he found it the next time he joined BIX.

And, lo and behold, he's now pinpointed the spot where the first author's attention had faltered, has inserted an elegant fix, sent me back the emended version. Though dmick makes a living from this kind of expertise, BIXen routinely exchange services for free. It's the regnant assumption that, whether or not I can ever be of service to dmick, I can surely be of service some other time to somebody, and these pooled favors level out.

Thus someone who's been reading *The New York Review of Books* won-

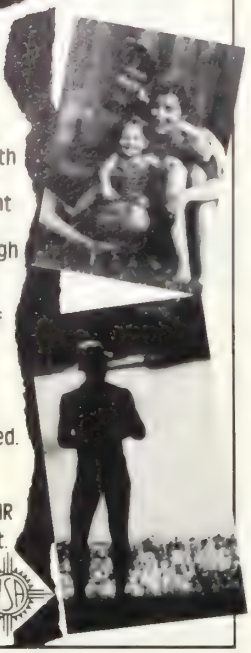






Your invitation to preview a unique lifestyle.

LET YOURSELF BE FREE!



"Let Yourself be Free" is a visually stunning award winning video shot on locations in North America. The video offers a magnificent vista of contemporary nudism. Through a series of candid interviews, nudists extol the virtues of family nudism.

$29.95 plus $3 shipping and handling. VISA and MasterCard accepted.

THE AMERICAN SUNBATHING ASSOCIATION, INC., HR
1703 North Main St.
Kissimmee, FL
34744-9988
(407) 933-2064

Which Cassette-of-the-Month Club is for you?



AMERICAN HISTORY CLUB | LITERATURE AND GREAT WRITERS CLUB | MIND STRETCHERS CLUB

Drawn from Audio-Forum's extensive library of 4,000 audio tapes, each thought-provoking Cassette-of-the-Month Club selection will give you fresh, new insights. Each subscription (12 monthly selections) $59.50 (less than $5 a cassette) plus $6 postage and handling. Call toll-free 1-800-243-1234 or write:

AUDIO-FORUM® Room 1729
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Four Reminders For Classified Advertisers

1 *Harper's Magazine* is growing. Your ad in the Classified pages will reach a paid circulation of 190,000 and a total estimated audience of half a million. *2* *Harper's* readers are involved, responsive customers. They spend an average of three hours reading each issue. 88% shopped by mail or phone in the past year. *3* Classified rates are affordable. Less than $2 per word and $115 per column inch. *4* Our phone number is (212) 614-6500.

HARPER'S

ders about the fuss that was
there over the Hans Walter
edition of Joyce's *Ulysses*. Tha
kind of thing *I* make a living
spend an hour or so composing a
line of Gabler's editorial proce
post it in "writers/long.message
an alert in "writers/reviewing"
terested parties to see, and th
that hour as an abstract recom
to dmick.

November Index Sources

1 White House (Washington); **2** on Budget and Policy Priorities (ington); **3** Center for Law and Soci tice (Brooklyn, N.Y.); **4** Cent Budget and Policy Priorities (Wa ton); **5** United Steelworkers Interr al (Pittsburgh); **6,7** PlanEcon (Washington); **8,9** Center for Med Public Affairs (Washington); **10** erre Manufacturing (Worcester, M General Sportcraft (Bergenfield, Diamond Tool & Horseshoe (D Minn.)/*Harper's* research; **11** Libya sion to the UN (N.Y.C.); **12** Brown, *Guardian of London* (New Y **13** Israeli Embassy (Washington *Time* (Jerusalem); **15** Luis Reyes, P (Masbate, Philippines); **16** Quezon Police (Manila); **17** Common (Washington); **18** Administrative agement Society (Trevose, Penn); Jack Henningfield, National Institu Drug Abuse (Baltimore); **21,22** CNN poll, Yankelovich Clancy Sh (Westport, Conn.); **23** *The New B People* by Christopher Andersen (Putnam, N.Y.C.); **24** *Rolling Harper's* research; **25** David M. comb, Noise Research Laboratory, versity of Tennessee (Knoxville Commission on Behavioral and Sciences and Education (Washin **27** *Current Anthropology* (Oxbridge gland); **28** Association of Am Medical Colleges (Washington); National Association of State Boa Education (Alexandria, Va.); **31** CNN poll, Yankelovich Clancy Sh (Westport, Conn.)/*Harper's* researc Inter-Parliamentary Union (Genev Ivana Trump (N.Y.C.); **34** *Des M Register* Iowa poll; **35** Bureau of P Violations (N.Y.C.); **36** Domino's (Ann Arbor, Mich.); **37** Weight W ers International (Jericho, N.Y.); Allen Cox (Storey City, Iowa) American Academy of Cosmetic S (Arcadia, Calif.).

SOLUTION TO THE OCTOBER PUZZLE

·	D	O	M	I	N	O	R	C	A	R	T
·	N	A	M	E	P	A	D	N	E	G	A
·	I	A	P	A	S	T	A	R	C	H	I
←	A	R	T	N	E	I	D	E	R	G	N
·	P	O	L	O	C	K	L	E	N	T	O
←	N	E	C	I	L	A	H	C	I	O	Z
·	S	E	T	O	U	T	E	D	G	R	O
←	F	I	T	S	O	M	R	E	D	N	U
·	L	E	T	Y	M	A	R	K	S	M	A
←	L	I	M	O	M	A	C	S	E	G	N
→	E	D	G	E	S	T	A	T	E	A	R
←	N	A	B	T	C	I	R	T	S	A	G
·	G	U	I	S	H	A	D	O	W	S	E
←	Y	B	R	E	D	I	P	S	M	U	D

NOTES FOR "BIASED OPINION"

1.a. MAN-I-A; b. NAME-PA, reversed; c. DOMINO, hidden; d. A(GEN.)-DA; e. CA-RTAGE (anagram); f. MINORCA, anagram; 2.a. POL(reversal)-O; b. (sch)LOCK; c. AT-SAP, reversed; d. PARTNE(r), reversed; e. STAR(CH)ING; f. INGREDIENT, anagram; 3. a. LENT-O(rchestra); b. TO-UTED(anagram); c. S(E)TOUT; d. CH(A)LICE, anagram; e. LICENSE, anagram; f. ENTOZOIC, anagram; 4.a. ETYMA, anagram; b. MANGE(r); c. STIFLE, anagram; d. GROUNDE (anagram)-R; e. MARKS-MA(I)N; f. UNDERMOST, anagram; 5.a. MACS, reversed; b. (p)LEDGES; c. (di)STRICT; d. TEAR(GA)S; e. GESTATE, anagram; f. GAS(T. . .)RIC, anagram; g. CAM(O-MIL)E; 6. a. BANG, two meanings; b. BRED(reversal),-(pon)Y; c. SPIDER, "spied her"; d. S(ED)U-MS, reversal of "us"; e. D. . . (OWSE)D, anagram of "so we", f. SH(AD)OWS; g. (I)ANGUISH.

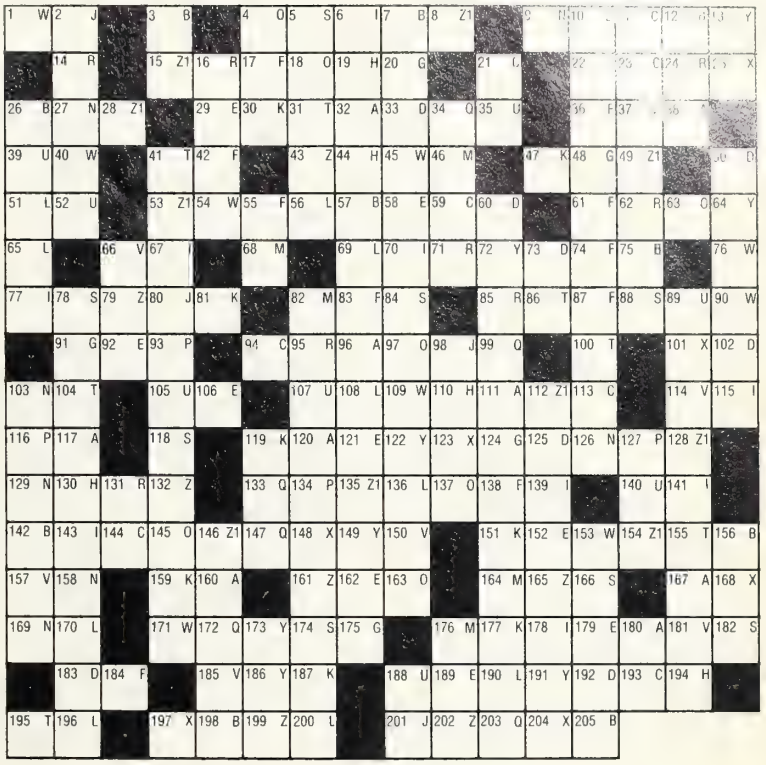
SOLUTION TO OCTOBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 82). (ERIC) PARTRIDGE: SHAKESPEARE'S BAWDY. If we take the . . . Histories, Comedies, Tragedies, and Tragi-Comedies, we notice that, apart from the Falstaff scenes, the Histories are, sexually, much the "purest"; . . . whereas the Tragedies, despite the . . . innocuousness of *Macbeth*, are, as a class, the most indelicate.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 83, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the December issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 81 are Carmen Maria Sanchez, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; D. J. Murphy, Hinsdale, Illinois; and Linda A. Sygowski, Wilmington, Delaware.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 83

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken. The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 80.



CLUES WORDS

Shy, lacking self-confidence
32 111 167 160 96
38 180 120 117

Another term for hepcats of the 1930s and '40s
156 12 7 26 75
3 205 142 198
57

On the alert
144 23 113 11 59 21 193 94

Lack of power, frailty
192 50 22 73 102 183 33 125
60

Complex speech sound taken as a single phoneme
121 179 29 162 58 92 189 106
152

Bread of cornmeal and water or milk
55 42 138 74 83 87 17 36
61 184

Crooked, faulty, awry
48 124 175 20 91

Power
19 130 194 44 110

Found, bring into being on a firm basis
77 141 139 6 143 178 70 67
115

Large, brown, predatory seabird
2 98 80 201

Wanting, eager
47 177 81 151 30 159 119 187

Not expected, not anticipated (hyph.)
136 65 190 10 51 56 200 170
108 196 69

Viceroys under the Mogul empire in India
37 82 164 68 176 46

Long, long-sleeved garments worn in the Near East
9 126 129 158 103 27 169

O. Torments
18 137 63 97 145 163 4

P. He begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth (Gen. 5:32)
127 93 116 134

Q. Rowdies, ruffians
133 203 147 34 172 99

R. Hirelings, mercenaries
95 16 131 71 14 85 62 24

S. 1818 poem by Keats
182 78 84 166 5 118 88 174

T. "Though mean and mighty, ——— / Together, have one dust" (*Cymbeline*)
155 31 195 41 100 86 104

U. Mad folly
140 188 107 39 89 105 52 35

V. Conceit; worthlessness
181 66 157 185 114 150

W. Coming forth
90 40 109 153 1 171 45 54
76

X. Debris, litter
123 204 197 101 168 148 25

Y. Restrained, suppressed
64 173 186 191 72 122 149 13

Z. Native environment
132 199 202 79 43 165 161

Z1. "——— must have its course, lad, / And every dog his day" (2 wds.; Kingsley, *The Water-Babies*)
49 135 53 112 28 15 8 146
154 128

CLASSIFIED

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. [illegible]

GOURMET

[illegible]

Cookies. Six festive Old World recipes. [illegible]

Renowned French chef [illegible] to" supplied. Also available: laser-printed [illegible] samples, and questionnaire (credited to first order) to Claudette Blanchet, P.O. Box 7, [illegible]

PUBLICATIONS

The People. [illegible] (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Proof Jesus Schooled. [illegible] Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels. [illegible]

Psychotherapy & Mysticism: Special issue [illegible] Sufism, Tibetan psychiatry, Wilhelm Reich, Rumi, A.A., conspiracies, spiritual emergence. [illegible] Rosa, Calif. 95406, or request free catalogue.

Buying a house for the first time? [illegible] for helpful booklet to B. Lucas Enterprises, [illegible]

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Canadian books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, [illegible]

Seasoned Books. Monthly newsletter reviews books 30+ years old and still in print. [illegible] value, nothing trendy or ephemeral. Novels, nonfiction, mysteries, and more. Six months, six issues, $12. Seasoned Books, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 42615, Portland, Ore. 97242-0615.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Grin-golee Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) [illegible]

Crossword puzzle dictionary. Attention all crossword-puzzle enthusiasts: Our handy new dictionary has more than 300 pages and 56,000 entries. Features synonyms, antonyms, and abbreviations. Also has listings of U.S. presidents and vice-presidents, mountains and rivers, plus foreign nations and capitals. Order today: $4.95 plus $1.95 S&H. Creative Concepts, Dept. 236H, #12 Plaza 94, St. Charles, Mo. 63303.

Art on My Own. Children's activity workbook encourages creativity, independent thinking. $8.48 includes tax. Box 25262, Sarasota, Fla. 34277-2262H.

Armageddon—What is it? How close are we [illegible] tion's end in *Creation and Culmination* by Bible scholar Arthur E. Standard. Hardcover, illus., 40% discount. Send $10.80 to D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, N.J. 07930.

Easy-to-understand consumer legal guide. Book Reserve, Box 1741H, Chester, S.C. 29706.

VACATION RENTALS

Carmel Garden charmer. Two blocks to sea. [illegible] week, $800; longer—until January—for less. Agent: (406) 475-3155.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23" × 35") depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. Send $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 1348, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Unique gift catalogue. [illegible] enhancing videos, cassettes, and books (nature, music). To receive catalogue quickly, send $3 to BHL, Box 6340HP, San Rafael, Calif. 94903-0340.

Elusive, eh? Canada's sole captured at last. Thirteen award-winning postcards of shoe sculptures that interpret Canada's regions. Fine color printing. Attractively packaged. Send $9.95 ppd. to Shoe Set, 414–207 W. Hastings, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1H7, Canada.

MUSIC

CoDa Digital presents American soprano Mary Endress. Christmas Lullabies: CD, $15; cassette, $10. Classic Lullabies: cassette, $10. Send $1.50 for S&H. CoDa, 17441 Marianne Circle, Dallas, Tex. 75252.

Comprehensive history of music and humanities in chart form. Write for brochure, sample, and ordering information. Musigraphs, Box 03162, Mililani, Hawaii 96789.

Renaissance medieval Christma tive music. Original audiocassette Head Consort. For immediate deliv [illegible] Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21215.

MUSICAL INSTRUMEN

Panpipes flutes. [illegible] ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew F 1558(R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

ART

Stunning new limited-edition artworks. Rich, colorful, Navaho Zuni treasures. Free catalogue. craft, Dept. HA-119, 5622 E Scottsdale, Ariz. 85254.

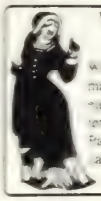
Ancient pottery and artifacts. Gen fordable, mounted for display. Ne Classical, Egyptian, Pre-Columbi photo catalogue. Balicki, 104 Ric Gardner, Mass. 01440

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. colleges offering nonresidential deg grams through independent home st credited, economical, accelerated p Credit given for prior accomplishm work experience. Free detailed b Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Bo [illegible]

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LAN
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS
Self-study audiocassette courses develo U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60** or write for FREE catalog 1-800-722-639
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITU
[illegible] Avenue, Dept. [illegible] Suite 507, NY, N

Superlearning. Triple learning through music. Languages, data. M memory, potentials. Stressless. Free catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6



Want to brush up or foreign langu
[illegible] maintain and sharpe [illegible] Parisian and more. Call [illegible] catalog or write:
AUDIO-FORUM
Dept. 561 Guilford, CT 06

Off-campus individualized progra professionals at Somerset lead to A doctoral degrees. For a prospectus, to the International Administrative [illegible] TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-5

Management seminars. Small busine [illegible] MGI 572H, Washington Street, We Mass. 02181. (617) 235-1520.

[illegible]

ge costs. Scholarships and more. :nt/parent brochure. College Plan- x 477, Charlestown, R.I. 02813. 3-3452, ext. 14.

roved university degrees. Econom- study for bachelor's, master's, and grees, fully approved by California ot. of Education. Prestigious faculty for independent-study and life- e credits (5,100 enrolled students, lty). Free information: Richard .D. (Harvard), President, Colum- c University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 3rd an Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227- Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415)

anish in Guatemala. Family living. Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 414) 372-5570.

papers: 18,278 papers available— mic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page e. Custom writing also available. , 11322 Idaho, No. 206HB, Los Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: 1-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

LITERARY SERVICES

your book. Join our successful au- l subjects invited. Publicity, adver- autiful books. Send for fact-filled nd free manuscript report. Carlton pt. HZV, 11 W. 32nd Street, New Y. 10001.

for a publisher? Learn how you can r book published, promoted, and d. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New Y. 10001.

tial assistance in all writing needs. transcriptions. Marye Myers, Box . Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

Research. All questions answered. around. Lana Harris Research. 4-2727.

SINESS OPPORTUNITIES

independence/total freedom. You a powerful income with Multi- aranteed finest quality water filters. xploding. Benefit now. (800) 334- t. 127.

oks for pay: $100 a title. Write: IR5, 161 Lincolnway, North ill. 60542.

vestment of $100 for a realistic op- to earn $400,000 in one year. No e details. Serious inquiries only, Write: Staples, Dept. H/EIP, 7629 ster Street, Charleston, S.C. 44.

for cash? Credit refused? Amazing eveals how you can start/grow any with zero cash. Exchange-A10, 820 18, Hermosa, Calif. 90254.

overnment finance your small busi- ants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

GENEALOGY

ealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. 3) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter"—reference guide to unusual cruising, $3. TravL-tips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

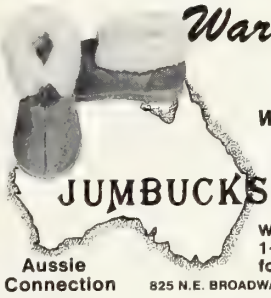
Free travel accommodations made possible by the World Home Exchange Network. First computerized exchange service. For more information write WHEN, 878 30th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94121, or call 1-800-SAY-WHEN.

MERCHANDISE

Seized cars, trucks, boats, four-wheelers, motor homes by the FBI, IRS, DEA. Available in your area now. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. C-1410.

JOHN FIELDS
BOW TIES
WRITE
FOR CATALOG
P.O. BOX 406D, KENWOOD, CA 95452

Free jazz C.D. catalogue. Low prices, quick service. Write or call: H.W.I. Co., 25 Kensington Avenue, No. 501H, Jersey City, N.J. 07304. (201) 451-3795.


Warm Your Feet!
WASHABLE AUSTRALIAN SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
JUMBUCKS
Write or Call 1-800-950-2668 for FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY Portland, OR 97232

Looking for a Batak Obat container? An Amazon headdress? A Mortlock mask? Unique artifacts our specialty. Illustrated catalogue, $3. C. Thresher's Semi-Tropic Ethnographic, 188 E. Campus View Drive, Riverside, Calif. 92507.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes available from government from $1 without credit check. You repair. Also tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, for repo list in your area.

PERSONALS

Charming overseas Asian ladies seek cultured gentlemen for commitment, happiness. Dignity and privacy assured. Caring. Selective. (800) 421-4686.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Beautiful, educated, English-speaking Asian women seek life partners. Genuine, sincere, traditional values. Brochure of 300 leaves no doubt. Ask about video. Blue Horizons, Dept. 307HP, 862 Farmington Avenue, Bristol, Conn. 06010. (203) 584-5712 anytime.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-3700

Poland, Sweden, Mexico, etc.: worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Money-back guarantee. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossoms, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone reading. Visa/MC/Amex. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

Degreed, successful, attractive women of all ages wish correspondence, relationship. Free directory. South American Beauty, P.O. Box 984-C, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48236.

Inviting, beautiful Asian girls seek friendship, love, marriage. Send for free brochure and/or $1 for list. Fiancée Express, Box 5194, York, Pa. 17405-5194.

Beautiful Asian women seek correspondence, marriage. Free videos, photos: Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Meet compatible people. Friendship, marriage. National/International Lifestyles, 4839 E. Greenway, Suite 229-B9K, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85254.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

MISCELLANEOUS

Self-employed craftsperson recovering from cancer expenses. Can you send $2 to help? $15 brings handmade gift. Thank you. Anna Erb, 4679 W. River, Salem, Va. 24153.

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748
Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

Stun guns. Safe, effective. Satisfaction guaranteed: $80 value only $55 plus $2 shipping. Joe de Leon, 813 Stagshead Road, Towson, Md. 21204.

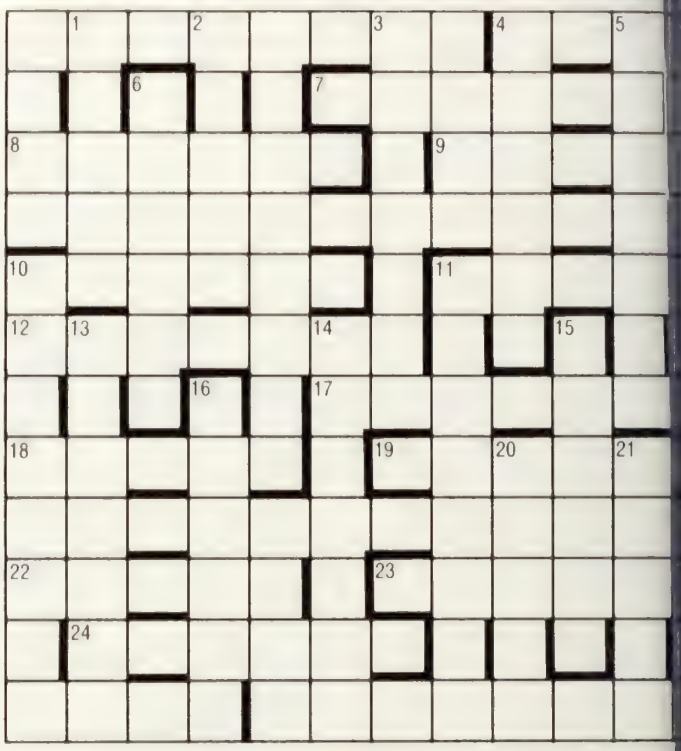
PUZZLE

Plus Fours

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twenty-four four-letter words are clued separately. Their positions in the diagram must be discovered.

Clue answers include two proper names, a common foreign name, and less-than-common words at 8A, 22A, 4D, and 6D. One of the four-letter words is, strictly speaking, a suffix, although it's often used as a word. Last month's solution appears on page 80.



Four-letter words

a. Quiet morning is unreal
b. Local movement brought back yen for New York, e.g.
c. Put a bit of tension on lug wrench
d. Dally with lover, I getting dropped
e. Oh, listen . . . is that La Mer, etc., in French?
f. A large body's abbreviated state?
g. One could resort to blows with this
h. Rosemary, for instance, and her baby's first sound
i. Headless thing shocked, almost
j. Member of outstanding rock group uses a good deal of mascara
k. Almost disreputable food fish
l. Even Croatian characters give generously
m. Roman emperor uses denarius for love and dope
n. The French like to go outside for drinks
o. A block style of decoration
p. Can good crystal goblets produce this sound
q. Talk about symbolic job function
r. Wife starts hiding form for a party
s. Bishop took charge and demanded money
t. Was obliged to render poem out loud
u. Gourmet at heart that is after blue cheese
v. Act prosperous, full of energy
w. Safecracker gets year—offer encouragement
x. Race's beginning to move further back in broad expanse

Across

7. Young innocent stripling embraces the lady (6)
8. Sourish fluid, could be a lager (6)
9. Vulgar selection from Mussorgsky rejected (5)
10. Teased an Italian in bed (6)
11. Disc enables storing a long vocal composition (5)
12. Give up in regard to Latin facility (7)
17. Kind of swimmer swimming clear around water's edge and river (7)
18. Elizabethan notable, after being in Rome once, is unknown (5)
19. Premier right off disrupted political unit (6)
22. Part of ballade provided by golden voices (5)
23. Light-colored liquid, bottled in bond, empty (6)
24. Brood in a crucial situation (6)

Down

1. Brought up to suffer, one gets 100 lashes (5)
2. Conservative liturgy is heard (5)
3. Bungler suppresses introduction of Harry Reasoner (7)
4. Asian brew leads to alcoholism and rank destruction (7)
5. Lack can be awful around Southeast (7)
6. Vehicle for oil colors: two-thirds egg in three-quarters milk, plus phosphorus (6)
13. English scenes represented fundamental nature (7)
14. Raucous cheers covering contralto's shrill sound (7)
15. Plastic factory imports iodine (6)
16. Gloomy bearing, and Latin deviation (6)
20. What a round figure in public-relations method of operation can get you! (5)
21. With a bit of daring in outfit, ecdysiast's debut elevated strip (5)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Plus Fours," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the January 1990 issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "Neologia," are Ned Goss, Buffalo, New York; Gertrude Moakley, St. Petersburg, Florida; and Michael Gibson, New York, New York.

Nobody has the Carlton combination.

1. Lowest tar. (1 mg.)



2. Lowest nicotine. (0.1 mg.)



3. "The taste that's right for me."

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

g Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

The American Tobacco Co. 1980

DEWAR'S PROFILE



LOUNGE LIZARD

PROFESSION: Spirits Columnist, New York Daily News.

HOBBY: Leading the fight against drinks with silly names. "Bars were invented as places where man could go to drink, not to be theme parks."

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Six hours of sleep.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "Because so far nobody's told me I can't."

QUOTE: "It only costs a few dollars more to fly first class."

LAST BOOK READ: *Oh, What a Paradise it Seems*, by John Cheever.

PROFILE: Primordial, nocturnal and unpretentious. Comfortable with any crowd, though values his anonymity. "I guess it could be said I'm a reptile to all men."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's. "White Label". "How?...in a glass."

cember DECEMBER 1989

051020 6

HARPER'S



BURLINGAME
NOV 21 1989
LIBRARY

A POLITICAL OPIATE
The War on Drugs Is a Folly and a Menace
By Lewis H. Lapham

IN DARKEST HOLLYWOOD
At the Academy Awards: Voices, Vanity, Vertigo
By Stanley Elkin

ADIÓS, GENERAL
Saying Good-bye to Pinochet
By Ariel Dorfman

PROPHET OF A NEW POSTMODERNISM
The Greater Challenge of Salman Rushdie
By Mark Edmundson

Also: Barbara Ehrenreich, Cindy Sherman, and Richard Nelson on the forest and its discontents

3D#125E********** 5-DIGIT 94010
HP #BRL7P1480P099107# DEC 89 1 01
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB 33
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME CA 94010


With the Sony, yo
frosted flakes anytim

n have u want.

Most kids were content with a white Christmas if you wanted the fluffy, white stuff to last the entire year long. Anytime it snowed, you'd turn to the radio to see if school was closed.

Then you'd bundle up. And charge outside. To go sledding. Or build a snow fort. For a snowball fight. Or maybe you'd just stand around trying to catch snowflakes on your tongue.

Now you've got snow bunnies of your own. So you're looking for a way to keep their cold, frosty mugs on ice year round. Which is where the Sony® Handycam® Video 8® camcorder comes in.

Take the CCD-F70 for instance. It's lightweight. With an incredibly fast 1/4000 of a second shutter speed. And so many other features, it'll give you the chills.

Like the four-title digital superimposer that will make you feel like a real movie mogul. You can use one button to title the number of inches of snow. Another might superimpose names over your kids.

You'll also find autofocus to keep your winter shots crisp and clear. An 8x telemacro power zoom that lets you zoom in for a warm smile. And high fidelity to keep the sound as pure as the driven snow.

To keep everything in the best light, there's a precise solid-state CCD image sensor. It's so sensitive you can shoot during storms or during times when the light is as low as 4 lux.

And once you've gathered together inside for warmth, you'll get crystal-clear playback images on any TV.* When you freeze frame. Or in slow motion.

So be prepared for the snow season or any other season. Look for the name that stands for uncompromising quality. And you'll have the coolest movies around.

The Sony Handycam.
It's everything you want to remember.™

SONY



CCD-F70

Give someone one more blessing to count.



WILD TURKEY

8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 279, NO. 1675
DECEMBER 1989

Letters 4 *Conrad Goehausen, Frederick H. Newberry*

Harper's Index 11

Readings 13
Mr. Wujec Goes to Warsaw — *Henryk Wujec*
Ceauşescu: No Little Prince — *Ana Blandiana*
When Is a Flag Desecrated? — *Ken and Barbara Bean Knowlton*
Working-Class Heroes No More — *Barbara Ehrenreich*
Coming Into Clearcut — *Richard Nelson*
Diary of an Ex — *Leonard Michaels*
"??? !!!" — *a story by Revaz Mishveladze*
And . . . — *Cindy Sherman, Robert Half International, Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory*

Essay 43
A POLITICAL OPIATE — *Lewis H. Lapham*
The war on drugs is a folly and a menace

Report 51
IN DARKEST HOLLYWOOD — *Stanley Elkin*
At the Academy Awards: voices, vanity, vertigo

Criticism 62
PROPHET OF A NEW POSTMODERNISM — *Mark Edmundson*
The greater challenge of Salman Rushdie

Miscellany 72
ADIÓS, GENERAL — *Ariel Dorfman*
Saying good-bye to Pinochet

Acrostic 77 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Illustration by Victoria Kann. Photograph of President Bush by UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos.

rper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman. Copyright 989 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark ned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second-ss postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*,). Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance ice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, 1 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–0 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. *rper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. solicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Patricia Pearson, Casey Seiler, Shahram Victory

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Fred Reed, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Jean Ferris, *Circulation Assistant*
Diane Kraft, *Assistant to the Publisher*
Staff
Joseph Maiits, Noreen Assing, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500
Vice President, Advertising Director
Victoria Reisenbach
Account Representatives
Evan Green, West Coast Manager
Mary Anne Malley, Detroit Manager
Peter B. Harckham, Lisa Kay Greissinger
Andrew Walko, Advertising Assistant

LETTERS

The Elusive Canon

The inability of your forum panelists ["Who Needs the Great Works?" September] to make any sense of Western civilization is the best argument I've heard for abolishing the very notion of a core curriculum for higher education.

The concept of a core curriculum (intellectually and politically suspect on a number of grounds, not the least of which is the propensity of the well-read fools who design these things to presume themselves to be wise as well) depends upon a cultural consensus on what wisdom itself is, where it comes from, and who can deliver it to our young. In case your panelists hadn't noticed, no two people in the world agree upon this subject anymore. For one thing, the classical sources of our Western tradition hardly seem as exclusively impressive as they once did, now that it has become possible to study anything from ancient Mayan culture to Mahayana Buddhism. The glow of the ancient Greek and Roman civilizations, Christianity itself, and even the humanistic philosophers of Europe since the Renaissance has faded and seems parochial these days, both to intellectuals and the general populace. The whirlwind of the twentieth century has left Western civilization with no more profound a definition of wisdom than the methodology of m[illegible] money. This is why students are [illegible] doning the humanities in d[illegible] Western civilization being wha[illegible] a core curriculum might as w[illegible] clude a Neiman-Marcus catal[illegible] the collected works of Donald T[illegible] and *What Color Is Your Parachu[illegible]*

Yet, strangely enough, your [illegible] seems not to have noticed that [illegible] anyone pays even lip service t[illegible] classics anymore, much less [illegible] them, quotes them, learns from t[illegible] or—God help us—*emulates* t[illegible] Whether this is a commendable t[illegible] of affairs might be material for [illegible] other learned group to ponti[illegible] over, but the reality of it remove[illegible] bona-fide relevance from your e[illegible] tors' collective pretensions, red[illegible] the exercise to an entertaining [illegible] tion of the Top 40 hits of the las[illegible] and a half millennia.

The notion that we can all h[illegible] common base of accepted wisd[illegible] an obsolete illusion best left to w[illegible] of TV sitcoms. No such con[illegible] knowledge is possible anymore, [illegible] the state of the world's culture, v[illegible] is no longer Eastern or Weste[illegible] even a mixture of the two. And [illegible] the current trends, it's not likely h[illegible] any commonality will emerg[illegible] many centuries. So our educat[illegible] system will somehow have to [illegible] with the loss of Western culture' [illegible] dominance in ways more cr[illegible] than the reactionary impositio[illegible] centrally planned core curriculu[illegible] matter how eclectic. There i[illegible] much material to cover now to [illegible] quick and easy sense of it all, an[illegible] simplistic ways of doing so m[illegible]

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

ery of the world's newfound
lexities.

ad Goehausen
Rafael, Calif.

ie great works have never been as
rtant as now. America was first
by religion, then by govern-
; the new god is the media—they
is what we need, what we want,
is hip, and even who we are.
new ruler is more powerful and
ptive than either political party,
op culture, predigested, requires
rticipation or thought. It entices
to forget, to be blind to spiritual
avity, and to ignore the empti-
of one's existence.
contrast, great literature and art
ire interpretation and self-exami-
on. But, although the master-
es will be preserved in the
ersities, future historians study-
twentieth-century America will
not that we studied these works
e universities but that we worked
to five, drank a lot of beer,
hed MTV, and went to the mov-
ies on Friday nights until eventually the entire culture imploded when the nation's cumulative attention span dropped below a nanosecond. Picture an American university, late in the twenty-third century, where they study Andy Rooney instead of Plato, Steven Spielberg instead of Fellini, New Kids on the Block instead of Beethoven, Stephen King instead of Shakespeare, bus stops instead of cathedrals. Scary, huh?

C. David Keithly
Houston, Tex.

It matters less what great works one reads than that one reads anything at all. We live in a remarkably ignorant world. Reading is not simply a lost art but an art that has never been encouraged on a grand scale. Few schools around the world require students to read the great works of literature, science, and philosophy. Schools serve as information-transfer centers, not halls of learning. In the United States, graduation is not dependent on what one knows of the Constitution, Shakespeare, the Bible, Thoreau, or any other worthy document, for that matter, but simply on the accumulation of credits.

When the Reagan administration made its simplistic attack on Stanford's review of its "Western Civilization" curriculum, millions clamored for adherence to the classics. Yet the vast majority of the writers of virulent letters to the editor and radio talk-show callers irate over the proposed curriculum changes in one elite school are not able to distinguish Dante from Darwin or Harpo from Karl. The most absurd comment I heard came from a New York City talk-show caller who declared that the very survival of American civilization was dependent on students reading Socrates and Pluto. Pluto. I'm not making that up.

It would be naive to suggest that reading is the answer to the world's ills, yet it is clearly part of the solution. Ignorance is an essential element of annihilation, and intellectuals seeking to help us avoid a disastrous fate would serve us better if they

Excellence in American performance, in the tradition of General Motors.


thony Quinn

The two final programs in this season's American Playwrights Theater. One-act plays by Pulitzer Prize authors. Starring a galaxy of award-winning performers. Hosted by Anthony Quinn. Theatrical
llence from GM, the Mark of Excellence.

Exclusively this season on the A&E Network.



Let Me Hear You Whisper
by Paul Zindel

With Jean Stapleton, Rue McClanahan and David Doyle

A cleaning lady battles her officious boss over freeing a dolphin from the animal lab where they work.

Thursday, January 4 at 9:00 p.m. EST



27 Wagons Full of Cotton
by Tennessee Williams

With Lesley Ann Warren, Ray Sharkey and Peter Boyle as *Jake*

The childlike bride of a brutish cotton gin owner becomes the unwitting pawn in her hus-
[illegible] breeding

[illegible] February 1 at

GM

A General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentation

sought ways to include great works in the nation's curriculums rather than argue pointlessly over what constitutes the correct canon.

Steven Lewis
New Paltz, N.Y.

The September forum proved little more illuminating than other such discussions on the topic of the canon, with some participants quickly resorting to intellectual onanism.

This shortcoming is best exemplified by Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak's more inane remarks. Enamored of the favorite trick of the sophomore who has discovered in Philosophy 101 that the world offers no absolute proof of anything and who thus insists on ending every argument simply by denying *everything*, Spivak foists upon the reader such wisdom as "I know nothing of greatness" and "I don't believe in proving the superiority of anything."

The truth is that no equation can prove the superiority of one work of art over another and that no tablets from the mountain explaining such things are forthcoming.

The ideal canon will not be found anywhere, certainly not in a skeptic's paradise. Though it may be politically improper to say so, a canon can exist *only* because some group reached a consensus on the value of the works contained within it. Just as we must agree arbitrarily that the word *table*, though a symbol, signifies a real object, so we must attempt to reach a reasonable consensus on a collection of works that promote values generally considered worthy.

The making of a choice lacks the great advantage of Spivak's approach—which allows one to keep one's hands clean—yet remains the only way anything is accomplished in a world that lacks objective proof. Only at the risk of unfairness can there be a canon, and no amount of dime-store philosophizing will alter that.

Jason P. Mitchell
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

S&L's: The Bottom Line

The two lead statistics i... August Harper's Index compar... estimated net amount that thi... ings-and-loan bailout will co... Northeastern states ($18 billio... the estimated net amount the S... states will receive as a result ... bailout ($42 billion). These nu... are interesting but imply an erro... judgment.

There exists a perception th... thrifts' crisis, which is most inte... Texas and California, resulted ... some regional moral failure for ... the rest of the nation must no... This is not the case.

Thrifts in Texas and other S... states failed because deregulati... nationwide phenomenon, took ... as real-estate values were risin... peaking in these states. Ine... enced lenders, many of them de... ers with clear conflicts of int... were drawn to the industry in ... states. Their excesses, born of bo... norance and thievery, were the ... aggerated by a bust in the pr...

Independent research shows:

NordicTrack preferred six to one ove... bikes and rowers

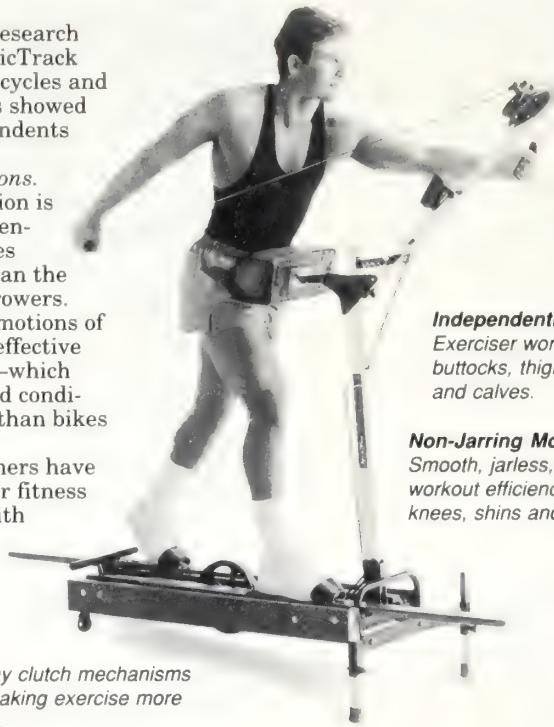
In 1988 Burke Marketing Research conducted a survey among NordicTrack owners who also own exercise bicycles and rowing machines. Their findings showed that by a margin of 6 to 1, respondents prefer their NordicTracks.

They have several good reasons.

NordicTrack's upright position is more absorbing and fun, both mentally and physically, and provides greater freedom of movement than the sit-down positions of bikes and rowers.

NordicTrack simulates the motions of cross-country skiing—the most effective form of aerobic exercise known—which means it burns more calories and conditions more muscles in less time than bikes and rowers.

All of which means that owners have found that they can achieve their fitness goals more quickly and easily with NordicTrack than with bikes and rowers, and without risk of injury.



Patented Flywheel
Patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanisms provide continuity of motion making exercise more pleasant and easier to sustain.

Independently Adjustable Up... Body Exerciser
Upper body exerciser works extensor muscles of the back, t... rotators, biceps, triceps, should... chest and upper back.

Stand-up Position
Comfortable upright position is mor... natural, more stimulating and allow... greater freedom of movement.

Independently Adjustable Lower Body Exercis...
Exerciser works hip flexors, gluteus muscles of th... buttocks, thighs, hamstrings, knee extensors, ank... and calves.

Non-Jarring Motion
Smooth, jarless, aerobic motion ensures maximum workout efficiency while eliminating the risk of injury ... knees, shins and back.

Free Brochure & Vide...
1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-9582

NordicTrac... A CML Comp...

that occurred in these states
the mid-1980s.
scope of the failure is partly the
f Congress, which funded a reg-
y effort short of what was re-
in the new environment. In
ular, there was not adequate
ny of the character, experience,
-until it was too late—actions of
of the people who jumped in.
e geography of the crisis is the
of timing. More S&L's are now
g in New England as the real es-
narket slumps there, but because
hern states haven't had the over-
d economies that oil-patch
had in the late 1970s and early
, they will not suffer as badly as
ay, Texas. It's also possible that
ederal Home Loan Bank Board
ired enough auditors and be-
wary enough to forestall the
s that have wrecked other states'
cial infrastructures.
e bottom line, so to speak, is
The Sunbelt states are suffering,
profiting, from the S&L crisis.
e states' lending institutions
sacrificed to the nation's experi-
ment with deregulation. Most major Texas banks are now owned by companies headquartered elsewhere, after their assets were purchased at fire-sale prices during forced auctions. Texans are not gloating at having put one over on the Northeast.

I'm not excusing the actions of incompetent or crooked thrift operators, of which there were many—not a few of whom are in or on their way to jail. But the crisis of the S&L industry is not a regional event that is over, needing only to be cleaned up. It's a national one that is still unfolding.

If we're drawing up geographical profit-and-loss statements, perhaps we should examine the toll that the lack of a national energy policy takes on oil-exporting states or the benefits that artificially depressed natural-gas prices give to Northeastern states. Or we might leave regionalism behind, bind up our wounds, and try to ensure that Texas's painful experience isn't repeated elsewhere.

Mark Henricks
Irving, Tex.

Writers and Readers

Frederick Busch questions biographers' rights when they publish writers' private letters ["Public or Purloined?" August]. He writes, "Should we grope beneath the clothing worn in public by writers we think of as *ours*? Let's snoop, for the sake of this question, on the intimate lives of others."

Is it really for the sake of this question that Busch exposes the private feelings of Dickens, Kafka, and Hemingway? Is that why we lapped up the article?

The private letters that Busch quotes might have been known to devotees of the particular writers. But now all of us can know those writers' passions, insecurities, and "intimate agonies." Thus, while we may never have read a poem by Arthur Davison Ficke, we know Edna St. Vincent Millay had the hots for him.

And there I go, illustrating my point.

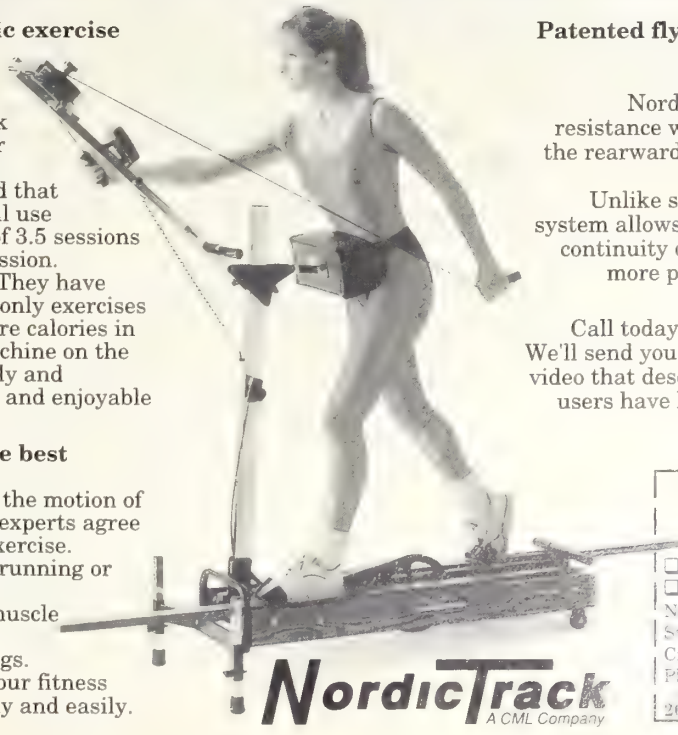
Jane Moore
Reno

nazing results:

After five years, 7 out of 10 NordicTrack owners still use their machines more than 3 times per week

most effective aerobic exercise hine on the market.
In 1988, Maritz Marg Research conducted rvey among NordicTrack ers who had owned their nines for more than five s. Their findings showed that 69% of respondents still use machines an average of 3.5 sessions week, 25 minutes per session. Their reason is simple. They have d that NordicTrack not only exercises e muscles and burns more calories in time than any other machine on the ket, but that it's mentally and sically more stimulating and enjoyable ell.

ss-country skiing—the best obic exercise.
NordicTrack duplicates the motion of s-country skiing, which experts agree ie best form of aerobic exercise. er than biking, rowing, running or nming. It works all the major muscle ips in your body: arms, ulders, back, stomach, legs. ch means you achieve your fitness weight-loss goals quickly and easily.



NordicTrack
A CML Company

Patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanisms provide true cross-country ski action.
NordicTrack features proportional resistance which places primary effort on the rearward stride just like cross-country skiing.
Unlike shuffle-type ski exercisers, the system allows you to develop a rhythm and continuity of motion that makes exercise more pleasant and easier to sustain.

Discover for yourself.
Call today. Or fill out the coupon below. We'll send you a free full-color brochure and video that describe in detail why 7 out of 10 users have kept their fitness and weight-loss goals on track.

Free Brochure & Video
1-800-328-5888
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State ___ Zip ____
Phone _____
Blvd • Chaska, MN 55318
2003

Mesoamerica



A Latin American journal devoted exclusively to Mexico and Central America covering politics, culture, history, archaeology and the environment, our articles by (North) American and Latin American diplomats, scholars and writers, sometimes make news in the *New York Times* (August 8, 1989).

$20/year, $5/Sample. To order, please write: Mesoamerica, P. O. Box [illegible] San Francisco, CA 94[illegible]

MAP OF CALIFORNIA'S

Vineyards & Wineries



detailed full color wall map. Includes sets of the Napa-Sonoma region and

$60 laminated
$35 paper
$ 4 shipping UPS
Catalog on request
Order by phone or mail today
(800) 237-0798

Raven Maps & Images
34 North Central • Medford, Oregon 97501

B.A. or M.A.

College... Like You Never Thought It Could Be.

- Alternative degree programs for adults.
- B.A. (short residency).
- M.A. (brief regional meetings).
- Self-directed, self-designed independent study.
- Expert faculty.
- Credit for life experience.
- ACCREDITED, financial aid available.

An academic schedule that fits your schedule!

Vermont College of Norwich University
Box 606, Montpelier, VT 05602
(802) 223-8701

I used to consider my personal letters a province as free and unfettered as my sexual fantasies—nobody's business, that is, except the person to whom they were addressed. I wrote some doozies, too—long and heady and charmingly improper missives, some to the wrong people. Doubtless the worst ones are still in a drawer somewhere, waiting to be sprung when I least expect it. But long before a writer is certain of the kind of fame that leads to one's face being put on a postage stamp, a writer's life is compromised. I appreciate Busch's frank essay on personal letters and the biographer's (nonexistent) "rights." I am no longer listed in the telephone book, and my personal letters—while still, no doubt, charming in a buttoned-down kind of way—are mere shadows of themselves. I reserve the fantasies; no one's found a way to copy them yet.

Sallie Tisdale
Portland, Ore.

Live Poets Society?

Donald Hall ["Death to the Death of Poetry," September] is quite right: The reports of the demise of poetry are greatly exaggerated. I only wish he had taken the next logical step and defenestrated the messengers of these reports.

Because poets do not hold senior editorships on major newspapers and magazines, we are perpetually at the tongue-tied mercy of clods who must display their injured self-importance, preferably at the expense of those writers who do not salivate over who is in or out of the White House or some other house of ill repute. It amazes me how many writers whose prose reveals no interest in truth or beauty are constantly telling me what poetry is.

By all rights, poetry should be dead in America. The high schools don't teach it, the universities don't know how to, and the doyens of pop music have nearly destroyed whatever connection once existed between literature and popular ballads. We have turned into a society in which, as literary critic Geoffrey Hartman points out, writers are trained primarily to put words into other people's mo

Yet the poet, unlike a sym orchestra, knows how to live land. I doubt that we can creat etry to save America, but Am poets long ago learned how t with a country that was not t interested in saving them.

David Saemann
Wayne, N.J.

Hall's essay paints a rather ro ture of today's poets and poetry. seems that the question should *whether* poets get published bu they publish. Is the poetry o and imaginative? Does the lan sing? Does the poet have any k social or universal awareness re extending beyond the self?

In true American spirit, toda ets have turned toward the m place. Entry-level poets take cr writing courses from grade sch graduate school. Mid-career lished poets become creative w professors and presidents of poe cieties. The poets who play by tutional rules are funded b National Endowment for the Celebrity status requires grad from Yale or Harvard and/or a p income. Recently, a few wom color and lesbians have broke the ranks, but male poets still at this level.

Freethinkers with original such as Walt Whitman and Dickinson, have disappeare stead, we have technipoets wh cess words, fax résumés, o at conferences and society ings, and attend workshops Bahamas.

Julia Older
Hancock, N.H.

Remembering Walter Ka

Never before have I read and such a haunting tribute to a pul ure as the one by Lewis Lapha Walter Karp in the October book.

The piece made me wish tha known Karp personally and h joyed the pleasure of his comp Lapham was fortunate to hav

many occasions. It must have inspiring to exchange ideas with ian, and I hope his essays are as- led and published as a book, to- r with Lapham's remembrance. m already planning to purchase ple copies of such a book and dis- e them among my circle as a re- er that the fate and future of cracy is dependent upon maver- uch as Walter Karp.

y *Terzian*
Angeles

thout Karp's eloquent, dissent- oice, the republic must be ever vigilant of its freedoms. It has great protector—a man whose meant more to the defense of y than all the missiles that litter North Dakota landscape.

Hall
Alto, Calif.

am terribly sorry to learn that er Karp died. Lewis Lapham's re- brance of him is a moving and g tribute to the man and his . My acquaintance with that began with Karp's courageous incisive essay "Liberty Under " [November 1985]. I ran off al photocopies for friends and agues and wrote to others urging to read it.

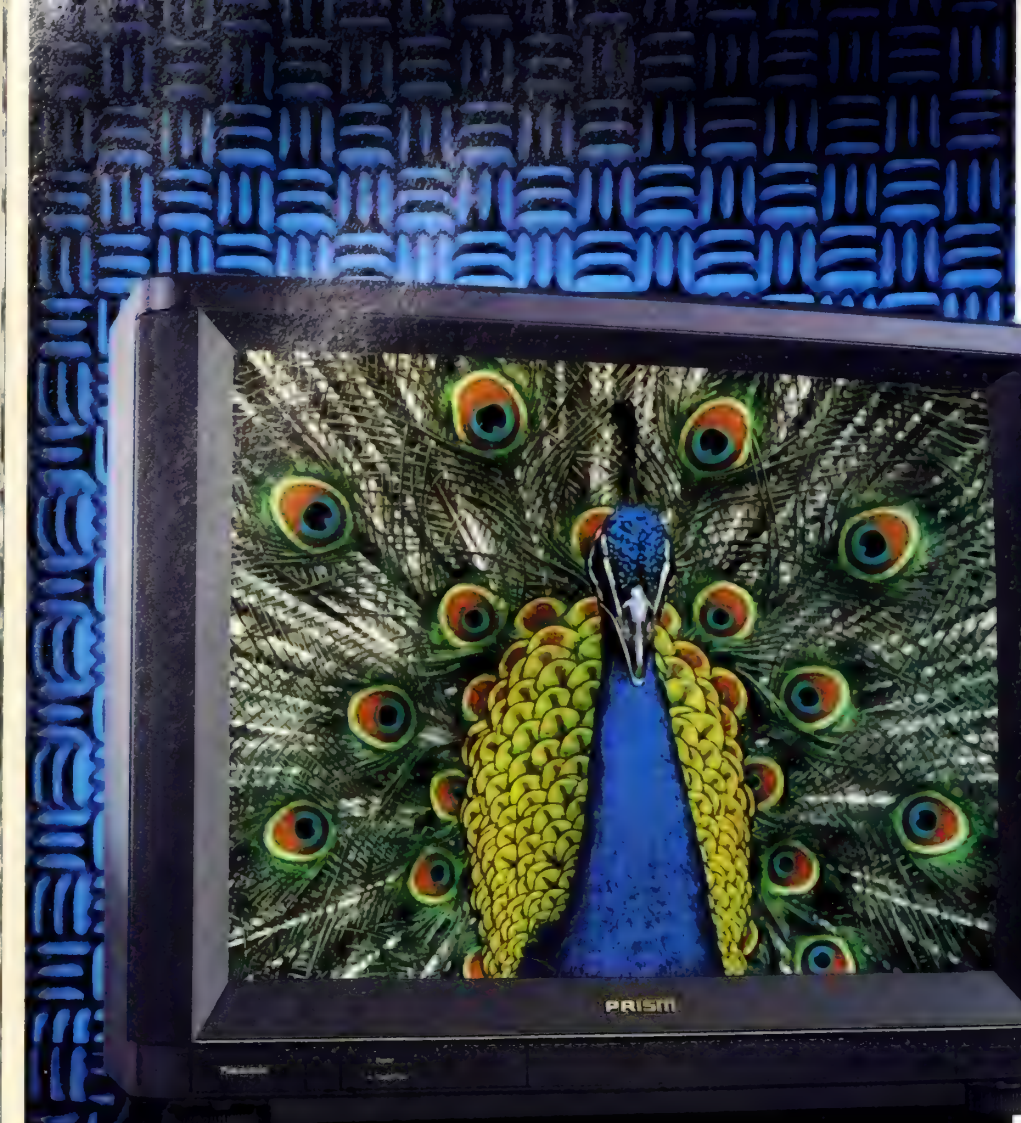
doubt it's true, as Lapham sug- , that Karp scorned the usual s and benefits accruing to rtant journalists. But now, re- ably too late, it occurs to me that would have felt encouraged to there were many of us who took from his vigilance and inestima- ve of a republic still under siege.

rick H. Newberry
burgh

rection

ue to an editing error, the third of the October Harper's Index incorrectly worded. The line ld read: Number of states in h the percentage of eligible cs who are registered to vote ls or exceeds the percentage of ble whites who are registered to : 6.



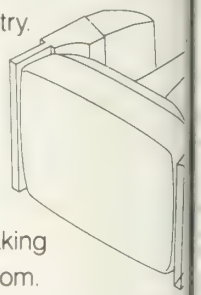


Prism Television Monitor
Award-winning picture. An
exclusive Dome Sound Sy

Once broadcast standards stood for the highest possible quality. Prism Television Monit can exceed those standa

Video Review recogniz the technical triumph of Prism TVs. They were so pressed with the high res lution picture they voted last year's 31-inch (diago model the Best Television Monitor of the Year.

This Prism TV can crea an incredible stereo ima thanks to the exclusive Dome Sound System. Its elaborate sound chamb and high-fidelity speake lie hidden within the slee cabinetry.



It fills the room with sound without taking up a lot of room.

And to make owning a Pris Television even better, we crea the Prism Club. Its privileges clude priority in-home service toll-free information hot lines.

Once you view Prism from Panasonic, your standards fo vision will never be the same.

*Depending on source.
TV picture simulated.

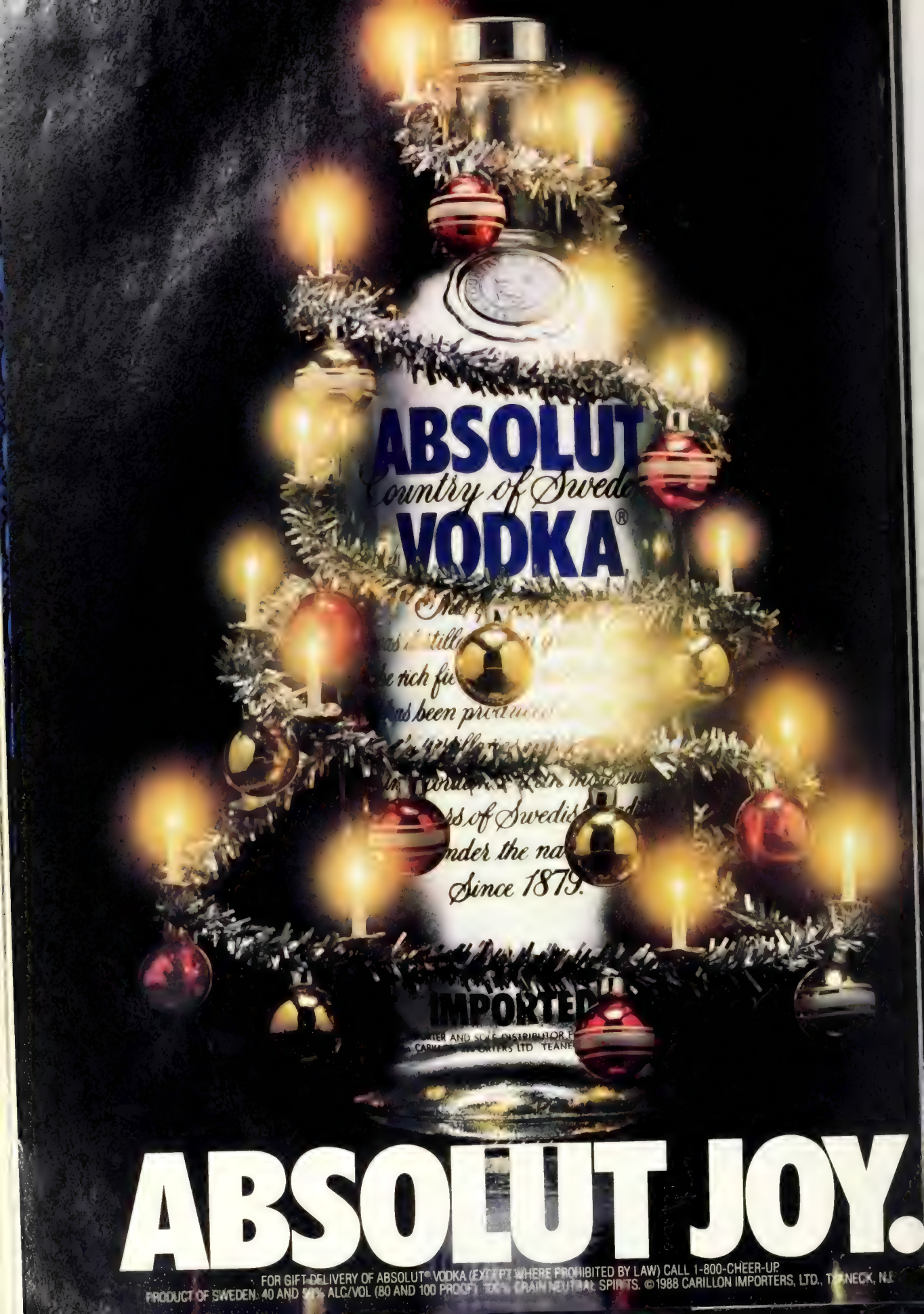
PRISM.
ITS PICTURE EXCEEDS BROADCAST STANDARDS.
ITS SOUND SYSTEM IS EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE.

PRISM
Panasoni
just slightly ahead of our t

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of U.S. companies financed with junk bonds that have failed to meet loan obligations this year : 20
Number of developing countries that have failed to meet loan obligations to the World Bank this year : 9
Total value of the loans disbursed to developing countries in 1988 : $92,000,000,000
Total debt service paid by developing countries in 1988 : $142,000,000,000
Amount by which cash deposits exceeded cash withdrawals at banks in Miami in 1988 : $4,488,124,000
rcentage of Americans who say they approve of searching homes without a warrant in order to combat drugs : 52
Chances that an American family doesn't have a bank account : 1 in 5
Cost to a Pole of a commercial flight on LOT Polish Airlines from Gdansk to Warsaw, in zlotys : 5,000
Cost of a 3-mile radio-taxi ride in Warsaw, in zlotys : 6,000
Number of times President Bush has increased the amount of his pledge of aid to Poland since July : 4
Percentage of Americans who have visited Washington, D.C. : 60
Percentage of Americans who have visited Disneyland or Disney World : 70
mber of the 3 highest-grossing foreign films shown in the Soviet Union last year that starred Steve Guttenberg : 2
Number of designs submitted by Soviets for a national memorial to those who died under Stalin : 176
ize offered by Japan's telephone company to any computer hacker who can penetrate its security system : $7,000
ank of the day after the San Francisco earthquake, among days with the most long-distance calls ever made : 1
Estimated amount supermarket tabloids pay informants for celebrity tips each year : $4,000,000
Number of filing cabinets full of jokes in Bob Hope's fireproof vaults : 33
Number of these that contain jokes he has not yet used : 17
Percentage of people who buy humorous greeting cards who say they think of themselves as funny : 78
Number of times Al Neuharth uses the term *S.O.B.* in his autobiography, *Confessions of an S.O.B.* : 92
Total weight of the pages of advertising in the September issue of *Vogue*, in ounces : 43
Total weight of the pages of editorial content, in ounces : 14
Percentage of Americans who say they didn't get what they wanted for Christmas last year : 6
Percentage of American men who say they deal with depression by trying to figure out their problems : 23
Percentage who say they deal with depression by watching television : 35
Number of evangelical broadcast ministries that are currently being investigated by the IRS : 20
centage of Americans who said last year that they didn't know enough about Dan Quayle to form an opinion : 25
Percentage who said this in September 1989 : 45
Percentage of Americans who know what a Whopper is : 90
Percentage of Americans who say they ate plum pudding last Christmas : 1
Ratio of U.S. households that have real Christmas trees to those that have artificial Christmas trees : 1:1
Percentage of Americans who consider themselves environmentalists : 76
centage of Americans who live in an area where the air does not meet the standards of the 1970 Clean Air Act : 58
Percentage of the insecticide used in the United States each year that actually reaches a targeted insect : .003
Ratio of the total weight of the earth's human population to that of its termite population : 1:10
Number of days an ant can survive underwater : 14
Number of pet-death support groups in the United States : 35
lumber of pets blessed at the Feast of St. Francis at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine this fall : 1,000
Number of bowls of algae : 1

Figures cited are the latest available as of October 1989. Sources are listed on page 71.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.


ABSOLUT
VODKA®
Since 1879.
IMPORTED
ABSOLUT JOY.
FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1988 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

READINGS

[Interview]

MR. WUJEC GOES TO WARSAW

From an interview with Henryk Wujec conducted by Jerzy Jastrzebowski in the August 13 issue of Tygodnik Powszechny, *a weekly newspaper published in Kraków. Wujec is the chief organizer of the Citizens Parliamentary Club, the party that represents Solidarity in the Sejm, the Polish congress; he is also a member of Solidarity's national executive committee. Jastrzebowski is a journalist. Translated from the Polish by David Ost.*

JERZY JASTRZEBOWSKI: Is what is happening today in Poland the realization of your dreams from ten years ago?

HENRYK WUJEC: This has already surpassed all of our dreams. I don't think any of us foresaw the full scope of what is happening today; in any case, I certainly didn't. We thought there would be a slow evolution of the system, step-by-step. But already in 1980 things were happening incredibly fast. The rise of Solidarity shocked everyone. And then eight years later, after the hiatus of martial law and a period of stagnation, things once again began happening surprisingly fast. If people had told me a year ago what would be happening today, I never would have believed them.

The situation is so surrealistic that I still can't take myself seriously as a congressman in the Sejm. I went to the first session without a coat and tie because it seemed that a tie would only underline the absurdity of my situation. Only a year ago, if I had even entered the Sejm with this big shoulder bag that I always carry, the first cop who saw me would have searched me and confiscated the bag's contents. Now I've got parliamentary immunity, and nobody can take my bag. This was the first visible benefit for me: I can walk down the street and feel safe. It's difficult to get used to.

JASTRZEBOWSKI: Is that what you mean by the surrealism of the situation?

WUJEC: Jacek [Kuron, the Solidarity theorist who is now minister of labor] wrote a great piece about this not long ago. The surrealism is that suddenly, virtually straight from prison, we find ourselves in the "palaces of power." Yet we still feel that it's not our place to be in these palaces. I, for example, have a newly furnished office at the parliamentary complex. So there I am, Henryk Wujec, sitting behind some brand-new desk in a brand-new office for the brand-new Citizens Club—and I'm a very important official, you see. Serious men in suits come to see me and ask for things! No, no, *this* is surrealistic.

JASTRZEBOWSKI: Do you see any dangers in making such a sudden jump from prison to the palaces of power?

WUJEC: Without a doubt, this might all end very badly. Let's begin with the obvious point: People easily get used to conveniences. As a congressman, I can ride for free on all forms of mass transit, and I like this very much, since I've never had much money and all my traveling gets to be quite expensive. Also, I can go to the parliamentary restaurant now and, without waiting in line, eat a good meal very cheaply, which is simply impossible anywhere else. Meanwhile, people from outside can't even get into the restaurant without a pass or an invitation. All this creates problems. You sit there behind all these desks, quite elegantly, and you take care of all this important business, and you live in a world created by the press: "What did the premier say? How did the opposition respond?" And slowly, the outside world starts to disappear. I feel that I'm losing contact, although I believe I'm sufficiently aware of the problem so as not to lose it altogether. But this is a very real danger. And it leads to others.

In today's situation, human emotions, mainly ambition, play an enormous role. "Who's on

top?" everyone wants to know. "Who's next in line? Who's after that?" There is a danger that people will get consumed by personal rivalries, while broad issues are relegated to the background. This isn't happening yet, but the danger is real.

The greatest danger, however, lies elsewhere. Many people think it's just great that the opposition has entered the Sejm and the senate—and with a great deal of ruckus, too—but now they're wondering whether we'll really be able to change things. Will we be able to influence the deteriorating economic situation and the decreasing standard of living? And here is the terrible danger: that the opposition will focus on its own parliamentary affairs and yet be unable to influence the real issues facing the nation. Such a turn of events could turn the people against the opposition.

JASTRZEBOWSKI: As far as Poland's future is concerned, are you an optimist? What would you say are the chances of democratic success?

WUJEC: Pretty high, better than fifty-fifty, especially now, after the elections.

It should be noted that we have accomplished all this with the help of the Communist party. Of course, some people say that the Communists are still just trying to bring us down, but I disagree. Maybe I'm naive, but I would say that the party authorities have played a genuinely positive role in the postelection period. I think they are also counting on a gradual evolution of the system, without dramatic turnabouts. They, too, want to avoid the possibility of one little matter ruining everything, leaving us with a Chinese situation on our hands.

JASTRZEBOWSKI: What's the future of Solidarity as a trade union? Is it the same union that it was in 1980?

WUJEC: Solidarity is in a serious crisis. You can't even compare the present state of the union with its 1980 state. That union, until mid-1981, was a union on the march, growing strong and moving forward, bringing everyone together. Soon after, the troubles began, but then martial law saved us from an internal crisis. I am not saying I agree with [General Wojciech] Jaruzelski, who says it was he who saved Solidarity, but something positive did come out of martial law. We were able to test ourselves, to see who we really were.

Now, however, Solidarity has been legalized and everyone is talking about it, but people aren't joining. No one wants to pay dues. In 1980 people knew that money given to the union was going to lead to changes in the country. Now the changes are happening elsewhere—through elections, parliament, negotiations. Solidarity is no longer the arm of political change.

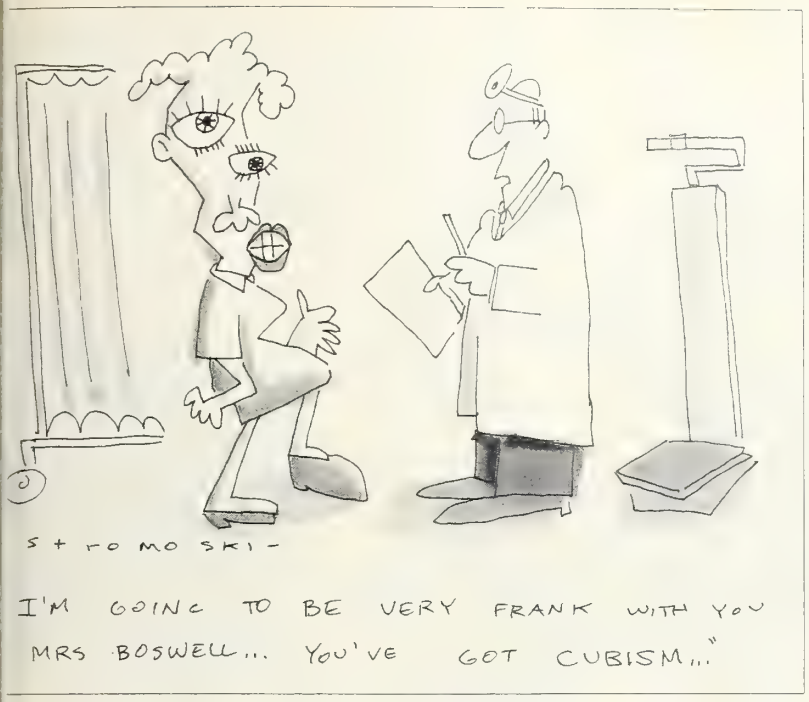
JASTRZEBOWSKI: So I repeat my question: What's the future of Solidarity as a trade union?

WUJEC: Well, I don't really know. I don't know what will become of the trade union Solidarity.

JASTRZEBOWSKI: How strong can 259 parliament members be without a strong union behind them? Won't the party establishment just crush you when they realize what's going on?

WUJEC: Many people have spoken of this, saying that without the union we're finished. But perhaps we should think about this somewhat differently. Maybe I'm mistaken, but I feel that there are various kinds of historic moments. The period 1980 to 1981 was a time for building the first independent social institution, in which so many people placed their hopes. That was the time for building the union. Now is a different historical moment. Today, people feel that it's not a union that's going to change the situation of the country but rather a social and political movement. This was evident during the election campaign. Many people who did not necessarily want to get involved in union work were eager to get involved in the elections. This was a shock for all of us. I realized this when I organized our election campaign. I didn't want to take this job. But the KKW [Solidarity's national executive committee] pressured me and so I accepted, and a week later I had no regrets. We had to quickly arrange meetings with local activists in order to form local election committees. We didn't have much time, and I was terrified by the prospects. But then I felt the mood at the meeting halls, a mood I hadn't encountered for a long time—so different from the mood at the meetings of the KKW. There was no sense of routine here but rather a whole new spirit. People were amazingly eager to get to work. It turned out that they liked the idea of organizing local committees better than we did. We—the old, balding activists of Solidarity—we weren't so excited about these elections. But a new movement was crystallizing in the local election committees. I think we should have taken advantage of the moment and tried to consolidate this "committee movement," to shape it into a social and political force—not a political party but a broad movement, a kind of "popular front." People would have joined such an organization, and they would have become a strong force standing behind our parliamentary deputies and senators.

Unfortunately, Solidarity's traditional activists felt threatened by this new movement, which was so foreign to them. And so the KKW decided to dissolve the local committees.



From Hippocrates, *a bimonthly health magazine.*

JASTRZEBOWSKI: In your view, the time for union building has passed, and the time for building a sociopolitical movement is here. Maybe it's even time for a national independence movement. Do you see a need to go all out and get rid of this entire system? Or do you consider this a rather nineteenth-century notion?

WUJEC: Yes, for me it *is* a nineteenth-century notion, and I think many people feel the same way. I don't see the need for any insurrection. We have a strange situation here. In my view, there is no Soviet presence in Poland. The Red Army hides like elves off in the forest somewhere; I don't even see them. What I do see, however, and what I deal with every day, is our own system, our own Polish apparatus. We have a kind of crippled independence here, crippled because of an ancient, primitive political system that we need to eradicate. When we do so, we will become masters of our own home.

What then? We will certainly still be part of a system of alliances, but the Warsaw Pact, which must undergo some changes, will not be an obstacle to building a normal, democratic state. The new Poland will be more independent than now, but it will not be fully independent. But okay, prewar Poland was also constrained by various outside alliances.

JASTRZEBOWSKI: Tell me, how will our next republic differ from the prewar republic?

WUJEC: This is a difficult question for me, since I am no historian and no great expert on prewar Poland. But I feel it will be a completely different Poland. For me—and maybe this is the influence of my education—prewar Poland was too aristocratic, gentry-oriented, and authoritarian. As the son of a peasant, I think I personally would have felt pretty awful in that Poland. The prewar republic was a system of considerable social injustice, not by law but by tradition. A peasant's son had to suffer a great deal in order to push his way forward.

The next republic, I feel, will not hark back to that tradition. This doesn't mean I agree with official government propaganda, which says that the prewar republic was this uniformly terrible period of Polish history. In certain respects, I think it was a glorious period. Poland burst on the scene in 1918, and in the course of twenty years Poles accomplished a miracle—they were able to unify the lands from three different partitions.

I hope that in our time we accomplish something similar. Yet our situation today is more difficult than seventy years ago, for over the last forty years social bonds were destroyed more thoroughly than during the time of the partitions. Nevertheless, I trust that when we become masters of our own home, enthusiasm and a sense of responsibility will triumph. Somehow, people will manage.

[Copyright Notice]

RUSHDIE'S WORDS, UNDER GUARD

This copyright notice accompanies "6 March 1989," a poem by Salman Rushdie published in the tenth anniversary issue of Granta.

Copyright © 1989 Salman Rushdie and Granta Publications Limited. All rights reserved. No part of this poem may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the copyright owners. No part of this poem may be reproduced, whether for private research, study, criticism, review, or the reporting of current events, without the written permission of the publishers, Granta Publications Limited. Any unauthorized reproduction of any part of the poem may result in civil liability and criminal prosecution.

[Letter]

G-MEN WITH ATTITUDE

From a letter written by Milt Ahlerich, assistant director of public affairs at the FBI, and sent to Priority Records in August. Priority Records, an independent label, distributes the albums of N.W.A. (Niggers With Attitude), a Los Angeles rap group. Ahlerich has said that the letter, which was written on FBI stationery, represents the Bureau's "official position" on N.W.A.'s album, and in particular its song "Fuck tha Police." On several occasions during its tour this summer, N.W.A. was harassed by local police. The letter appeared in the October 10 issue of The Village Voice.

Priority Records
6430 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

A song recorded by the rap group N.W.A. on their album entitled *Straight Outta Compton* encourages violence against and disrespect for the Law enforcement officer and has been brought to my attention. I understand your company recorded and distributed this album, and I am writing to share my thoughts and concerns.

Advocating violence and assault is wrong, and I see to the law enforcement community take exception to such action. Violent crime, a major problem in our country, reached an unprecedented high in 1988. Seventy-eight law enforcement officers [gave up] their lives to protect our citizens, and recordings such as the one from N.W.A. are both discouraging and degrading to these brave, dedicated officers.

Music plays a significant role in society, and I wanted you to be aware of the FBI's position regarding this song and its message. I believe my views reflect the opinion of the entire law enforcement community.

Sincerely,
Milt Ahlerich

Assistant Director
Office of Public Affairs

[Poem]

CEAUŞESCU: NO LITTLE PRINCE

The following poem, "A star in my street," by Romanian poet Ana Blandiana, was published last year as part of her children's book, Events in My Street. *Romanian president Nicolae Ceauşescu banned the book, as well as the rest of Blandiana's work, after reading the poem and concluding that the central character was a caricature of himself. The poem appeared in the September issue of* Index on Censorship.

Before I go any further,
There's a bracket I must open
(A chapter, that's to say,
In a story or a book)—
About someone who's not
A local down my way,
In fact, in his case,
Adjectives explain
Nothing, so I'd better say
That I'm talking of SCALLION
And when I've said SCALLION
I think that's quite enough
And I need explain no more,
For you all know at once
Who this character is,
Whom I permit myself
To style the most renowned
Tomcat in the town,
To whom poems have been written
And whose portraits have been drawn
As is usual with stars
And what's more, they have shown
Cartoons about him, full

Choose one of these fine works and save over $210.

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next 2 years.

BARGAINS DON'T GET NY BIGGER THAN THIS.



The Compact Edition of Oxford English Dictionary

for **$27.95** (Pub. price $195)

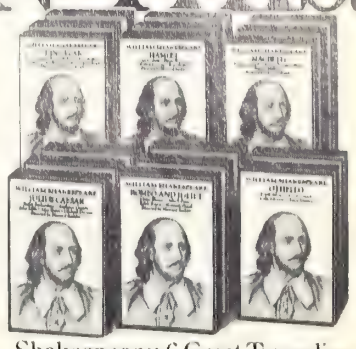
ıost complete, most scholarly dictio- the English language"—*The Christian Monitor.* Through photoreduction, ginal 13-volume set has been repro- n this two-volume *Compact Edition.* A & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Times Atlas of the World Seventh Comprehensive Edition

for **$29.95** (Pub. price $149.95)

"The best atlas now available in English."—*The New York Times.* The only atlas printed in 8 colors for clear reading of geographic and political features. This volume contains 292 pages of color maps and a 277-page index with over 200,000 entries which include longitude and latitude—a feature not offered in other atlases. Size: 18" x 12". Pages: 520.



Shakespeare: 6 Great Tragedies

for **$19.95** (List prices total $179.60)

Book-of-the-Month is proud to present 6 of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies: *Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Caesar.* Paul Scofield, Ralph Richardson, Albert Finney, Dame Edith Evans, Claire Bloom, John Mills and many more of England's most gifted Shakespearean actors perform memorably in complete readings of each play. 17 cassettes in all.



Joseph Campbell's Historical Atlas of World Mythology

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $250)

aster work—the culmination of Campbell's t career—traces the saga of humankind's al awakening. In five lavishly illustrated s, Campbell shows how our ancestors nd what they believed, shedding new light we are and where we come from. Insight ful, illuminating, challenging, the *Historical Atlas of World Mythology* is a vibrant introduction to the past—and to the mind of one of this century's greatest thinkers. 99 4-color maps; 1,152 photographs and drawings.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **$24.95** (Pub. price $225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source.

© 1989 BOMC

About Membership. As a member you will receive *ok-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and than 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by tors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be d to you automatically. If you want one or more books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on ply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return ege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the ion without having had 10 days to notify us, you may it for credit. *Cancellations:* Membership may be tinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With s and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is book lovers belong.

OK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 A067-12-1

Check one box only

- ☐ 923. Shakespeare: 6 Great Tragedies $19.95
- ☐ 905. Compact OED $27.95
- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World $29.95
- ☐ 934. Hist. Atlas of Mythology $29.95
- ☐ 917. Encyclopedia of Philosophy $24.95

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ 9-64

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices [illegible] slightly higher in Canada. Canadian residents will receive [illegible] approval.



"The General's Wife," a photograph taken in Honduras by Rafael Goldchain. From T Journal of Wild Culture, vol. 1, no. 2. The journal is published quarterly by the Society the Preservation of Wild Culture, in Toronto.

Of thrills and full of fun,
Even on television.
Well, after such successes
So incontestable
And incredible
It's no wonder at all
That when he goes out to stroll
The whole street's in a spin
And rushes out to see him.
Windows are flung wide open,
Schoolbooks are forgotten by children,
Branches lean out over the fence,
The crush is dense
As a high street's.
Cars are forced
To slow right down.
Admiring glances are cast
In a catlike fashion.
He's given flowers,
Bread and salt,
A letter or two
In an envelope,
And everyone shouts
"SCALLION."
He proceeds with importance and with cool,
Gives a piece of advice, hears a louder
Protest (like that of a hen with chicks
Against a tomcat marauder),
Distributes simpers, paw-shakes,
Here and there a fine,
Or rather
A rebuke,
And everyone's attentive
And full of gratitude.
Even (believe it or not) the scraps
Between the female alley cats
And the tomcats are suspended!
And (to top it all) I've heard tell
That a little mouse
Waiting to be snatched
By His Highness
Whined in a high pitch
Between his sighs:
"Oh, what a privilege
To be swallowed just by Him!"
In this uncanny situation
I find it only normal
That Scallion's grown too big for his fur
And thinks he's phenomenal.
So I'm amazed as a result
That he answers when I call him
(Offering him, admittedly, out of gratitude,

A poem).
It's probable that in his mind,
The mind of a celebrity
At its apogee,
There comes from time to time,
With difficulty,
Like an erratum,
The memory
That he's a character of mine.

[Scenarios]

WHEN IS A FLAG DESECRATED?

From "Scenarios and Questions for Anti-flag-desecration Lawmakers," a pamphlet written by Ken Knowlton and Barbara Bean Knowlton and published in Merrimack, New Hampshire. The pamphlet lists actions that could be considered illegal under the flag-burning bill passed by Congress in October. In August, the Knowltons mailed copies of the pamphlet to fellow members of Ylem, Artists Using Science and Technology, based in Orinda, California.

Someone makes good pictures of U.S. flags, one- or two-sided, on paper or cloth—by color photography, color photocopy, or computer with ink-jet printer—and then publicly tramples and burns the pictures.

An iconoclast uses small cloth pictures of the flag as handkerchiefs and distributes large ones as blankets to New York's homeless.

A protester projects a picture of a flag onto a white wall and then hurls mud or paint onto the image.

A flag is mounted over the screen of a TV set in a darkened room and videotapes are played, clearly visible, depicting the My Lai massacre.

A flag is left for many months in strong sunlight, with an area the shape of a Nazi swastika protected from fading; the process and result are displayed.

A magician burns a flag and dumps the remnants into a demonstrably empty can, then pulls an unblemished flag from the can.

An artist displays an apparently mutilated flag consisting, in fact, of several intact flags variously folded.

An artist displays a badly mutilated copy of the flag in cyan, black, and orange; a bright strobe light creates for viewers a red, white, and blue afterimage.

A thoroughly indestructible metallic flag is soaked with a flammable liquid and "burned."

A protester wall-mounts a large flag behind cellophane, then paints or smears obscenities on the transparent covering.

A computer-animation programmer creates a realistic video of what seems to be a flag burning to charred shreds.

Protesters take flags to Canada or to the grounds of a foreign embassy, mutilate them, and bring them back.

Dissidents with video equipment broadcast live to the mainland a flag desecration taking place on a private ship on the high seas.

A group of consenting adults gathers for a private ceremony of anger and lament; flags are torn and burned.

A mangled flag is hung in a private dwelling in such a way that it can be seen from a public sidewalk with slight, or moderate, or extreme, difficulty.

Someone constructs an already desecrated flag by sewing together burned fragments of red, white, and blue cloth.

Demonstrators burn bunches of red, white, and blue streamers; copies of the Bill of Rights; maps of the United States; or pictures of Uncle Sam.

An artist uses a thousand tiny flags as minute elements in an obscene picture.

[Employment Test]

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

The questions below are part of a psychological evaluation test administered by Target Stores, a Minneapolis-based retail chain, to all prospective employees. In September, Target Stores was sued by one of its security guards, who claimed that the test, which he completed when applying for his job, was an unconstitutional and "unreasonable" intrusion into his private life. The test, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI), is composed of more than 600 true/false questions and is an exhibit in Sïoi Soroka *v.* Target Stores.

I liked *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll.

I usually go to the movies more than once a week.

Several times a week I feel as if something dreadful is about to happen.

Clever, sarcastic people make me feel very uncomfortable.

Usually I would prefer to work with women.

I become quite irritated when I see someone spit on the sidewalk.

I sometimes pretend to know more than I really do.

Sometimes I feel like smashing things.

Women should not be allowed to drink in cocktail bars.

Every family owes it to the city to keep their sidewalk cleared in the winter and their lawn mowed in the summer.

I hate to be interrupted when I am working on something.

[Management-Consulting Study]

UNEMPLOYMENT STRATEGIES

From a survey sponsored by Robert Half International, an executive and professional recruiting company in the financial industry. Vice presidents and personnel directors of one-hundred large corporations were asked to describe their most unusual experience interviewing prospective employees.

Job applicant challenged the interviewer to an arm wrestle.

Interviewee wore a Walkman, explaining that she could listen to the interviewer and the music at the same time.

Candidate fell and broke a bone during the interview.

Candidate announced she hadn't had lunch and proceeded to eat a hamburger and French fries in the interviewer's office.

Applicant explained that her long-term career goal was to replace interviewer.

Candidate said he never finished high school; was kidnapped and kept in a closet in Mexico.

Balding candidate excused himself and returned to the office a few minutes later wearing a hairpiece.

Applicant said if he were hired, he would demonstrate his loyalty by having the corporate logo tattooed on his forearm.

Applicant interrupted interview to phone his therapist for advice on how to answer specific interview questions.

Candidate brought large dog to interview.

Applicant refused to sit down and insisted on being interviewed standing up.

Candidate dozed off and started snoring during interview.

The trouble with many people is that they don't take things seriously enough.

I think Lincoln was greater than Washington.

I feel sure that there is only one true religion.

I get excited very easily.

I used to keep a diary.

Maybe some minority groups do get rough treatment, but it's no business of mine.

I usually feel nervous and ill at ease at a formal dance or party.

I have at one time or another in my life tried my hand at writing poetry.

Once a week or more often I feel suddenly hot all over, without apparent cause.

I prefer a shower to a bath.

I am fascinated by fire.

I wake up fresh and rested most mornings.

I certainly feel useless at times.

I like tall women.

I have had blank spells in which my activities were interrupted and I did not know what was going on around me.

When I meet a stranger, I often think that he is better than I am.

I have frequently found myself, when alone, pondering such abstract problems as free will, evil, etc.

I feel uneasy indoors.

Sometimes I just can't seem to get going.

When a man is with a woman, he is usually thinking about things related to her sex.

I am bothered by people outside, on streetcars, in stores, etc., watching me.

If I get too much change in a store, I always give it back.

A large number of people are guilty of bad sexual conduct.

I think I would like to belong to a motorcycle club.

At times I have a strong urge to do something harmful or shocking.

I have a great deal of stomach trouble.

I must admit I am a pretty fair talker.

Some of my family have habits that bother and annoy me very much.

I never seem to get hungry.

I know who is responsible for most of my troubles.

I have had no difficulty in starting or holding my bowel movement.

It often seems that my life has no meaning.

I have often felt guilty because I have pretended to feel more sorry about something than I really was.

If the pay was right, I would like to travel with a circus or carnival.

I am troubled by attacks of nausea and vomiting.

I would have been more successful if people

How to raise a child on $12 a month

ere in America $12 a month will not even pay chool lunches. But overseas, $12 will work a icle.

or example, please take a close look at little ii. Twelve dollars a month can change her life ver. . .

. . a life spent in a wooden shack, built on stilts, a disease-infested swamp. And at night she a bowl of rice to eat and goes to sleep on a floor .

Her only toys are a worn-out teddy bear and a ed doll. Her secondhand dress is patched and small for her. She desperately needs a better to build strong bones, medicine when she is , water that is not contaminated, and a chance o to school.

nd all this can happen for only $12 a month! Will you help raise a child like Larni?

his is a full sponsorship program—designed for ericans who are unable to send $20, $21, or even a month to other sponsorship organizations.

Here's what you will receive:

- 3½" x 5" photograph of the child you are helping.
- two personal letters from your child each year.
- a complete Sponsorship Kit with your child's case history and a special report about the country where your child lives.
- quarterly issues of "Sponsorship News."

nd if you wish, you can send the child you are oing special birthday and Christmas cards.

All this for only $12 a month?

es, because we work hard to reduce the cost hout reducing the help that goes to the child you nsor. Your $12 a month will provide so much:

- emergency food, clothing and medical care.
- a chance to attend school.
- help for the child's family and community with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition and other vital areas.

Will you help raise a child?

Here's how you can become a sponsor:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you wish to nsor a boy or girl and select the country of your ice.
2. Or better yet, just mark an "X" in the "Emergency List" box, and we will assign a child to you t most urgently needs your love.
3. Mail the coupon and your first $12 monthly ment to Children International.

nd then in just a few days, you will receive your ld's name, photograph and case history. And you l be on your way to an exciting adventure.

May we hear from you? We believe our sponsor- program protects the dignity of a child and ily, and at the same time provides Americans h a positive and beautiful way to help a needy ngster.



At nightfall, Larni eats her bowl of rice and sleeps on a floor mat. She lives in a wooden shack, built on stilts, over a disease-infested swamp.

Sponsorship Application

KONE

☐ Yes, I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $12. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Ecuador ☐ Holy Land Crippled Child

☐ **OR, choose a child who needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.
☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of $ _____ .
Please forward your tax-deductible check, made payable to:

Children International

Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road • Box 419055
Kansas City, Missouri 64141

The worldwide sponsorship program of Holy Land Christian Mission, a non-profit organization serving children since 1936. Financial report readily available upon request.

had given me a fair chance.

My parents never really understood me.

Evil spirits possess me at times.

A minister can cure disease by praying and putting his hand on your head.

I am strongly attracted by members of my own sex.

I have often wished I were a girl. (Or, if you are a girl) I have never been sorry that I am a girl.

If I could get into a movie without paying and be sure I was not seen, I would probably do it.

I am worried about sex matters.

I am afraid of losing my mind.

In walking, I am very careful to step over sidewalk cracks.

It does not bother me particularly to see animals suffer.

I loved my mother.

I have been disappointed in love.

My parents and family find more fault with me than they should.

Someone has control over my mind.

I have diarrhea once a month or more.

Peculiar odors come to me at times.

At times I have enjoyed being hurt by someone I loved.

[Essay]

WORKING-CLASS HEROES NO MORE

From "The Silenced Majority," by Barbara Ehrenreich, in the September issue of Z Magazine, *published by the Institute for Social and Cultural Change, in Boston. Ehrenreich is the author of* Fear of Falling: The Inner Life of the Middle Class, *published by Pantheon.*

You may not have noticed it, but 50,000 American coal miners have been on strike for six months. The ten-state strike has featured the unprecedented mass application of nonviolent civil disobedience to a labor struggle: Thousands of miners and members of their families were arrested for peacefully blocking mine entrances. Troops were called in; they even, in some instances, fired on the strikers.

It was possible, however, to read the daily newspapers with some diligence during the strike and completely miss the story. Meanwhile, the papers I read gave daily front-page coverage to the Soviet coal miners' strike. I do not begrudge a bit of this coverage to the brave miners of Siberia; there were more of them (500,000) and they inhabit a country that has until recently fancied itself to be governed by a "dictatorship of the proletariat." In fact, the Russian strike gave us an idea of what decent labor coverage might be like if the American media were to attempt it: The workers' demands were presented sympathetically; the larger ramifications of the strike were duly analyzed; and individual strike leaders were profiled generously.

The eclipse of the American coal miners reflects the media's usual preference for labor insurgency in foreign—ideally, Communist—societies, a preference stunningly illustrated by the ecstatic coverage granted to Solidarity in 1981, at the very moment American air-traffic controllers were being ground under the heel of the Reagan administration. But it also reflects an entirely local phenomenon: the disappearance of the American working class from the mind of the American middle class.

Two quick definitions: By "working class" I mean not only industrial workers in hard hats but all those people who are not professionals, managers, or entrepreneurs; who work for wages rather than salaries; and who spend their working hours variously lifting, bending, driving, monitoring, inputting, cleaning, providing physical care for others, loading, unloading, cooking, serving, and the like. The working class, so defined, comprises 60 to 70 percent of the U.S. population.

By "middle class" I mean really the "professional middle class," the "professional-managerial class," or what intellectuals often call the "new class." This group includes the journalists, professors, and media executives who are responsible, in a day-to-day sense, for what we see or do not see in the media; what we understand or do not understand to be an "issue." The middle class, so defined, amounts to no more than 20 percent of the U.S. population.

So when I say the working class is disappearing, I am not referring to a particular minority group favored, for theoretical reasons, by the left. I mean the American majority. And I am laying the blame not only on the corporate sponsors of the media, who undoubtedly prefer that we think of everyone as either a capitalist or a "consumer," but also on many less wealthy and powerful people—people who, for example, work in the media.

The American working class has never received publicity in proportion to its numbers. In the 1950s and early 1960s, for example, the official myth was that America was a classless society, or alternately, "one big middle class." The working class did, however, enjoy a brief modishness in the 1970s, following its "discovery" by the media in 1969. This discovery was in many ways parallel to the "discovery" of poverty

E METROPOLITAN OPERA

AIDA

SEE VERDI'S SPECTACLE OF ANCIENT EGYPT.
A PRINCESS JEALOUS OF HER SLAVE...
THE SLAVE TORN BETWEEN LOVE AND COUNTRY.

APRILE MILLO — SHERRILL MILNES
DOLORA ZAJICK — PAATA BURCHULADZE
PLÁCIDO DOMINGO — DIMITRI KAVRAKOS
JAMES LEVINE, CONDUCTOR

DON'T MISS THIS EXTRAORDINARY EVENT.
TELECAST ON PBS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27
at 8PM EASTERN TIME.
(PLEASE CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS)

F. MURRAY ABRAHAM, HOST.

ENGLISH SUBTITLES. STEREO SIMULCAST IN MOST AREAS.

TO ORDER YOUR FREE GUIDE TO THE TEXACO-METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS CALL: 1-800-MET-1989.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY TEXACO.
YOUR TICKET TO THE MET FOR 50 SEASONS.

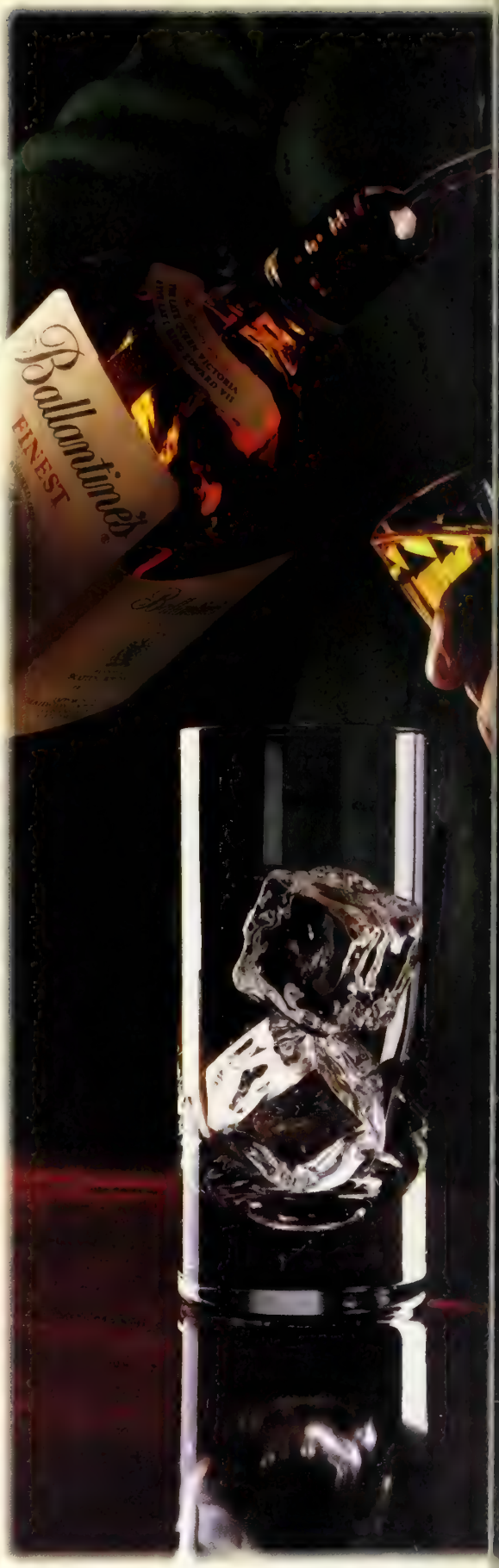
WITH ADDITIONAL FUNDING FROM THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS AND THE CHARLES E. CULPEPER FOUNDATION



© BEATRIZ SCHILLER 1989
© JOHAN ELBERS 1989
© WINNIE KLOTZ 1989

Enough Information About Scotch To Order A Drink.

You're thirsty for Scotch and water. But if you just say "Scotch and water," you're taking a chance on mediocrity. Say "Ballantine's and water," and you'll get a smooth, mellow, smoky Scotch with a hint of Island peat and a breath of Highland smoke. Your water will taste a lot better, too.



Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky 43% Alc. Vol. (86 proof) © 1989 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc. Los Angeles, CA

Enough Information About Scotch Have A Conversation.

're out on the town with a friend. But
sitate before ordering the same old Scotch.
:ing over the bar, you spot a bottle of
ine's Finest.
m. I haven't had that in a while."
e of the better blends," your friend says.
er one in Europe."
ou order Ballantine's and water.
as 42 different single malts in it," he says.
lly? Does that matter?"
ly if you like your Scotch to be smooth."
take a sip.
s smooth. How come it tastes smoky?"
friend explains, "That's from Highland
nalts in the blend. Taste it again. It has an
flavor, too."
do and it does.
it's peat. From the Scottish islands. See,
lended Scotch, the single malts are married
r to enhance each other. But you can still
ie individual flavors."
ı know too much. How am I supposed to
p with that?"
have time," he says. "Another round?"

Enough Information About Scotch To Open A Distillery.



Aristotle. He would have enjoyed Ballantine's.

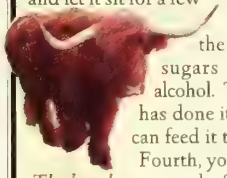
First, you need water. Scotland has more than enough, because it rains so much. And the best, because on its way to the burns and lochs, Scottish water is naturally filtered and purified as it flows through granite or peat.

Second, you need peat. Peat, to put it delicately, is a layer of compressed vegetable matter covering about 1,700,000 acres in Scotland. That's 11% of the entire country. That's a lot of peat. You can taste the peat in a great Scotch like Ballantine's Finest. What you do is cut it into logs and burn it in kilns to stop the malting of your barley.

Third, you need barley. Barley is one of those grains that thrives where you might think only rocks would grow. Which is why it does so well in Scotland. You malt your barley by soaking it in water, then drying it over the peaty fire. Then you grind it, mix in hot water and let it sit for a few hours. Add a little yeast to the liquid and the sugars turn into alcohol. The barley has done its job. You can feed it to cattle.



Some people are cut out to run a distillery. Some aren't.



The handsome Highland cattle.

Fourth, you need cattle. Some of the happiest cattle in the world live in Scotland. (Not to mention some of the best tasting.)

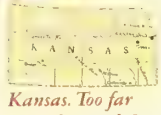
Fifth, you need a still. These are the funny looking copper pots without which there would be no Scotch. It is said that Aristotle invented distillation. But sadly, he never lived to taste a fine Scotch like Ballantine's. After distillation, you have whisky. Which longs for barrels in which to grow old.

Sixth, you need barrels. There aren't many oak trees left in Scotland. At least not enough to age Ballantine's Finest. So you need oak barrels imported from America. Once your Scotch is in the barrels, you need to put them away for a long time.



Save your pennies for a copper still.

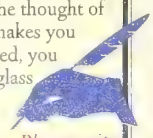
Seventh, it helps to have an ocean. There's a refreshing scent of sea air in a select few of the single malts used in Ballantine's. Some say it creeps into barrels stored near the ocean. In any case, it adds distinction to the Scotch. It may be that Scotland is the best place to make Scotch precisely because there's no point more than 70 miles from the sea. Kansas is not a good place to make Scotch.



Kansas. Too far from the North Sea.

And last, you'll need patience. The only thing left to do is wait. If you want your Scotch to be part of Ballantine's Finest, you'll have to wait quite a while, because we don't blend any malt whisky younger than five years. Patience is essential when starting your own distillery. But, as you've read this far, it would seem that you have a good supply of it.

Whew! If the thought of all this work makes you feel a bit tattered, you might enjoy a glass of Ballantine's Finest. Maybe you don't need your own distillery after all.



Please write. We welcome all letters.



Write to: Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608.

Ballantine's.
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Ballantine's.
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

six years earlier: A previously invisible group was suddenly showcased on the covers of national newsmagazines, examined on television specials, and seized upon by academics. As with the poor, the discovery of the working class brought with it the attention of Hollywood (*The Deer Hunter*, *Blue Collar*, *Saturday Night Fever*, etc.) and of journalists and academics (who produced dozens of articles and books on "work in America" and "the neglected majority").

Then, in the 1980s, the working class dropped from sight. Hollywood, smitten with the Reagan rich, lost interest; and prime-time television has led us to believe that most every family is supported by a doctor-lawyer team. In academia, the decline of the working class has been, if anything, more complete. As a professor friend explained to me, speaking of his academic colleagues, "Class is out of style." Even the Democratic party, supposed ally of the "little guy," has managed to eschew almost all mention of America's growing class inequality—thus helping guarantee, according to some analysts, their ignominious defeats in 1984 and 1988.

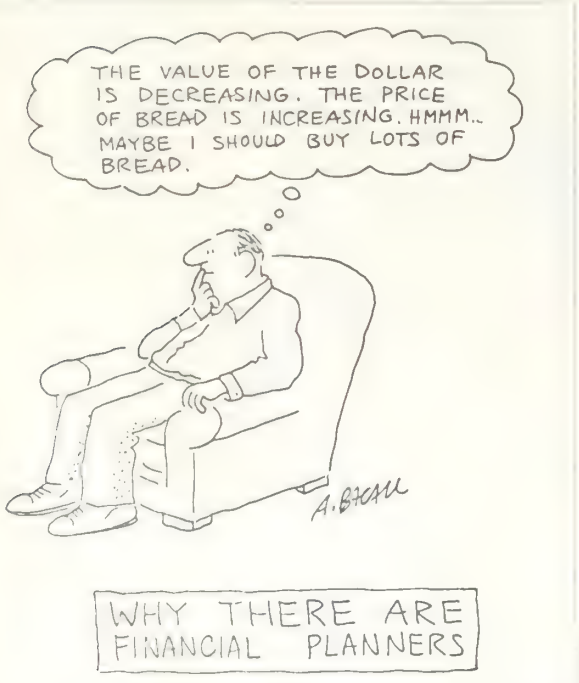
So it is possible for a middle-class person today to read the papers, watch television, even go to college, without suspecting that America has any inhabitants other than white-collar operatives and, of course, the annoyingly persistent "black underclass." The producers of public-affairs talk shows do not blush when they serve up four upper-income professionals (all white, male, and usually conservative) to ponder the minimum wage or the need for national health insurance. Never, needless to say, do we hear from an uninsured breadwinner or an actual recipient of the minimum wage. Working-class people are likely to cross the screen only as witnesses to crimes or sports events, never as commentators or—even when their own lives are under discussion—as "experts."

If anything, the natural solipsism of the professional middle class has increased with the class-polarizing trends of the 1980s. Compared with the situation a decade ago, the classes are less likely to mix in college (with the decline of financial aid), in residential neighborhoods (with the gluttonous rise in real-estate prices), or even in the malls (with the segmentation of the retail industry into upscale and downscale components).

In the absence of real contact or communication, stereotypes march on unchallenged; prejudices easily substitute for knowledge. The most intractable stereotype is of the working class (which is, in the middle-class imagination, only white) as a collection of reactionaries and bigots—as reflected, for example, in the use of the terms *hard hat* and *redneck* as class slurs. (In reality, the working class is consistently *more* liberal than the middle class—in their opinions, voting behavior, and party affiliation.)

Even deeper than the stereotype of the hard-hat bigot lies the middle-class suspicion that the working class is dumb, inarticulate, and mindlessly loyal to archaic values. In the entertainment media, for example, the working class is usually a setting for macho exhibitionism (from *Saturday Night Fever* to, in cameo, *Working Girl*) or mental impairment (*Married . . . With Children*).

Finally, there is the prejudice that grows out of middle-class moralism about matters of taste. All privileged classes seek to differentiate themselves from the less privileged by the ways they dress, eat, and entertain themselves, and tend to see their own choices in these matters as inherently wiser, better, and more aesthetically inspired. For example, in the middle-class stereotype, the white working class is addicted to cigarettes, Budweiser, polyester, and network television. (In part, this is true, because Bud is cheaper than Dos Equis and polyester is cheaper than linen.) Furthermore, in the middle-class view, Budweiser and polyester are "tacky"—a code word for "lower class." Health issues, in addition to a certain reverence for the "natural" in matters of food and fiber, lend these middle-class prejudices a high-minded tone of moral indignation.



From The New York Daily News Magazine.



ree of American history's most eloquent voices, t extraordinary savings:

ake Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams, all for $19.95

(Total pub. price $97.50)

Save $77.55 and discover the fascinating diversity of The Library of America—with no obligation to buy future volumes.



This is a good time for you to take notice of the growing Library of America.

Right now, you can acquire three of its acclaimed volumes for less than the retail price of just one. And what magnificent volumes they are:

nas Jefferson. The most compre- ve one-volume collection ever assem- from the Declaration of Independence ughtful letters from every period life.

amin Franklin. A rich collection of s, articles, satires, and letters, plus the is *Autobiography*, in a new edition on Franklin's own manuscript.

ry Adams. A monumental study of ountry's early years, *History of the U.S. g the Administrations of Thomas son* brims with dramatic nts and provocative insights.



der now and they will be sent , all three volumes, for $19.95. il prices range up to $35 a vol-) Then you may, if you wish, dditional volumes at our sub- r's discounts (as much as 29%), ere's no obligation to do so.

This special offer is our way of introducing you to the unique pleasures of The Library of America. With the support of the National Endowment for the Humanities and major foundations, we've set out to preserve the collected works of America's greatest writers. Works that could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks or cumbersome anthologies—when they could be found at all—are now available in handsome, durable new editions.



Every work is complete, every word as the author intended.

The brilliant fictions of Melville, Hawthorne, and Faulkner, the social comedies of Edith Wharton, the high adventures of Jack London, the haunting power of Poe. All this and more is already published, in scrupulously accurate, unabridged editions. And dozens of exciting new volumes are in preparation. Enjoy the delights of rediscovering old favorites and getting to know long-neglected masterpieces—all in volumes you'll be proud to place on your bookshelves.

For these books are uniformly beautiful: hardbound in natural cloth with bindings sewn, not merely glued, for long life. The paper and printing are of the highest quality, and while each volume holds the equivalent of three or four ordinary books, the elegant, compact design makes Library of America volumes a pleasure to hold and to read.

Great savings, and no obligation ever.

Let us send you *Jefferson, Franklin,* and *Adams*, all for just $19.95, and extend to you our subscriber's privilege: review other volumes and buy only the ones you want, always at a discount; cancel whenever you wish. Mail the coupon today, and see these wonderful books for yourself. For even faster service, credit card holders can use our **toll-free order line: 1-800-321-6640.**

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me three volumes: *Jefferson, Franklin,* and *Adams*. I may keep all three for only $19.95 (total pub. price $97.50) plus $3.50 shipping and handling. Or I will return all three, and thus end the matter. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep them and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling (a substantial savings off the bookstore price). There's never any obligation to buy, and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Bill me at ☐

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard _____

Card No. _____ Exp. date _____

[illegible] per address. Future [illegible] subject to approval. 8HCG

★★★

I do not raise these concerns to instill guilt or to reinstate the working class as the "agent of revolution" in the classical Marxist sense. But I am alarmed by what seems to me to be the growing parochialism of the professional middle class—living in its own social and residential enclaves, condemned to hear only the opinions of its own members (or, of course, of the truly rich), and cut off from the lives and struggles and insights of the American majority. This parochialism is insidiously self-reinforcing: The less "we" know about "them," the more likely "we" are to forget "them" altogether; and the more likely it is that the Democratic party, seeking to address a phantom middle-class majority, will lose its identity—and with it, the party's historically most loyal supporters.

[Narrative]

COMING INTO CLEARCUT

From The Island Within, *by Richard Nelson, published by North Point Press, in Berkeley, California. Nelson is an anthropologist who has lived and worked in Alaska.*

After a long hike, taking the easy routes of deer trails, we move into a stand of shore pine that ends beside a half-overgrown logging road. This is the first sign of human activity since we left camp, and it indicates we're approaching the clearcut valley. The road follows a narrow band of muskeg that has all the delicate loveliness of a Japanese garden, with reflecting ponds and twisted pines in bonsai shapes. Farther on, it cuts through an alder thicket and runs up a steep, forested slope. A dense flock of birds sprays into the high trees, twittering like canaries, hundreds of them, agitated and nervous, moving so quickly they're difficult to hold for long in the binoculars.

After another half-mile, a slot appears in the road ahead. As we approach, it widens to a gateway out of the forest—a sudden, shorn edge where the trees and moss end and where the dark, dour sky slumps down against a barren hillside strewn with slash and decay. Oversize snowflakes blotch against my face and neck, and the breeze chills through me. I look ahead, then look back toward the trees, breathless and anxious, almost wishing I hadn't come.

The road angles into a wasteland of hoary trunks and twisted wooden shards, pitched together in convulsed disarray, with knots of shoulder-high brush pressing in along both sides. Fans of mud and ash splay across the roadway beneath rilled cutbanks. In one place, the lower side has slumped away and left ten feet of culvert hanging in midair, spewing brown water over the naked bank and into a runnel thirty feet below.

Thirty yards into it I realize that moving through a clearcut is unlike anything I've ever tried before. The ground is covered with a nearly impenetrable confusion of branches, roots, sticks, limbs, stumps, blocks, poles, and trunks, in every possible size, all gray and fibrous and rotting, thrown together in a chaotic mass and interwoven with a tangle of brittle bushes.

An astonishing amount of wood was left here to decay, including whole trees, hundreds of them in this one clearcut alone. Some flaw must have made them unusable even for pulp, but they were felled nonetheless, apparently so that the others would be easier to drag out. Not a single living tree above sapling size stands in the thirty or forty acres around me.

I creep over the slippery trunks and crawl beneath them, slip and stumble across gridworks of slash, and worm through close-growing salmonberry, menziesia, and huckleberry. In some places I walk along huge, bridging trunks, but they're slick and perilous, and I risk falling onto a deadly skewer of wood below. By the time we near the top I am strained, sweating, sore, frustrated, and exhausted. It has taken almost an hour to cross a few hundred yards of this crippled land.

A large stump raised six feet above the ground on buttressed roots offers a good lookout. The man who felled this tree cut two deep notches in its base, which I use to clamber on top. It's about five feet in diameter and nearly flat, except for a straight ridge across the center where the cutter left hinge wood to direct the tree's fall. The surface is soggy and checked but still ridged with concentric growth rings. On hands and knees, nose almost touching the wood, using my knife blade as a pointer, I start to count. In a short while, I know the tree died in its 423rd year.

I stand to see the whole forest of stumps. It looks like an enormous graveyard, covered with weathered markers made from the remains of its own dead. Along the slope nearby is a straight line of four stumps lifted on convoluted roots, like severed hands still clasping a nearly vanished mother log. Many of the surrounding stumps are smaller than my platform, but others are as large or larger. A gathering of ancients once stood here. Now it reminds me of a prairie in the last century, strewn with the bleached bones of buffalo. Crowded around the clearcut's edges are tall trees that seem to press forward like curious, bewildered gawkers.

Announcing an enormous improvement in improved-definition television.



Introducing the 52" ID³™ Big-Screen Television.

We came up with an advancement for improved-definition television that was so terrific, we decided to make a big deal out of it.

Namely, our ID-5282S, ID³ Big-Screen Television.

Utilizing 11 megabits of signal processing memory, it combines 3D motion adaptive interpolation and digital Y/C separation.

The result: up to 450 lines of vertical resolution. A 40% improvement.

We've also incorporated the NEC digital noise reduction system. Plus Hall, Matrix and Dolby® Surround Sound.

The 52" ID-5282S from NEC. It takes improved-definition television to new heights.

And widths.

C&C
Computers and Communications

For more information call: (312) 860-0335. NEC Home Electronics (USA) Inc.

NEC





Untitled photographs by Cindy Sherman. These self-portraits will be included in a show of her work at New [illegible] *Cutts's Metro Pictures gallery in January.*

Two centuries ago it would have taken the native people who lived here several days to fell a tree like this one and weeks or months to wedge it into planks. Earlier in this century, the hand loggers could pull their huge crosscut saws through it in a couple of hours. But like the Native Americans before them, they selected only the best trees and left the others. Now I gaze into a valley miles deep, laid bare to its high slopes, with only patches of living timber left between the clearcut swaths.

Where I stand now a great tree once grew. The circles that mark the centuries of its life surround me, and I dream back through them. It's difficult to imagine the beginnings—perhaps a seed that fell from a flurry of crossbills like those I saw a while ago. More difficult still is the incomprehensible distance of time this tree crossed, as it grew from a limber switch on the forest floor to a tree perhaps 150 feet tall and weighing dozens of tons. The man who walked up beside it some twenty years ago would have seemed no more significant than a puff of air on a summer afternoon.

Perhaps thin shafts of light shone down onto the forest floor that day and danced on the velvet moss. I wonder what that man might have thought, as he looked into the tree's heights and prepared to bring it down. Perhaps he thought only about the job at hand, or his aching back, or how long it was until lunch. I would like to believe he gave some consideration to the tree itself, to its death and his responsibilities toward it, as he pulled the cord that set his chainsaw blaring.

The great, severed tree cut an arc across the sky and thundered down through its neighbors, sending a quake deep into the earth and a roar up against the valley walls. And while the tree was limbed and bucked, dozens of other men worked along the clearcut's advancing front, as a steady stream of trucks hauled the logs away.

The clearcut valley rumbled like an industrial city through a full decade of summers, as the island's living flesh was stripped away. Tugs pulled great rafts of logs from Deadfall Bay through tide-slick channels toward the mill, where they were ground into pulp and slurried aboard ships bound for Japan. Within a few months, the tree that took four centuries to grow was transformed into newspapers, read by commuters on afternoon trains, and then tossed away.

I think of the men who worked here, walking down this hill at the day's end, heading home to their families in the camp beside Deadfall Bay. I could judge them harshly indeed and think myself different; but that would be a mistake. The

loggers were people just like me, not henchmen soldiers in a rebel army, their pockets filled with souvenirs. They probably loved working in the woods and found their greatest pleasures in the outdoors.

I once had a neighbor who was a logger all his life, worked in these very clearcuts, and lost most of his hearing to the chainsaw's roar. He was as fine a man as I could hope to meet. And he lived by the conscience of western culture—that the forest is here for taking, in whatever way humanity sees fit.

The decaying stump is now a witness stand, where I pass judgment on myself. I hold few convictions so deeply as my belief that a profound transgression was committed here, by devastating an entire forest rather than taking from it selectively and in moderation. Yet whatever judgment I might make against those who cut it down I must also make against myself. I belong to the same nation, speak the same language, vote in the same elections, share many of the same values, avail myself of the same technology, and owe much of my existence to the same vast system of global exchange. There is no refuge in blaming only the loggers or their industry or the government that consigned this forest to them. The entire society—one in which I take active membership—holds responsibility for laying this valley bare.

I try to take encouragement from the ten-foot hemlock and spruce saplings scattered across the hillside. Interestingly, no tender young have taken root atop the flat stumps and mossless trunks. Some of the fast-growing alders are twenty feet tall, but in winter they add to the feeling of barrenness and death. Their thin, crooked branches scratch against the darkened clouds and rattle in the wind. The whole landscape is like a cooling corpse, with new life struggling up between its fingers. If I live a long time, I might see this hillside covered with the beginnings of a new forest. Left alone for a few centuries, the trees would form a high canopy with scattered openings. Protected from the deep snows of open country, deer would again survive the pinch of winter by retreating into the forest. The whole community of dispossessed animals would return: red squirrel, marten, great horned owl, hairy woodpecker, golden-crowned kinglet, pine siskin, blue grouse, and the seed-shedding crossbills. In streams cleared of sediment by moss-filtered runoff, swarms of salmon would spawn once more, hunted by brown bears who emerged from the cool woods.

There is comfort in knowing another giant tree could replace the one that stood here, even though it would take centuries of unfettered growth. I wish I could sink down into the earth and wait, listen for the bird voices to awaken me, rise from beneath the moss, and find myself sheltered by resplendent boughs. And in this world beyond imagination, such inordinate excesses toward nature will have become unthinkable.

[Journal Entries]

DIARY OF AN EX

From "From a Journal," by Leonard Michaels, in the Spring/Summer issue of Salmagundi. *These entries will be included in a collection of Michaels's work to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

Her voice is flat and coolly distant, so I imagine things aren't over between us.

F. said he ran into his former wife in the street, in New York, and they talked. They talked as if neither of them knew how to say nice to see you, I'm expected somewhere, good-bye, good-bye. They went to a restaurant and ate and talked some more, and they went to her apartment, and they made love. Then she said, "So why did we get divorced?" F. smiled at me and shrugged and said, "See?" as if he were an idiot of circumstances, schlepped into confusion and pain by his cock. "You know how long I was divorced before I remarried?" he asked. "Not three days," he said. I was sad for him and for her. Also for me and her, and her, and her. The feeling widened like circles about a leaf fallen onto the surface of a pond.

Whatever was wrong was wrong from the instant we met, but like kids with big eyes we plunged into eating. Later she said, "I knew it instinctively. I could feel it was wrong." Even then she reached me, her voice speaking—beyond the words—of her. I must have the heart of a dog. I live beneath meaning.

The distance between us is neither long nor short, merely imperishable, like the sentiment in an old song.

J. invited his former wife and her lover, a nice guy with two kids, over to his place for dinner. He cooked a turkey and prepared a garden salad and built a fire, and they sat watching it after dinner, chatting, sipping cognac. His wife and her lover stayed the night. J.'s house is big, lots of extra rooms. He says they talked for hours, but something was wrong. He keeps thinking about it. "I don't know," he says. "Something was wrong." I laugh. He laughs, too, but I can tell he doesn't quite know what's funny.

Afterward, she tells me, she once made love in this bed and it collapsed on her cat, who was asleep underneath, and broke its back. Since then, she says, sex hasn't been the same for her. Then she jumps out of bed and goes to the sink, grabs a knife, and looks at me with a weird smile, her teeth gleaming, chilly as the steel, welcoming me to the wilderness.

Alone you hear yourself chewing and swallowing. You sound like an animal. With company everyone eats, talk obscures the noises in your head, and nobody looks at what you're doing with your mouth or listens to it. In this high blindness and deafness lives freedom. Would I think so if I hadn't left her? I eat standing over the sink.

I went to the supermarket and bought lettuce, bread, eggs, milk, and much else, and carried the sacks out and loaded them into the trunk of the car, and drove to the apartment and cooked dinner and ate, and then did paperwork, writing checks for the monthly bills, and then addressed envelopes and put stamps on them, and then I read until about midnight when the phone rang, but I wouldn't answer it, I knew who it was. I wanted no enchantments. I wanted to wash the dishes. I washed the dishes and put them away, and then I scrubbed the sink until it was completely free of stains and no duty remained, and it was left only to go to bed, masturbate, sleep.

Driving to work I brush my teeth because I am invisible. I locked myself out of my office and my car because I don't exist.
I lost my checkbook and sunglasses because there is nobody who needs them.
I forgot my appointment because nobody wanted to meet me.

We study criminals as if they rob, murder, and rape out of some need to be understood. I also wanted to be understood in my worst dispositions.

[How-to]

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

From a set of editorial guidelines issued by Leisure Books and distributed recently at a writers' conference

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

Torrid but not smutty; *no* multiple rapes—preferably no rapes at all. Spunky heroine whose love for the hero never wavers; he's the only one she makes love with, and she's as passionate as he, though he may have to instruct her in the ways of love, since she's almost invariably "untouched" before he "ignites the flames of passion within her trembling body" (or something like that). Hero is often arrogant, overbearing; heroine often can't stand him at first, but discovers that beneath the surface lies a tender, virile, and experienced lover. It helps if both the heroine and hero have a sense of humor—a certain amount of wit leavens the heavy-breathing passion. Hero and heroine are constantly separated by misunderstandings, jealousy, acts of God, war, etc., but in the end they overcome the barriers between them and Live Happily Ever After.

We *don't* want a heroine who sleeps around or a hero who's sadistic, though if there's a villain or villainess he or she can be as nasty as possible.

Historical background, details of costume, etc., should be accurate; however, we don't want endless descriptions of battles or the political climate of the period or a treatise on nineteenth-century social history. Our readers are much more interested in the trials and tribulations of Our Heroine and her love life than in how many men Napoleon lost at the Battle of Waterloo.

[Video Guide]

THE GOOD PARTS

From The Bare Facts Video Guide 1989, *by Craig Hosoda, published by The Bare Facts, in Santa Clara, California. The guide lists each nude scene in which an actor or actress appears, the character portrayed, and the number of minutes into the movie the scene occurs. According to the guide, a "brief" scene lasts about one second, a "very brief" one lasts less than one second, requiring the use of slow motion, and a "very, very brief" scene requires the use of the pause button in order to view the frame in question. The guide rates the sexiness of scenes that feature women on a scale of 0 to 3 stars; it does not evaluate the male performers.*

DUNAWAY, FAYE

Chinatown (1974)—Evelyn (79 min.). Brief side view of right breast getting out of bed with Jack Nicholson after making love.★

Network (1976)—Diane Christensen (70 min.). Brief left breast twice, taking off clothes in room with William Holden.★

GIVE HARPER'S THIS HOLIDAY

You'll give them something to think about

hances are, you have
: independent thinkers
our holiday gift list.
nds of exceptional curi-
, who are simply not
fied with the insipid
endlessly rehashed news
opinion they receive
the national media.
r these friends—and
veryone who truly loves
ad—a subscription to
per's Magazine is the
l holiday gift.
very month, they'll look
ard to the unique sur-
s of *Harper's*. And—
y month—they'll be
santly reminded of your
ghtfulness and generos-
his holiday season.
rder now and take ad-
age of our special gift
s. Just $18 for the first
cription to *Harper's*, and
for each additional you
r now. (Your own sub-
tion, new or renewal,



may be included at this money-saving rate.)

We'll mail handsome full-color cards announcing each gift, hand-signed as you instruct and timed to arrive for the holidays.

And you need send no money now. We'll be happy to bill you after the holidays, if you prefer.

Now, here's something for *you* to think about. Consider the perfect gift for all those hard-to-please friends on your list, wrapped up in one easy order. No worry, no fuss. No boxes, paper, or ribbon. Just fill out the attached order card or the form below, and you won't have to give your holiday shopping list another thought! Do it today.

HARPER'S
P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305

, I'll wrap up my holiday shopping with *Harper's*. Send a year's subscription to the people whose names appear below. I'll $18 for the first subscription and $15 for each additional subscription I order. (Add $2 postage per subscription for ada, $3 for all other countries. Payment in U.S. dollars only, please.)

#1 Name _____
ess _____
State, Zip _____
Gift Card _____
☐ New ☐ Renewal

#2 Name _____
ess _____
State, Zip _____
Gift Card _____
☐ New ☐ Renewal

My Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

Send me a year's subscription to *Harper's* at this special low rate
☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ bill me later

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date ____
Signature _____

MEM199-Q

Barfly (1987)—Wanda Wilcox (58 min.). Brief upper half of breasts in bathtub talking to Mickey Rourke.★

REED, SALLY

Stay Hungry (1976)—Mary Kay Farnsworth (27 min.). Buns, then very, very brief side view of left breast jumping back into bed. Very fast, everything is a blur, hard to see anything.★

Surrender (1988)—Daisy Morgan (6 min.). In black slip getting up out of bed and washing up in bathroom.

STREEP, MERYL

Silkwood (1984)—Karen Silkwood (24 min.). Very brief glimpse of upper half of left breast when she flashes a co-worker in nuclear-reactor office.★

WINGER, DEBRA

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—Paula Pokrifki (65 min.). Topless, making love with Richard Gere in a motel.★★★

Mike's Murder (1984)—Betty (26 min.). Brief view of left breast in bathtub.★

CRUISE, TOM

All the Right Moves (1983)—Stef (60 min.). Very brief frontal nudity getting undressed in his bedroom with Lea Thompson.

GERE, RICHARD

Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977)—Tony (60 min.). Buns, on Diane Keaton's floor doing pushups, then running around in his jock strap.

American Gigolo (1980)—Julian (39 min.). Buns and frontal nudity, but a long shot, so it's hard to see anything.

QUAID, DENNIS

Innerspace (1987)—Tuck Pendleton (5 min.). Buns, standing naked in the street as taxi drives off with his towel.

The Big Easy (1987)—Remy McSwain (24 min.). Brief buns when Ellen Barkin pulls his underwear down in bed. (51 min.): Buns, putting underwear on after getting out of bed.



From The L.A. Weekly.

[Story]

??? !!!

From "A Question Mark and An Exclamation Point," by Revaz Mishveladze, in The New Soviet Fiction: Sixteen Short Stories. *This collection, compiled by Sergei Zalygin, is published by Abbeville Press. Mishveladze lives in Soviet Georgia. Translated from the Russian by Edythe C. Haber.*

Let no man claim that he knows people. A person can sometimes pull such a stunt that afterward he himself won't be able to make heads or tails of his actions—and somebody else, of course, will understand them even less. Man is an unfathomable, confused, enigmatic creature. Yes, there are the psychologists, who pretend to a knowledge of the psyche; that is, the soul. Only it's empty talk, don't believe them, they don't understand a smidgen about it. Some of them claim that instinct rules man's actions, others insist that reason is the origin of everything, while still others declare it's not just reason but genes. That's how it is. But there are actions, after all, that don't submit to any logic and the motives for which are beyond understanding. But what am I doing talking about other people, trying to fathom others? Let me tell you about myself. And if I am lying even the slightest bit, may my enemy be struck dead.

At the time this incident took place I was just under thirty. It's a well-known fact that at that age a man is no longer a child. I lived upstairs on Uritsky Street—I was renting a room in the cobbler Dzhikia's house and was working in Mtsvanekvavila at a brick factory. It was a tiny

Finally! Foreign-Language Cassettes For People Who Smile A Lot.



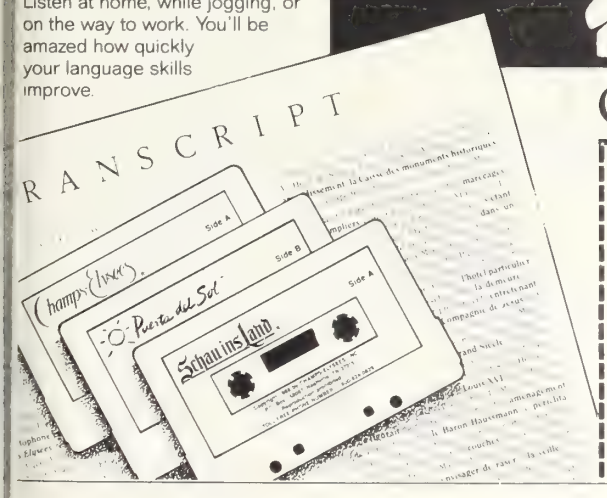
You're in Europe . . . at a restaurant, in a shop, on a train. Someone says something to you (at a speed exceeding 90 miles an hour) and you don't understand a word. Even though you've studied the language, all you can do is smile.

Now there's a way to avoid "language shock." With European-produced audio-magazines from Champs-Elysées Inc., you can dramatically improve your language comprehension and, in the process, fine-tune your accent and enlarge your vocabulary.

Unlike other language cassettes, our audio-magazines are sold by subscription. In lively monthly editions produced by some of Europe's most popular broadcasters, you'll hear the language as it's *really* spoken. Each hour-long program brings you interviews with celebrities and newsmakers, selections of popular music, and conversation about politics, sports, books, movies, art exhibits, places to go, and things to do.

To help you learn as you listen, every edition comes with a word-for-word transcription, including a vocabulary section of difficult words and phrases. Study supplements, priced separately, offer pre- and post-listening exercises.

Listen at home, while jogging, or on the way to work. You'll be amazed how quickly your language skills improve.



Champs-Elysées

La France en cassettes! Whether it's counting the returns in France's legislative elections or counting calories with pastry chef Gaston Lenôtre, top-rated French radio and television personality Georges Lang serves up programs that are upbeat and endlessly fascinating.

—I've subscribed as a means of brushing up on my French prior to travel, and I've found Champs-Elysées *to be absolutely invaluable. I only wish I'd had something like this while I was in school!*
A.M., Reno, Nevada

Schau ins Land

Aktuelles, Kultur und Schlager. Postcard scenery and high-tech industry. Music festivals and anti-nuclear demonstrations. Not to mention countless dialects! Axel Fitzke heads a team of correspondents in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland who examine the vivid contrasts of German-speaking Europe.

—[Schau ins Land] is proving to be the perfect way to maintain and improve my German skills. The way you choose different contributors is excellent. Some of the dialect is really challenging but that's great.
R.L., Evergreen, Colorado

Puerta del Sol™

Su puerta al mundo hispánico. Host Iñaki Gabilondo is undoubtedly Spain's most popular radio and television journalist. In programs that feature numerous interviews with policymakers and trendsetters, he explores the rich traditions and new directions in Spain and Latin America.

—I expected [Puerta del Sol] *to be good; it is far better than I had hoped. Your materials, both tape-recorded and written, are a magnificent accomplishment. . . They combine entertainment with instruction on a world-class level of quality. Iñaki Gabilondo is the epitome of perfect pronunciation and style.*
K.P., Albuquerque, New Mexico

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829
(VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED)

CHAMPS-ELYSEES, *Incorporated*

OUR AUDIOMAGAZINES MAKE GREAT HOLIDAY GIFTS!

This holiday season, give your favorite linguist a fun way to improve his or her foreign-language skills. All of our audiomagazines come with a money-back guarantee: if you're not completely satisfied with your first program, call for a full refund.

To order, clip this coupon and send with check or money order to:
Champs-Elysées, Inc., Dept. HR3
P.O. Box 158067, Nashville, TN 37215-8067

I am ordering:
☐ *Champs-Elysées* (French)
☐ *Schau ins Land* (German)
☐ *Puerta del Sol* (Spanish)

☐ 5 editions ($63) ☐ 11 editions ($109)
☐ Study guide ($20) ☐ Study guide ($44)

Send to
Name _____
Address _____
City / State / Zip _____

little room. I was still a bachelor at the time, and besides, I was short of funds and therefore tried to spend as little as I could.

One fine evening I was sitting by my little tin stove listening to the droning of the wind. It was cold outside, a north wind was kicking up its heels. Suddenly somebody knocked at my door. I opened it and on the threshold stood our police inspector, Morgoshia. A round-faced sort of fellow, thickset, always full of smiles. The two of us had chatted a couple of times. He had shown up for the first time when I had just settled into this room. He wrote down who and what I was, and then we split a jug of *tsolikauri* and parted quite pleased with each other. Since then we have exchanged a very friendly hello whenever we met, and that was all. What kind of business does he have with me? I thought.

Morgoshia opened his folder, pulled out a paper, and silently held it out to me. "What's the matter?" I said. "A neighbor has a complaint." Which neighbor could it be, what neighbor, whom did I offend, and how? I live quietly, peaceably, like a bug in a rug.

What do you think I was accused of?

Beyond the wall, in the other, neighboring half of the house, there lived a certain Ucha Chumburidze. A solitary man like me. At that time he must have been a little over fifty. He was a squat, stout man with a big head and an immense birthmark on his forehead. He was a hatter, it seems. He rarely went out of the house. As long as I had lived there, I hadn't spoken to him once. I had nothing to do with him, nor he with me. Besides, the entrance to that half of the house was on another street, although we shared an inner courtyard. Chumburidze's complaint against me said that such and such (it turned out that he knew both my first and last name and where I worked!) climbs up to the attic in the middle of the night, crawls across to my side, moves aside the attic trapdoor, and looks into my room from there. I ask you to ascertain, he addressed the police, what he wants from me.

"What, are all his screws loose or something?" I asked Morgoshia. "All I've got to worry about is looking at his birthmark, and for that I even climb up to the attic, right? Come on, what nonsense!"

Nevertheless, Morgoshia examined my room, then went out to the gallery and stared at the ceiling. "Where is the exit to the attic?" he asked. "How should I know?" I said, frowning. "What would I be doing in the attic? Am I a chimney sweep? That half-wit Chumburidze makes up heaven knows what, and you, Morgoshia, get it into your head to check me out for real, is that it?" "Why no," he said. "I have to look into this business so that I can explain to the man that he was dreaming."

So he and I went down to the courtyard. An iron staircase there ran along the blank brick wall of the house to the garret roof. To tell the truth, I hadn't even noticed it before, that staircase. So it meant that in such freezing cold, at night, I was supposed to have gone out into the courtyard, climbed the iron staircase to the roof—in the dark, mind you—made my way along the tin gutter to Chumburidze's attic, crept in there, found the trapdoor, moved it aside, and contemplated the hatter's blackhead-speckled, idiotic face!

Morgoshia, like a tried-and-true detective, examined everything in detail and, with me at his side, clambered up to the attic, lighting the way with his flashlight. And after convincing himself that no one had set foot there, not only in the past few days but even in the past few years (the dust all around was a finger thick), he and I silently climbed back down.

"The devil take that Chumburidze," he muttered when we were at last standing on the ground. "Making us swallow all that dust! All I need are his fantasies! Well, all right, go ahead and get a good night's sleep. I'll unscramble his brains for him, I'll show him what it means to make up some cock-and-bull story about a person."

After bidding me good night, Morgoshia went out on the street, rounded our courtyard, and went in Chumburidze's gate. Later, as I was about to go to bed, I suddenly heard loud voices. I opened my window and listened.

"You should see a doctor, a doctor!" Morgoshia said, exasperated.

"I don't need to see a doctor! You're barking up the wrong tree! You better quit making such statements, or else you'll be stripped of your rank!" Ucha said, not giving in.

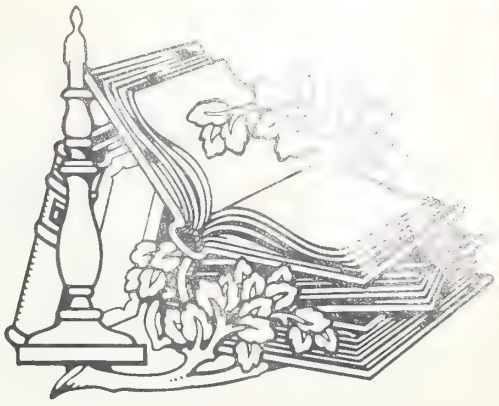
Morgoshia stood in the middle of the courtyard. "You leave him in peace, he has troubles enough of his own without having to deal with your fantasies. He doesn't have anything to do with your ceiling." And, having answered him very reasonably, the inspector left.

The next morning I went to work as usual, and, to tell the truth, I forgot about the incident, not having attached much importance to it. Well, I thought, it happens, a person imagines some absurd thing; maybe he was in a bad mood or what have you. The hell with him.

One day passed; the second day nothing happened either. On the third, as soon as it grew dark, Morgoshia appeared again.

"We just barely calmed your neighbor down," he said. "He came this afternoon and claimed you peeped in at him twice yesterday from the

Religion and the Life of the Intellect



In many intellectual circles the myth still irculates that religion is the preserve of the dim-itted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New 'ork Times Magazine* carried an article on the return to religion" among intellectuals. From larvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people enerally, there's an undeniable renewal of inter-st in the questions traditional religion raises and eeks to answer. This fascination is largely a re-ult of the failures of secular substitutes for reli-ion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technologi-al utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist polit-:al ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying an-wers to the truly significant puzzles in life: oodness, suffering, love, death, and the mean-ng of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious enaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of og-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or su-erpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from orking for peace, justice, or human dignity. ather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke lshtain put it, religious commitment "can help urther social reform," and that religion can sup-ly the ethical bedrock upon which to make po-tical choices which are far more durable than hose based on passing ideologies and enthus-asms. Nor does the new openness to religion sig-ify a hostility to science, but rather an apprecia-ion of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article dis-cussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading to-day's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly in-terested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoef-fer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dor-othy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Lech Walesa, Mar-tin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Simone Weil, Flan-nery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Cath-olics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Mar-tin E. Marty as "lively," by Berkeley's John T. Noonan Jr. as "indispensable," and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky."

Those who write for us — Robert N. Bellah, J.M. Cameron, John Lukacs, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Robert Coles, Christopher Lasch, Walker Percy, and others — express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and heart. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. If you're keen on intellectual ferment and the life of the mind and spirit, subscribe today!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 524
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

AME (Please print or type)

REET ADDRESS

TY STATE ZIP CODE

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

ceiling. I was about to pipe up about visions and dreams, but he flew into such a rage. 'You,' he said, 'think I'm crazy, a psycho, but he and I'—he meant you—'looked at each other yesterday just like we are doing right now. What does he want from me, what's he staring at me for? If I'm a psycho,' he said, 'why don't I imagine other things, why don't I attack people on the street, huh? This is already the fourth night that he's been gawking into my room from the ceiling. He doesn't give me a moment's peace.' Then I said to him, 'Board up that damn door and that'll be the end of it, you'll get some peace.' 'I already boarded it up,' he said, 'and he tore it off! How can I get rid of him—it's beyond me!' 'But he's not a bird, you know, he can't fly,' I said. 'So how come he doesn't leave any footprints anywhere?' But there's no way of getting through to Chumburidze, he keeps repeating the same thing until you could burst," Morgoshia related rapidly, almost gasping, with bulging eyes and inflated cheeks.

"What in the world should I do now?"

"Write that Chumburidze is slandering you, that the thought of climbing up to his attic never even crossed your mind, that your attitude toward him is good, neighborly. That you harbor no evil against him in head or heart, and that for the entire time you've been living here you haven't said as much as a nasty word to each other," Morgoshia advised me.

I wrote down everything just as he said. Morgoshia took my statement and left. And I got into bed without eating supper, thinking that if I didn't come up with some course of action the next day, that raving Chumburidze would have me under his thumb once and for all.

And it was at that very moment that the inexplicable and improbable thing happened inside me, which is the reason I've been telling you this story in the first place.

I was lying down, and sleep didn't come. I wasn't even getting drowsy. I was tossing and turning. And Chumburidze's sour puss with its swollen eyes and that birthmark on his forehead loomed before me.

What does he want from me? I thought. Why is he pestering me and spreading all that nonsense to boot? There's no doubt about it, he is imagining something, but what does it have to do with me? And what if I went to him right now and said, "Let's talk things over man to man, without any ifs, ands, or buts. What do you have against me, why have you blackened my name?" But what if he decides that I've come to attack him and lets out a scream or, worse still, lands me one on the head with a stick? What if I make a complaint against him, say he's slandering me? I'd like to know what that screwball hatter does at night, why's he so afraid of somebody seeing him. No, there's definitely something shady going on, no two ways about it. As for me, for instance, I don't care, go ahead and peep in at me if you want. It doesn't worry me at all. I wonder if he's sleeping now or not. Most likely he's sitting and gaping at the ceiling. What if I really did peep in on him—what would his expression be then?

I don't remember how I jumped out of bed and got dressed, how I went out into the courtyard. I was driven by an irresistible urge to peep from the ceiling into Ucha Chumburidze's room, to see his bewildered face and find out what it was he did nights. With great difficulty I climbed up the iron staircase, crawled as stealthily as a cat across the garret to Chumburidze's half of the roof, made my way into the attic, gropingly found the trapdoor, and, the very instant I moved it aside, encountered the bulging eyes of the crazed hatter and heard an inhuman howl:

"Morgoshia, save me!"

"I'm here!" barked Morgoshia almost right above my ear, whereupon Ucha cried in a triumphant voice:

"What, am I imagining things now too? Are you going to say I'm dreaming again?"

Then steps began to stomp and rumble about in the attic, a flashlight shone on my back, and I heard Morgoshia say:

"Don't move or I'll shoot!"

After a short pause the inspector declared peremptorily:

"Climb out on the roof and go down the staircase. I'll be waiting for you below."

Only when I was climbing down the staircase, ashamed and disheartened, did it occur to me what a mess I had made. Until then some mysterious, insuperable force had been guiding me.

I was greeted below by Morgoshia, my landlord's entire large family, Chumburidze with a cast-iron frying pan in his hands, and a police car.

My first testimony turned out to be so confused, tangled, and inconsistent that the Lord God Himself couldn't have made sense of what I had wanted in the attic. Then somebody took pity and prompted me: Say it was a joke, that you just wanted to give him a good scare. To make a long story short, my case was turned over to a comrades' court. I was fined fifty rubles and had to sign a statement that from then on I would never allow myself any "jokes" of that kind.

It was out of the question, of course, for me to go on living in that house. The very next day I gathered my belongings and settled my account with the landlord. I bade farewell to the brick factory and moved to Tkibuli. ■



MAY ALL YOUR HOLIDAYS BE GRAND.

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-CHEER-UP.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1988 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.





Braque in Picasso's studio in Paris, c. 1911

Picasso wearing Braque's uniform, c.



They Made An Odd Pair, These Two Young Artists. Together, They Changed Forever The Way We See.

Each evening they would meet, the volatile Spaniard and the austere Parisian, to pour out ideas they would share with no one else. By day, the studios of Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque exploded with images like none ever seen before: complex, fragmented, and disconcerting. *Cubism*, it was called. And it swept through 20th-century art like a fire.

Now, an astonishing new exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art re-creates the unique collaboration of Braque and Picasso as it unfolded in the seven years before World War I.

Assembled here for the first time are 390 Cubist works, many new to American eyes. Arranged season by season, these images follow the march of two pioneers into uncharted territory that is still being explored today.

This remarkable show is itself a creative partnership between The Museum of Modern Art and Philip Morris Companies Inc., whose people have an eye for original ideas in many fields. In Enterprise as well as the Arts.

Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism will be shown only at The Museum of Modern Art in New York and is on view through January 16th.

A new videocassette: New Ways Of Seeing brings Picasso, Braque, and the Cubist revolution to life on VHS. To order at $19.95, call 1-800-PM CUBISM (1-800-762-8247)

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

Philip Morris USA • Philip Morris International Inc.
Kraft General Foods • Miller Brewing Company
Mission Viejo Company



Reserve Your Seat Now For 52 Weeks Of The Saint Louis Symphony.

As long as you have a radio, you have a ticket to one of the most dynamic seasons of the Saint Louis Symphony. Not to mention one of the longest.

Starting this fall, National Public Radio will bring you a full year's worth of weekly concerts. You'll hear the world's greatest music, from Beethoven to Bernstein. From the classics, to some of the innovative new composers you've come to expect from the Saint Louis Symphony.

So check with your local NPR station. Reserve your seat. And make it a comfortable one.

You could be there 52 weeks.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support the series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

A POLITICAL OPIATE

The war on drugs is a folly and a menace

By Lewis H. Lapham

If President Bush's September address to the nation on the topic of drugs can be taken as an example of either his honesty or his courage, I see no reason why I can't look forward to hearing him declare a war against cripples, or one-eyed people, or red geraniums. It was a genuinely awful speech, rooted at the beginning in a lie, directed at an imaginary enemy, sustained by false argument, proposing a policy that already had failed, playing to the galleries of prejudice and fear. The first several sentences of the speech established its credentials as a fraud. "Drugs," said Bush, "are sapping our strength as a nation." "The gravest domestic threat facing our nation," said Bush, "is drugs." "Our most serious problem today," said Bush, "is cocaine." None of the statements meets the standards either of minimal analysis or casual observation. The government's own figures show that the addiction to illegal drugs troubles a relatively small number of Americans, and the current generation of American youth is the strongest and healthiest in the nation's history.[1]

In the sixth paragraph of his speech, the President elaborated his fraud by holding up a small plastic bag, as distastefully as if he were holding a urine specimen. "This is crack cocaine," he said, "seized a few days ago by Drug Enforcement Administration agents in a park just across the street from the White House. It could easily have been heroin or PCP." But since nobody, ever, has been known to sell any kind of drug in Lafayette Park, it couldn't possibly have been heroin or PCP. The bag of cocaine wasn't anything other than a stage prop: The DEA was put to considerable trouble and expense to tempt a dealer into the park in order to make the arrest at a

[1] *In 1983, for the first time since anybody began keeping records, the death rate among youths aged fifteen to twenty-four dropped below 100 in 100,000. The truth of the statistic should be apparent to anyone who has taken the trouble to look at the crowd in the stands during a televised broadcast of a college football game.*

The war on drugs is a political war, waged not by scientists and doctors but by police officers and politicians

time and place convenient to the President's little dramatic effect.

Bush's speechwriters ordered the staging of the "buy" because they wan ed to make a rhetorical point about the dark and terrible sea of drugs was ing up on the innocent, sun-dappled lawns of the White House. The s was difficult to arrange because the drug dealer in question had never hea of Lafayette Park, didn't know how to find the place on a map, a couldn't imagine why anybody would want to make such complicated tra el arrangements in order to buy rocks of low-grade crack.

Two days later, confronted by the press with the mechanics of his sleig of hand, Bush said, "I don't understand. I mean, has somebody got sor advocates here for this drug guy?" The surprised and petulant tone of h question gave away the nature of the political game that he was playin playing on what he assumed was the home field of the nation's best-lov superstitions. After seven months in office, he had chosen to make his fi televised address on a topic that he thought was as safe as mother and t undesecrated flag. He had politely avoided any and all of the "serious pro lems facing our nation today" (the deficit, say, or the environment, or t question of race) and he had done what he could to animate a noncontr versial platitude with a good visual. He expected people to be supporti and nice.

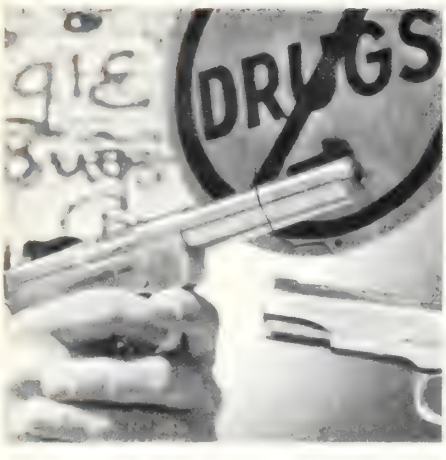
Apparently it never occurred to him that anybody would complain abo his taking a few minor liberties with the facts. Nor did he seem to noti that he had seized upon the human suffering implicit in the drug trade as occasion for a shabby political trick. He had exploited exactly the sar device in his election campaign by transforming the image of Willie Ho ton, a black convict who committed violent crimes after being released furlough from a Massachusetts prison, into a metaphor for all the worl wickedness. I can imagine his speechwriters explaining to him that the w on drugs was nothing more than Willie Horton writ large.

The premise of the war is so patently false, and the hope for victo so obviously futile, that I can make sense of it only by asking the rheto cal question *cui bono?* Who stands to gain by virtue Bush's lovely little war, and what must the rest of us pay tribute?

The question is a political one. But, then, the war on drugs is a poli cal war, waged not by scientists and doctors but by police officers and po ticians. Under more fortunate circumstances, the prevalence of drugs American society—not only cocaine and heroin and marijuana but al alcohol and tobacco and sleeping pills—would be properly addressed as public-health question. The American Medical Association classifies dr addiction as a disease, not as a crime or a moral defeat. Nor is addicti contagious, like measles and the flu. Given the folly and expense of the w on drugs (comparable to the folly and expense of the war in Vietnam) expect that the United States eventually will arrive at some method of d criminalizing the use of all drugs. The arguments in favor of decriminali tion seem to me irrefutable, as do the lessons of experience taught by t failed attempt at the prohibition of alcohol.[2]

But for the time being, as long as the question remains primarily poli cal, the war on drugs serves the purposes of the more reactionary intere within our society (i.e., the defenders of the imagined innocence of a no existent past) and transfers the costs of the war to precisely those indivi uals whom the promoters of the war say they wish to protect. I find difficult to believe that the joke, although bitter, is unintended.

To politicians in search of sound opinions and sustained applause, t



[2]Harper's Magazine *over the past twenty years has published a fair number of articles a essays arguing the brief for the decriminalization of drugs. For the interested reader w wishes to pursue the subject with more-current writers, I recommend Ethan A. Nad mann in the Spring 1988* Foreign Policy *and the interview with Arnold Trebach in l summer's* New Perspectives Quarterly.

Illustrations by Victoria K

on drugs presents itself as a gift from heaven. Because the human crav- for intoxicants cannot be suppressed—not by priests or jailers or acts of ngress—the politicians can bravely confront an allegorical enemy rath- han an enemy that takes the corporeal form of the tobacco industry, or the Chinese, or the oil and banking lobbies.[3] The war against drugs vides them with something to say that offends nobody, requires them to nothing difficult, and allows them to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, more urgent and specific questions about the state of the nation's ools, housing, employment opportunities for young black men—i.e., conditions to which drug addiction speaks as a tragic symptom, not a se. They remain safe in the knowledge that they might as well be de- ncing Satan or the rain, and so they can direct the voices of prerecord- olame at metaphors and apparitions who, unlike Senator Jesse Helms his friends at the North Carolina tobacco auctions, can be transformed demonic spirits riding north across the Caribbean on an evil wind. e war on drugs thus becomes the perfect war for people who would rather fight a war, a war in which the politicians who stand so fearlessly on the of the good, the true, and the beautiful need do nothing else but strike le poses as protectors of the people and defenders of the public trust. heir cynicism is implicit in the arithmetic. President Bush in his Sep- ber speech asked for $7.9 billion to wage his "assault on every front" of drug war, but the Pentagon allots $5 billion a year to the B-2 pro- m—i.e., to a single weapon. Expressed as a percentage of the federal lget, the new funds assigned to the war on drugs amount to .065 per- t. Nor does the government offer to do anything boldly military about the legal drugs, principally alcohol and tobacco, that do far more damage to the society than all the marijuana and all the cocaine ever smuggled into Florida or California.[4]

The war on dr
war in which the politicians
need do nothing
noble poses as protectors
of the people and defenders
of the public trust

The drug war, like all wars, sells papers, and the media, like the poli- ans, ask for nothing better than a safe and profitable menace. The cam- gn against drugs involves most of the theatrical devices employed by *mi Vice*—scenes of crimes in progress (almost always dressed up, for cious effect, with the cameo appearances of one or two prostitutes), lodramatic villains in the Andes, a vocabulary of high-tech military jar- as reassuring as the acronyms in a Tom Clancy novel, the specter of a zed lumpenproletariat rising in revolt in the nation's cities.

Like camp followers trudging after an army of crusader knights on its way erusalem, the media have in recent months displayed all the garish col- of the profession. Everybody who was anybody set up a booth and of- d his or her tears for sale—not only Geraldo and Maury Povich but , in much the same garish language, Dan Rather (on *48 Hours*), Ted ppel (on *Nightline*), and Sam Donaldson (on *Prime Time Live*). In the six ks between August 1 and September 13, the three television networks nbined with the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* to produce 347 orts from the frontiers of the apocalypse—crack in the cities, cocaine in suburbs, customs agents seizing pickup trucks on the Mexican border, ugglers named Julio arriving every hour on the hour at Key West.

Most of the journalists writing the dispatches, like most of the colum- ts handing down the judgments of conscience, knew as much about ck or heroin or cocaine as they knew about the molecular structure of

en governments with all the means of fascist repression at their command cannot force han nature into the molds made for prime-time television comedy. In Turkey in the teenth century, the authorities slit the nostrils of anybody caught smoking cigarettes. rist Russia punished the crime of smoking with death. Although I suspect that both ishments might be heartily endorsed by certain members of the Bush administration, her of them eliminated the use of tobacco.

1988, American hospitals counted 3,308 deaths attributed to cocaine, as opposed to ,000 deaths in some way attributable to the use of tobacco and 100,000 deaths directly ted to the excessive use of alcohol.

The story of the drug war plays to the prejudices of an audience only too eager to believe the worst that can be said about people whom they would rather not know

the moons of Saturn. Their ignorance didn't prevent them from coming t the rescue of their own, and the President's, big story. On *World New Tonight* a few days after the President delivered his address, Peter Jennings in a tone of voice that was as certain as it was silly (as well as being charac teristic of the rest of the propaganda being broadcast over the other ne works), said, "Using it even once can make a person crave cocaine for long as they [*sic*] live."

So great was the media's excitement, and so determined their efforts drum up a paying crowd, that hardly anybody bothered to question th premises of the drug war, and several of the more senior members of th troupe took it upon themselves to write diatribes against any dissent fro the wisdom in office. A. M. Rosenthal, on the op-ed page of the *New Yo Times*, denounced even the slightest show of tolerance toward illegal dru as an act of iniquity deserving comparison to the defense of slavery. W liam Safire, also writing in the *New York Times*, characterized any arg ment against the war on drugs as an un-American proof of defeatism Without notable exception, the chorus of the big media tuned its instru ments to the high metallic pitch of zero tolerance, scorned any truth th didn't echo their own, and pasted the smears of derision on the foreheads the few people, among them Milton Friedman and William Buckley, who had the temerity to suggest that perhaps th war on drugs was both stupid and lost.

The story of the drug war plays to the prejudices of an audience or too eager to believe the worst that can be said about people whom th would rather not know. Because most of the killing allied with the dr trade takes place in the inner cities, and because most of the people arre ed for selling drugs prove to be either black or Hispanic, it becomes re tively easy for white people living in safe neighborhoods to blur t distinction between crime and race. Few of them have ever seen an add or witnessed a drug deal, but the newspapers and television networks ke showing them photographs that convey the impression of a class war, a those among them who always worried about driving through Harlem (fear of being seized by gangs of armed black men) or who always wished th they didn't feel quite so guilty about the socioeconomic distance betwe East 72nd Street and West 126th Street can comfort themselves, finally, long last, and with a clear conscience, with the thought that poverty another word for sin, that their BMW is a proof of their virtue, and th they or, more likely, their mothers were always right to fear the lo classes and the darker races.

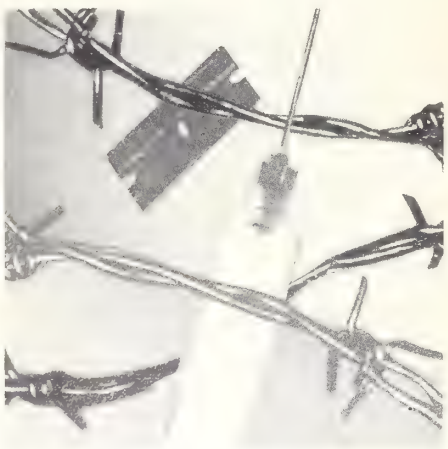
As conditions in the slums deteriorate, which they inevitably m because the government subtracts money from the juvenile-justice a housing programs to finance its war on drugs, the slums come to look j the way they are supposed to look in the suburban imagination, confirm the fondest suspicions of the governing and possessing classes, justifying t further uses of force and repression. The people who pay the price for t official portrait turn out to be (wonder of wonders) not the members the prosperous middle class—not the journalists or the academic theori not the politicians and government functionaries living behind hedge Maryland and Virginia—but (mirabile dictu) the law-abiding residents the inner cities living in the only neighborhoods that they can afford

It is in the slums of New York that three people, on average, get kil every day—which, over the course of a year, adds up to a higher casu rate than pertains in Gaza and the West Bank; it is in the slums that drug trade recruits children to sell narcotics, which is not the result of digenous villainy but of the nature of the law; it is in the slums that the d trade has become the exemplary model of finance capitalism for child aspiring to the success of Donald Trump and Samuel Pierce; and it is in slums that the police experiment with the practice of apartheid, oblig residents of housing projects to carry identity cards and summarily evict

residents of apartment houses tainted by the presence of drug dealers.[5]
o the extent that the slums can be seen as the locus of the nation's
edness (i.e., a desolate mise-en-scène not unlike the Evil Empire that
ald Reagan found in the Soviet Union), the crimes allied with the drug
ic can be classified as somebody else's moral problem rather than one's
social or political problem. The slums become foreign, alien nations
he other side of the economic and cultural frontiers. The deliberate
usion of geography with metaphysics turns out, again to nobody's sur-
, to be wonderfully convenient for the sponsors of the war on drugs.
politicians get their names in the papers, the media have a story to
and the rest of us get off the hooks that otherwise might impale us on
questions of conscience or the obligation of higher taxes. In New York
week, I overheard a woman in an expensive restaurant say that she
't understand why the government didn't arrange to put "arsenic or
ething" in a seized shipment of cocaine. If the government (or "the
CIA or the FBI or whoever does that sort of thing") allowed
the poisoned cocaine to find its way back onto the streets,
then "pretty soon we'd be rid of the whole damn thing."

f the folly of the war on drugs could be understood merely as a lesson
olitical cynicism, or simply as an example of the aplomb with which the
l media can play upon the sentiments of a mob, maybe I would rest
ent with a few last jokes about the foolishness of the age. But the war
rugs also serves the interests of the state, which, under the pretext of
ing people from incalculable peril, claims for itself enormously en-
ed powers of repression and control.
n opinion poll conducted during the week following President Bush's
ember address showed 62 percent of the respondents "willing to give
me freedoms" in order to hold America harmless against the scourge
rugs. The government stands more than willing to take them at their
l. The war on drugs becomes a useful surrogate for the obsolescent Cold
, now fading into the realm of warm and nostalgic memory. Under the
liar rubrics of constant terror and ceaseless threat, the government sub-
s as much as possible from the sum of the nation's civil liberties and
oses de facto martial law on a citizenry that it chooses to imagine as a
gerous rabble.
nybody who doubts this point has only to read the speeches of William
nett, the commander-in-chief of the Bush administration's war on
s. Bennett's voice is the voice of an intolerant scold, narrow and shrill
mean-spirited, the voice of a man afraid of liberty and mistrustful of
om. He believes that it is the government's duty to impose on people a
anical code of behavior best exemplified by the discipline in place at
nheated boarding school. He never misses the chance to demand more
e, more jails, more judges, more arrests, more punishments, more peo-
serving more millennia of "serious time."
eading Bennett's speeches, I am reminded of the Ayatollah Khalkhali,
inted by the authorities in Iran to the office of executioner without
folio. Khalkhali was blessed with the power to order the death of any-
whom he found in the company of drugs, and within a period of seven
s he killed 176 people. Still he failed to suppress the use of opium, and
id, "If we wanted to kill everybody who had five grams of heroin, we
ld have to kill 5,000 people." And then, after a wistful pause, he said,
d this would be difficult."

William Bennett's voice is that of an intolerant scold, narrow and shrill and mean-spirited, the voice of a man mistrustful of freedom



government's own statistics indicate that the middle classes no longer recognize the problem as one of their own. Doing lines of cocaine hasn't been hip for at least five , and among college and high school students, the use of drugs has declined markedly the same period of time. In fact, the number of current cocaine users has gone down 5.8 million in 1985 to 2.9 million in 1988. A July poll conducted by the mayor's in Washington, D.C., showed that the white residents in town worried more about les than about cocaine.

President Bush offers the nation the chance to deny its best principles, to corrupt its magistrates, to repudiate its civil liberties. The deal is as shabby as his trick with the bag of cocaine

In line with Hanson's and the narcotics politicians of both parties' sound bites and sermons and harsher laws as well as the right to [illegible] almost everybody's property, to search, without a warrant, almost anybody's automobile or boat, to break the rules of evidence, lure police agents to attach, again without a warrant, the wires of electronic surveillance. [illegible] many obviously the enforcement of the law calls to accomplish its most purpose (i.e., as more drugs become more accessible at cheaper prices) [illegible] more reasons the Supreme Court finds to warrant the invasion of priv[illegible] In recent years, the Court has granted police increasingly autocratic [illegible] ers—permission (without probable cause) to stop, detain, and [illegible] travelers passing through the nation's airports in whom the police can [illegible] resemblance to a drug dealer; permission (again without probable caus[illegible] search barns, stop motorists, inspect bank records, and tap phones.

The polls suggest that a majority of the American people accept these [illegible] wise as right and proper. Of the respondents questioned by an ABC [illegible] two-day poll in September, 55 percent opposed mandatory drug testing [illegible] Americans, 82 percent favored enlisting the military in the war on drugs, [illegible] percent were willing to have their homes searched, and 83 percent fav[illegible] reporting suspected drug users to the police, even if the suspects happened t[illegible] members of their own family. In October, Newsweek took note of an inci[illegible] torn in progress in Clayton, Iowa. The local paper had taken to printing co[illegible] coupons that said, "I've had enough of drugs in my neighborhood. I h[illegible] reason to believe that (blank) is using/dealing drugs." The [illegible] per collected the coupons for the town police, who reported [illegible] response as "excellent."

The enforcement of more and stricter laws requires additional ti[illegible] expensive government, and of the $7.9 billion that President Bush all[illegible] to the war on drugs in September, the bulk of the money swells the bu[illegible] of the fifty-eight federal agencies and seventy-four congressional com[illegible] tees currently engaged, each with its own agenda and armies to fee[illegible] various fronts of the campaign. Which doesn't mean, of course, tha[illegible] money will be honestly, or even intelligently, spent. As was demonstr[illegible] all too plainly by the Reagan administration (cf. the sums misappropr[illegible] from HUD and the Pentagon), the government has a talent for theft [illegible] fraud barely distinguishable from the criminal virtuosity of the drug sy[illegible] cates it wishes to destroy.

Even so, and notwithstanding its habitual incompetence and greed [illegible] government doesn't lightly relinquish the spoils of power seized under[illegible] pretexts of apocalypse. What the government grasps, the government s[illegible] to keep and hold. The militarization of the rhetoric supporting the wa[illegible] drug[illegible] the public debate with a corrosive silence. The political weat[illegible] turns gray and pinched. People who become accustomed to the arbi[illegible] intrusions of the police also learn to speak more softly in the presen[illegible] political authority, to bow and smile and fill out the printed forms with [illegible] cowed obsequiousness of musicians playing waltzes at a Mafia weddin[illegible]

And for what? To punish people desperate enough or foolish enoug[illegible] poison themselves with drugs? To exact vengeance on people afflicted [illegible] the sickness of addiction and who, to their grief and shame, can find [illegible] other way out of the alleys of their despair?

As a consequence of President Bush's war on drugs, society gains not [illegible] except immediate access to an unlimited fund of resentment and unspe[illegible] rage. In return for so poor a victory, and in the interests of the kin[illegible] people who would build prisons instead of schools, Bush offers the n[illegible] the chance to deny its best principles, to corrupt its magistrates and en[illegible] its most vicious and efficient criminals, to repudiate its civil liberties [illegible] repent of the habits of freedom. The deal is as shabby as President Bu[illegible] trick with the bag of cocaine. For the sake of a vindictive policem[illegible] dream of a quiet and orderly heaven, the country risks losing its cons[illegible] tional right to its soul.



Consider The News From A Whole New Perspective.

Journey beyond the head-
es to a world of news
d knowledge on National
blic Radio's All Things
nsidered.
Whether it's a superpower
mmit or an expedition to
e top of Mount Everest . . .
e give each story something that's missing from most news broadcasts . . . time.

The time we take makes All Things Considered a different kind of news . . . refreshingly intelligent and insightful . . . with commentary that challenges and ideas that energize.

Take a journey through today's news . . .

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

We Think You'll Find The Difference Considerable.

Check local listings for your public radio station or call NPR at (202) [illegible]

National Public Radio® News

- 7,000 Character Memory
- 16 Character Display
- Spell-Right® 50,000 Word Electronic Dictionary
- Correcting Cassette
- Right Ribbon System™
- WordFind™
- List
- Full-Line Correction
- WordEraser®
- Auto Half-Space
- Auto Center/Return
- Relocate
- Auto Underscore
- End of Page Warning
- Dual Pitch
- Bi-Directional Print
- Stop Codes
- Battery Back-Up
- Bold Print
- Forward/Reverse Index
- Keyboard II

Everything. For next to nothing.

Leave it to Smith Corona to come up with a typewriter that offers all these sophisticated features at a very unsophisticated price.

Features that give you word processing capabilities like Display and Memory. So you can edit, revise and make your work letter-perfect. The Spell-Right® 50,000 word Dictionary makes sure that your spelling's perfect, too. There's even an exclusive fumble-free Correcting Cassette for quicker, easier correcting tape changes.

The Smith Corona SD 650. Now you can have it all without having to spend it all.

SMITH CORONA®
TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY AT YOUR TOUCH™

For more information on this product write to Smith Corona Corporation, 65 Locust Avenue, New Canaan, CT 06840 or Smith Corona Canada 440 Tapscott Road Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1B 1Y4.



IN DARKEST HOLLYWOOD

At the Academy Awards: voices, vanity, vertigo

By Stanley Elkin

At the Academy Awards, the entrance to the Shrine Civic Auditorium is flanked by four giant Oscars quite, or so it seems to me, like sullen, art deco Nazis. Set maybe a hundred feet back from these, two temporary grandstands have been constructed for three thousand or so fans—day of the locust types, extras, all the tribal, representative legions who come to these things, drawn, it could almost be, by the limousines themselves, gleaming cream-colored packages of celebrity.

◆

Maybe because Galati never returned my calls or that I couldn't get into Swifty Lazar's private party at Spago for a few hundred of his friends. Or, first things first, putting, as it were, the horse before the cart, because off my turf (those few or so blocks of Washington University campus and the several more of proximal neighborhood where I've lived almost thirty years now like something deposited in the fossil record) *I am essentially cloutless, this pushing sixty geriatric babe, out of my element, in over my head.* I wait while Joan assembles the wheelchair stashed in the trunk of the cab before I even try to get out. But that's the point of these exercises, yes? The upstairs/downstairs, city mouse/country mouse, cattleman/farmer liaisons—all the slicker/rube relationships. Why, it's practically science fiction, journalism is, or this *kind* of journalism anyway, the refractive we-go-there or they-come-here displacements. Reactive chemistry just one more bankable myth, or, no, not one more, almost the only game in town, at the core, I bet, of half the plots in all the pix I've come in person all this way from Heartland to Coastland to watch being honored. More, probably. Isn't *The Accidental Tourist* about an educated, affectless, upper-middle-class writer who becomes involved with a spunky, blue-collarish, Jean Arthur type who keeps a kennel and trains his dog? And doesn't *Dangerous Liaisons* have the experienced mix it up with the innocent? *Working Girl* transforms a girl from Staten Island into a kind of Cinderella when her scheming, upper-class boss injures herself in a skiing accident. And *Rain Man,* the ultimate rube/slicker story, is a tale of two brothers, one your sweet, helpless idiot savant, the other your callous, high-flying car salesman. (With the exception of *Mississippi Burning,* I'd seen all the candidates for Best Picture 1988. Do I have a life or what?)

All the movies are some variation of *The Prince and the Pauper;* drama, that is, through collided worlds. But plot is *about* mixing it up. Not *this,* then *that* so much as characters caught out, embarrassed, in a dream. This is fiction's essence anyway, the thematics of opposites. Cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians, are nothing if not versions of the class struggle.

And all stories are travelogues, finally, or why would I have said what I did about journalism? Us Marco Polos are wide of eye, bumpkins, rubes and rustics, hicks and insulars. We travel by turnip truck (as Joan and I, minding the pennies, made the trip west on a carrier almost, it made so many stops, like a streetcar). Something surreal in the heart, something slapstick in the head, all the binary opposition of rigged polarity.

Stanley Elkin is the author of many novels, including The Rabbi of Lud, The Living End, *and* The Magic Kingdom. *His article "The Muses Are Heard," from the December 1988 issue of* Harper's Magazine, *was reprinted in* Best American Essays 1989.

The fans actually go "ooh," they actually go "ah," making this raw, rough purr of awe

So, hardly your customary correspondent. More your plant, more your little old handwringer. There, in the clear California sunshine, beyond the California velvet roping off the red California carpet, below the 3,000-plus plebes in the charity built grandstands, your reporter taking the air in black tie and wheelchair, basking at ground level—get this picture—among the milling celebs, bucking in the bowels for celeb himself, nonchalant, see, his face absent expression, unless indifference, carefully composed as the neutral poker puss of a high-stakes gambler, is the giveaway, my mean, squeezed mien, I mean. I give them nothing, *nothing*. My gimlet glare, my crabbed judgmentals, the studied, Prussian composure of some old-timey studio head. (I *ought* to be in pictures!) Projecting both to the cheap seats and to the stars themselves, all those famous, by-bone-structure-fated lives ambling the red carpet, outgoing and chipper in the still photography as brides and grooms. Because it *is* like a wedding, and they move past the press, straining toward them with tape recorders and microphones, as if along a receiving line.



Here is Roy Rogers. Here is Dale Evans. Old Roy packs a six-shooter on his spangled pants. Miss Dale is beaming and looking demure in her late seventies as if, despite her stylized cowlady duds, no woman was ever libbed.

Here is Dorothy Lamour, so much resembling my mother, I feel my face breaking ranks, like waving.

Here is Karl Malden, here's Vincent Price.

Here are Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin. Here's Alice Faye. Here are the Bridges, Lloyd, Jeff, and what's-his-name. Here's Jimmy Stewart in his pink old age.

Most of them—this is peculiar—I *don't* recognize. (Michelle Pfeiffer, River Phoenix, Melanie Griffith, people whose movies you wait till they come out in video.) It's just these that the fans in the bleachers, sending some distant early warning of celebri alert us to. They actu ly go "ooh," they ac ally go "ah," maki this raw, rough purr awe.

And it really *is* l a wedding, it really We're looking at what?—a dozen mill dollars' worth of d here. Some of t younger guys wear p modern tuxedos. B Underwood, a law for the home firm *L.A. Law*, has dark quins hanging down arms of his tuxedo ja et like a kind of gla hair. Several fell wear black runni shoes with their t edos—formal Reebo dress Nikes. I see, shit, a leather tuxe And there's anot man in a tux with a l rabbinical coat over And another wh bow tie spills over shirtfront like a grow

Security is trying hustle the ticket holders—our comps, in thirty-third or thirty-fourth row, cost $ each; that's the incredibly inflated figure th printed right on them in what I can only c ceive of as Weimar Republic numerals; the o to the Board of Governors Ball afterward cl to be worth $450 apiece—into the Shr Auditorium, but I don't want to go in just and the wheelchair, like some flying carpet gimps, provides a sort of cover. A woman i black floor-length skirt and dark, shee blouse, her outfit vaguely reminiscent of a cir performer's, the dog- or bird-trainer's snagg stitched fishnet, say, and who carries a wall talkie, gives me permission to stay outs awhile longer to watch the movie stars arr (There's Tom Hanks, there's Olivia Newt John, there's Michael Caine.)

Gradually I feel the features of my great st face subside, erode in the presence of all fame, my ego not put down but beside point. If I could see my reflection now I wo probably look windblown, punchy as Sphinx. Someone in the bleacher seats wav sign that says JOHN 3:16, but it ain't *really* any of the locust here. The crowd's much too r low, befitting the time zone and circumstan

Illustrations by Philip E

ough perhaps a bit barmy. The things people
! There's John Cleese. Someone shouts out
im, "Good luck tonight, good luck. Thank
for all the comedy you've brought us over
years. Thank you, sir!"
And still they keep coming, a parade of the
sically elect, the incredibly handsome, the
ulously beautiful. It suddenly seems astonish-
to me that presences like these could play
human beings. It seems, I don't know, a sort
reverse hubris. (There's Jeff Goldblum.
ere's Gregory Hines.) They better watch
mselves, is what I think. They better cool it,
s weird dressing down they do for a living
, oh, grown-ups squeezing into the getups of
ldren. They better look what they're doing
they could freeze like that.
There's Kevin Kline.

Maybe because I didn't say anything to Roger
rt when I spotted him standing with the other re-
ters. Maybe because I didn't identify myself and
ind him that we were both of us scheduled to
ak in two weeks at a memorial service for a mu-
l friend.

To say I feel betrayed would be overstating it.
I do feel had. A little. A little I do. It takes
hile, maybe through the first half hour of the
ards show, but pretty soon I realize that no
is here who doesn't have to be. The 200 or
nominees in the twenty-three categories.
e fifty-some-odd presenters—there's Can-
e Bergen, there's Sean Connery, there's Kim
vak—the hundred singers and dancers—
re's Tita Omeza, there's Regan Patno,
re's Carla Earle—and all the not-to-be-
mbered members serving on the eleven
ademy committees. Then, when spouses and
nds are thrown in, well, there you are,
've accounted for at least a couple of thou-
d people. I can't account for the rest of the
s in the hall—people vaguely associated
h the industry, I suppose, or society types,
haps, who come every year but who almost
tainly no one from my part of town would
ognize. I would think many of us occupy
ffered seats, as, in a different season, we
ght be the guests of corporate season ticket
lders at a ball game or concert.
It's the same in my business, the same in
rs. Most folks have edge, some little piece of
action, first refusal, or the privilege of
olesale, the travel agent's unlimited mileage,
congressman's rank or salesman's discount,
s one's backstage access, that one's dibs on
float's leftover roses, the meat that would
ly spoil otherwise.
What I mean is, there's no such things as the
tuitously high-profiled here. We're an audi-
ence of cliques and special interests. The real
players are home, watching on TV, or with
Swifty at Spago. Joan and I are tucked a bit to
the right and toward the back in a section two
or three steps above orchestra level; in the
thirty-third or thirty-fourth row, as I say, just
under the overhang of the balcony in what is
probably a forty-row auditorium.

Why I'm steamed, to the extent I am, is that
I've watched these ceremonies for years. Always
I'd come away not star-struck but filled with
some prize-in-every-box sense of a homog-
enized, evenly distributed fame. Now, in my
immediate area, except for a few stars straggling
into the hall and walking past our discrete little
acreage—there's Max von Sydow—to take
their seats by the 5:30 P.M. deadline, I recognize
only myself and my wife.

Clearly, the star-spangled demographics are
off this evening. Even money they always were.
And suddenly I understand something, that all
the splash and flourish of all those advertised
lives I'd seen on all those Oscar shows had been
nothing but camera angles, a sort of trick pho-
tography, doctored like Chinese news. And why
not? Pros put this stuff together. There are tricks
to every trade—maybe there are actual filters
that take out bystanders like a kind of sun-
screen. Or maybe Fame is only the fine-tuning
of some driving, evolutionary will, natural se-
lection doing its flakked and flashy thing. You
think Zapruder shot his film by accident? He
aimed that camera at that gunned-down presi-
dent. Like Oswald himself, he was only follow-
ing his heart, some abiding tropism that turned
him toward history, that turns us all toward
what seems important. If nothing's going on,
you pass, you fold, you excuse yourself and get
a sandwich.

So if this is the gala, where *is* every-
body? is what I'm saying.

What can I tell you about an Oscar ceremo-
ny you don't already know? You've watched
them for years. Taking in our pageants like our
bonbons, the secret sinfuls—the Miss Universe,
the Miss America, the Miss Teenage America,
the Miss Mrs. America. The Tonys and Emmys
and Grammys. The People's Choice, the Gold-
en Globes, the Country Musics, the Clios and
Peabodys. All those endeavors awards, all these
little faits accomplis. Do *I* have to tell you?

This is how far we've come. This is the ascent
of man, awards only the persistence of a pre-
sumed justice, the shortest distance between
thumbs-up and thumbs-down; lions, Christians,
and the development of the jury system. The
Academy Desserts. Because it isn't competition
or truth at the core of entertainment; it's judg-
ment, it's criticism. It's having a say. It's having

and still they keep coming, a parade of the physically elect, the incredibly handsome, the fabulously beautiful

"Excuse me, Senator," I said.
"Yes?"
"Could you get me a Coca Cola?"

a war and getting its citizens it from year to year. Even the World Series starts up again the following year. As it we *demanded* qualitative [illegible] a world with heroes, champions.

My first celebrity, the worst thing I ever did, and some observations.

In 1959, about three or four weeks into basic training, we were doing bayonet drill. This was in a field in the Colorado Rockies. As I recall it now, and it's very fuzzy, we were either two lines of recruits lined up across from each other or a long, continuous line facing practice dummies, some stuffed, canvas enemy. It could even be that nothing was across from us, that we were only going through the motions, doing what wouldn't then have been called imaging, thrusting our bayonets, fixed to our M-1s, in some choreography of vacant engagement, the sergeant in charge of our charge calling out halt a catechism: "WHAT'S THE SPIRIT OF THE BAYONET?" To our lunging, chorus response: "*TO KILL!*" Shouting "TO KILL!" but thinking "chicken shit." Then something happened I'll never forget. Suddenly there was this officer on horseback, a one- or two-star general. I'm no more equestrian than soldier. I don't know the gaits. I can't tell the moment a walk becomes a trot, a trot a canter, a canter a gallop. What this was was none of those anyway. It may not even have been motion so much as some practiced, show-the-flag horse-man ballet, the mixed and ambled military levades of mince and prance and strutting in place. I remember his long gleaming boots, I think he had a sidearm. If he'd broken into iambic pentameter or rallied us with speeches out of Shakespearean history plays, recited the chain of command, King to St. George, St. George to God, or tried to rouse us with the For God and Country's, I couldn't have been more surprised. No—stunned! I'd never seen a general before. Mostly sergeants dealt with us, corporals, NCO's whose power came out of the barrel of their mouths, the sheer threatening noises they made. This man, if he even was a man, on that horse, if it even was a horse, was dead solid Power itself. He could have owned the field, the mountains. He could have *been* the field, the mountains, and if he wasn't my first celebrity, he was—to use Faulkner's word—my first avatar. The upshot was that I suddenly understood the spirit of the bayonet clear as crystal.

And here's the worst thing I ever did:

In the spring of 1975, I was a visiting professor at Yale living in a third floor apartment at Timothy Dwight College. Timothy Dwight has in its endowment the Chubb Fellowships, grants that bring visiting politicians in for three-day stints. The semester I was there, Jimmy Carter, John Lindsay, Maynard Jackson, and Hubert Humphrey were all Chubb Fellows.

On the morning of the day of the worst thing I ever did I was coming downstairs with my laundry just as Hubert Humphrey was stepping out of the Chubb apartment. His hostess, Shelley Fishkin, saw me and introduced us. Humphrey and I shook hands and went about our business. That evening there were to be three functions in the senator's honor, a cocktail party at the master's house for everyone, a dinner to which I wasn't invited, and, later, a party at the Fishkins to which I was. Two out of three ain't bad and I hold no grudges. When I showed up at the cocktail party, Humphrey spotted me, broke away from his group, and said, "*Saaaay*, I didn't know you were *that* Stanley Elkin!"

Now, unless the senator was confusing me with the historian Stanley Elkins, I don't believe he thought I was any kind of Stanley Elkin at all. What probably happened was that after our brief introduction Shelley must have identified the guy with the laundry basket as the visiting writer. In any event, I was being patronized. I knew it, and it annoyed me. In the two-hour interval between the dinner I hadn't been invited to and the party I had, I'd had some drinks and arrived at the party a little late. The Whiffenpoofs were serenading the senator. They finished and left. Immediately, everyone in the room crowded around Humphrey and started asking him questions, about the upcoming conventions, about foreign affairs, whatever was on the agenda that spring. Really, it was more like a press conference than a party. And that's when I made my move.

"Excuse me, Senator," I said.

"*Yes?*"

"Could you get me a Coca Cola?"

"You want me to get you a Coca Cola?"

People were paying more attention than they had even to the Whiffenpoofs, baa baa baa.

"If you would, please. There's a whole tub of them behind you. Right there. Over against the wall."

I know it sounds dramatic, but Humphrey was watching me closely. Christ, everyone was. "All right," he said finally, and handed me the can.

"That's the way you hand somebody a Coca Cola?" I reproached him.

"What," he said. It wasn't a question.

"Well, it's just that there's that little whoosie on top. I might cut myself. I better try opening that. No sir," I told him, and gave the Coke back. Very deftly he did something deliberately to disable it.

"Gosh," said Hubert Humphrey, "I can't do it either," and put the useless can back in the

. He'd won, the happy warrior, and by now obably had all too clear an idea about the of Stanley Elkin I really was.

the time we lived in Virginia, maybe a lred miles from Washington, and every so we'd go up for a weekend, poke around the ums, do a monument or agency, maybe in a congressional hearing, then come in at 'clock and eat the big seafood. The thing of Washington has always depressed me. I the feeling, as I have in Paris or anywhere orous, I'm not only a tourist but a stranger, big things are happening, important shifts, goings-on in the social and cultural tec- s, the great, carved intentions of the d, but not to me. For all that the guides in- t's my White House, I know better. I know worth my ass to sit down in one off-limits r or touch, unauthorized, one lousy velvet . I had a sense, wherever I happened to be ose days, that the good stuff was going on where. Georgetown was where the action the Virginia hunt country, and this knowl- broke my heart.

here's a shop in Los Angeles on Melrose e the used clothes of movie stars are sold to ublic. The appeal of an autograph, I think, e homeopathic magic it contains, the voo- I-touched-yous—and not *just* the voodoo I- hed-yous, however farfetched or removed hand that shook the hand that shook the d), but the voodoo you-touched-*mes*, too. t it feasible, I mean, that the inventory in Melrose shop and the rags, bones, and s of hair of the saints and martyrs should , at least from the consumer's point of , something in common—that religious ngs, the love of God even, may only be a er type of star-struck, awe and agape what e was before TV and the talkies? We do e of our best business in the atmosphere of angels. Be still, oh, be still, my bobby-soxer heart!

s hard, at the Academy Awards, to distin- n between those stars I saw outside, in the n, and those I see on the stage. Joan has the e difficulty. A couple of months later, ching a video of the ceremonies, both of us be unable to remember having seen particu- arts of the show. We sat through all but the ten minutes or so—missing Best Perfor- ce by an Actress, missing Best Picture, to the crowds, to put dibs on the rest rooms— neither of us remembers having seen Cher, Richard Dreyfuss, or Carrie Fisher. Jane da has dropped through our short-term nory, Merv Griffin. Anjelica Huston and ald Sutherland are out of the loop. Indeed, of us have more vivid memories of the acceptance speeches of people we'd never heard of, achievers in art direction, achievers in sound, than we have of the coy presenter banter of the household names. Television and movies at once create and obliterate fame. I recall what Dustin Hoffman said in his acceptance speech because he said it clumsily, because, unless he was acting, there was this unscripted slippage into the human register.

It's easy to knock these ceremonies, of course, which, on television at least, and even in person, seem an invitation to archaeologists, some artifacts from the Zircon Age. It's easy to knock these ceremonies because here at the Academy Awards, where glitz hands off to glitz and it's this Mardi Gras of diamonds larger than rhinestones, structure surrenders to motion, to din, to appearance as arbitrary and frantic as a chase scene. Ironically, at the Academy Awards, all sense of the theatrical gives way neither to wit nor spectacle but to stunt—how many presenters, like so many clowns, can be crammed into the Volkswagen. (And I'm failing the form here, am insufficiently a stand-in for the little guy. The slicker/rube is inoperable. There is no awe, only humiliation, stripped privilege like a scuttled form, and I've slipped genres, my piece at one remove—*I blame Galati, I blame S. Lazar, I blame Roger Ebert, I blame Molly, my daughter, who at approximately the same time her father is being denied access to the Action is taking the Middle East by storm, is dining with the Rabins at their home in Jerusalem through the good offices of a connected friend*—from the freshman's classic theme about why he can't write one.) The show—and I had almost said "services"—reminds one of summer camp, of tacked-on, interminable verses, stanzas of pointless, round-robin story told first by A and kept up by B, by C and D and E and all, that do not so much advance the plot as simply continue it.

The president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences introduces Tom Selleck, who brings on Melanie Griffith and Don Johnson, who banter reflexively, list the nominees for Best Supporting Actress (always, somehow, all nominees and the films for which they've been nominated will be announced in the vaguely runway accents and unnatural sing-song of a fashion show, almost, it would seem, in Don Pardo's descriptive RV and Turtle-Waxian tropes), open the envelope, and give Geena Davis an Oscar. Miss Davis thanks Anne Tyler, Ruth Myers, Larry Kasdan, Ray London, Bill Hurt, and Jeff Goldblum. And we go to commercial like a seventh-inning stretch.

Rhymeless and reasonless, this is how the evening happens.

Until gradually I'm proved wrong and the

At the Academy Awards, you can't get there from here. It's a de-Ezekielized world of detached and scattered bones



ceremonies (neither car chase nor stunt, motion nor din, how many presenters on the head of a pin, nor even long summer's endless ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall or its row, row, row your boats around the campfire) finally begins to emerge. Why, it's a *board game* is what it is! Certainly! Of course! Drama and suspense, action and irony, the Oscars according to Parker Brothers! The Academy Awards designed for the long, lazy laid-back of a rainy day. All the culs-de-sac, skipped turns, jumped spaces, bonuses (a Special Achievement Award to Richard Williams for animation direction of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*; an honorary Academy Award to the National Film Board of Canada), and even its graduated values (Achievement in Art Direction is less important than Best Actor exactly as Baltic Avenue is less valuable than Park Place) suggest all the drawn-out, delayed gratification and jittery interruption of the final winner-takes-all, Best Picture, like the kid holding the most houses, hotels, and cash.

At the Academy Awards, you can't get there from here. It's a de-Ezekielized world of detached and scattered bones. A Voice, like the disembodied sound of some Las Vegan casino god, produces Walter Matthau, Walter Matthau produces Bob Hope and Lucille Ball. At the Academy Awards, it's a pointless, incomplete vaudeville. Bob Hope and Lucille Ball present nineteen "Oscar Winners of Tomorrow" in an endless every-man-for-himself song and dance about ambition and narcissism philosophically distilled from *A Chorus Line* without the benefit of that show's melody, passion, talent, or wit. At the Academy Awards, it's a drawn-out, almost fastidious, customary kowtow. It's the obligatory standing ovation. You could put money down on who's going to get one, but who'd be sucker enough to take your bet? Bob Hope and Lucille Ball get one. Out of almost Chinese respect, only it's not so much ancestor worship as gift for survival, for lo gevity, and, really, in business where it ain any Oscar winners tomorrow who take th cake or stop the sho not even for talent much as for the legen ary, inoffensively banl able. We *love* Luc We're nuts about Hop We eat up their ro tine. *They* eat up the routine.

HOPE: What a night! haven't seen so man gorgeous girls since spent Father's Day wi Steve Garvey. (*La laughs heartily.*) But I got the most gorgeo girl right by my side Lucille Ball, right ther

LUCY: Thank you. really is wonderful to here, and a particul thrill especially w you, Bob. It's a very cure feeling being here with a man wh been on the Oscar sh twenty-six times.

HOPE: That's true.

LUCY: And never won.

HOPE: You had to mention it, huh?

LUCY: Well . . .

HOPE: It's not that I haven't begged. I've been my knees more than Jimmy Swaggart. Anyway lot of people are wondering what Lucy and I doing up here together. You know, we made f pictures together.

LUCY: Yeah, talk about dangerous liaisons.

HOPE: Even though we haven't been working i while, we still keep in touch with everything. fact, today the Ayatollah Khomeini called me a asked who wrote *Ishtar*.

LUCY: And I heard they've offered you a role in t picture about Dan Quayle's visit to the Wh House.

HOPE: Yeah, *The Accidental Tourist*. Actually, I w called back to Washington to paper-train t puppies.

LUCY: Aww.

HOPE: You know Millie, the White House dog, h three puppies. Actually she had five, but the Se ate rejected two.

ICY: Bob, can we stop now?...

OPE: Yeah. *(in his but-seriously-folks voice)* You're out to see nineteen of the hottest young actors d actresses in pictures. These are the people who ll be winning Oscars way into the next century.

ICY *(in a but-seriously-folks voice of her own)*: hat's right. You've already seen them act in hit ovies, but tonight you're going to see them sing d dance.

ecause there's always the "but-seriously-" voice. Because there's always the silly le entendre of show business's mixed sig- its Trust Me idiomatics like some dead lan- e. (Because I never heard of these "Oscar ners of Tomorrow" and neither have you.) use it *is* a sort of archaeology here, because real way, here, at the Academy Awards, on site, in the very future's very digs, at ine's locale, perhaps the single place in all raphy at the one moment in all time when any could understand without recourse to notes the merely momentarily humorous ar- f the Proper Noun, self-referential, egocen- and obliterating the distinctions between v Biz and State. The "Father's Day with e Garvey," "Jimmy Swaggart," "dangerous ons," and "Ayatollah Khomeini/*Ishtar*" (Salman Rushdie understood): the incredi- abored setup and syntax of Bob Hope's play- he lead in a movie about Dan Quayle's visit e White House and calling the film *The Ac- tal Tourist;* the joke about the Senate re- ng two of Millie's puppies, are already like s, like stuff pressed into geology.

nd these anger me too—this banter, these es." From my resentment pool, deep as sea trench, rises a personal bile. It's the nd time I've felt had, and this time "be- d" *wouldn't* be overstating it. It ain't the red house now but something on actual be- of actual art. It's stupidity that has me n, Bob Hope's simplistic, condescending of history and of ourselves, me. Because I it personally, the good-natured contempt, rtificial scorn, the false assumption like a up in your face like a slap, or the car sales- 's nudge like an elbow to your rib that we're als here, that we're in it together. Well— in't.

hysically, it's been a hell of a year for me. ebruary my multiple sclerosis started to mul- In March I got my wheelchair. In late I went into the hospital for a course of medrol and Cytoxin in the hope that those s would strengthen me, or at least freeze my se at its current level, but before they were started I had a strange experience. I was g to tell Joan I had a terrible headache, but could say was "I have this awful haircut." I knew what I said was wrong, and understood everything Joan and the nurse were trying to tell me. I thought I was having a stroke. "I think," I told them, "I'm having an Australian crawl." I was taken for Doppler exams, for angiograms to the head, and it was discovered that only 2 percent of my right carotid artery was open. The left carotid artery had shut down completely. I was given an endarterectomy on the right side of my throat. They cleaned my plugs and points, but I suffered a mild heart attack from the anesthesia. This is the House that Jack built. After a time, they said, when I was strong enough, they said, I would need a heart angiogram to check out the damage. I would have, they said, depending on what the pictures showed, three options: I could be "managed medically"; I might be a candidate for an angioplasty—they send tiny balloons up your arteries and Roto-Rooter the schmutz from your system, all that old lox and cream cheese, all that ancient butter and eggs, all that red meat and smoke—or, they said, I would have to have open-heart surgery, a second heart bypass. "Out of the question," I told them. "Never again." But there is more to the quality of life than the quality of life, and when the angiogram showed I would either have to have the bypass or die, I chickened out and chose to live.)

Because there *is* more to the quality of life than the quality of life. Because one would to the woods no more with flibbertigibbets. Because camp is not enough, nor hype, nor kitsch, nor glamour, nor glitz, nor all pop culture's various altitudes, low to high like some kid's practice scales. Because *vita*'s too *brevis* and *ars* ain't *longa* enough by a country mile. And because here, at the Academy Awards, it isn't good enough finally to fabricate quality and celebration like some currency minted by hoopla, ads taken out in the trades—the clang and bang and claque of cash. And because it's a masque here, finally, some deal with the graced and favored, power in league with bone structure, haute couture, physiques as mannered and looked after as French gardens—Youth and Beauty like some topiary architecture of the only platonically human. (And it may just be something this side of sin in the actor's art, a stooping to conquer, a feeling I cannot shake all evening that pacts have been signed, the stronger pledges taken, temporal *quids* for immortal *quos*.) *Of course, if Galati had only returned my calls to the Four Seasons it might all have been different; Galati, up for an award himself for his screenplay for* The Accidental Tourist; *Galati, whom I'd put into pictures, the single person in all the world—save one's children—whose life I'd changed, whose name in those brief old days when I could have been a contender, Charlie, I had at once*

...masque here, finally, ...deal with the graced and favored, power ... bone structure

We are, in terms of the seating, somewhere in space, about, if this were the universe, where Voyager 2 might start to give out



volunteered when asked if I could think of anyone who could do the adaptation of a book I'd written and on which this teensy little option had been taken out like an inexpensive hit. Who might have gotten us a place, tourists at the Tourist *table, supping with Geena Davis, with Jeff Goldblum, with Lawrence Kasdan, with Charles Okun and Michael Grillo, producers, with Bill Hurt if I really got lucky and my theory proved wrong about no one coming to these do's unless something was in it for him. Perhaps then the grapes would not have been so sour. —Or not. Maybe it was the time zone, hours behind my own, psychological months even, the overlapping seasons of my humiliations between hospital and Hollywood, the bleak occasion of my below-stairs perspectives, the gut hard feelings between my mortality and their own blessed lives like gifts from the Genes Fairies.*

(I forgive Galati. I even understand him. He's up for an award, there's lots on his mind; there are probably studio flowers in his suite, baskets of fruit, congratulatory telegrams all over the place. It's a simple question of who needs the aggravation, hospitality to some guy you're into for your career, a pain in the ass on unfamiliar turf. It's Swifty L., who doesn't even know me, I'll never forgive.)

Though we get to go to a couple of parties anyway. (And, later, I even have an opportunity to speak to Larry Kasdan personally. Joan is calling for a cab from a bank of phones at the Shrine. I'm right behind her, maybe five feet away, in my wheelchair. At the next phone over there's this important-looking young man, and I hear him say something like "Tell him Larry Kasdan. Yeah, thanks." When he hangs up I say, "Excuse me, sir, but are you Mr. Kasdan?" I don't think he sees me in the chair because he's looking around to see where the voice is coming from. Then he glances down and spots me. "Yes," he says. "Aren't you with Frank Galati?" I a
syntactically putting
it were, the accent
the wrong syllable. "
was at my table all e
ning," he tells me,
noyed, a
stalks off.)

The Shrine Exp
tion Hall looks lik
soundstage. It's be
made over for the Bo
of Governors Ball,
it could be a set for
immense wedding pa
or the most expens
prom in human hist
Or, indeed, the ve
for almost any for
"affair," from bar m
vah to state dinn
There's a kind of
peting, there are
sculptures, a tiny da
floor around a rou
raised platform for
band. Everywhere,
decoration, there
battalions of those m
cular art deco Osc
like some futuristic
cist coinage. Our ta
in the two-hundreds like a dangerously eleva
blood pressure, in deep steerage, is mayb
block and a half from the entrance as the wh
chair rolls. I pray there isn't a fire.

I cast my eyes around the huge hall for a c
but come up empty. Of course, we are, in te
of the seating, somewhere in space, about
this were the universe, where *Voyager 2* m
start to give out. It's all, as far as the eye can
limbo hereabouts. At our table there seem t
a bunch of folks down from Sacramento—p
ticians, their spouses. There are no place ca
No effort is made at introductions. The cat
got this reporter's tongue. Joan breaks the di
terested ice, and it turns out there *is* a celeb
at the table. It's Willie Brown's, the influen
California Democrat's daughter. She's there
a date. The presence of the others at the $4
per-person sit-down dinner is, and rema
completely puzzling. I wonder aloud if *anyon*
this immense room has actually put out c
money to be here, and have again the sense
we're all beneficiaries of some huge, point
charity, a sort of Sunshine Fund for the alre
tan. No one responds to my observations, b
could be the din. We're on a sound stage
deed. I find I can talk (save Joan's grace) onl

is giving me the headache. To break her concentration, I study the menu to see what 450 ghost bucks will get you these days

oman on my right, a political spouse (I and, in her own right, a travel agent. We the evening, or she does, discussing fre- flier miles, letting me in on the almost 's Trismegistean arcana—tricks of the arrangements, how to crack the system, secret alchemicals of turning paper credit istance and upgrades. You must never our miles in for a free flight, you buy your at the discount. I don't think I under- a word she says, but I recognize passion hear it. She's flown farther than the sec- of state, she tells me proudly. Sitting n my tux, I'm too ashamed to admit that at the system by coming out here on this trolley car that keeps stopping to pick up gers along the way and gives you a trans- Phoenix, Arizona.

is giving me the headache. To break her ntration, I study the menu to get some f what I've been eating. This is what 450 bucks will get you these days:

CHED SALMON AND ARUGULA ROULADE
With yellow and green french beans
nd sliced mango on baby spring greens
with creamy honey-lime vinaigrette

BREADS
Homemade corn sticks,
whole wheat walnut rolls, and
lic-herb knots with sweet butter rosettes

CKEN BREAST GRILLED OVER ALDERWOOD
Pommes soufflées in potato baskets
Grilled zucchini, baby white eggplant,
fresh baby corn

hat, Dear Diary, is all there was to it. Absolutely nothing else happened to us that night at the Governors Ball.

You really think we should go to this par- sks Joan.

n on assignment," I tell her, "I'm duty l."

n a good sport, do you know that?"

u *are* a good sport," I admit, which is just when she goes off to break the dollar to e change to call the cab to take us to the El te 2nd Annual Academy Awards Benefit tigo in downtown L.A. It's supposed to be f the "alternative parties" the younger, serious movie people are said to favor days.

e $150-per-head admission at the door, he $1,200 we've already cost our phantom actors for the privilege of going to the emy Awards and watching the big TV in person and, later, eating the garlic-herb and baby white eggplant—all that bread and veggies to the Stars—has been mysteriously waived. I don't get to identify myself—as per instructions—to Patrick Lippert in "Joe sent me," speakeasy inflections, or even flash the tickets Nanci Ryder (whom I don't know and have never seen and only spoken to on the telephone twice, on which she calls me Stanley—*me, Stanley,* a crippled-up old man who in just over three months is doomed to have his throat cut and his chest cracked open for the second time in four years; *Stanley,* not Your Mortality-ship or Your Woundship or even Mr. Elkin—*Stanley,* as if, as if, well, as if I were one of them, the larky freewheeling, high rolling of Earth) has sent over by special messenger to our hotel in Korea town. Indeed, it's as if they've been waiting for us, keeping an eye out. As soon as Joan starts to assemble the wheelchair, two young men, too polite to be anything but bouncers, come to assist us. They take us through a special entrance and into the room.

Into an astonishing scene, one that I, Stanley, bad health's good sport, would never have expected ever to have witnessed. Not only too old but out of an altogether different, whatchamacallit, ethos, a different conation and even phylum maybe—my faint, poor pale human to their strident, unself-conscious, powerful, but entirely alien life force.

Black tie, according to the invitation, is optional, but that ain't it, that I'm the only man in the club in a tux, probably, for that matter, the only one in a jacket, or even in pants not artfully, sexually ripped into designer-torn, teasing jigsaw, fig-leaf puzzle patterns, or, as far as that goes, a buttoned shirt. They look vaguely like Oscars themselves, these guys. The women, oddly enough, are more formally dressed, many in gowns slightly reminiscent of hoop skirts. A girl near my wheelchair has to lean forward and flip up the back of her dress each time she sits down. Somehow she reminds me of a cartoon hen settling herself onto a Sunday-funnies egg. And that ain't it either.

What it is.

There used to be scenes in movies. Cut to an all-but-deserted nightclub. It's (metaphorically) quarter to three, there's no one in the place, Joe, except you and me. Most of the chairs have already been turned upside down on their tables. Only one couple, oblivious, obviously in love, is still dancing, gliding in the dim, romantically lighted room along the floor to some bluesy, dreamy tune in reeds, soft sax, muted brass, a tinkling piano in the next apartment. Waiters, impatient to go home, fidget, glance balefully at their watches, each other, sigh, toss "What can you do? They're in love. No one told me to go into my profession" occupa-

I'm stirred by the improbable ecumenicism of the world, the odd, turned tables of things, and feel suddenly hopeful

tional-hazard–type shrugs.

Now forget about the time (it's barely midnight) and the waiters (cocktail waitresses do the heavy lifting here) and the one lone couple (Vertigo isn't crowded, but there can't be more than eight or ten people dancing). Throw out the dreamy tune, the reeds and sax and muted brass. Forget the tinkling piano in the next apartment. You couldn't hear it with a radio telescope. Turn off the lowered, romantic lights. In their place substitute strobes popping and flashing like a bright barrage of incoming. On the club's small stage a heavy-metal band (of an element *so* heavy, *so* dense and base that whatever metal it represents has yet to be measured or even identified—black hole, perhaps) issues sounds so loud they would be heard by posts. Every instrument is electrically amplified, even the drums. For the second time that night I pray there isn't a fire.

The El Rescate 2nd Annual Academy Awards Benefit is a war zone.

A cocktail waitress shouts would we like a drink from the cash bar. A hundred and fifty bucks apiece at the door and it's a cash bar.

El Rescate was set up to assist a half million Central American refugees in the Los Angeles area with a variety of social services. It seems to me to be charity with a somehow coastal spin, though what is most striking is the pure surrealism of the event, the insufficiency of dancers in the big room, the hyperbolic music. Everywhere there are TV sets running videos of real war zones, their soundtracks silent against the explosive din and bang of the band. Earlier, of course, the sets had been tuned to the Awards, but we weren't here earlier and it isn't easy to imagine the scene. One thinks of sports—the World Series, Super Bowls, important away games, home games blacked out in their own cities, of all the taverns in all the towns with their enthusiastic, youthful clientele, whooping it up, making "We're number one, we're number one!" gestures with their fingers, crowding about the reporter, mugging for the TV cameras, the CBS local news at ten. It's impossible to imagine any of these people up for that sort of thing. For all their energy, the come-on of their driving, up-front dress, they seem detached to me, cynical. Like royals, they give off a faint stink of imperial airs. They're young, but somehow they seem as if they never had a youth. But what do *I* know, a guy redlined years ago by the underwriters? Probably it's just more sour grapes, the prejudiced *pensées* of an embittered ex-contender manqué.

(And there's the match-up right there, the carefully arranged marriage of my stipulate, *shadchen* journalism, not rube/slicker at all, but alive/dead—your reporter all gee-whizzed out in the wheelchair.)

At any rate, this ain't, for us, where th tion is anyway and, like pols or priests at a p we do maybe twenty-five minutes, then phorically walk back to the ho the metaphorical rain.

Joan's gone back to the room and left the lobby to wait for Steve to join us for b fast. He's a few minutes late, but I know h here soon, is on his way, is even now parki car. Meanwhile I take my ease in one of th tel's deep, comfortable chairs. It's a cold fort, but one of the things I've learned losing my ability to get around is, well, pat isn't it exactly, but a sort of passive curios compensatory faculty like the sharpened of hearing in the blind, say, their increase tility. Anyway, I'm peculiarly suited to m ease, content, up to a point, as a baby, abs by motes in the light, distracted by the pa his toy mobile riding the currents of th This is the close attention I pay to the now, my cripple's nosy scrutiny. I watch p checking out, their clear plastic garment holding evening gowns, tuxedos, and altho recognize no one, I figure them, like m stringers, singers, boys in the band, o fringes, that is, of last night's ceremonies. them double-checking, questioning the de garding their bills, the patient, difficult tal accents of the clerks. Many of the gue Korean. These chat up the clerks carel cheerfully, *paisans* in this foreign hotel. T notice something strange, startling even, ic, even moving.

Across from me is a well-dressed marrie ple. They are Korean, probably in their f Arranged at their feet are bags from signi shops and stores, their logos, chic, flagra modern times. They have been on a sho spree, and this is somehow oddly touchi me. Then I see that they're joined by a man in his late teens. He has shopping too. He's in blue jeans, wears a light sw He laughs and puts his arm familiarly arou man's shoulder. He hugs the woman. On kid is white, American. I can't quite mak what they're saying, or even the language say it in. Why, he's adopted, I think. T *gone and adopted an American kid!* An stirred by the improbable ecumenicism world, the odd, turned tables of things, ar suddenly hopeful, better than I have sinc been here.

Then the boy shakes hands with the tw reans, waves so long, and leaves the hotel Steve comes into it.

Steve Zwicker is the outgoing chairm our English Department at Washington U

. I like him because he's sane, a decent man eft of neurosis and shtick. Unless you count, I don't, his fear of, or maybe just his distaste flying. (A native Californian, he makes his quent trips home on an Amtrak sleeper.) I'm d of the Zwickers. During my sabbatical year London, we rented our house to them. They n't break anything. Steve and I agree about ks, movies, have mostly the same opinions our mutual friends. I go to all his kids' bar zvahs. He visits me in all my hospitals. He's immaculate man, wry, sharp as good grapeit. But chiefly, chiefly his sanity, his even-l heart, which has less to do with any level, ady-as-she-goes fixity of purpose or unflappaty of temperament than with his pitch-pipe tincts, some almost musical correctness of emotions. Indeed, he has the benevolent, elligent look of a musician in a symphony hestra.

He's glad to see me. I'm glad to see him. And ave a familiar dividend of well-being, this jolt bonding I feel whenever I'm with a friend I ow from one place in another place essentialoreign to me. Though we share the turf here. my hotel, it's his hometown.

Then Joan steps out of the elevator, and we go in to breakfast.

'm not in my wheelchair, have elected to go distance to the restaurant on my cane—and Joan's arm. He's never seen me in my wheelair. None of my friends has. My new, exacering disabilities are not out of the closet yet, I'm stumbling badly, have to move along wall for stability, leverage, playing the pertages with gravity, my waning strength. I ice Steve noticing. But once we're shown to booth and seated, we're all equals again.

He asks how it went at the Awards, but I en't sorted it all out yet and I can only tell that for all the backstage and gossip I got of it we could have stayed home and tched on TV. And I tell him about Galati, Swifty Lazar—all my fish that got away.

Then we order. We order melons and berries, tes of lox, bagels, baskets of bread. Joan will e half a grapefruit, a poached egg, whole eat toast. Coffee, we stipulate, is to be ught later. I love breakfast. I always have. In book, it's the only meal—the long, luxurileisurelies, at once normal and as ceremonias high tea.

We talk. We talk about Molly's junior year oad at Wadham College, Oxford University, daughter the boater, how she earned her , her invitations to country houses on weekls, her trips between terms to Italy for the ntings, to Austria for the slopes. She's been terms now. Hilary term ended in March I we went to see her. We tell how she talked the manager at Durrants Hotel into upgrading our accommodations. We talk about our week in Paris together, her pals in the discos, from Oxford, Madison, Sarah Lawrence. As we speak, she's still in Israel with her connected friend. They'll be going on to Greece before they return to Oxford for Trinity term. Hilary term, Trinity. We discuss the morality of envying one's children.

Breakfast begins coming. The melon is swell, the berries and grapefruit. The lox, piled higher than corned beef in a sandwich in a deli, is more than we bargained for but not more than we can handle, its sheer weight incremental to our appetites. We try out different rolls, share pony pots of jam.

And talk easily, as comfortable with each other as the closed circle of movie stars at the Academy Awards. Wickedly, we discuss colleagues. I tease Steve about his money. He needles me about the long airplane ride ahead of us.

"TWA must have dozens of nonstops to St. Louis. Change carriers. Why lay over in Phoenix so long? Why do you have to stop in Houston? *Houston.* Isn't Houston on the Gulf of Mexico?"

"The magazine isn't paying for it. I am."

"That's not a good argument. I'm unimpressed."

"It's a difference of about $700."

"Suppose there's weather? In terms of time, you'd almost be better off with Amtrak."

In July, Steve will no longer be chairman of the English Department. Wayne Fields will replace him. Steve was our first Jewish chairman, and when I see him in the halls I'll no longer have the opportunity to greet him as I used to do. "Good morning, Reb Chairman," or "Good evening, Reb Chairman." But we've finished our coffee. The breakfast, which has lasted longer than our dinner at the Governors Ball, and has been, for Joan, for me, much more fun, is just about over. I sign the check. "We have a plane to catch, Reb Chairman," I tell him, and rise carefully. Clumsily, I walk back into the lobby. I shake hands with my friend and say I'll see him back in St. Louis.

While Joan returns to the room to collect the wheelchair and arrange with a bellman about our bags, I prop myself against the cashier's counter and see to the bill.

By the time she comes down with the chair, I'm more than ready to sit in it. The bellman takes our bags and Joan pushes me toward the hotel's driveway, where we wait for the cab that will take us to the airport where we'll go to the gate to catch the plane that will bring us back to the town where we live in a house that stands on a street not far from the world that Jack built. ■

I love breakfast. In my book, it's the only meal — the long, luxurious leisurelies, at once normal and as ceremonial as high tea

PROPHET OF A NEW POSTMODERNISM

The greater challenge of Salman Rushdie

By Mark Edmundson

Among the works discussed in this essay:
The Satanic Verses, by Salman Rushdie, Viking, 547 pages, $19.95.
Contingency, Irony, and Solidarity, by Richard Rorty, Cambridge University Press, 224 pages, $34.50.
The Unbearable Lightness of Being, by Milan Kundera, Harper & Row, 314 pages, $8.95.
The Crying of Lot 49, by Thomas Pynchon, Harper & Row/Perennial Library, 183 pages, $5.95.
One Hundred Years of Solitude, by Gabriel García Márquez, Avon Books, 383 pages, $4.95.

The many commentators who have glibly dismissed Salman Rushdie's novel *The Satanic Verses* as a politically controversial but artistically minor production should perhaps think twice. They might remember that the world's tyrants have often been among its most astute cultural critics, revealing splendid intuition for picking out the work that's going to matter. The cardinals who led the Inquisition fastened quickly on to Galileo and made him recant the blasphemous idea that the earth travels around the sun. In this century, the Nazis quickly recognized Freud's as a mind whose subtlety and breadth threatened their cruel simplicities. They maligned his "Jewish science" and made bonfires of his books. The Nazis and the church inquisitors had dim enough explanations to offer for their acts, but their instincts were sharp: They knew that they were facing ideas with the power to provoke major transformations.

Mark Edmundson teaches English at the University of Virginia and is a Harper's Magazine *contributing editor. His book* Towards Reading Freud *is forthcoming from Princeton University Press.*

Something similar may be true in the case of Rushdie's novel. On some level, the imams are right—*The Satanic Verses* is infused with innovative power, with a capacity to prophesy, and maybe even to provoke, change. It is a revolutionary piece of writing, disposed against provincialisms of the East and also (this is less frequently discussed) of the West. However, the book is something more than a novelistic indictment; it also gestures hopefully toward the future.

The Satanic Verses is, from its beginning, enthralled with the theme of creative and salutary transformation. "How does newness come into the world?" Rushdie writes. "How is it born? Of what fusions, translations, conjoinings is it made? How does it survive, extreme and dangerous as it is?" Not only is *The Satanic Verses* obsessed with metamorphosis; it is itself an instance of the kind of creation it celebrates. If I have it right, this peculiar kind of creation is something without obvious imaginative precedents—a harbinger of what I would like to call a new, *positive* postmodernism.

The novel's "newness" consists, first of all, in what it contributes t the creation of a world literature an more grandly, of an authentic wor culture. But what's new about th achievement? Didn't Goethe, i the eighteenth century, devote hin self to world literature? To Goeth however, the world meant Europ Rushdie's novel—like his ow Anglo-Indian identity—is globa and in it he has opened up the flow contact, dialogue, understandin and also cultural hostility between th wealthy West and the formerly col nized world. But what matters much, I think, is that Rushdie has a complished this with a form of writin that's exuberantly contemporary. I fact, I'm tempted to call his style *pos* contemporary, in that it's so far ahe of most of the vocabularies wit which authors are currently sizing t the world.

The book's sensibility is "beyon contemporary, too, because wh Rushdie has done in *The Satan Verses* is to take the impulse to dise chant the world, which has characte ized a lot of the best Western writi in the last two decades, and brought a step further. Like, say, Jacques De

ohn Ashbery, and Thomas Pyn—to name three prominent odernists—Rushdie recognizes e live in a world without stable or the possibility of transcen. He spends a fair part of *The Sa-Verses* pulling metaphysical rugs om under people like the Aya, people who claim they possess ate knowledge.

Rushdie—unlike the negative nystifying postmodernists we've used to—sees the disappear- of Truth (with a capital T) as an *unity*, a chance to change the for the better. The clearing of the old pieties leaves more for people to invent themselves and for cultures to be- more diverse, tolerant, tal. Rushdie's power to th a very sophisticated aker and a secular et of renewal is some- other writers, particu- those who operate en cultures, have been aching. But *The Satan-es* is, to my mind, the ajor realization of this e design, prophesying a fresh, postmodern mode.

modernism is a term I use uneasily. It has adly abused. But I am nced that the past cou- f decades have seen es in our ways of con- g the world that are enough to justify a re- ptive term, and *post-n* will do as well as any. ler to give a full sense of Rush- achievement, and of the pros- for a *new* postmodernism, I need e some time describing the de- of the initial, or negative, post- n impulse as it was worked out ich writers as Pynchon and ry.

e might think of postmodern- in its negative or demystifying —as trying to get done what its tioners sensed modernism had to do; that is, to purge the world erstition in every form. Major n thinkers such as Marx and strove to come up with ways of conceiving of life as lived in the West that would be genuinely post-religious. Both of them practiced and promoted what Paul Ricoeur has called "the hermeneutics of suspicion." Nothing, their work taught, could be taken at face value. Readers of Marx and Freud became attuned to the masking of class conflict and the suppression of erotic desires. "Civilization" had much to hide. In fact, civilization sometimes seemed to be nothing more than a series of linked strategies for concealment. The analysis of Marx and Freud—and of those whose writings have been informed by their thought—struck through the pasteboard mask of civilization to find a universe of suppressed truths.



But the problem with this modern tendency to disenchant the world was that it turned the old religious drive upside down. The traditional man of faith seeks transcendence. He wants contact with God, the One, the Truth. The modern thinker, inspired by Marx and Freud, found truth in repressed or hidden impulses, but he *found truth* nonetheless. Similarly, modern artists and critics found organic cohesion, autonomy—a form of truth, perhaps—in the grand works, works like Joyce's *Ulysses* or Eliot's *The Waste Land*.

The postmodern man sees religious residues in *any* way of thinking that affirms the Truth. He reads the modern period as the time when transcendentalism gave way, yes, but to a kind of thinking that sought to penetrate the depths, there to find bedrock reality. The spirit of the negative postmodern movement in the arts, literary criticism, and philosophy might, assuming one were determined to shrink it to bumper-sticker size, be expressed like this: "If you want to be genuinely secular, then give up on transcendence in every form." Or, if your bumper's too small for that: "Accept no substitutes—for God." In other words, don't replace the deity with some other idol, like scientific truth, the self, the destiny of America, or what have you. And (front bumper) "Don't turn your postmodernism into a faith. Don't get pious about your impiety."

What contemporary works that we've encountered in the arts tend to be of the negative postmodern sort? I have already mentioned the demystified quest-romances of Ashbery and Pynchon. One might also include Samuel Beckett's forever dying but never departed voices, extended af-

on by Henrik Drescher

Fact and Fiction

The Still Point
Laurence Gonzales

"Every essay crackles with intelligence and concern, the later given added force through Gonzales' steady, sturdy writing style. A real winner."

— *The Kirkus Reviews*

"His craftsmanship is occasionally so practiced that we have the same feeling when we read a paragraph that we do on opening the back of a watch — we marvel at how much he's fitted in there and at the fact that it all works."

— *Chicago Magazine*

$23.00 cloth $13.95 paper

Collected Stories
R. V. Cassill

"In the world of short fiction, this collection of 39 stories is a major event, for R. V. Cassill is a literary artist . . . These selected stories . . . are highly visual stories and the language is fluent, accurate to the ear, suggestive."

— **James B. Hall**

"Cassill is a writer very much in the American vein; in this collection he captures the spirit of life at the heart of this country over several decades. He is a master at compelling the reader's attention from the very first line of a story, pulling us into vivid and memorable American lives."

— **Kit Reed**

$29.95 cloth $14.95 paper

Available at fine bookstores or direct from

ARKANSAS

The University of Arkansas Press
Fayetteville 72701 (501) 575-3246

front to our standard notion of what a human subject is, the painter David Salle's incommensurable visual images, images that cannily defuse the interpretations they so avidly invite, the parody of parody that you find in a Talking Heads song like "Mr. Jones," a song that sends up Bob Dylan's send-up of corporate Jones in "Ballad of a Thin Man" and creates a kind of irony that's very hard, if not impossible, to interpret, William Burroughs's cut-up method of producing texts, a running insult against the modernist artist and his Flaubertian quest for *le mot juste*, the musical compositions of Philip Glass that scrupulously eschew naturalistic tones, the better to remind us, perhaps, that the kinds of connections we'd like to make between music and our "natural" passions are at best sentimental ones, and Jean-Luc Godard's surreal urban wastes, bitter parodies of the smiling, World's Fair style of "futurism" prolific in the Fifties and Sixties.

The objective of much of this work is to trash whatever existing God replacements the culture has latched on to, whether it be Reason, the Self, the Artist, the Magnum Opus, or whatever. Negative postmodernists create sophisticated biodegrading mechanisms for nostalgic images, vocabularies, and sounds, systems that function through parody, pastiche, weird juxtapositions, and gaming, and not, by and large, through standard argument. The aim, as the Talking Heads song goes, is to "stop making sense."

One of the key stratagems of the negative postmodernists is to dramatize the quest for stable meanings in a world from which assurances have departed. Take, for example, the situation of Oedipa Maas, the central figure in Thomas Pynchon's 1966 novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*, a work that has become something of a postmodernist classic. The novel's allegory of obsessive interpretation strongly anticipates a great deal of the most advanced philosophical and literary critical reflection that would follow in the next twenty years.

Oedipa's name suggests that she's a descendant of Oedipus, the first "detective" in the Western tradition. But unlike Sophocles' character, who is himself the criminal he seeks, Oedipa is probably not on the path to solv a mystery. All the clues that Oe finds in her quest to uncover grand hystero conspiracy may connected by nothing more subst tial than her desire for all-encomp ing meaning. Chances are that sh fabricating a system to defend her from the contingency of postmod experience. And that sort of syst building is something that Pynch continually seduces the reader into tempting himself—something just tentatively begun, in fact, equating Oedipa and Oedipus. *Lo* tempts the reader to become a fe quester himself, and so confronts h with his own desire to resist the connectedness of the postmodern

Part of what's moving about the etry of John Ashbery (who is su the most influential poet writing America today) is that in it he's quently modest enough to cast h self in the role of a naive queste some ways akin to Oedipa. Ashb poetry isn't at all easy to assimil He doesn't tell stories or render c ventional characters. Reading hi often like hearing someone yo just met tenderly recall his drea The poems seem as unambitiou curling smoke; they're drifting, garrulous, melancholy, and m And they revert continually to a mary image, that of a subject, so times baffled, sometimes bemu adrift in an incoherent univers signs. Occasionally, Ashbery's sona seems on the verge of resis this drift. It's at these times that poetry moves just to the borde some revelation, from which it draws back with a muted self-moc gesture, teaching us once again epiphanies aren't the stuff of modern lives.

This approach and avoid thirta that Ashbery carries on with p meaning seems to put him in a stant state of mild disorder. habitually tentative, anxious, an mote. If there's no Truth, then n ing is worth affirming, and becomes something to keep at Perhaps it's the ceaseless repetiti this motif that can make Ashb poems seem as if they don't much distinct identity one another.

the negative postmodernists somewhat wearisome now, and they do, it may be because of brilliantly they made their defying points, so brilliantly that became pretty much the stanartistic idiom—and accordingly or renewal. Perhaps we live at a nt when many people—not just rtists—feel confident of their s to sift critically through the odern world of clashing signs aps, in part, because they've acclimated to it by the likes of ery and Pynchon). They can't ertainty, but maybe (like Rushhey aren't looking for that. In it's possible that there are those n, like Rushdie) who find the ic variety of contemporary culxhilarating. Where others see a ning chaos of images, they might hat Yeats called "Those images that yet/Fresh images beget."

he possibility that such people do and can create work that will ge things for the better, is the of the American pragmatic phiher Richard Rorty. Rorty's reons are critical, it seems to me, derstanding the possibilities for v postmodernism, one oriented d renewal. Rorty's most recent , *Contingency, Irony, and Solidar*a celebration of the human powcreate fresh metaphors. He sees —in Rorty, *poet* is shorthand for dy who strives for significant inon—as people who find the they received from the past inate to sum up their own experis. "To fail as a poet," Rorty says, accept somebody else's descripof oneself, to execute a previousepared program, to write, at , elegant variations on previously en poems." The alternative is to story about oneself and one's sitn in a new language. Freud, for ple, changed our map of the by putting forward a new volary that combined economics classical legends and myths. He ed us to use both the story of issus and a "modern" economic bulary with emphasis on psychic t and loss to explain human acin an unprecedented way. Sim-

CD NEWS
for the Collector

Our unique compact disc **"Newsletter/Catalog"** is your *shopping alternative* to the "Top-40" mind-set of record stores and clubs.

Each issue is filled with reviews of the **best new releases** – from popular to unusual and hard-to-find – in classical, jazz, folk, blues, and rock. ***Over 300 new titles in each issue. We cover over 260 labels.***

THE KEY NOTE MUSIC • GROUP

Order from our catalog at **below list prices.** And, contact us about *any* CD – if it's out there we'll get it for you.
1 year subscription (6 issues) ***$5.00*** *(refund with first CD purchase.)*
Phone in credit card orders. Or, send Ck., M.O., MC/Visa (card name, number, exp. date) to:
10 Front Street, Dept. 201 • Collinsville, CT 06022
203 • 693 • 1723, ext. 201

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,000 hard-to-find quality films available, including *Salaam Bombay!*, *Betty Blue*, and *Wings of Desire*.
Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.
It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.
1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)
Home Film Festival
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!



. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!
BackSaver **FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write**
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM12, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

Make your pet happy, clean and comfortable, with . . .

Pet-Vac™
only $34.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*



• *Pet-Vac works off four C batteries (not included). The new improved model works without a vacuum bag—dirt and debris are easily removed after every grooming. The unit is made of almost indestructible hi-impact plastic. It is beautifully styled in the shape of a large bone. Pets love it!*

Your dog and cat are beset by fleas, ticks, and all kinds of dirt that they pick up in their wanderings through your house and through the neighborhood. No wonder they itch, scratch, have matted hair, fur balls and many other kinds of vexations. But, you can bring happiness to your dog and cat with ***Pet-Vac***—a modest yet important "breakthrough" in pet care. It's essentially a low-suction vacuum cleaner, efficient and pleasant, with a comb/brush attachment. It grooms your animal while it removes fluff, dirt, dandruff and those little pests and their eggs and nits that cause your pets so much discomfort. They get lifted right off, for a speedy "adios." And your animals just love it. They line up to get "treated" and purr contentedly as you work on them and give them your tender, loving care.
We are one of the largest distributors of ***Pet-Vac*** in the United States and can bring you this neat grooming aid for just $34.95. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $69.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Make your pet happy, clean and comfortable and keep your home free of dirt, ticks and fleas. If your pets could talk, ***Pet-Vac*** is what they would be asking for. Order your ***Pet-Vac*** today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **Code #5047A119** for *Pet-Vac*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one and $6.95 for three *Pet-Vacs*. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager, at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Teach Yourself Spanish!

You can with Audio Forum's famous self-study audio-cassette course. Choose your own time, pace, and place to learn the language, and save hundreds of dollars compared with the cost of a private language school.

Our course was developed by the U.S. State Department to train foreign-service personnel. It consists of twelve 90-minute cassettes plus accompanying text and manual. You'll learn naturally by listening to the cassettes (while driving, jogging, or whatever) and repeating during the pauses on the tape. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This State Department course comes in 2 volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Vol. I: Basic Spanish.** 12 cassettes, manual, and 464-p. text $181.50 postpaid.

☐ **Vol. II: Intermediate Spanish.** 8 cassettes, manual, and 614-p. text, $151.50 postpaid.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

Full 3-week money-back guarantee if not completely satisfied.

Phone orders call toll-free **1-800-243-1234**

Other Spanish-language materials available, as well as courses in 55 other languages. Write for free catalog.

AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE
Room 1813, 96 Broad St.,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Cricket
the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .
children just like yours!



"A fine literary magazine for children. this monthly has no living peers. Unfortunate, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET."
–BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

5HMD6

ilarly, Orwell, in *Animal Farm* and *1984*, redescribed communism in ways that have probably made some contribution to its recent decline.

What matters here is that the new stories we find can be of practical use. They can give us cues for action, fresh ways to orient our lives, and not only our private lives but our public and political lives as well. In the manner of Emerson, and of the literary critic Harold Bloom, Rorty understands that the highest aim of poetry, and of authentic speculation as well, is not negative critique but invention. And this is a point on which, it seems to me, *The Satanic Verses* concurs. "The real language problem," Rushdie writes in his novel, is "how to bend it shape it, how to let it be our freedom, how to repossess its poisoned wells, how to master the river of words of time of blood." And, perhaps most memorably, "Language is courage: the ability to conceive a thought, to speak it, and by doing so to make it true."

The kind of postmodern impulse that Rorty evokes—in which a critique of old stabilities is combined with a drive toward renewal—seems to be alive, at present anyway, chiefly in writers who live between cultures, who've had some experience of the rich West and of the once colonial world, aren't fully at home in either place, and are working on a third option. Having seen the conventional humanistic understandings of selfhood and government fail rather dramatically, writers from the Third World can't afford the luxury of "subverting" those understandings over and over again. They have to come up with something better. One sees this sort of striving after fresh tropes, in company with a postmodern demystifying drive, in, for instance, the work of the Brazilian political philosopher Roberto Unger. Unger's recent text *Politics* begins with something of a postmodernist critique of existing philosophies of government, but then moves into a whole array of suggestions for how public life in the Third World might be reinvented.

Stirrings of a positive postmodernism are perceptible, too, in the novels of Milan Kundera, who, as a Czech writer living in Paris, speaks from the crossroads of two cultures. Kund name for the postmodern co tion—and for his most impre novel to date—is *The Unbea Lightness of Being*. Lightness in K dera signifies transience, uncerta the absence of transcendent va As he puts it in his "Dialogue or Art of the Novel": "If God is gone man is no longer master, then wh master? The planet is moving thr the void without any master. The is, the unbearable lightness of be

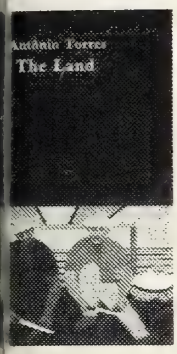
Most of the characters in *The bearable Lightness of Being* are, in t ways, victims of nostalgia. They their lives to be substantially wei ed. They want to feel that Fate their innermost natures, or some er God substitute guides them in bly toward unique destinies. Tom overwhelmed at one point when realizes that Tereza might just as e have loved somebody else, and their connection was sheerly a ma of chance. He is, to paraphrase Fr someone who considers chance t unworthy of determining his fate

This is not the case with Sab the book's most vital charac Sabina is blessed (cursed) wit great deal of mobility, mobility th psychological, cultural, and ero She fluently changes partners, co tries, modes of living. She's not fi ing the battle between postmod lightness and traditional weight way most of the novel's charac are. Rather, Sabina's paintings, well as the most admirable parts her life, get their energy throug passionate reaction to kitsch. Kits as Kundera understands it, arises fr the urge to replace metaphys weight with facile collective asse It's a totalitarian device for co munity-building. Sabina, making art, remaking herself, gives us a se of the affirmations possible in kind of world that throws Ashb into disarray.

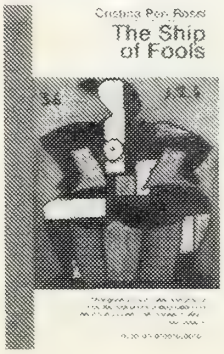
To judge from his novels, Kund doesn't seem to have aspirations transforming public life. His ho amid postmodern culture are strained; he's drawn to small, qu signs of decency and creative purpo *The Satanic Verses*, Rushdie's bid contribute to the shaping of a wo literature and world culture, has K

Put the *accent* in América.

2 Latin American books...today's greatest writers...FREE...
when you subscribe to READERS INTERNATIONAL's annual series of the Best in world literature.



The Land (025) by Antônio Torres, **Brazil**
'Tears at you like an early Buñuel movie' *The Observer*
'Lyrically haunting' *Punch*



The Ship of Fools (054) by Cristina Peri Rossi, **Uruguay**
'Zany humor plus sexual and political insight' *Beryl Bainbridge*



A Funny Dirty Little War (018) by Osvaldo Soriano, **Argentina**
'Soriano's is a style of brutal efficiency' John Updike in *The New Yorker*

ct: Fewer than 1% of literary titles published each year in English come from outside developed West. (Library of Congress)

ct: Some 70% of American authors write panish or Portuguese.

ct: It took a subsidy to translate even el laureate García Márquez' *One Hundred rs of Solitude* into English.

ADERS INTERNATIONAL exists to help you read the . With RI you explore new worlds of great writing. ere is no more vibrant writing in the world today that from Latin America. RI's editors and world-network of advisors select the best of it. Then you ubscriber help bring these gifted writers of the ricas, and elsewhere, into English.

No more years of Solitude! Join RI and discover new works by many fine writers, from Africa, Asia, Europe and the Middle East as well.

Forthcoming titles from the Américas include Antônio Torres' *Blues for a Lost Childhood,* which catches the jazzbeat of Brazil's seething cities; and best-seller Osvaldo Soriano's *Winter Quarters,* continuing his fierce, funny epic of Peronism in Argentina, the crucible of democracy in Latin America.

RI works like a magazine - subscribe for **only $9.30** (+ p&p), and you'll get the next RI hardback selection, plus the Américas book of your choice, **FREE.**

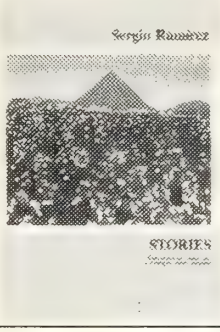
Or, subscribe for a year, as you would to a magazine. You'll get **six** bimonthly hardback selections, at extra savings, plus **TWO FREE** bonus books right away.

Put the Américas - and the world - in your library.

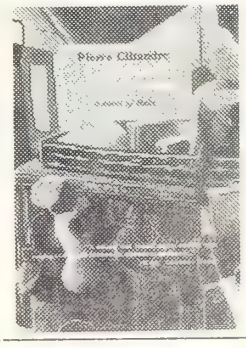
(Free books in paperback; all subscription volumes in hardcover editions.)



Mothers and Shadows (016) by Marta Traba, **Colombia**
'Remarkable contribution to new writing by women in Latin America' *Village Voice*



Stories (029) by Sergio Ramírez, **Nicaragua**
'Biting & satirical' *N Y Times*
'Fun to read, difficult to forget' London's *South*



Cathedral of the August Heat (031) by Pierre Clitandre, **Haiti**
'Expresses the collective consciousness of Haiti's poorest' *NYTimes Bk Rev*

EADERS INTERNATIONAL
). Box 959 Columbia LA 71418

se begin my subscription to RI at the special $9.30 subscriber e, + $1.65 p&p. I'll get RI's newest title every other month at same special price. I may cancel at any time.

e

ress Apt. no.

State/Prov ZIP/Postcode

TAM

☐$10.95 (Can$13.75) enclosed. My FREE book, no. ☐

☐Bill my ☐VISA or ☐MasterCard.

Card No. Expiry date

Signature

SPECIAL SAVINGS and two free books:

☐**$55 (Can$65) enclosed for an annual subscription. I get RI's six newest world titles, plus two FREE books:** ☐ ☐ (title numbers)

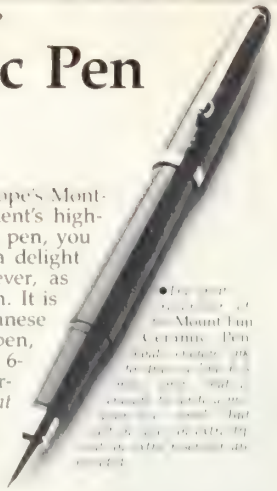
☐**Bill my credit card for $55 (US currency only).**

H 17

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal.



One of the world's truly fine lines of products are Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know how great they really are. Writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji*. It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splended writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE—ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800A118** for *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen*. If you prefer mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS insurance $4.95 for one *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen*, and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Klondike Women
True Tales of the 1897–1898 Gold Rush
Melanie J. Mayer

Featuring over 150 illustrations, this book is an exciting collection of historical photographs and first-hand accounts of the adventures, challenges, and disappointments of women on the trails of the Klondike gold fields.

300 pp./cloth $34.95/paper $18.95

George Kennan and the American-Russian Relationship, 1865–1924
Frederick F. Travis

A complete portrait of a man whose attitudes and opinions influenced and continue to influence our contemporary picture of the Soviet Union.

500 pp./cloth $39.95

Dankmar Adler
His Theatres and Auditoriums
Charles E. Gregersen, A.I.A.
With Joan W. Saltzstein and Susan Wolfson

This book examines the planning and engineering genius whose theatre and auditorium designs remain valid to this day.

175 pp./cloth $34.95

Ohio University Press/Swallow Press
Dept. H, Scott Quadrangle, Athens, OH 45701
Orders only: 1 (800) 666-2211 *Write for a free catalog*

dera's intensity in rendering pri
life, as well as Unger's political s
And, in the fashion of Rorty's
mantic postmodernist, Rushdi
devoted simultaneously to demy
cation and to renewal. He has a
modern sense of the contingenc
tradition. Rushdie sees how, bec
no story is the True story or G
anointed story, all narratives are
ceptible to being rewritten. Th
nothing permanent, nothing es
tial, about the culture we happe
have. Everything's in
tion, up for grabs.

The Satanic Verses is in love
metamorphosis. The best-known
Rushdie's metamorphoses is
course, his rather cruel rewritin
the political, personal, and relig
life of the prophet Muhammad,
comes off, to the horror of the Isl
devout, looking like a shrewd op
tunist. But what Rushdie is tryin
do with traditional narratives is
time itself inevitably does. As
separates us further from our sto
they're transformed, they com
mean differently. Rushdie, with
little presumption, wants to be a
of time, doing some of history's
for it. (And history, of course, is
those who believe that they po
the Word most want to resist: "Hi
ry is the blood-wine that must
longer be drunk," thinks Rush
exiled imam.) In the case of his
writing of Muhammad, that m
speeding up the work of seculariza
by vaporizing—in good, negat
postmodern fashion—the proph
holy aura.

But I'm more affected by the kin
positive transforming work that
Satanic Verses undertakes. Shutt
from London to Bombay, the b
dramatizes the blending of two
tures, conjuring a new version of
gland as a land of immigrants an
India as the potential site of a w
culture, at once appalling and exh
rating. Rushdie's objective is to st
between these two worlds and enc
age their fusion; he wants to persu
people on both sides to open th
selves to each other, though he's
unsophisticated about the risks
volved in such an opening.
book's visions of cultural conjoi

to be executed with gusto and good humor. My favorite in-e is the passage in which Rushdie calizes London. The benefits in-e

creased moral definition, institution a national siesta, development of vid and expansive patterns of behav-ur among the populace, higher-qual-popular music, new birds in the trees macaws, peacocks, cockatoos), new es under the birds (coco-palms, tam-nd, banyans with hanging beards). proved street-life, outrageously col-red flowers (magenta, vermilion, on-green), spider-monkeys in the ks. A new mass market for domestic -conditioning units, ceiling fans, ti-mosquito coils and sprays. A coir d copra industry. Increased appeal of ndon as a centre for conferences, .; better cricketers; higher emphasis ball-control among professional otballers, the traditional and soulless glish commitment to "high work-e" having been rendered obsolete by e heat. Religious fervour, political ment, renewal of interest in the in-ligentsia. No more British reserve; t-water bottles to be banished for-er, replaced in the foetid nights by e making of slow and odorous love. nergence of new social values: friends commence dropping in on one an-her without making appointments, sure of old folks' homes, emphasis on e extended family. Spicier food; the e of water as well as paper in English ilets; the joy of running fully dressed rough the first rains of the monsoon.

Rushdie here is proposing Indian ure as a vital cure for England, not smug about the need for influ-to flow in both directions. The dvantages of the tropicalization of don include "cholera, typhoid, onnaires' disease, cockroaches, , noise, a culture of excess." at Rushdie is doing, in the man-of Rorty's innovative poet, is re-ribing the immigrant situation, ging forward its rich life.

ushdie is a postmodern prophet of confluence of cultures, and his all hopefulness on this matter t to be set against the kind of Eu-an xenophobia that's epitomized he famous exclamation of Con-s Kurtz confronted by the Congo: e horror!" But Rushdie's achieve-it is not just thematic: Anyone *propose* the conjoining of cultures. What matters is the literary form the vision takes. In *The Satanic Verses*, the form is achieved in competition not only with prior literary modes but with the visual media as well.

Film derives a share of its power, perhaps, from the way it consorts with our dreams: If that's true, *The Satanic Verses* could never be translated into film, is already beyond film, because of its more intimate play with the dream-life. What director would gladly dare the novel's opening scene—the two protagonists, Saladin Chamcha and Gibreel Farishta, free-falling 30,000 feet, conversing, arm-flapping, singing, entertaining visions, in the aftermath of a midair plane explosion, Gibreel, as he tumbles, acquiring a buttery halo, Chamcha growing demon's horns beneath his proper British bowler hat? And this is only a prelude to more exuberant visions and metamorphoses. Chamcha, for a large part of the novel, is a goat complete with cloven hooves and devilish breath, who resides in a boarding house in London and, as the spirit of rebellion, in the dreams of Indian and Pakistani ghetto dwellers. Gibreel goes his own way, inspiring visions and observing their—frequently disastrous—results. Devil and angel, satyr and spirit, the dual protagonists embody the book's twin modes: satire and vision, one interrogating, qualifying, transforming the other. The two presiding deities represent Rushdie's urge both to dramatize his vision of cultural confluence and to question it, to ask whether his ideas are any less fanatical than the other visions that Gibreel spawns, among them the Ayatollah's and Mahound's (Muhammad's).

The prose of *The Satanic Verses* is iridescent, fuguelike: It strives to outspeed as well as out-envision the camera. Perspectives supplant one another and idioms alternate ceaselessly. But the book is also dense, full of layered, striving meanings that sometimes work in clear collaboration, sometimes not. There's a contemporary plot with scenes in India and England; the rewriting of the Koran in satanic verse; the tale of the girl-prophet, Ayesha, who leads a village of pilgrims into the Arabian Sea;

"If you're [illegible] searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of materials that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk
JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • Eric Gill • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Tee Corinne • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield Pierre Louys • Gary Soto

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

NAME
ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD $6/SURFACE, $20/AIR PER YEAR U.S. FUNDS

not to mention a dozen or so threading subplots. To the reader is left the work of letting the plots interanimate one another and of deciding when they ought to be kept apart. Much of the unique feel of *The Satanic Verses* comes, I think, from this combination of speed and density. The book asks us to change our way of reading, to be attuned simultaneously to flashing surfaces and structural intricacies—it is, in a sense, both televisual and poetic—which is similar to asking us to alter consciousness somewhat, move toward a future mode of perception.

Another aim of the book is to take account of as many different realities as possible, which means recording a lot of languages. We hear advertising jinglish janglage, rock and rap, filmhype, corporate steno-speak, high-tea British, intellectual mandarin, immigrants' stutter and spurt, and a good deal more, all spun with Rushdie's irony, spun hard or sweetly, depending, usually, on the politics of the speaker. (Rushdie is on the left.) Every language counts, each has its moment, but none is ultimate, none bears imperial weight. We're pressed as readers to make room for the book's multiple realities, to speak the new languages we're encountering, or at least to begin to comprehend them. So, in Rorty's terms, the novel is an exercise in the widening of what he calls solidarity. It encourages the reader to bring more different kinds of people into the group that he or she refers to as "we."

But Rushdie has another way of trying to modify his Western readers' sense of who they are. The Western literary tradition begins with two great narratives of exile and return, Homer's and the Bible's. Odysseus' ten-year struggle to get back to Ithaca and the wanderings of the tribes of Israel, culminating in their entry into the Promised Land, abide in the culture's literary unconscious. From then until now, displacement has been a major literary theme in the West, but by and large exile has been something to cure or to console. Rushdie's is a novel about immigrant homelessness, and it contains its complement of grief, but there are also intimations of joy in the creation of what he has called "fragmented, multifaceted, multicultural selves." Rushdie's immigrants are plural beings, and this plurality seems to unlock unexpected resources of energy and wit for them.

But, the novel implies, homelessness isn't a condition that's limited to the immigrant. Rushdie is drawn continually to writing about those things that cause cultures to cross-pollinate: airplane travel (and hijackings), movies, pop music, love affairs that cross borders of many sorts, telephones, TV, and writing itself. The implication is that translation (in every form) has given all of us, we inhabitants of the wealthy North American democracies included, polymorphous selves. We, too, are the products of an incipient world culture, which means that the rootless and uncertain lot of Rushdie's immigrants is one that we're meant to see ourselves as in some sense sharing. Homelessness, in this novel, is understood as humanity's condition—and one, finally, to be affirmed, because it allows for more metamorphosis, change, the ability (and the need) to be other than one was.

For Gabriel García Márquez, with whom Rushdie is frequently compared, the life of the village—organic, fabulous, self-enclosed—is the source of human dignity and meaning. The tragedy of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is in the destruction of the village through the incursions of history. As enthralling a novel as García Márquez's is, it is, finally, nostalgic, playing on its readers' desire for the joys of the vibrant extended family, strong, clear passions, and a psychedelic childhood world. The town of Macondo delighted American readers by its contrast to the impersonal cities in which they read about it. If Rushdie's book is clear on any matter, it's that no one, of whatever color or background, can go home to Macondo now. Chamcha's return to Bombay and his dying father at the end of *The Satanic Verses* is one more metamorphosis in a novel that affirms that every change will soon be reshaped by another.

As bristlingly cruel as *The Satanic Verses* can sometimes be, overall it gestures forward to a world that will contain more possibilities, more v... ety, and, perhaps, more hope. W... America have gotten used to a kir... postmodernism that may be expl... ing nothing so much as the alien... contempt our artists and advance... tellectuals feel toward middle-... society. And the imagery that e... nates from our presiding forms of ... tertainment, advertising, and pol... may sometimes give good reason... such sentiment. But salutary cha... is likely only when our artists ... thinkers come up with fresh m... phors—new ways of seeing and sa... things—that we can *use* to chart ... current situation and orient acti...

Shakespeare didn't refute or den... tify the work of Christopher Marlo... He simply wrote plays that neit... Marlowe nor anyone else could h... conceived of writing. In doing so... made the most innovative artist of... day look suddenly old-fashioned ... provided terms for understanding ... man character upon which we ... rely. Perhaps Rushdie's book ... have a similar effect on the Ameri... postmodernists. For me, anyway, ... makes Ashbery read like an artist fr... another moment, someone who ... taken his place in literary history.

Will we in America ever see a l... mantic postmodernism devel... among major painters, writers, ... musicians? The question isn't an e... one to answer. Perhaps Rushdie's ... plications about America (wh... plays only a peripheral part in ... book) are true, and we really are ... weary and Alexandrian a culture, ... self-conscious and self-obsessed, ... produce vital art that contributes ... the sorts of human enlargements t... a positive postmodernism would. T... signs aren't propitious. But the pr... pect of our becoming the pupils, ... least for a while, of writers from t... Third World (and elsewhere) isn't ... tirely dispiriting. It may have the g... erous effect of cutting into Americ... cultural narcissism—and, of cour... national chauvinism is one of t... vices that Rushdie's postmoderni... seems devoted to curing.

What matters is that the work of ... newal continues, the sort of renew... that Shelley was thinking of when ... wrote that if no new poets arise to ... vitalize language, then it will be de...

of humanity's nobler purposes. pirit that Shelley praised in his e of Poetry is still alive in a form both heroic and postmodern. shdie writes, it's the spirit that's ined "to name the unnamable, nt at frauds, to take sides, start ents, shape the world, and stop n going to sleep." ■

---

nber Index Sources

lomon Brothers (New York **2,3,4** World Bank (Washing-D.C.); **5** Federal Reserve Board ington, D.C.); **6** ABC News–*ngton Post* poll (New York **7** Consumer Federation of ica (Washington, D.C.); **8** Polish Airlines (New York **9** *Gazeta Wyborcza* (Warsaw); ne White House (Washington,); **11,12** *Survey of American* s, by Barry Sinrod and Mel Por-'rice Stern Sloan, Los Angeles, rnia); **13** *Variety* (Los Angeles, rnia); **14** *New York Times* cow); **15** Nippon Telegraph Telephone America (New York ; **16** American Telephone & raph Company (Basking Ridge, Jersey); **17** *Entertainment To-*(Los Angeles, California); **18,** ope Enterprises (Burbank, Cali-a); **20** *American Demographics* ca, New York); **21,22,23** *Har-Magazine* research; **24,25,26** r Organization (New York ; **27** United States Internal Rev-Service (Washington, D.C.); *New York Times*–CBS News (New York City); **30** Burger Corporation (Miami, Florida); Roper Organization (New York); **32** National Christmas Tree ciation (Milwaukee, Wiscon-**33** Gallup Organization (New City); **34** Natural Resources De-Council, Clean Air Coalition shington, D.C.); **35** David Pi-al, Cornell University (Ithaca, York); **36** National Center Atmospheric Research (Boulder, rado); **37** Edward O. Wilson, ard University (Cambridge, achusetts); **38** The Delta Soci-(Renton, Washington); **39,40** edral of St. John the Divine w York City).

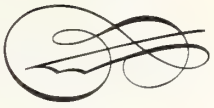
The Boston University Graduate Creative Writing Program

OUR PROGRAM IS SMALL (no more than a dozen students admitted in any genre, with all workshops limited to twelve members); very intensive (the master's degree is ordinarily awarded after the academic year of eight courses); and highly competitive (188 applications for the twelve spots in fiction, for instance). We are best known for the quality of our graduate workshops. All of these are held in the same small room, which allows, through its dusty windows, a glimpse of the Charles River. Perhaps the most remarkable such workshop occurred when Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, George Starbuck, and Kathleen Spivack gathered for instruction by Robert Lowell—gathered, by the way, less often in that little room than at the Ritz Bar. These days, the poetry workshops are run by Robert Pinsky and Derek Walcott, who also conducts the playwriting workshops. The full-time visiting faculty in poetry have included Tom Lux, C.K. Williams, Charles Simic, Linda Gregerson, Stephen Dobyns, Olga Broumas—and of course George Starbuck was with us for many years. The tradition in fiction is no less impressive. Over recent years the regular fiction workshops have been run by John Barth, Stanley Elkin, John Cheever, Donald Barthelme, Richard Yates, Rosellen Brown, Lynne Sharon Schwartz, Amos Oz, Aharon Appelfeld and, quite often, Jayne Anne Phillips. Leslie Epstein, the program director, continues to lead one workshop each semester, and Sue Miller, one of our graduates, conducts another every fall. It is difficult to know how best to measure a student's success, or the worth of a program to a writer; but our graduates in each genre have accomplished a good deal. Over the last few years, for instance, one of our playwrights, Michael Golder, won the ABC National Playwriting Prize and the Charles MacArthur Award for Comedy; and the Actors' Theater of Louisville's Best One-Act play of another, Kate Snodgrass, was premiered in our Playwrights' Theater. Cathy Song Davenport was named the Yale Younger Poet; Melissa Green won the Norma Farber First Book Award from the Poetry Society of America; Emily Hiestand won the Discovery/*The Nation* Poetry Award, as well as being selected in the National Poetry Series for publication by Graywolf Press; and a few months ago, Barbara Jordan won the Barnard New Women Poets Series and her book will be out soon from Beacon Press. Sue Miller, of course, achieved much fame, and some fortune, for her novel, *The Good Mother* and her book of stories, *Inventing The Abbotts*. We make, of course, no such assurances. Our only promise, to those who join us, is of a fair amount of time in that river-view room, time shared with other writers in a common, most difficult pursuit: the perfection of one's craft.

For more information about the program, the visiting writers, and financial aid (our teaching fellows conduct undergraduate creative writing classes), write to: Director, Creative Writing Program, Boston University, 236 Bay State Road, Boston, MA 02215.

Boston University is an equal opportunity institution.

THE
AMERICAN
VOICE



A Special Issue
No. 17

The Short Essay —

Jo Carson Michelle Cliff Jane Creighton
Deborah Davis Joy Harjo Richard Hill
Linda Hogan Bette Howland Sibyl James
Nancy Mairs Judith McDaniel Minnie Bruce Pratt
Dean Robertson Penelope Schott

available at bookstores or by subscription ($12) to

The American Voice
332 West Broadway
Louisville, KY 40202 USA

ADIÓS, GENERAL

Saying good-bye to Pinochet

By Ariel Dorfman

It was an afternoon in late August of 1973 when I held my first, and only, conversation with General Augusto Pinochet. At the time, of course, I had no way of knowing that he would all too soon become the master of my life and my country.



Those were the tense, waning days of Chile's experiment in creating socialism through peaceful means, and our democratically elected president, Salvador Allende, was fighting a losing battle against the forces that would soon overthrow him. As an unofficial adviser to Fernando Flores, Allende's chief of staff, I spent a lot of time at La Moneda, the colonial building in the capital of Santiago that houses the offices of the executive branch. That afternoon I was trying to work out with Flores a way to involve some singers and writers in a government media campaign in support of Allende. The phone rang. Flores had stepped away from his desk for a few minutes, so I picked up the receiver. When a gruff voice demanded the chief of staff, I asked who it was. The answer was impatient and abrupt: "El General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte." I was duly impressed and buzzed Flores immediately. Pinochet had just been named commander in chief of the army. He was thought to be one of the few generals still committed to civilian rule, still willing to oppose what seemed to be an imminent coup.

When there was a coup, less than two weeks later, it was le the world now knows, by man whose voice I had fl ingly heard over the ph I have had many year brood over the other ph calls he must have mad the days that followed: call ordering fierce Hav Hunters to bomb the p dential palace, where lende died; the call orde the Chilean Congress banded; the call to arrest lando Letelier and the ca execute Freddy Taberna the call to disappear Fernando C and the call to cut the throat of Manuel Parada.

From afar—from the distance of exile, which began in Decem 1973 when I fled the crackdown military that had publicly burned books—that voice started to take for me satanic dimensions. Wh read in a human-rights report tha the first year of the dictators 180,000 people had been summa detained, and that an estimated percent of them were reported to h been tortured; when I greeted France my friend Oscar Castro,

Ariel Dorfman is Research Professor of Literature and Latin American Studies at Duke University. His collection of stories, My House Is on Fire, *will be published next month by Viking.*

Painting by Leon Golub, courtesy Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New

l from Chile after a two-year in a prison camp for having l an antimilitary play, and tried nsole him about his mother's dis- rance at the hands of the secret e; when I would read in one pa- r another that 27 percent of 's population was receiving 3.3 nt of the country's total income would try to conjure from these tatistics the desperate hunger of oor—always it was Pinochet and chet and Pinochet who was re- sible.

nd yet, even while the general he one person I blamed (aware as s that many men were behind for Chile's suffering and de- —and for my not being able to n to my land or live a normal life e away—he remained for me, at ame time, strangely ethereal, al- unreal. I had photos of him ed from the Chilean papers I ed for news and even had some s speeches on tape, but all of this the curious effect of making him even more disembodied, dis- He was for me corporeal only in utter naked intensity of those e brief innocent seconds when I heard his voice over the phone.

He was everything, and nothing.

was permitted to return to Chile he first time in September 1983. I always imagined that this first trip would coincide with the return emocracy—even, perhaps, with a chet trial, the general exposed to ic scrutiny and scorn for crimes nst humanity. In September 3, however, the general was still much in control.

et strangely, it turned out that n in Santiago, Pinochet was ev- hing and nothing. Few of my nds had ever caught a glimpse of . He lived behind an imposing of security. He lived, as I did, at a ance from Chile—or do I mean to he kept the Chile I had known at a ance from its people? I was return- to a land of exiles, men and wom- who inhabited a place that bore nt resemblance to the country in ch they had been born.

t was one evening during that trip, was returning to uptown Santiago from one of the city's miserable shantytowns, that I finally saw General Pinochet for the first time—or saw at least part of him. I had spent most of the afternoon with a group of poor youngsters. They told me of brutal police raids, of the lack of jobs (for in that zone of Santiago the unemployment rate was estimated to be 70 percent). Some spoke of their addiction to benzene fumes, the cheapest, quickest escape.

My brother-in-law had driven me to that slum, and on our way back, at the exact intersection of the streets Antonio Varas and Eleodoro Yáñez, our car was brought to a halt by a screeching siren and a hive of braking motorcycles. "It's Pinochet, it's Pinochet," my brother-in-law murmured urgently. A caravan of black cars raced by, and just as they passed us, a white-gloved hand darted out of one of the windows and waved, in the typical gesture of dignitaries acknowledging a cheering crowd. It was absurd, because there was nobody there except us.

And then he was gone. An apparition.

Pinochet, of course, had no idea that I was watching him. And yet I felt that Pinochet was mocking me—that his ghostly hand in the dusk was gesturing defiantly: I am here to stay, this is as near as you and your kind will ever get to me, this is the only farewell you will ever see from me.

Five years later, on October 5, 1988—as the world also knows—the people of Chile found a way of telling Pinochet that perhaps, after all, he was not to be a permanent part of their lives. They used a plebiscite, one the general himself had confidently scheduled years before, to vote No—no to military rule, no to Pinochet. The following day, hundreds of thousands of those voters (I was among them) streamed into the streets of Santiago, and some of us marched to the presidential palace waving handkerchiefs as white as his glove—mocking him, bidding him adieu. *Adiós, General,* we shouted to the man we still could not see. *Adiós, General. No vuelva nunca más*—never come back again. It was a magical mo-

GIVE THE WORLD A PRESENT— BUY AN ACRE OF TROPICAL FOREST

If you give your [illegible] grandchild a certificate showing that an acre or more of tropical forest has been saved, you are giving something precious to all of us.

These forests are habitat for one half the species of life on earth, yet we are destroying them at the shocking rate of 50 acres a minute. Aside from rare birds, wildlife and some plants we already use to treat heart, arthritis, cancer and other diseases, there are species not yet identified which may have value to our lives. These are being made extinct before we know anything about them.

YOU CAN DO SOMETHING POSITIVE TO SOLVE A MAJOR WORLD PROBLEM

Through the Programme — a combined effort of several conservation organizations — you can take direct action. Your gift will not be watered down with overhead expense. We are buying a 110,000 acre tract of pristine forest in Belize to be a park and a model of sustained yield development methods.

Together we can buy and endow an acre of life-sustaining, species-rich, Central American forest with each contribution of $50. We will send you — or anyone you designate — a certificate stating that an acre (or more) has been protected.

Whatever you give will make a difference. Tell your friends and let us send you information on Programme progress.



PROGRAMME FOR BELIZE

Send your tax deductible check to PROGRAMME FOR BELIZE, P.O. Box 1088S, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568. You will get a receipt and, if you wish, a certificate.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

___ Certificate? Name _____

___ Send Newsletter ___ More Information

Bargain Books,
Publishers' Overstocks

Over 3,500 Titles at up to 80% Off in our Free Catalog

Choose from recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers – over 3,500 titles including about 600 new arrivals each month, most at savings of 50% to 80%!

Here you'll find Biography, History, Fiction, Art, Literature, Politics, Health, Movies, Nature, Cooking and Gardening and much more. Everything from yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed. Mail the coupon today!



Send me your FREE Catalog of Bargain Books

Name

Address

City

State Zip

HAMILTON
Box 15-204, Falls Village, CT 06031



Rent Mother Nature
Lease a Sugar Maple Tree or Sap Bucket For One Year

A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, personalized by hand and suitable for framing — plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '90, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. to Bucket Borrowers) and even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, and you get all the raves!

100% satisfaction money back guarantee
Tree Lease $39.00 or Bucket Lease $30.00
Price includes shipping.
Send check to:

RENT MOTHER NATURE, Dept. 946
106 Appleton St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Include full name and address of gift recipients
Phone Orders **(617) 547-0657** VISA, M.C. & Amex

ment, as if the man who was inside those walls would indeed fade instantly and forever from our lives.

That very same night, however, the general made a regal appearance. On television, dressed in full uniform, he conceded that the opposition had won this round—but not the war. He did not intend to resign. On March 11, 1990, he would hand over the presidency to the winner of a new, open election, to be held in December 1989. Meanwhile, he was informing us: I will be around.

He has been around. Weakened, unable to stop the presidential election, which Patricio Aylwin, the candidate of a coalition of opposition parties, Concertación de Partidos por la Democracia (CPD), is expected to win comfortably, the general has spent his last long months in office making sure that his ghostly presence will continue. That hand I saw waving at me in the crepuscular Santiago light has been carefully binding the country up, leaving it *bien atado,* well tied. He has been carefully fastening a series of knots that will obstruct and entangle Aylwin's efforts to truly democratize the country.

Economic knots: the change in status of the Central Bank that will allow it to dictate monetary policy independently of the new government, and some of whose directors cannot be dismissed for ten years.

Political knots: His electoral laws allow him to name 9 of 38 senators and all but 16 of the land's 325 mayors, and to gerrymander legislative districts so that ultraconservatives can be elected with a third of the votes that an opposition candidate needs. He has also offered exceptionally munificent retirement benefits to several members of the country's Supreme Court, which can declare laws unconstitutional. This has allowed him to name younger judges for life, all of them fervid Pinochet supporters.

Terror knots: Death squads—linked to Pinochet in the past—have again sprung into action. A prominent left-wing politician was murdered recently.

Military knots: Pinochet has announced his intention of remaining commander in chief of the army for another eight years. From that post, he can threaten to intervene e time the new government tries loosen his other knots and, more o nously, can threaten another cou say, as happened in Argentina, n tary men are put on trial for tortu and disappearing.

Aylwin has stated quite clearly his first act as president will be to Pinochet to resign, and that he seek to overturn each piece of a democratic legislation enacted a the October 1988 plebiscite. Eve many of Pinochet's knots can be p fully untied, it means that a great of the democratic energies of Ch instead of being directed to und the more terrible legacies of Pi chet—for instance, the "tric down" effects on the poor of Ch $16.7 billion foreign debt, the sec largest per capita debt in Latin An ica—must still first be expended simply trying to get the man respo ble for these calamities out of the v

Still, Pinochet's power *has* beer ceding, and as it has we have gott stark and satisfying view of the fo behind him, forces in no way as maculate as his white glove. secret police are feuding am themselves; former members thou to be willing to testify at trials for man-rights violations have threatened or gunned down. right-wing forces that backed P chet are in disarray, bitterly divi between those who want to dista themselves from his policies and t who are determined to conti them. (It is this division that ha lowed major changes in the const tion to be arranged, in spite Pinochet's desperate attempts to them.) And, although editors producers still hear Pinochet's v on the other end of intimida phone calls—he recently saw t that a noted television reporter booted for having been "too soft" Aylwin—he cannot stop the m from reporting the opposition's c cism of his dictatorship. For Chile many of whom for years shut t eyes to the general's mistakes abuses, a more detailed profile of man who has ruled them since 19 gradually coming into focus.

Above all, it is the psycholog climate that has changed in Ch

particularly true for those who
shut their eyes. After such a
ime quietly struggling to oust
outting their lives on the line,
incredulous at having survived
cessant repression, people are
ing serenely, trying to prepare
vorld without Pinochet.
s is not as easy a task as it may

le has been marked indelibly by
net. I have visited my country
nber of times in recent years,
as long as six months. And on
visit I have observed the conse-
es of his misrule. A generation
own up without knowing what
racy or freedom is, and a coun-
s had to learn to bite its tongue
ive with uncertainty, humili-
terror. Unbridled pollution,
less slums where extended fam-
nare two-room shacks, hospitals
ut bandages or penicillin, thou-
of beggars exploring garbage
s in search of food, delinquency
each year, eyes that avoid look-
rectly at you, bowed shoulders:
nd over, signs of a ravaged land.
het will haunt every effort at re-
ng this situation.

e consequences of extraordinary
uch as child abuse, tend to live
ften for generations. Who has
een the flocks of psychologists
nding upon the victims of a
ge-taking, or upon schoolchil-
errorized by a gunman, or upon
rvivors of a maniac who opened
a fast-food restaurant? Who has
eard it said that some of those
have experienced this trauma
e scarred for life? Pinochet has
my country hostage for more
sixteen years. His shadow was
n every activity, every thought.
was most obviously true for those
uld damage at the snap of his
's because they remained "in-
But it was true as well for those
who spent the years abroad, in
ve safety, far from immediate re-
ion. Even for exiles, Pinochet,
cing possession of our landscape
he people we loved, became the
r of our future—unless, that is,
re prepared to turn our backs on
uffering of our country and be-
indifferent.

dictatorship has a perverse effect

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

The "West Bank" and Gaza

Should Israel withdraw from the territories?

The "intifada," the uprising of Arab Palestinians in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza has been going on since December of 1987. It has so far caused over 500 deaths. Many believe that the conflict would end if Israel were to withdraw from the territories, cede them to the Palestinian Arabs, and allow them to create a Palestinian state in them.

What are the facts?

■ The suggestion that Israel should give up the territories and that good things would flow from that is based on two assumptions, namely 1) that the demands of the Palestinian Arabs for independence from Israel are the source of the Arab conflict with Israel; and 2) that Israel's withdrawal from the territories and the creation of a Palestinian state in them would satisfy the aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs, that it would end the hostility of the Arab nations against Israel, and that it would restore peace to the area.

■ Unfortunately, both of these assumptions are not in accord with reality. The desire of the Arab nations to destroy Israel has been unrelenting from the day of the creation of Israel in 1948. It has given rise to five major wars, has caused tens of thousands of casualties, and untold destruction. The PLO, whose covenant—never changed and never amended—unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel, was founded in 1964, long before Israel's administration in the territories. Thus, the almost single-minded obsession of the Arabs to destroy Israel, and not Israel's refusal to accede to the creation of a Palestinian state, is the cause of the never-ending conflict in the area.

■ It is difficult for the Western mind to understand the depth of passion on the part of the Arabs for the destruction of Israel. Among reasonable people, most conflicts might eventually be amenable to peaceful and rational solution. But in the Arab-Israel conflict, no such solution is in the cards for the foreseeable future. The reason is that 300 million Arabs consider the very existence of Israel an intolerable offense to their sense of history and destiny. It is not Israel's administration of the "West Bank" that is unacceptable to the Arabs; it is the very existence of Israel. There is no reason to believe that Israel's withdrawal and the establishment of a Palestinian state would appease the Arabs and induce them to make peace with Israel.

■ One can speculate as to what would be likely to happen if Israel—inadvisedly or ultimately bowing to pressure—were to yield the "West Bank" to Arab control. The murderous fratricidal passions that have been played out in Lebanon in the last fifteen years would be repeated in even more violent form. It is an improbable expectation that a state dominated by the murderous PLO would be the first Arab state ever to adhere to anything resembling democratic and human rights principles or that it would be a friend of the United States, and not an eager pawn of the Soviet Union.

■ The Lebanon slaughter would be shifted to the new Palestinian state, with Israel being a much readier target of its fury. A Palestinian Arab state on the "West Bank" would cut through Jerusalem, touch on the suburbs of Tel Aviv, and have a long border, nine to fifteen miles from the sea, with Israel's most thickly populated areas. Palestinian militias, armed, not with gasoline bombs and stones, but with helicopters, missiles, artillery and automatic weapons, would have Israeli pedestrians within rifle range, and Zion Square in Jerusalem and Ben Gurion airport within mortar range.

Few responsible elements in Israel's government and society wish to annex Gaza and the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). But also, hardly any responsible elements would consider relinquishing those territories for the creation of a Palestinian state. The Palestinian Arabs enjoy full civil rights and have been offered free elections and full autonomy by Israel, in line with Israel's commitments in the Camp David Accords. Moreover, Israel is ready and has always been ready to discuss the permanent status of the territories with responsible Palestinian representatives three years after the implementation of the autonomy. The situation of Israel and the territories is a bad one—no doubt about it. But the alternative to bad is not necessarily good. In this case, at least at the present time, the alternative would likely be a catastrophe, which, in its consequences, could even put the horrible situation of Lebanon in the shade. Real peace in the area will not come by Israel's yeilding minimum strategic depth to its mortal enemies. It can only come about by the eventual rise of democratic governments in the "front-line" Arab states, governments that would accept Israel's existence and could learn to live in peaceful co-existence with it.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
Gerardo Joffe, President
(fly. Western Regional Director of CAMERA)
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. H /24

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAY TREATS

Gift packs and home orders of fine quality old-time delicacies selected from family recipes and noted regional purveyors
From $24.95

Ask us about hard-to-find specialties and quantity orders. Overnight delivery available



Call for details
1-800-752-1578

MAIL-AWAY GOURMET
217 Newton Street • Weston, MA 02193

Write or Call
1-800-950-2668
FREE CATALOG
Aussie
825 N E BROADWAY
Portland, OR 97232

WASHABLE SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS

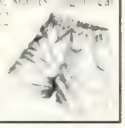


Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills. We offer foreign language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32 p. catalog, or write AUDIO-FORUM®
Dept. 561. Guilford, CT 06437

DEVA Cotton Clothes

For men and women ... tops, pants, skirts, nightwear and much more. Hand crafted in 22 inches [illegible]. Send $1 for catalog and [illegible]



DEVA, a cottage industry, Box HAG9,
Burlington, VT 05401 [illegible]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

[illegible] Managing Editor: Ellen Rosenbush, 666 Broadway, New York, NY [illegible]

exempt status for Federal income tax purposes: None

	Average number	[illegible] number
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	198,437
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
unaccounted for, spoiled after printing	[illegible]	1,973
Return from news agents	[illegible]	56,627
[illegible]	264,127	262,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

[illegible] Mc Arthur

on a nation used to democracy. [illegible] mality is taken away from e[illegible] body—from those who, out of [illegible] weariness, or self-interest, l[illegible] themselves to what is happenin[illegible] become apathetic, hopeless, g[illegible] accomplices of a sort; from those [illegible] decide to dedicate their lives t[illegible] ting rid of the dictator and fill [illegible] existence with his presence, le[illegible] space for hardly anything more [illegible] from all the rest, the majority [illegible] fluctuate between ignorance an[illegible] sistance. In all cases, the ge[illegible] weighs at the center of one's h[illegible] dark anchor narrowing the ran[illegible] every choice. Thus, it will be diffi[illegible] to grow accustomed to his abs[illegible] He is burned into our memory, [illegible] our customs, into the way we sp[illegible] into our dreams. Hov[illegible] we to exorcise him?

This dictator is our creature. [illegible] Chileans created the conditions [illegible] allowed him to take power. We [illegible] tinue to grapple with him an[illegible] legacy.

He will be exorcised. Enough [illegible] ple in Chile believed that Pino[illegible] was not here to stay and were rea[illegible] risk their lives for that belief. T[illegible] has not been one moment of his [illegible] reign when part of Chile has not [illegible] resisting him, creating inner zon[illegible] well as more visible spaces he c[illegible] not command. There has not [illegible] one moment when he was not d[illegible] by thousands of Chileans who, if [illegible] could not organize their lives as [illegible] did not exist, were able to act as [illegible] had already been defeated.

Although I cannot shake from [illegible] head and heart the feeling that [illegible] general, like the worst nightma[illegible] may well be with us forever, I [illegible] trust that perhaps my fractured vis[illegible] of him—the disembodied vo[illegible] those faded newspaper clippings, [illegible] white, white glove—were, after[illegible] prescient, prophetic. Could it no[illegible] that the voice on the phone and [illegible] gloved hand waving are the e[illegible] metaphors? Is it not true that, in [illegible] final analysis, he is departing bec[illegible] he was never wholly among us?

Perhaps it is *we* who have b[illegible] waving good-bye to *him* all t[illegible] years.

Adiós, General.

SOLUTION TO THE NOVEMBER PUZZLE

S	C	A	R	C	I	T	Y	A	D	A	M
W	I	M	I	H	C	H	E	R	U	B	A
A	L	E	G	A	R	I	G	R	O	S	S
N	I	G	H	T	I	N	G	A	L	E	S
B	A	I	T	E	D	K	S	C	E	N	A
R	E	L	E	A	S	E	H	K	P	C	C
I	S	P	D	U	C	R	A	W	L	E	R
E	S	S	E	X	R	E	M	P	I	R	E
F	E	A	T	H	E	R	B	R	A	I	N
E	N	V	O	I	E	B	L	O	N	D	E
S	C	L	U	T	C	H	E	M	T	G	R
T	E	A	R	S	H	A	D	O	W	E	D

NOTES FOR "PLUS FOURS"

FOUR-LETTER WORDS: a. SH-AM; b. CIT(reversal)-Y; c. [illegible]EAR; d. SWA(T)N; e. EAU(x) "oh"; f. MASS; g. HITS anagram; h. HER-B(aby); i. (t)NIGH, anagram; j. (ma)SCAR(a); k. SHAD(y); l. (c)R(o)A(t)I(a)N; m. NER-O(T); n. A(LE)S; o. A-DAM; p. TIN-G; q. C-HAT; r. FEST, hidden; s. B-LED; t. OWED, "ode"; u. B-(gou)R(met)-IE; v. F(E)AT; w. Y-EGG; x. AC/RE. ACROSS: 7. C(HER)UB; 8. ALEGAR, anagram; 9. GROSS, hidden in reverse; 10. B(A-IT)ED; 11. SCENA, hidden; 12. RE-L-EASE; 17. CRA(W...)LE (anagram)-R; 18. ESSE-X; 19. EMPIRE(r), anagram; 22. ENVOI, hidden; 23. B(L)OND-E; 24. CLUTCH, two meanings. DOWN: 1. AIL-I-C reversed; 2. RIGHT, "rite"; 3. T(H...)INKER; 4. A(lcoholism)-R(ank)-RACK; 5. AB(SE)NCE, anagram; 6. M(EG...)IL(k)-P; 13. E-SSENCE (anagram); 14. S(C)REECH, anagram; 15. PL(I)ANT; 16. D(ET)OUR; 20. PR-(O)MO, & Lit; 21. RI(D...)G-E(cdysiast).

SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 83). DAVID JAMES DUNCAN: THE RIVER WHY. As a small child I became a "fishing prodigy" and am to this day not unjustly known as a "fishing genius." . . . And anyone who thinks I brag in stating that I understand fish-thought is obviously ignorant of the way . . . fish think. Believe me, it's nothing to brag about.

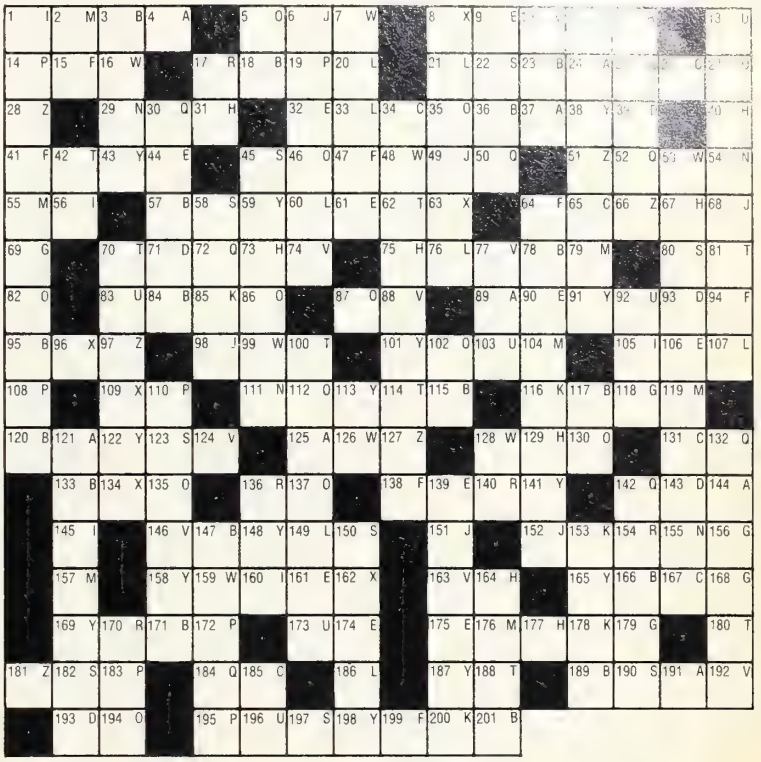
CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 84, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the January 1990 issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 82 are Margaret Horth, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Roberta Wood, Hollis, New Hampshire; and Margaret Champion, Neenah, Wisconsin.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 84

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



CLUES

A. To a small degree

B. 1930 Wilder-Brandt-Dietz song from *Three's a Crowd* (4 wds.)

C. Flop, bust, washout

D. Wool used to make cheap cloth

E. Strange figure thought to be a ghost

F. Rendering insensible

G. Cold

H. Retroussé

I. Bog; overwhelm

J. Canopied sort of saddle for an elephant

K. Humdinger

L. Hurts, damages

M. Random, wandering

WORDS

A.	89	4	37	24	121	144	191	125
B.	84	3	171	189	147	95	57	18
		36	23	201	115	117	166	120
							78	133
C.	65	34	185	167	131			
D.	193	143	93	39	71			
E.	175	32	9	106	44	61	90	139
							161	174
F.	199	15	138	64	47	41	94	
G.	179	156	69	118	168			
H.	75	164	177	40	129	67	73	31
I.	56	1	145	160	105			
J.	49	6	98	68	151	152		
K.	200	178	153	85	116			
L.	107	76	21	149	33	186	20	60
M.	104	79	119	157	55	2	176	

N.	155	54	29	111	25			
O.	102	27	35	5	86	137	87	46
				112	135	130	194	82
P.	183	14	172	108	110	195	19	
Q.	184	72	142	26	50	52	132	30
R.	140	154	136	12	17	170		
S.	22	11	197	123	58	80	182	45
							150	190
T.	114	81	100	70	42	188	180	62
U.	103	92	83	173	196	13		
V.	124	74	146	163	192	88	10	77
W.	16	126	7	53	99	128	48	159
X.	8	109	96	134	162	63		
Y.	198	38	158	59	148	165	113	169
			43	141	122	91	187	131
Z.	97	51	66	127	28	181		

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Canadian books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Seasoned Books. Monthly newsletter reviews books 30 + years old and still in print. Premise: Their staying power implies lasting value, nothing trendy or ephemeral. Novels, nonfiction, mysteries, and more. Six months, six issues, $12. Seasoned Books, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 42615, Portland, Ore. 97242-0615.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Art on My Own. Children's activity workbook encourages creativity, independent thinking: $8.48 includes tax. Love Bug Press, Box 25262, Sarasota, Fla. 34277-2262H.

Free book search by specialist book finder. Send titles to Continental Book Search, Box 1163-H, New York, N.Y. 10009.

Free fiction surprise. Write: The Dunery Press, Box 116-H, Harbert, Mich. 49115.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

HEALTH

Kick the habit. Send $5 for method to Smoke-Stop, 7607 Westgate, Lenexa, Kan. 66216.

Alzheimer's—new help for loved ones. Congressional summary: $6. Informative Services, Box 51027, Seattle, Wash. 98115.

Environment—concerned about it? Here are 75 ways you can help. Send SASE and $3 to Concerned, 771 Westcot Place, Vancouver, B.C. V7S-1P1, Canada.

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, Canada.

Off-campus individualized programs for professionals at Somerset lead to American doctoral degrees. For a prospectus, send $8 to the International Administrative Center, Somerset University, Illminster, Somerset TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 3rd Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036

Learn Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 372-5570.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 206HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Nicaragua. Intensive Spanish, political and cultural seminars, family living and community involvement, NICA, P.O. Box 1409-H. Cambridge, Mass. 02238. (617) 497-7142.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter"—reference guide to unusual cruising, $3. TravL-tips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

Free travel accommodations made possible by the World Home Exchange Network. First computerized exchange service. For more information write WHEN, 878 30th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94121, or call 1-800-SAY-WHEN.

Quetzalcoatl: The art and religion of the plumed serpent. In-depth and esoteric 14-day tour and workshops to the great, ancient ceremonial cities in Mexico, winter 1990. Caracol Tours, P.O. Box 17, Erwinna, Pa. 18920.

MUSIC

CoDa Digital presents American soprano Mary Endress. Christmas Lullabies: CD, $15; cassette, $10. Classic Lullabies: cassette, $10. Send $1.50 for S&H. CoDa, 17441 Marianne Circle, Dallas, Tex. 75252.

Comprehensive history of music and manities in chart form. Write for broc sample, and ordering information. graphs, Box 03162, Mililani, Hawaii 9

Renaissance/medieval Christmas and tive music. Original audiocassette by Head Consort. For immediate delivery, $12 to Jared Denhard, 5800 Woodcrest nue, Baltimore, Md. 21215.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

RETIREMENT

Retire in beautiful central Pennsylv Foxdale Village—building on the tra of fine Quaker lifecare communities. able now: independent living in equipped units. Director experienced care management. Next year Comm Building will provide attractive dining ties, lounges, library, full medical p tion. For information write: 500 E. M Avenue, Dept. T, State College, Pa. 1 (814) 238-3322.

VACATION RENTALS

Desire partial participants for small b breakfast in large, spectacular private on Oregon coast. Reduced costs in food. Provide information on self. available. P.O. Box 757, Yachats, 97498.

Mexico—Oaxaca. Convenient, mode nished apartments: $300–$500 m (412) 343-3421.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23"×35") depicts 12 penises (man to whale). Scientific n Send $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 1348 York, N.Y. 10025.

Unique gift catalogue. Beautiful spiri enhancing videos, cassettes, and book ture, music). To receive catalogue q send $3 to BHL, Box 6340HP, San F Calif. 94903-0340.

Elusive, eh? Canada's sole captured Thirteen award-winning postcards o sculptures that interpret Canada's re Fine color printing. Attractively pac Send $9.95 ppd. to Shoe Set, 414-2 Hastings, Vancouver, B.C. V6B Canada.

Must liquidate private collection. Ra teenth- and nineteenth-century news Wild West, Civil War, Constitution, Heirloom quality. 1800s: $35 each, th $90. 1700s: $75 each, $4 shipping. C for Christmas. Lewis, 270 N. Canon Suite 1246, Beverly Hills, Calif. 9 (213) 473-9731.

MERCHANDISE

Free jazz C.D. catalogue. Low prices, service. Write or call: H.W.I. Co., 2 sington Avenue, No. 501H, Jersey N.J. 07304. (201) 451-3795.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $1.95 per word; three times, $1.85 per word; six times, $1.75 per word; twelve times, $1.60 p Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $ column inch; three times, $110 per column inch, six times, $105 per column inch, twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 666 way, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manager

for a Batak Obat container? An headdress? A Mortlock mask? artifacts our specialty. Illustrated e, $3. C. Thresher's Semi-Tropic aphic, 188 E. Campus View Drive, e, Calif. 92507.

nity is subversive. Stylish, offbeat T-ee catalogue. Treason, Box 3871-E, olis, Minn. 55403. (612) 374-9488.

videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, Del. 19714.

SINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ooks for pay: $100 a title. Write: N9, 161 Lincolnway, North Auro-0542.

government finance your small busi-ants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free l message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

CATALOGUE

assics. Free catalogue. Send SASE to ordings, 2765 W. 5th Street, Brook-. 11224.

GOURMET

s. Six festive Old World recipes. ! and SASE to Diane, Box 3908, , Calif. 96049.

ota wild rice. Northerner in the would like to teach you about wild) includes ½ pound of rice and rec-n Minnesota. Send to L. Lindstrom, x 880, Warrenton, Va. 22186.

GENEALOGY

nealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. 3) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

LITERARY SERVICES

your book. Join our successful au-ll subjects invited. Publicity, adver-beautiful books. Send for fact-filled and free manuscript report. Carlton ept. HZV, 11 W. 32nd Street, New .Y. 10001.

for a publisher? Learn how you can ur book published, promoted, and ted. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New .Y. 10001.

PUBLICATIONS

ople. Marxist biweekly since 1891. onths/$1, one year/$4. *The People* x 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

a house for the first time? Send $5 ful booklet to B. Lucas Enterprises, H, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

ratic Union of Applied Freedom pre-aerospace, agriculture, and mining ion. MIR, ESA, NASA, etc. A must flow of knowledge. DUAF, Box 408, le, Ind. 46391.

e a God? An exposé on religion. by truth. $12. J. L. Haldeman, Box S. Lake Tahoe, Calif. 95702.

loving women write/meet through *shing Well.* Established 1974, reliable tion. Confidential, supportive; loving alternative. Introductory 5 ppd. (First-class, discreet.) Prompt, rmation: P.O. Box 713090, Santee, 2072-3090.

Inventing Earth, a quarterly publication, being a participation and celebration in global survival. Inaugural and first editions, $5, or write for subscription information: Dept. M, 11 Inverness Road, Arlington, Mass. 02174.

Indispensable—Judaism and Vegetarianism, by Richard Schwartz. Paper: $9.95; cloth: $19.95 ($1.40 postage). Micah Publications, 255 Humphrey Street, Marblehead, Mass. 01945.

Awareness is the first step to action. *Current Environmental Newsletter* keeps you aware of the latest in environmental news by going beyond the headlines. *CEN* provides accurate, concise reporting on ecological issues in an easy-to-read format. Sample copy, subscription info: send $3 to *CEN*, P.O. Box 17364, Richmond, Va. 23226. Attn: Dept. H.

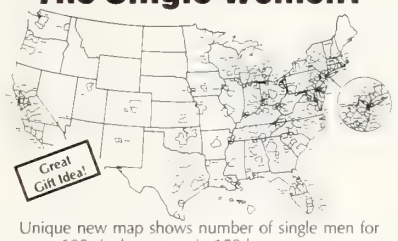
Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details, send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

PERSONALS

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Beautiful, educated, English-speaking Asian women seek life partners. Genuine, sincere, traditional values. Brochure of 300 leaves no doubt. Ask about video. Blue Horizons, Dept. 307HP, 862 Farmington Ave., Bristol, Conn. 06010. (203) 584-5712 anytime.

Where Are The Single Men? The Single Women?



Unique new map shows number of single men for every 100 single women in 150 largest metro areas. See striking differences between areas. Four colors. 18"×24". Suitable for framing.

Only $10 Mailed 1st class within 24 hrs.
Postpaid Moneyback if not satisfied.

Phone orders, call toll-free 1-800-388-6277

Or send check or money order. NYS add tax.

MAP MAKERS
221 Crosby Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y. 14217

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Money-back guarantee. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894.

Travel advice from Holland. Send $5 to Travel/Holland, P.O. Box 276, Newton Centre, Mass. 02159.

Meet new friends from everywhere. Marriage, companionship. Fun, easy. Lifestyles, 4839 E. Greenway, Suite 229-B3L, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85254.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Asian women [illegible] sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Metro Singles Lifestyles, quality features, photos, personal ads: 36-page tabloid quarterly newspaper, $8 year. Current issue mailed immediately. P.O. Box 28203, Kansas City, Mo. 64118. (816) 436-8424.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone reading. Visa/MC/Amex. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

Degreed, successful, attractive women of all ages wish correspondence, relationship. Free directory. South American Beauty, P.O. Box 984-C, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48236.

Inviting, beautiful Asian girls seek friendship, love, marriage. Send for free brochure and/or $1 for list. Fiancée Express, Box 5194-D, York, Pa. 17405-5194.

Beautiful Asian women seek correspondence, marriage. Free videos, photos: Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Beautiful Asian ladies seek lifemates. Free videos, photos. Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084. (703) 674-GIRL.

Share your popcorn. Join The MovieLovers' Club, a nationwide network of unattached moviegoers. Box 2035H, Bala, Pa. 19004.

Looking for Vincent M., Naval pilot in WWII. Met Pamela in N.Y.C., 1946–47. Box 8453, Toledo, Ohio 43623.

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Art Lovers' Network connects gentlepersons, friends, lovers, travelers, and hosts. P.O. Box 5106H, Westport, Conn. 06881.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, Mexico: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

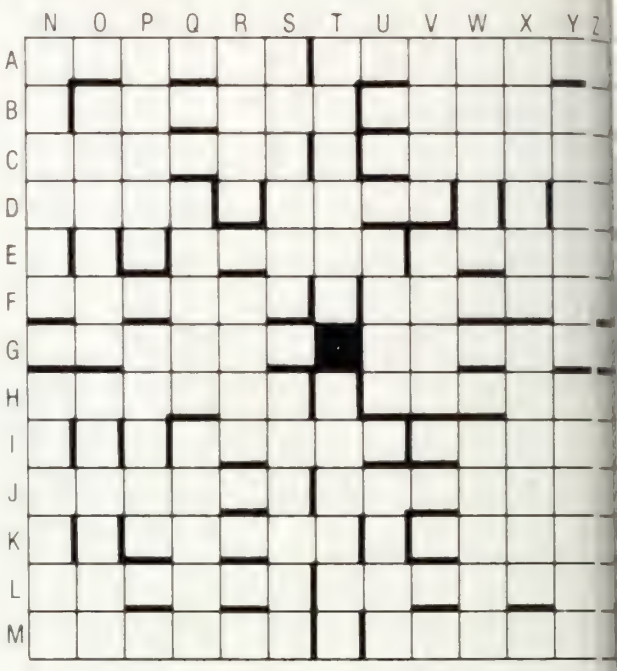
MISCELLANEOUS

Five assorted foreign coins: $1, SASE. PJ, P.O. Box 1206, Hallandale, Fla. 33008.

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

PUZZLE



By the Letters

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

The letter identifying each pair of clues does not appear in the row or column in which the answers are entered; it must be removed from its pair of answers as many times as it appears. Thus, if the clue answers for row F were RUFFLE and FLOOZY, RULE and LOOZY become the "lights"... and the subsidiary indications in the clue treat only those fragments. The clues in each pair are not necessarily listed in order.

Clue answers include two theatrical names, an uncommon word (in X), and a colloquialism (in J). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.

Across

A. Lighter and less coarse, and it's about time (7)
Wagnerian hero flips out taking lead in Ring (8)

B. Alien's weapon: ray gun loaded with tritium (7)
Catch account returned by Shakespearean slave (7)

C. Good and tired before work (7)
He's crazy to park all over the place (8)

D. Live hero of an old American play (5)
Unquestionable finish of the French company (7)

E. Nut is loose, and gets free (6)
Los Angeles has flipped wig for any pro ballplayer (7)

F. Steve and I could be in good spirits (7)
NE state is forming blocks of the earth's crust (7)

G. Stop the horse from being in charge (8)
Initially, Episcopalian following are at Mass (9)

H. In fetters and beaten with a stick, by the sound of it (7)
Everything considered, cream's bad for you (7)

I. Still thrilled about Latin (6)
The lady's holding two teaspoons for batter (6)

J. I'm getting back into same rumpled sleepwear (7)
Watch your money around the university... it's needed for the winter games (7, *two words*)

K. Brief survey makes you think (6)
Dope left relations (7)

L. Kind of horsewoman I grow bananas about first (7)
Can be picked up if badly beat (8)

M. Spotted pipe debris, with front part moved to the back (7)
Irate? Harness energy instead! (7)

Down

N. Meeting stock exchange leaders is so disorienting (7)
Relief pitchers put me out of a job (7)

O. Kind of sugar takes effect in the French (7)
200-kiloliter (fluid) tank's first seen in attic (8)

P. I am contracted to expose damage (6)
Table paper Newton related (6)

Q. Protest security about uranium (6)
Horse heads off eagerly until it needs encouragement (6)

R. Kind of pneumonia gotten from lab vessel (5)
Witty remark shows lug up (6)

S. Raised potato by error... say again (7)
Convoluted, deep, or stretched out (7)

T. Prize includes sash for adherence to high ideals (7)
Last of the former first lady's stay at the White House? (7)

U. Most of heroin comes from poisonous shrub (5)
Host turned so slimy (6)

V. This is seen in caterpillar anatomically! (5)
Quiet disposal system? (5)

W. Just a touch gives emotional pain (6)
Wind in the mountains makes one sick climbing one (8)

X. What goes with the turkey if gin's drunk (7)
This ornament goes on the roof if volcano goes up (7)

Y. Not a pleasant sight, some Yankees or Expos (7)
Money to spend eventually for one night in France (7)

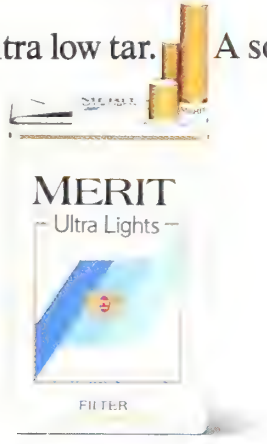
Z. Resign, possible result of pointed remarks (7)
Precipitated making Democrat angry (8)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "By the Letters," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "Biased Opinion," are Frank Stall, South Sale, New York; Scott Orman, Chicago, Illinois; and Anne Sunshine, Providence, Rhode Island.

We shed a lot of flavor on the subject of light.

Most ultra low tar cigarettes are a compromise:
low tar, and low taste. Some compromise! Only Merit has
figured out how to deliver low tar and great flavor in an ultra light cigarette.
Perhaps that's why we're America's fastest growing ultra light.
Is that the sound of a light going on in your head?

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. '85

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

DEWAR'S PROFILE

DEWAR'S. "WHITE LABEL".

HOME: Perth, Scotland.

AGE: 143.

PROFESSION: Scotch whisky.

HOBBY: Eavesdropping. "I get plenty of chances."

LAST BOOK READ: *A Christmas Carol*, Charles Dickens. "I've read it nearly every year since it came out."

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: "Finally getting myself into one of these ads. But then people are always slow to recognize genius."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "As the perfect marriage of fine single malts, what else can I do? Besides, I quite enjoy it."

QUOTE: "I don't utter quotable quotes; I inspire them."

PROFILE: Known for his good taste as well as his deep appreciation for the good things in life. Generous to his friends, he is always a welcome guest during the holidays.

HIS SCOTCH: "Frankly, I'm surprised you asked. It should be obvious to even the most casual observer."

DEWAR'S UNTO OTHERS:
1-800-1-DEWARS

